

# **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 41 : I Will Let You Die Quickly - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 41 : I Will Let You Die Quickly**

Chapter 41: I Will Let You Die Quickly

Hearing Caron's demand, Leon slightly widened his eyes and subconsciously glanced at Rena behind him.

Did Caron mean for him to leave and let him be alone with Rena for a while?

"Go outside and stand guard for a bit. You are not allowed to come back in until I say you can. Do you understand?"

Caron carefully reiterated his order.

His eyes were locked tightly onto Leon, as though he wanted to peer straight through his eyes and into the depths of his mind.

Leon realized it—this was a test of obedience.

Next, Caron was going to interrogate Rena alone.

It might be questioning, it might be torture, or it might even be something unspeakable.

Interfering in this kind of business already constituted apostasy; Caron likely would not care about Church regulations.

The only question was whether he feared Rena poisoning him.

But no matter what, whatever awaited Rena was bound to be nothing good.

Rena also realized the fate that was about to befall her, and her face grew increasingly pale.

"Well? Are you planning to disobey orders right here?"

Caron examined Leon with a teasing gaze.

He tapped his pipe downward, extinguishing it, and then once again placed his hand on the grip of his gun.

If Leon showed even the slightest sign of disobedience, he would execute him on the spot.

To handle this business, he needed a subordinate—preferably his own Inquisitor.

Leon, who had personally pioneered this business, was the best candidate, though not an indispensable one.

The only thing absolutely required here was the Witch.

After a long silence, Leon finally made his choice.

“I understand. I will comply with your orders, sir.”

He took the initiative to place his gun and dagger on the experimental table, pushed them aside, and then stepped forward, preparing to leave.

At that moment, he felt a faint resistance suddenly appear behind him.

Leon turned his head and saw Rena, her face on the verge of tears, reaching out to clutch the corner of his coat, her eyes filled with pleading.

“I’m sorry,” Leon replied softly, continuing to walk forward.

“Ah...” Rena watched in despair as the corner of Leon’s coat slipped from her grasp.

Caron watched Leon walk straight toward the entrance with amusement.

Just as Leon passed by him, he suddenly called out, “Wait.”

Leon stopped in his tracks and looked at Caron, asking in a deferential tone, “Do you have any other orders, sir?”

“What did you just take from over there and hide on yourself?” Caron narrowed his eyes as he scrutinized Leon.

“Did you think I didn’t see it? Take it out.”

At the time, he had pretended to be observing the breeding pool, but he had not relaxed his attention on Leon at all.

He had actually seen Leon take something from the table and hide it on his person, but he had not exposed it on the spot, intending to confirm it here.

If Leon were merely pretending to be respectful while actually preparing to ambush him with something, he would still have to carry out an execution.

Leon remained silent for a moment, then put his hand into his pocket and took out a small test tube.

Inside it were tiny, granular crystals shimmering faintly red and pale blue.

This was a small amount of Mana that Rena had placed on the test tube rack for use as a magical potion activator.

“Mana?” Caron, who had been on guard for Leon to pull out something else, suddenly burst out laughing.

He stepped forward, snatched the test tube away, shook it, and then mocked Leon, “You even wanted to secretly take something as little as this?”

He appeared relaxed on the surface, but in truth, he still harbored some wariness toward Leon.

Someone bold enough to conduct this kind of business right under his nose might not lack the courage to kill him.

Even though Leon had shown submission, he had not completely let down his guard.

However, discovering that Leon, at such a moment, was actually thinking about sneaking away a bit of Mana to scrape together some petty profit caused his vigilance to abruptly dissolve, even turning into a bit of contempt.

He had some guts, sure, but his horizons were only this wide.

In the end, he was nothing more than an insect.

“I guarantee there won’t be a next time,” Leon replied with his head lowered.

“Get out,” Caron said as he put the Mana away.

Leon walked past him, and Caron turned his back.

Rena stared blankly as Leon’s retreating figure was blocked by Caron turning around, and tears immediately spilled from her eyes.

Liar. You clearly said you would protect me...

Cold despair swallowed her like a vortex.

Yet at that very moment, Leon quietly glanced back over his shoulder.

Caron had finally let down his guard and was facing away from him—there could be no better opportunity.

Leon’s hand silently reached inside his coat and drew a compact Flintlock Pistol.

This was not a weapon issued by the Inquisition, but one he had bought on the Black Market for self-defense.

After a brief moment of preparation, he suddenly turned around, aimed at Caron's back, and fired!

