

The Witch 141

Chapter 141: Wise Scholar Sacha's Habit

Although it was common for male witch descendants to become muscular from aura training, men were still weaker than witches overall.

Coupled with the dominance of witches, women became bolder, and men became milder over time.

As such, society gradually transitioned into an era where it was more common for women to hit on men.

Evie faced such a dilemma because she lacked courage and confidence despite it being natural for women to be proactive in relationships.

While Evie was considering how to strike up a conversation, Vaan took the initiative to approach her first.

"Helion's Study of Myriad Minerals, huh? May I ask if Milady is majoring in artificing?" Vaan politely inquired with a friendly smile.

"Ah?" Evie uttered blankly, not expecting Vaan to approach her. Coupled with his handsome smile, she could think of anything else.

"Sorry to bother you, my Lady," Vaan apologized before saying, "I notice the book in your hand is Helion's Study of Myriad Minerals. So, I was curious if you are studying artificing as your major."

"Ah, you're not bothering me at all," Evie blinked for a moment before she quickly recovered her wits.

"Right, I am indeed majoring in artificing, but how did you get I was reading Helion's Study of Myriad Minerals? Are you familiar with Helion's Study of Myriad Mineral, Sir..."

"Vahn Cadieux, my Lady. Just Vahn will do," Vaan introduced himself before asking for the young witch's name, "And you are...?"

"Evie Latimer. But you can just call me Evie as well, Vahn," Evie Latimer stated, thinking that addressing each other informally would bring them one step closer.

"I see. Evie, it is then, my Lady," Vaan acknowledged with a nod before answering her question, "I am indeed familiar with Helion's Study of Myriad Minerals. It's quite a solid book for learning about the fundamentals for artificing."

"I take it that you also have a keen interest in artificing, Vahn?" Evie Latimer asked, feeling pleasantly surprised as it implied they had a common topic to discuss.

Perhaps due to Vaan's charisma, Evie Latimer quickly became accustomed to talking to him after her initial awkwardness.

"I do have a strong interest in artificing," Vaan admitted with a nod before continuing, "I believe artificing will become one of the core aspects of the future. Also, I am interested in Wise Scholar Sacha's Atomic Visualizer. I heard she obtained one recently."

"Oh? What a coincidence. I think so too!" Evie Latimer chimed excitedly before saying, "However, you should forget about the Atomic Visualizer, Vahn. I'm in Senior Sacha's artificing class, but even I don't get to touch her Atomic Visualizer."

"In fact, no one in the artificing class is allowed to touch Senior Sacha's Atomic Visualizer at all, let alone use it. Senior Sacha keeps it in her private lab on the top floor," Evie Latimer added with a sigh.

"Not surprising. The Atomic Visualizer costs a fortune. Wise Scholar Sacha wouldn't want it to be damaged, even by accident. It would be too much of a loss," Vaan stated with a deep look.

Considering what he had just learned, getting permission from Wise Scholar Sacha to use her Atomic Visualizer would not be easy. He would first have to gain her trust, a lot of it.

"What kind of person is Wise Scholar Sacha, Evie? Do you know much about her?" Vaan inquired.

"Do I know her? Senior Sacha IS my artificing teacher, so I suppose you can say that I do know a bit about Senior Sacha—but only at the surface level," Evie said while giving Vaan a short glance.

She could tell that Vaan was more interested in Wise Scholar Sacha than he was in her.

At the same time, Vaan was good at reading expressions. Thus, he understood what Evie Latimer was thinking.

After Vaan learned everything Evie Latimer knew about Wise Scholar Sacha, including some of her interests and daily routine, he shifted the subject to Evie Latimer to appease her.

"Not many witches visit the library at this time. I wonder if Lady Evie came to the library because you are diligent with artificing studies or if you have some parts you don't understand?"

"For both reasons, actually," Evie Latimer replied with a delightful smile, seeing Vaan's interest was turned to her.

Nevertheless, Vaan quickly learned about Evie Latimer's difficulties in her artificing studies after she opened up about it. He offered her some insights on the subject, allowing her to overcome the problems plaguing her.

Afterward, Vaan flirted with Evie Latimer a bit to improve her mood further before ultimately bidding his leave.

"Well then, I shan't take up any more of your private time, Evie. May you do well in your studies."

"Can we talk again another time, Vahn?"

Evie Latimer glanced at Vaan with a bit of emotion, feeling reluctant to cut their discussion short when it seemed like she was getting somewhere.

"Of course, Evie," Vaan assured her, adding, "I'll be around for a while. Feel free to drop by the library for a chat when you feel like it."

"That's great. Then, I'll drop by tomorrow. I would like to discuss about artificing with you again," Evie Latimer said as she carried a few books to the front counter with a happy expression while looking at Vaan.

A man who was very handsome, friendly, approachable, respectful, and knowledgeable in the same field she was interested in was incredibly charming and attractive.

Evie Latimer felt like she had found the perfect man.

Nevertheless, Vaan pretended not to notice Evie Latimer's thoughts. After recording the books she wanted to borrow, he sent her off.

Once Evie Latimer was gone, Vaan contemplated his objective for the day.

'Unexpectedly, Wise Scholar Sacha likes to scavenge the wasteyard for reusable items during the gaps in her teaching schedule... If I arrange a coincidental encounter around the time of her visit to the wasteyard, I should be able to catch her interest,' Vaan mused.

However, Wise Scholar Sacha was someone who excelled in artificing.

'I should touch up on my artificing knowledge to have sufficient understanding and cards to impress Wise Scholar Sacha during our first meeting,' Vaan contemplated.

He also needed to pick the best time that worked for him and the plan.

Chapter 142: Change of Plans

'Broken wastes and used goods are dumped in the wasteyard throughout the day. The best time for Wise Scholar Sacha to scavenge reusable materials would be in the afternoon at the end of classes. That would be the best time to meet Wise Scholar Sacha,' Vaan determined.

There was plenty of time until then.

As Vaan perused through the artificing-related books in the library, morning classes gradually began. Thus, the last visitor in the library left to attend her class.

'Since classes have started, there won't be any library visitors until lunch break. I should do other things,' Vaan thought.

Shortly after, Vaan headed into the back office to collect his stuff.

He changed into his old modified black attire, equipped his belt and weapons, and pocketed his remaining items in the Heaven-Swallowing Space.

"Where are you going, Vahn?" Dahlia Payne noticed as Vaan was leaving the library.

"There won't be any visitors until lunch, so I plan to head into the city to run some errands. Also, I plan to book accommodation near the grand library," Vaan replied.

"Right, I needed to see Headmaster Tabitha and have her sort out your lodgings..." Dahlia Payne recalled. However, she could not help but ask, "Isn't it fine sleeping with me, Vahn? If you don't like the office, I still have a private room I don't use much within the academy..."

Dahlia Payne was hoping she could continue to spend every night with Vaan, but she didn't want to sound too desperate.

Nevertheless, Vaan needed his privacy.

