

The Witch 17

Chapter 17: Discoveries on the Road

Blackmoon Castle

Shortly after a magic messenger pigeon flew into a room on the highest floor, the entire castle violently quaked under a Senior Witch's fury.

An entire section of the wall on the window side shattered, and stone rubbles flew out in all directions.

"Isabelle! My precious!"

City Lord Istana's grieving voice thundered throughout the study room, spreading panic and alarm to all the manservants, guards, and battle witches throughout the entire castle.

Moments later, a battle witch hastily burst into the room with her sword drawn and scanned the messy room for threats before locking her gaze on City Lord Istana.

"Are you alright, my Lord?! What happened here? Are we under attack?!" the battle witch inquired with a solemn look.

"My daughter! My precious daughter was murdered!"

"What?!" the battle witch's eyes widened fiercely with shock before wondering aloud, "Who would have such audacity?"

"I don't know! But they'll pay the price ten—No, a hundredfold!" City Lord Istana gritted teeth venomously before yelling, "Pass down my order; I want the entire city on lockdown! No one can enter and leave until the murderer is found!"

"Yes, my Lord!" the battle witch complied.

Shortly after the battle witch exited the messy room, City Lord Istana shot her gaze in the direction of the academy.

"Don't worry, my precious! Whoever killed you, I will find them and torture them with the cruelest of methods before sending them down to keep you company!" City Lord Istana swore.

Despite nearing three hundred years of age, having tears of blood running down her cheeks, and messy crimson hair covering her face, she still possessed a beautiful and youthful appearance that wasn't inferior to a young lady in her prime.

She was like a pretty rose that just blossomed, except she was a rose full of thorns.

When witches awaken their specialized magic and become True Witches, their bodies effectively stop aging for as long as the lifespans of their souls allow it.

Only when they are nearing the end of their lifespans would they drastically age into old women with a foot in the coffin.

After picking up her coat, City Lord Istana immediately departed from the castle's balcony to pick up her daughter's remains from the academy.

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Region of Blackmoon

Several dozen miles away north of the Blackmoon City's gate, Vaan continued his journey north while following alongside the stream flowing through the entire canyon.

During the second round of last night, he accidentally made some discoveries regarding the Witch Hunter System.

'System Log.'

Ding!

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[System Log]

...

<The special ability's name has been confirmed>

<You have acquired the skill, Magic Vision>

<You have completed an unassigned Subjugation-type Witch Hunt>

<Calculating appropriate reward...>

<...>

...

<Option 1 reward has been selected>

<Water-attribute refined mana has been used to refine your heart>

<A passive talent has been awakened>

<You have gained Basic-level Regeneration>

...

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After using his fourth-level pleasuring skill on his second target, Vaan milked as much mana out of the second True Witch and learned some basic system functions.

System Log, as its name implies, allowed him to check through the system's logs. Additionally, he also learned another function.

'Witch Hunt.'

Ding!

<There are no active witch hunts>

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He could check when he had active witch hunts, and from the slight clue in the system's words, he inferred it was possible to have more than one active witch hunt at a time.

'According to my findings, specific condition requirements are needed to be met before a witch hunt mission is generated. But even without generating a mission, a witch hunt can still be completed,' Vaan mused.

There was one thing the three witch hunts he completed thus far shared in common; his relationship with the witch in question.

If animosity exists between him and the concerned party, the system will most likely generate an Elimination-type Witch Hunt.

However, if the opposite of animosity exists, a Subjugation-type Witch Hunt is generated. It was a special condition that only happens when the possibility of the witch bearing hatred for him is erased.

And the final condition for the mission completion is the mana he collects from the witches.

The Witch Hunter System wasn't an almighty system that could summon legendary weapons or magical power to assist him out of thin air.

Without an input, there can be no output.

Nevertheless, it is still a system that reacts accordingly to his wishes.

Although Vaan had yet to eliminate the possibility of system slavery, at the very least, he had the freedom to choose his enemies.

With that fact cleared, Vaan was no longer concerned about becoming the enemy of all witches.

As Vaan traveled north, he surveyed his surroundings for potential danger with his Magic Vision, but the absence of mana lumps proved that no other living organisms were nearby.

'Fortunately, the information on Dark Hellhounds is accurate. They are nocturnal creatures that only go out to hunt and drink from the stream at night. However...' Vaan's eyes narrowed as he glanced up at the sun's position in the sky.

It was getting close to the western cliff's edges.

Due to the Blackmoon Region's special terrain, the region only receives six hours of daylight each day.

It is even worse during winter.

Once the sun disappears over the edge of the western cliffs, he will lose the daylight, and the danger of the night will quickly arrive.

He had to leave the vicinity stream and find high ground to pitch camp and erase his smell for the night before that happens.

"Haiz, like this, a day's journey is extended to five days' worth." Vaan sighed before shrugging his shoulders nonchalantly, "Well, it can't be helped. I don't have a reliable escort group that I could travel through the night with."

Just as Vaan complained, he suddenly paused his steps before staring into the distance with narrowed eyes before he spotted a large clump of mana gathered in one spot.

Upon further scrutiny, Vaan quickly realized it was.

"A group of travelers!" Vaan exclaimed with joy, "Fortunately, I reached the peak of this slope and made the discovery early. Otherwise, I would have completely missed them."

If he missed them, who knows when he would bump into another traveling group?