Leon had rehearsed this shot countless times in his mind.

This was his smoothest shot ever.

He pulled the trigger.

The bullet left the barrel, muzzle flash erupted, Caron's clothing burst open with a small tear, splattering a faint mist of blood.

Only then did the gunshot begin to echo through the cave.

Caron's body jolted, but he did not fall.

He did not even stagger forward a single step.

The pain activated Caron's body.

In the next instant, with agility unimaginable for such a burly frame, he drew his gun and turned around, bloodshot eyes blazing with fury.

Leon Set—the insect he had just spared after lowering his guard—had actually bitten him while he was not paying attention!?

He was courting death!!

Caron also pulled the trigger.

Another gunshot rang out.

Leon had anticipated the possibility of Caron's counterattack and was already prepared to dodge, yet the bullet still passed through his shoulder, bursting into a spray of blood.

The searing pain made his entire body jolt, but he did not even have time to press a hand to the wound.

Caron had already discarded the gun that required reloading and lunged at him like an enraged brown bear.

With a sharp clang, a longsword was drawn from its sheath.

After a few charging steps and a powerful leap, Caron closed the distance, the knight's sword in his hand flashing with silver light as it chopped straight down at Leon.

Leon awkwardly twisted his body and dashed to the side, barely evading the blade, almost losing his balance and falling to the ground.

Caron had put too much force into the strike.

The sword crashed into the ground with a loud clang, actually biting into the solid mountain rock, but Caron immediately pulled it back out.

"So fast! And what kind of strength is this!?" Leon's heart pounded.

Caron's movements combined speed and power like a ferocious beast, yet he was also proficient with both gun and sword.

Leon had clearly prepared himself to dodge before making his move, yet he was still driven into a sorry state by Caron's counterattack.

More crucially, there was that shot.

He had clearly hit Caron squarely in the back, which should have been enough to pierce the heart, yet apart from a bit of blood splatter, Caron was completely fine!!

The old shopkeeper had not exaggerated at all.

This damned Transcendent truly was impervious to blades and bullets!

A monster with strength comparable to a brown bear, capable of wielding weapons like a seasoned veteran, and whose body was impervious to blades and bullets—against such a thing, ordinary people had no chance of victory whatsoever!

Caron continued to press Leon relentlessly.

Leon kicked over the experimental table, only for it to be split cleanly in two by Caron's sword.

Rena stared at the scene in shock, then suddenly snapped awake, realizing that Leon had only pretended to comply—he had actually intended to kill Caron all along!

Panicking, she looked around and grabbed the Church-issued Flintlock Pistol Leon had left on the table, only to become even more flustered.

"Th-this... how do I even use this?"

She immediately realized that she had no idea how to use it and that it would not help Leon anyway.

Leon had just shot that man in the back and the man had not been harmed at all!

Suddenly, she thought of something.

Her gaze swept across the room and fixed on the breeding pool in the corner.

Leon dodged and weaved, gradually being forced toward the wall.

Caron charged much faster than he could run.

All Caron needed to do was occupy the entrance and drive him into a dead corner—there would be no escape at all.

“You’re not the first one to shoot at me, you idiot who doesn’t know your place or status...” Caron shook his head as he advanced, his gaze already that of someone looking at a corpse.

“I won’t let you die quickly.”

“But I will let you die quickly,” Leon replied, panting as he retreated, continuing to keep his distance.

He still had space to dodge once more, but it was basically foreseeable that Caron would force him into a corner.

Once there, he would have nowhere left to go.

“Then I’m very much looking forward to it!” A ferocious grin appeared at the corner of Caron’s mouth.

His muscles swelled another full circle under the power of the Blessing, nearly tearing his clothes apart.

At that moment, a shrill whistled signal pierced through the cave, followed by a rapid rush of rustling sounds.

Caron instinctively turned his head to glance over—and a Head-Hunting Rabbit streaked toward his face in a blur.

He instinctively swung his sword, and that Head-Hunting Rabbit was severed on the spot.

But at the same time, another Head-Hunting Rabbit launched an attack from his blind spot, slashing across his waist and tearing a gash through his clothing and skin.

The stinging pain made Caron frown.

The whistled signal rang out again.

Following the sound, he saw that the Witch had taken advantage of him chasing Leon to open the door of the breeding pool and release more than ten adult Head-Hunting Rabbits.

Rena blew the whistle with all her strength.