"I will still need a room outside the academy, Dahli. There are many books in the grand library I've yet to read. Having a room outside the academy will make things more convenient in my private time," Vaan lied with a straight face.

The academy had too many restrictions. It had many eyes, and the young witches were quickly attracted to his good looks. Only older witches were more tamed.

Furthermore, Vaan needed a place where he could freely make use of the countless scraps in his Heaven-Swallowing Space.

Seeing how Vaan's mind was made up, Dahlia Payne didn't stop him.

Dahlia Payne didn't want to undermine Vaan's will due to her selfishness. At the same time, Vaan wasn't leaving forever. Thus, there wasn't any reason to hold him back.

"Alright, I understand. But come back before lunch, Vahn."

"Understood, Dahli."

After Vahn replied, he noticed Dahlia Payne giving her cheeks to him, expecting a kiss before he left. She was demanding.

However, Vaan didn't settle for a simple kiss on the cheek.

He pulled Dahlia Payne by the waist and gave her a hot and smothering kiss on the lips, prying right into her small mouth with his snake-like tongue to intertwine with hers.

Vaan only ended the passionate kiss after Dahlia Payne became breathless.

"Thanks for the treat," Vaan smacked his lips with a grin before exiting the library, leaving behind Dahlia Payne in a daze as if she was daydreaming, replaying the kiss in her mind.

After leaving the academy, Vaan found a place to stay at The Peaceful Gentlemen Inn, which was not far from Redpine Grand Library.

Due to The Peaceful Gentlemen Inn's popular location and high standards, a room for the night cost him ten silver.

Nevertheless, Vaan was escorted to his room after paying the fee. He locked the door on his way in and headed over to shut the blinds by the window.

Vroom...!

However, as Vaan reached the window, he heard the reverberating noise that could only come from a magic airship.

It was very distant at first but still easily heard with Vaan's sharpened senses. However, over time, the noise grew loud enough for him to feel vibrations on the ground and in the air.

Vaan peeked out the windows and noticed the magic airship in the distant sky wasn't planning on passing the city like last time; it was going to make a stop in the city.

'The situation of Blackmoon City must have been handled. The Assembly of Silent Night must have suffered greatly,' Vaan mused.

He had no way to confirm it for himself. But with the trail of evidence he had left behind, the Assembly of Silent Night should have taken the blame for Isabelle's death.

'If the magic airship stops in Redpine City, then... the entire branch must have been uprooted,' Vaan's eyes flickered.

No matter how powerful the dark organization, Assembly of Silent Night, it was no match for the might of the Black Rose Kingdom.

'And if one branch was uprooted, the rest has to be uprooted as well. Does the Assembly of Silent Night have a branch in Redpine City?' Vaan rubbed his chin thoughtfully before his eyes glinted with a deeper look.

'No, that's not right. The Assembly of Silent Night wouldn't wait to die. They must have some way to pass information around and know what happened to their branch in Blackmoon City. They should be fleeing the kingdom's pursuit right now.'

'In that case, the reason the magic airship is stopping in Redpine City means... they've come to collect information on Red Goblin Mountains,' Vaan determined.

Given the unique situation regarding Red Goblin Mountains, it was the best place for the Assembly of Silent Night's people to retreat to and seek refuge.

'The Inquisitor dispatched this time was more hasty and decisive than I anticipated. Since things have already progressed to this stage, I will have to put Wise Scholar Sacha aside and prepare for the main objective,' Vaan decided.

Little did Vaan know, the magic airship didn't belong to just any Inquisitor but the Grand Inquisitor herself.

Although Vaan didn't get enough time to reach his ideal strength for the trip, his goal had not changed.

It was too much, even for Vaan to explore the depths of the Red Goblin Mountains alone. However, it was a different story if there was a large punitive force entering the mountains to catch criminals.

Joining the punitive force was the best way for Vaan to enter the depths of the mountain and look for the Plant-type Abomination.

Chapter 143: Weapon Preparation

'Given the existing Curse of the Purple Umbala, it won't be easy for the Inquisitor's punitive force to exterminate the remnant members of the Assembly of Silent Night in the Red Goblin Mountains. The Inquisitor will ask Lord Helia for help.'

Although Vaan wasn't sure what abilities the Assembly of Silent Night had, if their members could take out a Rank 3 Dark Hellhound with just a group tasked to assassinate a True Witch, then they should have quite capable members in their dark organization.

'Lord Helia wouldn't just use her troops; she'll most likely recruit witches and aura users from the city when the Inquisitor intends to attack the mountain. Given my special status, Lord Helia wouldn't let me join even if I wanted to,' Vaan mused.

In that case, Vaan only had one option: use a different identity to join the punitive expedition force to Red Goblin Mountains.

Shortly after, Vaan shut the blinds and sprinkled his scent-erasing powder around the edges of the room to keep the smell of his following preparation from escaping.

Afterward, Vaan checked his inventory. Seeing he had the available materials, he started to make a silicon human face mask.

Vaan's dexterous hands worked quickly.

Fifteen minutes later, Vaan produced the face mask of a middle-aged man with some battle scars, not too many and not too little, and neither too handsome nor too ugly.

It was a very ordinary face, one that wouldn't leave an impression and attract attention.

After completing his face mask, Vaan put it on and examined his disguise. It was like adding on a second layer of skin; it couldn't be seen as fake at all.

Once Vaan confirmed the realistic quality of his face mask, he took it off and stored it away in his Heaven-Swallowing Space for future use.

'Kyu, kyu, kyuu!'

Topaz materialized out of Vaan's body with a complaint right after he started using Earth Manipulation Magic to work on new weapons.

'I know, I know. You also want to come out to play sometime. I'll let you out more often in the future when I can, Topaz. Will you forgive me?' Vaan tried to appease the unhappy earth spirit.

However, Topaz folded her arms with a pout, telling Vaan it wasn't that easy to earn her forgiveness.

'Kyu, kyuu!' Topaz harrumphed.

Seeing that, Vaan resorted to his ultimate trick; tickling.

Coupled with his godly hands and mastery of the Heavenly Massage, even a spiritual being like Topaz couldn't maintain her grumpy look.

'Kyu, kyu!' Topaz burst into laughter.

She flapped her wings and tried to escape Vaan's menacing fingers. But wherever she went, Vaan's fingers followed.

They quickly entered a game of cat and mouse. Too busy to flee Vaan's ticklish fingers, Topaz's previous unhappiness was quickly forgotten.

A short while later, Vaan suddenly stopped and said, 'Alright, did you have enough fun?'

'Kyuu!'

Topaz was startled before she wiped the smile off her face and looked in the other direction, denying that she wasn't having any fun to begin with.

'I see. So you weren't having fun.'

'Kyu.'

Topaz nodded.

'I guess it can't be helped then. Since it wasn't fun and you don't want to forgive me, we'll just end it here,' Vaan teased, knowing the earth spirit actually wanted to continue.

Without surprise, Topaz's expression froze after hearing Vaan's words.