The shrill sound triggered the frenzy of the Head-Hunting Rabbits.

They poured all their hostility onto Caron, the bearer of the God of War's Blessing, charging in groups and leaping one after another to launch surprise attacks.

"Tsk!" Caron slashed and dodged simultaneously.

The God of War's Blessing not only allowed a person to explosively increase their strength and senses in combat, but also granted an additional, individualized Blessing.

The Blessing he received was "Body of Steel." Under painful stimulation, his muscles and bones could instantly become exceptionally tough, blocking blades and bullets so that he would suffer only superficial wounds.

If he were also equipped with armor, he could even withstand the crushing impact of a war chariot.

The wounds the Head-Hunting Rabbits could inflict on him were shallow, but they bled profusely.

If he were cut too many times, there was still a risk of blood loss.

Fortunately, with his reaction speed and swordsmanship, these dozen or so Head-Hunting Rabbits were still manageable!

However, Leon seized this opportunity and swiftly circled around Caron, sprinting toward the exit.

"Run!!" Leon shouted at Rena, and she immediately moved.

Taking advantage of the few seconds bought by the Head-Hunting Rabbits, the two of them dashed out of the encampment one after the other and entered the labyrinth corridor.

Just as Rena was about to run toward the outside of the labyrinth, Leon suddenly grabbed her.

“This way!!” Leon said as he pulled her in another direction.

“But this way is...” Rena stared at Leon in disbelief.

This direction led deeper into the labyrinth.

The other exits had already been blown up, and inside were only several winding dead ends.

“Trust me!” Leon gripped Rena’s hand tightly.

Rena had no time to hesitate and could only follow Leon, because Caron’s charging footsteps were already echoing from inside the encampment.

Caron burst out of the encampment, his ears keenly catching the footsteps extending toward the depths of the labyrinth.

A sadistic smile crept onto the corner of his mouth.

The mouse had panicked and run straight into the cage.

Next came the game of hide-and-seek.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 42 : The Primordial Witch’s Favor - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 42 : The Primordial Witch’s Favor**

Chapter 42: The Primordial Witch’s Favor

Caron strode deeper into the labyrinth, the fluorescent plants and mushrooms growing along the walls providing him with a small amount of illumination.

He carefully observed his surroundings, pricking up his ears to listen for any movement.

The blessing of the God of War greatly enhanced his senses.

He could see and hear far more clearly than Leon.

Even in a space with such extremely poor visibility, if they were playing hide-and-seek, he held an obvious advantage.

Even so, he did not dare relax his vigilance.

Leon might have been deliberately luring him deeper into the labyrinth.

There could very well be traps here.

“You won’t escape. There’s no way out here.” Caron shouted loudly at an intersection.

“Leon Set, come out now and I can still spare your life.”

After shouting, he frowned slightly.

The spot on his back where Leon had shot him with the gun still carried a faint stinging sensation, both painful and itchy.

At that moment, Leon and Rena were hiding behind a large rock, hardly daring to breathe.

Rena clung to Leon in fear.

Even now, she did not understand why Leon had chosen to hide inside the labyrinth.

She really wanted to ask, but making any sound right now could expose their position.

This labyrinth was not large.

From the former knight order encampment extending inward, there were only three branching paths in total.

One slanted downward into the interior of the mountain.

At its end was a narrow fissure leading underground, which had already been blown up and buried by the knight order.

The other two were each about two hundred meters long, and their far ends both led to exits on other sides of the mountain, but they too had already been destroyed.

In other words, this place had now become three dead ends.

If they continued hiding, once Caron searched each path one by one, he would sooner or later drag them out.

Of course, they could also try to run back while Caron was searching another route, but their footsteps would quickly expose them, and Caron would chase them back even faster.

Even if he failed to block them, he would soon catch up.

More importantly, while Caron could not find them, they themselves could not see Caron's position either.

Their hiding relied entirely on luck—it was merely stalling for time.

Leon leaned against the rock wall, calming his mind as he waited silently.

If they had run outward along the mountain path earlier, in an open field of view, Caron would have caught them in just a few steps.

Their only way to survive now was to kill Caron inside this labyrinth.

And what he needed right now was nothing but time.

“Not coming out?” Caron held his sword and began probing the way forward as he searched deeper inside.

“If I find you, I'll break your arms and legs and leave you begging for death! As for that witch you're trying to protect, I'll make you watch with your eyes wide open as she experiences every single instrument of torture in the Inquisition's interrogation chamber!”