A few moments later, she flew over to Vaan's cheeks and rubbed her face against them, expressing her apology for not being honest. She actually wanted to keep playing and had already forgiven him.

'Kyu, kyuu...' Topaz cried despondently.

Vaan slightly smiled at her cute apology before tickling under her chin, quickly making her giggle with laughter again.

Nevertheless, Vaan didn't continue for long before stopping again.

'Alright, that should be enough. I have something to do now,' Vaan said to Topaz before resuming his work.

Although Topaz was a bit reluctant, it couldn't be helped. She flapped onto Vaan's head, where she could rest and look down at what he was doing.

At that moment, Vaan was thinking about the goblin's weakness.

'Most goblin species naturally fear white beasts, especially ones with light attributes. The blood of light-attribute beasts are like poison to them,' Vaan mused.

Vaan didn't have any blood of such beasts, but he did find the broken horn of a Rank 2 White Unicorn in his Heaven-Swallowing Space.

'This horn is too small to be reforged into a sword or dagger... Given the tight terrain of the mountain, a small knife would work. However, it's not exactly good against large numbers..' Vaan thought.

While looking at the broken unicorn horn and numerous smaller fragments of it, Vaan gradually came to a decision.

'I'll use the big piece of the horn for a white spear and turn the smaller fragments into sharp projectile weapons like needles.'

Since Vaan had Earth Manipulation and Earth Acceleration, having both short and long weapons would make him versatile in battle.

Shortly after using Earth Manipulation to create a white steel spear shaft, Vaan fused it with the broke unicorn horn to complete his white spear.

Afterward, Vaan took out his trusty piece of Dusk Drake's rough leather to sand the horn fragments into sharp throwing needles. Then, he fused them with metal ends to give them weight and power.

Following the completion of the spear and needles, Vaan made additional ammunition and modified his gunblade, giving it the feature to switch between gun and blade modes.

However, the gunblade's normal state was set to blade mode while its switch button was hidden inside.

As such, the gun mode could only be activated with Earth Manipulation by someone familiar with the gunblade's internal structure like Vaan.

The overall process took two hours, but it didn't bore Topaz in the least. She was fascinated with Vaan's craftsmanship which made use of the earth in interesting ways.

'Time to go back inside, Topaz,' Vaan informed his earth spirit after packing up his weapons.

'Kyu.''

Topaz obediently flew inside Vaan's chest, seemingly and sufficiently entertained for the day. Vaan's usage of her mana had also made her slightly tired.

Shortly after cleaning up and erasing the lingering smell of his metalworks, Vaan left the room to grab some quick feed downstairs.

Chapter 144: Headmaster Tabitha's Visit

Redpine City, Helia's Castle

"Marquis Ember, it's an honor for you to grace Redpine City with your presence. Had I known the Grand Inquisitor was paying a visit, I would have prepared a warmer welcome."

Helia Ashenborn strolled outside to greet with an amicable smile after the magic airship landed in the castle's outer courtyard.

"There's no need for you to come out and welcome us yourself, Lord Helia. We would have visited you shortly," Ember Killian claimed.

"How would I dare put on airs in front of an Inquisitor? Let alone the Grand Inquisitor, Marquis Ember?" Helia Ashenborn replied with a wry smile before glancing over at the other airship members. "I see Headmaster Astoria is also here."

"Good day to you, Lord Helia," Astoria Braveheart greeted with a cordial smile.

Shortly after they exchanged greetings, Helia Ashenborn checked out the airship members again to determine the Grand Inquisitor's reason for visiting.

"Those people are..." Helia Ashenborn noticed the old hag and half-humans on the magic airship.

"Istana Gleriath and dogs from the Assembly of Silent Night," Ember Killian casually replied as she waited for her messengers to arrive.

Nevertheless, Helia Ashenborn was quickly stunned by Ember Killian's words.

"That old hag is Lord Istana...?" Helia Ashenborn's gaze flickered with surprise before she muttered, "Another war veteran has depleted their lifespan, huh?"

"It's ex-lord now," Ember Killian corrected.

"I have already stripped her authority and instated someone else as the temporary lord of the Blackmoon Region. Given her present state of mind, she is unfit to rule one of Her Majesty's territories."

"Furthermore, she has a higher risk of becoming a Fallen and causing greater harm to everyone and everything," Ember Killian added.

"That does seem likely," Helia Ashenborn agreed with a frown after looking at Istana Gleriath's vengeful eyes filled with hate.

"How about a chat in the Great Hall over some lunch and tea while you wait for your people to arrive, Marquis Ember? You'll join us too, right? Headmaster Astoria?"

"How can we refuse?" Ember Killian accepted Helia Ashenborn's invitation.

Shortly after, Ember Killian instructed her people to watch over Istana Gleriath and the wolf-men on the magic airship.

"Inform me when our messenger arrives."

"Yes, Grand Inquisitor!"

Shortly after Ember Killian's people accepted her instructions, she entered the castle with Astoria Braveheart and Helia Ashenborn.

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Inside the Great Hall, the three peerlessly beautiful women each took their seat at the long table that was soon filled with food, freshly brought out from the kitchen.

Nevertheless, Helia Ashenborn didn't beat around the bush; she quickly inquired into Ember Killian's purpose for visiting Redpine City.

"What kind of information are you waiting for your people to deliver to you, if you don't mind me asking, Marquis Ember?"

"Information on Red Goblin Mountains and an estimate of the dog-men gathering there, including their strengths."

"Are you planning a raid on Red Goblin Mountains?" Helia Ashenborn raised her brows in surprise before advising Ember Killian, "It's too dangerous, Marquis Ember. The Curse of the Purple Umbala will severely undermine everyone's strength."

"Of course, I am aware of the disadvantages of fighting Red Goblin Mountains," Ember Killian calmly acknowledged.

"However, since we have cut off relationships with the Assembly of Silent Night, we have to completely uproot their foundations in the kingdom while their traces are still known. Otherwise, it will become troublesome to hunt them all."

"That said, I don't plan to launch a raid on Red Goblin Mountains immediately. I intend to turn the current captives over to Her Majesty to handle before bringing back more troops from the capital for the raid."

"Also, we have Headmaster Astoria to assist us," Ember Killian added.

"As expected of the Battle Maiden of Holy Light with a heart of justice," Helia Ashenborn complimented before looking at Astoria Braveheart with some doubts and confusion.

"Still, are you so free to be going around helping others solve their problems nowadays, Headmaster Astoria? Are you neglecting your duties at the Blackmoon Academy a tad too much?"

"It was just some time ago that your academy lost a Wise Scholar," Helia Ashenborn added.

"You don't have to worry about that, Lord Helia. I am only helping out to repay a favor. I have some business in the capital," Astoria Braveheart replied with a cordial smile.

"Furthermore, there won't be any trouble in the academy for the time being now that the Assembly of Silent Night's branch is gone and Istana Gleriath is removed from power."

"Oh?"

When Helia Ashenborn noticed a hint of anger when Astoria Braveheart mentioned Istana Gleriath, she was surprised.