As he spoke, he suddenly swung his sword, smashing the edge of a rock.

The crisp sound of metal striking stone echoed through the cave.

Rena heard the sound through the rock wall, and her breathing instantly became disordered.

Leon immediately tightened his grip on her hand, signaling for her not to panic.

Caron's goal was to use verbal threats to throw them into disarray.

The moment they made even the slightest sound, he would chase them like a beast following a scent.

“You have one last chance...”

Caron continued inward as he spoke.

After taking two more steps, he suddenly felt something was wrong.

He realized that the foot stepping on the ground no longer had any sense of solidity, as if his leg had gone numb after being pressed for too long.

As his leg grew numb, the itching and pain on his back noticeably intensified.

Caron's expression changed slightly as he suddenly realized something.

"Damn it!"

The sudden tension made his breathing grow rapid.

Once his breathing went out of rhythm, it became difficult to adjust.

A wave of dizziness and nausea suddenly washed over him.

"You bastard! What did you do to me?!" he suddenly roared in fury.

The reaction was obvious enough—he had been poisoned, and it was a highly acute and dangerous poison.

Realizing this, Caron completely panicked.

He quickened his pace and charged deeper into the labyrinth, swinging his sword back and forth to probe the path, trying to drag that damn little bastard out before the poison fully took effect.

"Get out here! You dare ambush me?! I'll stab a sword through your gut! I'll gouge out your eyes!!"

Caron shouted in rage, venting desperately.

Otherwise, despair would immediately take hold of him.

But in contrast, the poison's onset showed no sign of slowing.

On the contrary, his agitation accelerated its effects.

Soon, he staggered, nearly falling.

Caron grabbed the rock wall to steady himself and cursed, "Fuck!"

In horror, he discovered that one of his legs had lost all sensation, and the wound on his back had begun to ache violently—so painful it made him want to carve off a chunk of flesh.

He could only turn around and drag that leg as he tried to retreat.

However, a stiff numbness began to slowly spread throughout his body.

His joints started to feel as if they were rusted, his movements growing slower and slower.

After limping for dozens of meters, the other leg finally gave out as well.

He crashed to the ground with a loud clang, barely supporting himself with his sword.

“Enough!” Realizing the situation was hopeless, he panted heavily, adjusting his breathing as he tried to call out to Leon.

“I lost! I surrender! Let’s renegotiate—give me the antidote! Give me the antidote, now!!”

Hidden on the other side, Leon finally let out a breath of relief.

He helped Rena to her feet and began carefully moving back.

“Go get a lantern.” When they returned to the intersection, Leon said to Rena, while loading fresh ammunition into his gun.

“What happened to him?” Rena asked, still shaken, as she looked toward the tunnel extending deeper into the mountain.

Caron’s shouting kept coming from there, but he could no longer make his way out.

After finishing loading the gun, Leon felt around on his body and took out a test tube.

Inside were a few remaining drops of purple liquid.

Poison extracted from a cockatrice’s venom sac.

Earlier, what he had taken from the table were actually two test tubes—one containing mana, the other containing cockatrice venom.

When Caron demanded that he hand over the items, he secretly poured a bit of mana into his pocket while fumbling, then handed over the test tube containing mana, making Caron think he only wanted to stash away a small amount of mana.

When Caron had his back turned, Leon mixed the mana into the cockatrice venom.

Then, before firing the gun, he poured the venom onto the muzzle.

After the shot, the bullet coated with venom struck Caron.

Caron’s transcendent abilities could block blades and bullets, but he would still suffer superficial wounds.

Rena had once said that magical beast poisons were better described as curses.

They could be activated and intensified with mana, and could not be destroyed by conventional physical or chemical means.

At the time, Leon guessed that if the poison could withstand even extremely high temperatures, then in theory, it could be used to poison bullets.

That said, in such a desperate situation, Leon had no certainty that such a crude poisoning method would work.

But aside from poison, he could think of no other way to defeat Caron.

Fortunately, in the end, it worked.

Because of his work as an Inquisitor, Leon had suffered many times from this kind of toxic onset.

Now he had made Caron experience that pain in full.

Caron soon could no longer support his body.

He struggled to crawl to the rock wall so he could sit leaning against it.

By that point, his back had already become as hard as stone.

Leon finally entered with the lantern, holding his gun and pointing it at Caron.

“Antidote! Give me the antidote... hurry!” Caron forced out the words toward Leon, his tongue already starting to feel numb.

“Tell me how you found me, and where you hid your money. Tell me, and I’ll give you the antidote.”

Leon did not recklessly approach.

Instead, he carefully aimed the gun at Caron’s eyes.

No matter how impervious Caron was to blades and bullets, his eyes were certainly a weak point.

Caron’s poisoning symptoms were likely real, but that did not mean he had completely lost the ability to fight back.

As for a cockatrice venom antidote—Leon, of course, did not have one.

He only wanted to extract as much information as possible before Caron died.

Caron stared at Leon for a while, then suddenly let out a helpless laugh.

“You’ve already made up your mind, haven’t you? There was never any antidote, was there?!”

With his experience, a single look into Leon’s eyes told him his ending.

Leon did not deny it.

He simply kept the gun trained on Caron and confirmed, “Was it the old thing from the junk shop who sold me out?”

As for how Caron had tracked him down, this was the only lead Leon could think of.

“You still need to confirm that?” Caron sneered, then the corner of his mouth twitched.

“Damn it... to think I’d fall here!”

He laboriously raised his trembling hand and reached into his coat pocket.

Leon immediately tensed.

“Don’t move!!”

But Caron ignored him, slowly pulling out his pipe.

Under Leon’s stunned gaze, Caron put the pipe in his mouth and tried to fumble for his tobacco tin and tinderbox, seemingly wanting one last smoke before death.

However, his hands soon stiffened to the point of no longer obeying him, and the items fell from his grasp one after another.

“Oh.” He sighed regretfully and looked up at Leon, but Leon did not move.

Leon had no intention of offering this man any deathbed mercy.

If he rashly approached and Caron still had some ability to act, he might snap Leon’s neck with a single movement.

In the end, Caron only forced out a cold smile at Leon, spat out the pipe, and slurred, “Kill me, and you won’t last much longer either... I’ll... be waiting for you...”

The rigidity quickly spread to his face.

His features began to twitch, his smile twisting with them, before finally freezing in that expression.

Cockatrice venom had caused petrification symptoms throughout his entire body.

Finally dead...

Only then did Leon release the breath he had been holding.

Rena, watching from afar, also let out a sigh of relief.

But before they could think about what to do next, Leon suddenly heard a strange echo coming from deep within the cave, like someone softly humming.

Leon instinctively pointed his gun toward the depths of the labyrinth.

“What is it?” Rena asked when she saw Leon’s reaction.

“Didn’t you hear that sound?” Leon asked.

“No!” Rena blinked in confusion.

Leon frowned.

The sound, like a woman’s low humming, continued to ring in his ears and grew increasingly noisy, yet Rena seemed completely unable to hear anything.

Moreover, for some reason, he suddenly felt as if something deep within the labyrinth was staring straight at him.

He could not see anything in the darkness ahead, but the sensation was unmistakable.

His heart began to pound rapidly, cold sweat seeping from his forehead.

He had a premonition—something was about to descend upon him!

Without any warning, a sharp pain appeared in the palm of the hand holding the gun.

“Hiss!” He frowned and set the gun aside to look at his palm.

“Leon, what’s wrong?” Rena hurried over when she saw this.

Then, the two of them saw a purple sigil slowly emerge in the center of Leon’s palm.

As the mark appeared, a strange warm current began to flow gently through Leon’s body.

What is this—Leon instinctively wanted to ask.

The sigil looked strangely familiar to him.

But at that moment, Rena widened her eyes and blurted out before he could speak, “The Mark of Lady Moilai’s Favor?”

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 43 : Does This Count as a Transmigrator’s Perk? - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 43 : Does This Count as a Transmigrator’s Perk?**

Chapter 43: Does This Count as a Transmigrator’s Perk?

“You said what?” Leon looked at Rena in confusion.

“That mark is Lady Moilai’s Mark of Favor. It symbolizes her blessing. Once someone becomes a Witch through the ritual, this mark will appear on their body!” Rena was just as bewildered. “Why... would you receive a Witch’s blessing?”

To become a Witch, one needed to conduct a ritual at Moilai’s altar, at a location capable of connecting to the Labyrinth, and then drink a potion prepared with Mana.

But just now, Leon had done nothing other than poison an Inquisitor who possessed transcendent power.

Not to mention—Leon was a man.

Yet Moilai’s Mark of Favor had inexplicably appeared on Leon’s body all the same.

Only then did Leon realize why the mark looked so familiar.