"If you don't mind me prying, may I ask what sort of business you have in the capital that requires a second trip shortly after returning to Blackmoon City, Headmaster Astoria?"

"As expected, you would be curious about this. Well, I don't mind telling you the reason. No, it'll be easier to understand if you read this."

Astoria Braveheart took out a copy of the Book of Solomon Raphna from her Magic Domain and sent it across the long table with a floating spell.

After Helia Ashenborn caught the book, her heart was greatly shaken by the book title.

Solomon was not a name that could be used lightly.

Nevertheless, Helia Ashenborn didn't comment. With intense curiosity in her heart, she turned over to the first page to read.

But before she could, she was interrupted by the sound coming from the front of the Great Hall as the big doors opened.

At the entrance stood a tall, beautiful blonde with long braided hair, mesmerizing green eyes, a very fair complexion, silky smooth skin, and a slim body in a white silk dress, radiating with confidence and holiness.

"I heard Marquis Ember and Headmaster Astoria have paid a visit to Redpine City, so I came to offer my greetings. I hope you don't mind that I invited myself over, Lord Helia," the beautiful newcomer politely greeted with eloquence and elegance.

"Not at all, Headmaster Tabitha. It must be my blessing to have three highly esteemed High Witches in my Great Hall," Helia Ashenborn replied with a big smile, welcoming the beautiful newcomer in with a hand gesture. "Please, take a seat and join us."

"I was just about to read a book with a rather interesting title," Helia Ashenborn added.

Chapter 145: Quarrel Over a Book

"Oh? Don't mind if I do, Lord Helia," Tabitha Dawnbringer her seat on the empty side of the long table. After greeting Ember Killian and Astoria Braveheart, she asked with curiosity, "So, what's the title called?"

"The Book of Solomon Raphna," Helia Ashenborn uttered.

"What?" Tabitha Dawnbringer was stunned, thinking she had heard wrong. However, she had no hearing problem. She knitted her brows and asked, "Which witch is so audacious to use the name Solomon so carelessly?"

"I am that audacious witch," Astoria Braveheart coolly said.

After Helia Ashenborn and Tabitha Dawnbringer heard those words, they were stunned, unable to think. It took some time before they could think of a response.

"Well, there must be a good reason why Headmaster Astoria chose such a name for that book," Tabitha Dawnbringer speculated with a wry smile.

"Right... Headmaster Astoria did say I would understand once I gave it a read," Helia Ashenborn recalled.

Shortly after, Helia Ashenborn gave the Book of Solomon Raphna a quick read.

At first, her expression was casual curiosity. But her expression quickly changed, becoming focused, then wholly engrossed.

Tabitha Dawbringer watched Helia Ashenborn reveal a progress change from surprise to astonishment, then from astonishment to enlightenment.

Before long, Helia Ashenborn could only feel reverence for the person called Vaan Raphna.

"I completely understand Headmaster Astoria's meaning now. This isn't just a book with profound knowledge. It's the gospel of magic!" Helia Ashenborn claimed as she closed the Book of Solomon Raphna with a sigh of reluctance.

She wanted to keep reading but couldn't keep three High Witches waiting while she was only a Peak-stage Senior Witch.

Helia Ashenborn passed the book over to Tabitha Dawnbringer to read.

A few moments later, Tabitha Dawnbringer couldn't help but close the book with a sigh like Helia Ashenborn. But she wasn't in a hurry to return the book.

"May I ask who and where Vaan Raphna is, Headmaster Astoria?" Tabith Dawnbringer asked before adding, "I would like to meet this person and pay my respects to her. Her knowledge is simply transcendental."

"Vaan Raphna is a he..." Astoria Braveheart corrected with a sorrowful look at the mention of Vaan's name.

Helia Ashenborn and Tabitha Dawnbringer were shocked to hear Vaan Raphna wasn't a woman despite possessing such profound knowledge of magic.

At the same time, they quickly understood why Headmaster Astoria was the one who named the book. The knowledge was left behind, but the person was gone.

Seeing Astoria Braveheart's expression, Tabitha Dawnbringer decided not to pry further. She would privately investigate the person.

"Headmaster Astoria, I have a bold request to make. Won't you let me have this book?" Headmaster Tabitha asked with a sincere and hopeful look shortly after.

"Do you understand what you are saying, Headmaster Tabitha? That is very rude of you," Ember Killian criticized with narrowed eyes.

"Perhaps," Tabitha Dawnbringer calmly uttered.

"But given our positions, I believe Headmaster Astoria understands me completely. This kind of knowledge shouldn't be monopolized. It should be spread to every academy in the kingdom."

"As such, I hoped to make copies of this and use it as core teaching material in my academy," Tabitha Dawnbringer stated.

"That's fine. You can keep that one. I expected this when I took out the book," Astoria Braveheart permitted with a nod. "Fortunately, I've brought an extra copy."

"However, this one is my last copy. So you can't have it, Lord Helia. I need to deliver this to the capital, so share the one in Headmaster Tabitha's hand—"

Suddenly, a firebird flew into the Great Hall and landed on Ember Killian's hand before she received a message from it and nodded.

"My person is here, so this is where I will take my leave," Ember Killian informed as she stood up to leave the Great Hall. "I'll be departing for the capital right after, so can you do me a favor until I return, Lord Helia?"

"How may I be of help for the Grand Inquisitor?" Helia Ashenborn asked, expressing her willingness to do Ember Killian a favor.

"I already have some people stationed around Red Goblin Mountains to monitor the dogs of the Assembly of Silent Night. However, my people are few in number, so there are significant gaps in the circle they've set up," Ember Killian mentioned.

"And although the dogs of the Assembly of Silent Night are unlikely to leave Red Goblin Mountains, I was hoping you could deploy some troops to reinforce the encirclement on Red Goblin Mountains."

"Consider it done, Grand Inquisitor," Helia Ashenborn said forwardly.

"Thanks, I owe you one, Lord Helia," Ember Killian expressed her gratitude before taking her leave from the Great Hall.

Right after, Astoria Braveheart also stood up to follow her out.

"I need to follow Marquis Ember to the capital, so I will also be taking my leave," Astoria Braveheart informed and left without waiting for their response.

Helia Ashenborn and Tabitha Dawnbringer actually wanted to talk to Astoria Braveheart further. Still, nothing could be done when she was in a hurry to leave.

A few moments after they left, Helia Ashenborn shifted her attention to Tabitha Dawnbringer.

"Headmaster Tabitha, how about leaving the Book of Solomon Raphna in my care? I'll be sure to send you a copy right after I finish reproducing it," Helia Ashenborn promised.

"No way," Tabitha Dawnbringer declined.

"Why do I need to do that when I can also reproduce the book myself? Just be patient and wait, Lord Helia. I'll definitely send you a copy when it's available."

Both Tabitha Dawnbringer and Helia Ashenborn wanted to finish reading the Book of Solomon Raphna.

Having caught a glimpse of its profound knowledge, which was no different from the gospel of magic, it was like having an itch they couldn't scratch unless they finished their reading.