The same sigil was carved into Rena’s Moilai Altar used for Mana extraction—it was the sigil located at the spot where Mana was generated.

Which meant... I became a “Witch”?

At that thought, Leon’s expression suddenly changed. Instinctively, he reached down toward his groin.

“Hey, what are you touching?!” Rena stared in shock, her eyes instantly not knowing where to look.

“I’m checking whether I turned into a woman!” Leon said solemnly.

Up to now, all followers captured by the Church who had received Moilai’s blessing had been women, hence the title “Witch.”

As for male believers, even if they devoutly worshiped Moilai and attempted to obtain her blessing through rituals, they almost never succeeded.

Having suddenly been told that a mark symbolizing the blessing of becoming a Witch had appeared on him, Leon immediately began to suspect whether some changes that should not exist had occurred on his body.

This was a matter of great importance!!

“S-so... how is it?” Rena asked cautiously, glancing at Leon and then quickly looking away.

“It seems to still be there.” Leon let out a temporary sigh of relief.

Nothing that should be there was missing, and nothing that should not be there had appeared. At the very least, he had not truly turned into some kind of Witch woman.

So what should his condition be called? A male Witch? A Warlock?

After calming down, Leon thought it over and realized something was off. He asked Rena suspiciously, “Are you sure this is the mark of becoming a Witch? Witches really have this on them?”

This was the first time Leon had ever heard of Witches having a special mark. If such a thing existed, the Inquisition would surely catch Witches with pinpoint accuracy.

Yet in the Inquisition’s case records, there had never been any mention of identifying Witches through Moilai’s Mark of Favor.

As far as Leon knew, the Church currently had no definitive method of identifying Witches.

“This mark disappears after a while, but the blessing stays with you forever. Still, your situation is truly strange. I’ve never heard of a man receiving the blessing, nor have I ever heard of the mark appearing on the hand!” Rena examined Leon with confusion.

“Then where does it normally appear?” Leon asked casually.

“Well...” Rena hesitated, then covered her lower abdomen with her hand. “Usually, it appears here.”

When her own ritual had succeeded, the Mark of Favor had appeared in that very spot.

Her grandmother had told her back then that once a Witch's ritual succeeded, the mark would appear there and then gradually fade.

Leon could not help but frown. The lower abdomen—why did this setting sound so much like an erotic sigil?

Thankfully, the shape of the sigil did not look that strange...

Still, this might have something to do with female physiology. After all, the primary organs distinguishing women from men were located there.

But why had his mark appeared on his hand? And more importantly, why had it appeared at all?

With these questions in mind, Leon's gaze subconsciously fell upon the petrified corpse of Caron Eso.

Was it because I personally killed this guy? Killed a blessed follower of the God of War?

Moilai was hostile toward the Four Gods of Origin, and her Magical Beasts were likewise filled with hostility toward the Church's blessed followers.

He had killed a follower blessed by the God of War inside the Labyrinth, unintentionally offering up a sacrifice—so Moilai had granted him her blessing?

In fact, heretical sects that worshiped the Primordial Witch had once proclaimed, "Slay the Witch's enemies within the Labyrinth, and the Primordial Witch's favor shall manifest."

However, in the Inquisition's ancient case archives, there were many examples of heretics who believed in Moilai resisting the Imperial Church, poisoning or blowing up Fully Appointed Knights and then placing them into the Labyrinth as sacrifices.

Among the participants were male believers as well, yet there had still never been a recorded case of a man receiving the blessing.

Leon had also seen in the Church's reading room archives that the Church had long positioned the Primordial Witch Moilai herself as female, using this to explain why her blessing targets were exclusively women.

But in recent years, some Church scholars had argued that forcibly imposing human gender characteristics onto such transcendent beings was far too arbitrary.

They proposed that Moilai's power appeared capable of influencing biological reproduction, which might make the attributes of her magical power more compatible with life-bearing women.

Correspondingly, the blessing of the God of War exhibited a similar pattern.

Those blessed by the God of War were almost always male.

Although historical records did include women who had received the God of War's blessing, the success rate of the divine selection ritual was extremely low.

Over time, the Church of the God of War formed the tradition of selecting only men as Fully Appointed Knights and bishops, likely because the attributes of the God of War's power were more compatible with men.

This theory had received heavy criticism, especially from the Church of the God of War, which issued harsh condemnations, as the hypothesis effectively placed Moilai and the God of War on equal footing.