"I want to read the book first, but you also do. How should we resolve this?" Helia Ashenborn asked with knitted brows.

"How about this: I buy three-day production's worth of that new magic potion you put on the market last night at twice the price?"

"Deal!"

Surprisingly, Helia Ashenborn readily agreed with Tabitha Dawnbringer's offer.

Chapter 146: Ordinary Men

The Peaceful Gentlemen Inn

In the dining hall, delicious food filled the tables, and rowdy men occupied the seats. Chatter and laughter resounded as the burly men had lunch an hour earlier than the standard lunchtime.

"Hey, have you heard? There's a new sense enhancer-type magic potion on the market."

"Lord Ashenborn's Pore Stimulation Potion version, right? I've heard from my Lady. Apparently, it has no side effects and can be taken consecutively."

"My Lady instructed me to buy some after lunch, so I won't be sticking around after I'm done eating. She expects the potions ready by the end of her lunch."

"Is that so? Then you have to be fast. I heard a crazy queue is already forming for the new Potion Stimulation Potion on the market. You might not get a chance to purchase any even if you leave now."

"For real? Then I better rush over there quickly. I don't want my Lady to be mad and disappointed."

Vaan overheard the men in the dining area chattering before one of them quickly stuffed his mouth full of food and left in a hurry.

Nevertheless, Vaan proceeded to the counter to order his food.

"One butter garlic toasted bread roll with cream cheese and special omelette and orange juice on the go, please, my Lady."

"Sure, anything for a handsome young man like you. Please give me a moment."

Shortly after, the lovely innkeeper headed into the kitchen. Two minutes later, the innkeeper returned with Vaan's food, wrapped up and ready to go.

After Vaan paid eighteen bronze coins for the food and drink, he raised the hood of his head and left the Peaceful Gentlemen Inn.

'There's still an hour until the start of lunch in the academy. I need to make three stops before returning,' Vaan mused while finishing his lunch on the move.

At that time, the magic airship had already departed from the city.

A few minutes later, Vaan arrived in front of the tall, majestic, and seemingly indestructible nine-story black building of the Witch Union Bank.

'Supposedly, each branch was built sturdy enough to withstand the powerful attacks of Rank 3 beings and below,' Vaan casually recalled.

Robbing the Witch Union Bank would be a fool's errand.

Nevertheless, Vaan entered the Witch Union Bank and joined the short queue of witches and men waiting to be served by the clerks working behind the front booths.

There were only two witches and one man in front of Vaan. Even so, it still took a few minutes before Vaan reached the front of the queue.

After receiving the cue from the male clerk behind the second booth, Vaan made his way over.

"Hello, Sir. How can I help you today?" the male clerk inquired.

Vaan placed the black bank card on the counter and pushed it forward before stating his intention, "I would like to check the balance and make a withdrawal."

"Understood, Sir. Please give me a moment to check," the male clerk replied.

There was no need for Vaan to identify himself. His name and face were in the system.

Helia Ashenborn wouldn't make such a simple mistake when she invested so much into complicated magic tools for security and identification purposes.

After the clerk confirmed Vaan's identity on his own, he looked into the balance under Linetta Delarosa's name before getting back to Vaan.

"Your balance is currently 320 low-rank mana stones, Sir. How much would you like to withdraw?" the male clerk asked.

'As expected, Helia Ashenborn was very efficient,' Vaan rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

Nevertheless, Vaan decided to withdraw 200 low-rank mana stones.

However, the black bank cards were VIP cards with the Witch Union Bank, which grants a special privilege to the VIP holders: they could withdraw mid-rank mana stones instead of low-rank ones.

Knowing that, Vaan chose to withdraw 15 mid-rank mana stones and 50 low-rank ones.

After receiving the mana stones in a leather pouch, Vaan stored the pouch within his clothes before transferring it to the Heaven-Swallowing Space as he left the Witch Union Bank.

Due to the security of the Witch Union Bank, no one besides the attending clerk knew how many mana stones he carried.

Nevertheless, Vaan dropped by a relatively high-end tailor shop afterward and bought ten sets of quality clothes, which only cost him ten low-rank mana stones.

The clothes were placed in a large leather bag, which came as a complimentary due to Vaan's large purchase.

After leaving the high-end tailor shop, Vaan headed for Helia's Castle.

Along the way, Vaan spotted several homeless men living in some dark alleyways and street corners, completely relying on the charity of others to get by the day.

In some new construction sites, men were worked like slaves and treated poorly by the witches supervising them. They were whipped and beaten without mercy when they made mistakes and only healed when their injuries affected their work efficiency.

Without a doubt, these men were the true slaves of the witch-dominant society; they were the ones without witch lineage.

They were shorter, weaker, and uglier, simply inferior species compared to male witch descendants like Vaan. Even so, they were all men, nonetheless.

But while male witch descendants retained some rights and dignity due to their witch mothers, the ordinary men had none.

Just looking at these ordinary men was enough motivation for other male witch descendants to work harder.

Vaan had been treated fairly well due to his handsome looks and capability, but that didn't make him forget the suffering of ordinary men in the seven witch kingdoms.

He had always been aware.

Even so, Vaan felt nothing for these men or any inclination to help them. They were unrelated people who had nothing to do with him.

Kindness was a privilege for the strong and powerful. As for those that lack the strength, possessing kindness was not a gift; it was a weakness.

...

Sometime later, Vaan made it out of the busy streets and arrived at his destination, Helia's Castle.

The two Aura Masters guarding the bridge recognized Vaan's face when he approached and did not bar his entry, letting him pass without an issue.

Chapter 147: Enraged Servants
Redpine Academy

Sabrina Redwood and Alicia Whitmore attended their lesson in the second-year classroom for Magic Applications on the second floor.

As they arrived slightly later than usual, the classroom was already brimming with second-year students.

Sabrina Redwood quickly parted with Alicia Whitmore and went over to sit with her two good friends, Euphenia Deamonne and Glinda Shadowmend.

Generally, Sabrina Redwood and Alicia Whitmore were among the less assuming and popular groups. They usually don't attract much attention.

However, today, Sabrina Redwood and Alicia Whitmore received second glances from their classmates as the two entered the classroom.

The young witches in the classroom could not help but feel like there was something different about the two. Their aura changed, and their skin seemed like they were glowing.

On the side, a row of servants could not help but stare at Sabrina Redwood and Alicia Whitmore longer.

"Did Lady Sabrina and Lady Alicia become more beautiful overnight?" a male servant wondered with doubt.

"You also think so?" another male servant turned to ask, feeling the same way.

It wasn't the first time the servants had seen Sabrina Redwood and Alicia Whitmore in the academy. In fact, they had seen the two young witches too many times to count.

However, today, some of the servants felt their heartstrings getting pulled when Sabrina Redwood and Alicia Whitmore glance past them with their confident and brilliant smiles.

Of course, Sabrina Redwood and Alicia Whitmore didn't look at the servants specifically. They were just scanning the room.

"Why haven't I noticed how beautiful they were until now?" another servant muttered.

...

After Sabrina Redwood took her seat, Euphenia Deamonne and Glinda Shadowmend each hugged her sides with intense curiosity.

"So, how did it go last night? Did you go all the way? You look quite different today, even though your appearance hasn't changed a single bit. How peculiar," Euphenia Deamonne mentioned softly.

"Keep it a secret, will you?" Sabrina Redwood replied wryly.

Naturally, she didn't care if the entire academy found out she had been deflowered. She was only worried about everyone learning about Vahn Cadieux.

Nevertheless, Sabrina Redwood's words were easily understood as an indirect admission to Euphenia Deamoone's question.

"Seems like I went really well. I got it. My lips are sealed, Sabrina," Euphenia Deamonne reassured.

...

Meanwhile, Alicia Whitmore was also flocked by her deskmate after she sat down, leaning back comfortably on her seat with her legs crossed on her desk.

"Hey, Alicia. Did something good happen to you? What did you do last night? You seem like a different person today."

"What nonsense are you spouting? I am still me; nothing has changed. And why are you suddenly interested in what I did last night? We're not that close. I don't need to tell you anything."

Although the young witches around Alicia Whitmore were interested in her change, they couldn't do anything with her unapproachable attitude.

The young witches feared that if they pushed the topic, they would get scratched by the wild beast.

With no one else to pester her, Alicia Whitmore placed an open book over her face to take a nap until the teacher arrived.

...

Nevertheless, rumors started to spread among the second-year witches regarding Sabrina Redwood and Alicia Whitmore after the first class.

And from the second-year witches, the rumors spread to the servants.

In particular, the rumors made their way to the circle of servants who had not been selected to serve any witches but wanted to be selected.

"Oi, Rehan. I heard something interesting from the first class of Magic Applications. Apparently, someone else has laid claims on Lady Sabrina, the one you've been watching," a burly servant with a buzz cut mentioned.

"What?"

Another burly servant with short curly hair that went by the name Rehan Vexx quickly froze after hearing the news.

But in the next moment, Rehan Vexx's expression contorted with anger.

"Boss Bram promised me that all of the brothers under him would leave Lady Sabrina for me! Which ignorant bastard dares to touch my Lady!? Tell me who it was, Damek! I will break his dog legs!" Rehan Vexx barked with a livid expression.

"Kekeke, how unfortunate for you, Rehan. You pursued Lady Sabrina for three months, but it was all for nothing. Actually, it's not that bad. Lady Sabrina might take you in as her second man if you try hard enough."

A third servant with black undercut hair chuckled at Rehan Vexx, feeling amused by the situation.

Someone obviously didn't want to live anymore by touching a marked witch, who Boss Bram had approved for Rehan Vexx.

"Why are you laughing, Barrett? According to the rumors, Lady Alicia, who you've been pursuing, was also taken by someone. She's not pure anymore, so you can only settle for second place now," the buzz-cut servant named Damek Howler stated.

"What?!" Barrett Dred's expression turned livid.

"Which bastard did it?! Does he not understand the unspoken rule among the servants of this academy?! This person didn't put Boss Bram's words in his eyes! And he doesn't respect Boss Osran, whom I follow either! Simply courting death!"

"Lady Sabrina and Lady Alicia share the same dorm room. It can't be the same person, right?" Rehan Vexx wondered with an angry frown.

Within the Redpine Academy, not all male witch descendants working in the academy served a witch as their master.

Many entered the academy under personal recommendations to work, but more importantly, to find a witch to serve. Of course, becoming lovers with their chosen witch was also the ideal dream.

However, male witch descendants in the academy were more likely to become witches' private servants than lovers.

Nevertheless, the servants formed a strict hierarchy to guarantee each servant's interest as best they could.

"Boss Bram and Boss Osran are both Peak Rank 1 Aura Warriors, each serving a fifth-year True Witch in the academy," Damek Howler mentioned.

"Furthermore, Boss Bram and Boss Osran have dozens of followers. There's no way the person would have dual-practiced with Lady Sabrina and Lady Alicia while knowing this. He must be someone new to the academy."

Damek Howler guessed.

"Whatever the case is, there's no innocence for the ignorant. That bastard is a dead man!" Barrett Dred swore.

In their furious state of mind, Rehan Vexx and Barrett Dred never thought about how someone managed to score Sabrina Redwood and Alicia Whitmore overnight.

They could only think about beating the person to death.

"Brothers, please help me find this bastard!"

"Of course."

Chapter 148: Hostile Gaze

During the start of the second class period, the witches around the academy noticed the servants actively running about between the training fields and the main building.

"What's going on with those servants? Why are they so active today?" Glinda Shadowmend wondered as she glanced out at the training fields from the second floor's classroom window.

After hearing Glinda Shadowmend's words, Sabrina Redwood and Euphenia Deamonne also glanced over to check.

"Maybe they suddenly felt the need to do some endurance training?" Euphenia Deamonne guessed.

...

While the witches wondered what the servants were up to, words within the servant circle reached Bram Krauss, one of the top five handsome servants in the academy and the leader of a gang among servants.

Unlike other male witch descendants who have undergone aura training, Bram Krauss was less burly in comparison. His muscles were very toned but not excessively large.

Despite that, he was still among the strongest servants in the academy. Such cases were normally the result of receiving nourishment from magic potions and miraculous elixirs.

Evidently, Bram Krauss hailed from a wealthy household, or the fifth-year True Witch he served was the wealthy one.

"Boss Bram, there's trouble among our people. Someone touched the marked witch belonging to one of our younger brothers," a burly servant came to the training field to report.

Bram Krauss paused his training and glanced over at the newcomer with a frown.

"Did that someone belong to our group?"

"No, Boss."

"Then, what's the problem?" Bram Krauss raised an eyebrow.

"The bro code is to be respected, and I may have given my word to the boys, but that doesn't stop other men outside of our group from pursuing the witches, no?"

"That's the thing, Boss Bram," the burly man with a buzz cut stated.

"As one of the strongest servants in the academy, your influence is widespread among the servants. Your words are like the law that all servants should follow, whether they are unaffiliated or belong to our group."

"So when someone doesn't follow your words, they are not respecting you, Boss Bram. The brothers feel like the offender should be punished," the buzz-cut burly servant stated.

"The offender?" Bram Krauss smiled amusedly before saying, "The offender who succeeded in winning a witch's favor? The witch chose that person and not the brother pursuing her. We can only say that our brother was incapable."

"Witches' choices have to be respected. Don't forget that we are only servants. If we go around punishing everyone outside our circle for not following our rules, it will give witches the wrong idea about us."

"We are only prioritizing our brothers' interests, not running a witch auction. If witches mistakenly think we are treating them as monopolizable objects, we can all say goodbye to our future," Bram Krauss stated sternly.

"What you just said is very demoralizing, Boss Bram. If we let others break our rules, what's the point in our brothers upholding the rules in the first place? Is there a purpose in forming a group?" the buzz-cut burly servant questioned.