Setting aside whether the theory was correct, Leon still could not understand why he, as a man, and without undergoing any ritual at all, had received the Witch's blessing.

Could it be because... inwardly, he was a person from another world?

If there was any greatest difference between himself and the people of this world, it seemed to lie precisely there.

Receiving the Primordial Witch's blessing with a male body—could it be that after struggling in this world for so long, he had finally encountered the so-called transmigrator's perk?

No, nothing could be confirmed yet... Leon thought cautiously.

Just as Rena had said, after only a few minutes passed, the so-called Mark of Favor that had appeared on Leon's palm disappeared.

Leon did not particularly like the term "Mark of Favor," even though he knew it was merely the customary phrasing used by Moilai's believers.

A blessing is a blessing—why call it favor? I didn't kill him for you. If you really have any favor to give, why not be more direct and give me some powerful ability earlier so I wouldn't have had to struggle so much to kill him?

As he thought this, Leon shifted his attention to the wound on his shoulder and covered it with his hand.

The bullet had merely passed through the trapezius area. The damage was not especially severe, but it hurt like hell and was still bleeding.

"I'll treat your wound," Rena said, remembering that Leon was still injured. She turned toward the wrecked workshop to look for bandages and hemostatic medicine.

"Mm, thanks," Leon replied casually.

If he really had received the Witch's blessing, would he also be able to control Magical Beasts or produce Mana? Would there be other abilities as well? Leon let his thoughts wander.

After quite some time, Rena returned with the bandages, only to freeze in place.

She examined Leon, fear gradually appearing on her face.

"Leon, your blood..." she cautiously spoke up.

"My blood?" Leon looked at his shoulder in confusion.

At some point, the blood seeping from his shoulder had turned a purplish-red color.

Not only the newly flowing blood, but even the red blood that had already soaked into his clothes or flowed across his skin had inexplicably all changed into that eerie hue.

A few drops of blood flowed down his arm and dripped onto the ground, emitting a sizzling sound as they instantly turned into purple mist that spread outward.

Leon was completely dumbfounded.

What kind of ability did I awaken?

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 44 : Business Must Not Stop - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 44 : Business Must Not Stop**

Chapter 44: Business Must Not Stop

Rena watched the purplish-red blood seeping from Leon's body with vigilance, not daring to approach rashly.

That bizarrely vivid color inevitably reminded one of animals' warning colors.

Many poisonous creatures—toxic insects, poisonous frogs, venomous snakes, and the like—often bore extremely bright colors and patterns to deter predators.

And the deterrence Leon's blood gave off was not merely visual.

Just watching that purplish-red blood flow made Rena feel an inexplicable sense of palpitations, far worse than seeing a man-eating beast.

Her biological instincts kept sending her danger signals, warning her to stay away from Leon as he was now.

Even Leon himself could sense the ominous aura emanating from the purplish-red blood, yet it did not evoke any fear in him.

Could it be that this blood was poisonous? Was this his Blessing?

Leon frowned.

That would not do.

If his blood was poisonous, then all the fluids in his body were very likely problematic.

When interacting with others—setting aside any intimate or deep contact—even droplets from speaking could accidentally kill someone.

More crucially, if he ever bled in the future and someone saw it, he would immediately be exposed as abnormal!

The moment this thought arose, the strange warm current circulating within his body suddenly calmed down.

At the same time, the purplish-red color in the blood rapidly faded, returning to a normal dark red.

A few drops of red blood fell to the ground and no longer turned into smoke.

"It changed back?" Rena said in surprise.

As Leon's blood returned to its normal color, that intimidating deterrence vanished as well.

Leon was somewhat astonished.

The properties of this blood seemed to be controllable by his will!

Could the warm current circulating in his body earlier have been mana? If so, if he could manipulate it with his thoughts...

He tried to focus his mind and search for the sensation of that warm current flowing within him.

Quite smoothly, the warm current began circulating again, but his blood did not immediately change color.

"Turn into poisonous blood again..."

Leon tried to concentrate on that thought.

The circulating mana vaguely began gathering toward his wound.

Soon, the blood once again turned purplish-red; even the blood that had already dripped onto the ground and seeped into the rock changed color, rapidly evaporating into purple smoke.

Seeing this, Rena instinctively retreated another step.

"I can control it!"

Leon marveled as he experienced this special power he had gained for the first time in his life.

After some thought, he calmed the mana again and returned his blood to a normal state.

"I need to do more experiments."