"We have to stand up for Rehan. By the looks of it, he will most likely find the person for trouble. We can't let that person belittle our group."

"Did you not listen to a word I said? We can't do that," Bram Krauss frowned.

"Respect the boundaries. We can't punish someone that didn't break the rule while being part of our group. Rehan can find the person for trouble, but no one is to help him. We can only interfere if Rehan gets himself beaten badly and humiliated."

"Until then, no one is to help him. Absolutely no one."

...

Bram Krauss's words were passed along to everyone associated with the group before they reached Rehan Vexx's ears, who was present near the main building's front entrance.

"Did Boss Bram really say that?" Rehan Vexx frowned.

"Yeah. Or so I've heard from the other boys in the group," Damek Howler confirmed with a nod.

"Well, it doesn't matter. I won't need anyone's help to beat up this scoundrel. I, alone, am enough," Rehan Vexx claimed.

"If it's a new person that just recently joined the academy, he shouldn't be that strong. His strength is likely only around the same as those other first-year servants. The bastard won't be a match for me, who has already produced aura."

"The problem is figuring out who Lady Sabrina hooked up with last night," Rehan Vexx mentioned.

"According to everyone's account, they did witness a new person entering the academy yesterday. Furthermore, others also noticed Lady Sabrina visiting the library twice. On top of that, the library was clean and orderly. It was definitely the work of a new library assistant," Damek Howler guessed boldly.

"That being said, a new person who just entered the academy managed to score two True Witches on the same night. This person is very impressive, hahaha!" Damek Howler guffawed inappropriately before seeing Rehan Vexx's grim look. "Ahem, sorry."

"It's alright. The bastard must be very capable, alright," Rehan Vexx admitted before adding, "However, that doesn't mean I like him. Bastard dared to steal my lady. I'm definitely going to ruin him!"

"Correction: Lady Sabrina was never yours, Rehan. A word of advice from your brother; don't say things like that unless you want to get into serious trouble—Oh?"

Damek Howler advised Rehan Vexx when his scanning gaze suddenly paused on a person in the distance.

"Doesn't that person look like a new face?" Damek Howler pointed.

...

Near the academy's entrance, Vaan had just returned with his big bag of clothes, escorted by Hester Thornton after his short visit to Helia's Castle. He had only left after getting information regarding the Inquisitor's visit.

"Thank you for accompanying, Lady Hester. This far is enough," Vaan said after stopping at the entrance.

"Alright," Hester Thornton nodded with a hint of disappointment and reluctance before saying, "If you need a partner for dual practice again, remember that I will be available, Sir Cadieux."

"I will keep your words in mind, Lady Hester," Vaan smiled.

Shortly after parting with Hester Thornton, Vaan continued to enter the academy. But he only took several steps before his eyes flickered, sensing someone's hostile gaze.

"Interesting..."

Chapter 149: Eerie and Terrifying

'No matter which academy I go to, there will always be jealousy and angry men. Haiz, what can I do about it? I'm just too excellent,' Vaan shook his head nonchalantly.

The world wasn't filled with rainbows, and things won't always go the way one would hope. In life, there are winners and losers.

The strong and determined succeed while the weak and incapable fail. The strong and determined overcome obstacles while the weak and incapable wallow in their incompetence.

Of the two, Vaan was definitely the former.

Knowing trouble was bound to find him, Vaan strolled forward confidently, continuing to head to the library.

He was not the same person he was before.

"Oi, you. I got some questions for you!" Rehan Vexx blocked Vaan's path with an aggressive and domineering tone. "I haven't seen you around here before! Who are you? And what are you doing in this academy?"

Seeing Vaan's small build, Rehan Vexx was more confident in his strength. It was clear that the new guy had done little aura training.

Such weak men should be easily intimidated by the vigor of his aura.

However, Vaan didn't pause his steps.

"Vahn Cadieux, the new librarian assistant," Vaan nonchalantly answered as he walked right up to Rehan Vexx and patted him on the right shoulder. "Now that I've answered your questions, I'll be on my way."

Right after, Vaan walked past Rehan Vexx while the person was momentarily dazed by his indifference to the person's aura pressure.

However, Damek Howler stepped forward and blocked Vaan's path.

"The person behind you hasn't finished talking to you. It's not good for you to walk away from your seniors while they are still talking," Damek Howler stated with folded arms.

He appeared like an impregnable fortress with his burly build.

"My seniors?" Vaan glanced at the second guy with an amused smile and asked, "Do you know who I am?"

"Vahn Cadieux, the librarian. Didn't you say so?" Damek Howler replied with a frown.

"If you are trying to threaten me with some big background, it's no use. I've never heard of any noble household named Cadieux. Furthermore, in the academy, all men are equal."

"If that's all you know, then you need to do your research. Otherwise, you will end up offending someone you can't afford to," Vaan patted Damek Howler on the cheeks disrespectfully before walking around the person.

"Furthermore, you can't compare me, a librarian assistant, to the rest of you mere servants," Vaan added before casually leaving.

Nevertheless, before Vaan could leave, Damek Howler turned around and grabbed hold of his shoulder, stopping him from taking any more steps.

Vaan's words had made Damek Howler's heart waver, but the person didn't want him to leave just like that.

At the same time, more servants came forward to block off Vaan's path, completely sealing off his path forward.

"Vahn Cadieux, was it?" Rehan Vexx sounded from behind Vaan.

"I don't know where you got the courage to behave fearlessly and disrespectfully in front of us, but such behaviors aren't usually tolerated unless you have the strength to back them up."

"I challenge you to a duel, Vahn Cadieux!" Rehan Vexx declared with red eyes, revealing his pent-up anger.

"You look like someone just fucked your wife," Vaan mentioned amusedly before noticing the stir of emotions in Rehan Vexx's eyes. "Oh, I see. Not quite a wife, but someone you like, huh? Well, shit like that happens. Suck it up, man. All is fair in love and war."

"Shut the fuck up! Do you dare accept my challenge or not?!" Rehan Vexx snapped at Vaan.

"And if I don't want to accept?" Vaan replied nonchalantly.

"You have no choice but to accept!"

Right after Rehan Vexx spoke, the other servants formed a circle with them inside. At the same time, Damek Howler released his grip on Vaan and backed off, joining the circle of servants.

"As long as you're a servant in this academy, you must accept at least one challenge issued by another servant each day!"

"Haiz, I'm clearly giving you a chance here," Vaan shook his head with a helpless sigh and said, "Just Retract your challenge and walk away. You don't want this."

"But I do want this!" Rehan Vexx argued while gritting his teeth with a venomous look and cracking his knuckles.

Vaan's eyes wandered about, looking at the gathering crowd of spectators before turning to Damek Howler.

"When does the duel start?"

"It can start now."

Right after Damek Howler replied to Vaan's question, Rehan Vexx charged Vaan with his body covered in a red aura.

Clearly, Rehan Vexx wasn't planning to go easy on Vaan. But considering the density of Rehan Vexx's aura, he was only an Early Rank 1 Aura Warrior.

Vaan's defense wouldn't break even if he took every hit thrown at him.

=====

<[155 (+34) Defense] [Mid-level Rank 2]>

<The blessing of the earth is in effect>

=====

Nevertheless, Vaan chose to evade Rehan Vexx's sneak attack, nonetheless.

Swoosh!

The person's right-hand swing struck empty air as Vaan sidestepped to his side and raised his foot to trip the assailant.

In that short instance, Rehan Vexx saw through Vaan's intention and wanted to crush his foot. Alas, he gravely underestimated the toughness of Vaan's foot.

Ding!

Rehan Vexx felt like he kicked an iron mountain as he tripped to the ground all the same.

"Haiz, I tried to choose peace for your sake... but peace was never an option, you son of bitch!"
Vaan cursed.

As Rehan Vexx tried to get up quickly, his face was met with Vaan's kick. His nose broke, his face deformed, and his vision temporarily went black.

Before he could recover, Vaan gripped his head and bashed it into the ground repeatedly without mercy before ruthlessly yet skilfully stepping on his arms and legs.

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! Ka-cha!

Rehan Vexx's bones broke one by one before he was completely immobilized.

The duel came to a swift end.

A soft breeze blew past the bystanders before everyone felt a chill in their hearts.

Despite hearing so many bones breaking, Rehan Vexx did not utter a single cry of pain.

It was very eerie but even more terrifying.

Chapter 150: How Should We Settle This?

Fear!

Damek Howler and the other servants in the circle looked at Vaan with fear in their eyes, not expecting him to be so ruthless.

Confusion!

At the same time, they did not know how he broke Rehan Vexx's bones painlessly.

Humans naturally feared the unknown—as they should be. Unfortunately, this fear did not extend to Vaan's identity. Thus, Vaan had to make an example out of someone.

Half-hearted beatings would not stop their pestering. Only when they know fear would they not bother him.

"Early Rank 1 Aura Warrior. One broken nose, two-weeks recovery. Two broken radii and ulnas, three-weeks recovery. Two broken fibulas and tibias, six-weeks recovery. Serious injuries, none. He will fully recover after one and a half months in bed, three days with a Low Rank 1 Recovery Potion, or one day with Senior Witch-level Healing Magic."

Vaan casually analyzed before glancing at Damek Howler and the other servants.

"Who else wants to challenge me? Or will you all make way for me now?" Vaan coolly asked.

Once the Damek Howler and the other servants heard that, they instinctively shuffled aside, creating a path for Vaan to leave.

No one wanted to end up in the same state as Rehan Vexx.

They would have even thought Rehan Vexx had died if they didn't sense his breathing. After all, the person did not scream while getting his limbs broken.

Furthermore, they weren't confident they could beat Vaan in a duel. They did not see him use aura. It would be hard to say how much stronger the person would become after using aura.

They all understood Vaan possessed the raw physical strength of a Rank 1 Aura Warrior.

As Vaan headed towards the main building entrance, even the few young witches in the area made way for him.

Although they found him extremely handsome, they also instinctively feared him due to his cruelty and eerie means.

...

Sabrina Redwood and her friends saw everything from the main building's second-floor classroom.

Just the young witches clearing the way for Vaan on the ground floor, Euphenia Deamonne and Glinda Shadowmend also felt fear towards Vaan. They no longer thought about getting the full-body massage from him.

If Vaan wanted to kill them, they probably wouldn't even know how they died.

Such a thought terrified Euphenia Deamonne and Glinda Shadowmend, deterring them from allowing themselves to be in a vulnerable state around Vaan.

On the other hand, Sabrina Redwood felt relieved.

With such eerie means and excessive ruthlessness, many young witches would not want to receive Vaan's otherworldly massage even if his superb skills are made known.

At the same time, Sabrina Redwood was also relieved that Vaan could stand up for himself.

If she intervened, it would no longer be a scuffle between servants.

...

After Vaan left, a Senior Witch came forward to perform healing magic on Rehan Vexx before he was taken away to recuperate in the infirmary.

"Alright, all of you disperse now. The duel has already ended," the Senior Witch shooed away the crowd.

Her name was Wihnhilda Angelsin, one of the few Late-stage Senior Witches in the academy and the one who specialized in healing magic.

She had long wavy blonde hair like the ocean waves brushing against the shores, hazel-gold eyes that sometimes sparkled like the brilliance of the stars, an olive complexion, a sultry pear-shaped figure with a plump rear, and G-cup size breasts hidden under a skin-fit white nurse dress with red stripes, giving her an overall voluptuous body.

After the crowd was dispersed, Wihnhilda Angelsin returned to the infirmary without pursuing the matter.

The academy encouraged such duels among servants, making them very common, as do injuries. Duels and spars helped servants improve faster.

They were expected to be capable enough to serve their witch and protect them.

...

Meanwhile, Vaan continued to head toward the library.

But seeing there was still some time until the start of lunch, Vaan made a quick detour for the male restroom to relieve himself at one of the eight urinals.

However, he was not alone. A few moments after he entered, another man also entered.

The man was over six feet tall like Vaan. He had a fresh undercut with brown hair, a thick but well-trimmed beard, grey eyes, and a chiseled body larger than Vaan's but not excess in muscle mass like most aura users.

Even so, the man's pressure was evidently stronger than the Early Rank 1 Aura Warrior Vaan had decimated earlier.

Vaan could tell that the person was most likely at the Peak-level of Rank 1 Aura Warrior.

Coupled with the man's seemingly cheap but actually high-quality brown linen shirt and ankle-banded pants, the man was clearly a leading figure among the servants of the academy.

Out of the eight urinals in the restroom, there were five for the man to choose from without intruding on Vaan's personal space.

However, the man picked the urinal directly left of Vaan. Not only that, but the man also peeked over at Vaan's huge schlong while whipping out his own.

"That... That's a pretty impressive tool you got down there," Bram Krauss complimented with surprise before boasting about his own, "However, it's not as impressive as mine."

Vaan raised an eyebrow, seeing how the person's wiener was obviously not as big as Vaan's. Still, it was not that much smaller.

"That's impressive?" Vaan uttered with an impassive look.

"Perhaps not as big as yours," Bram Krauss admitted before claiming with a proud look, "But you see, the difference between ours is that my dick has been in the Book of World Records."

"That... is a pretty impressive and bold feat. But for how long before the librarian ask you to take it out?" Vaan nonchalantly asked.

At first, Bram Krauss was confused by Vaan's question. But once he understood the meaning behind Vaan's question, he almost choked on his own spit and staggered, nearly missing the urinal.

"Ahem! Not literally! I mean, it was literally but not like... Ugh... you know what? Forget it."

Bram Krauss felt like he would seem guilty if he tried to explain it.

Nevertheless, Bram Krauss quickly fixed his embarrassed look before revealing a solemn expression.

"Anyway, let's talk business. You've beaten up one of my men ruthlessly and humiliatingly, leaving him without an ounce of pride. How should we settle this?"