He felt it was necessary to test it on animals again to determine what effects this purplish-red blood had.

This Blessing's ability surely could not be just changing the color of his blood.

"You should deal with your wound first. You can't let it keep bleeding," Rena suggested.

"Alright." Leon looked at Rena, thought for a moment, and said, "Put the things over there. I'll handle the wound myself. For now, it's best if we keep a bit of distance."

Although it seemed he could manipulate the newly acquired transcendent power with his will, he could not yet be completely certain what changes his body had undergone.

To be safe, it was better to avoid contact as much as possible.

Rena understood Leon's meaning.

After putting the items down, she retreated some distance.

Leon took off his clothes and used gauze and water to clean and dry his wound.

After pressing on it for a while, he picked up the small porcelain bottle of wound medicine, which actually contained Slime Gel.

He poured the gel directly onto his wound and applied it, then somewhat laboriously wrapped himself in bandages.

Bandaging his own shoulder was, after all, rather inconvenient.

Slime Gel was actually an excellent wound dressing.

After application, wounds healed faster and the risk of infection was greatly reduced.

Not to mention civilian use—even if it were used only in the military, it could greatly enhance combat effectiveness.

At times, Leon truly did not understand why the Church prohibited something with such high practical value.

“So, what should we do now?” Rena asked Leon in a low voice.

Leon did not answer immediately.

Instead, he cautiously stepped forward to examine Caron's corpse.

Caron's body was already stiff, like stone, with no signs of life.

Leon searched the body.

Aside from the sword stuck nearby and the pipe and tobacco that had fallen to the ground, he found some money and a set of keys.

In addition, he discovered a gold ring with an emblem on Caron's hand, likely Caron's family crest.

After some consideration, Leon removed the ring from Caron's stiff finger and also took off the silver Church badge from Caron's uniform.

“We'll deal with the body later...” Leon said as he stood up.

“Let's go back and take a look first.”

Leon picked up the lantern and gestured for Rena to make way, then turned and walked back into the workshop.

The workshop was still in utter disarray: the workbench had been overturned, test tubes and flasks lay shattered across the floor, potions were mostly spilled, and several Head-Hunting Rabbit corpses were scattered about.

“Where are the magical beasts?” Leon asked.

“I already put them back into the breeding pool. Eight adult Head-Hunting Rabbits died,” Rena answered from behind.

When using the Head-Hunting Rabbits to attack Caron and buy time, Caron had hacked and kicked several to death, but he had not killed all of them.

Midway through, seeing them escape, he seized the opportunity to pursue them.

The juvenile Head-Hunting Rabbits and the Slimes had not crawled out of the breeding pool, so the losses among the magical beasts were not too severe.

“Looks like we’ll need to do some reorganization before resuming work,” Leon sighed.

“Resuming work?” Rena stared at Leon in disbelief.

“What are you talking about? We’ve been exposed! Shouldn’t we be fleeing as fast as possible now?”

In truth, after narrowly escaping danger, her mind was already full of thoughts about how to run away.

Yet when she asked Leon’s opinion, Leon naturally seemed intent on continuing as if nothing had happened.

“We don’t necessarily need to run,” Leon shook his head gently.

“That man was Caron Eso, the Director of the Inquisition...”

Before Leon could finish, Rena sucked in a sharp breath.

“The Director of the Inquisition!?”

When Leon had addressed that man as Director earlier, she had not reacted.

Now that she knew whom they had killed, a wave of terror washed over her.

Even with her limited understanding of the Church, she knew they had just killed someone extraordinary.

“Yes, a greedy piece of trash,” Leon continued.

“He came alone because, after investigating us, he wanted to seize control of our business. That was a serious crime of apostasy. I believe he didn’t inform anyone else—otherwise, knowing him as I do, he would at least have brought support.”

“That’s not necessarily true. What if he left some clues? Once he’s dead, someone will notice, won’t they?” Rena said uneasily.

“The likelihood is low,” Leon concluded after brief thought.

“If he had prepared something like that in advance, he would have used it to pressure us when demanding the antidote. He didn’t say anything immediately, which means he never even considered it.”

“But if a Director of the Inquisition dies, shouldn’t it become a major incident? What if—what if the Church starts investigating...” Rena still could not calm down.

“It’ll just be considered a disappearance. This guy had been embezzling and abusing his power for years—it was an open secret in the Inquisition. He might even be assumed to have fled in fear of punishment,” Leon said.

“You can be that certain? No matter what, once he disappears, there will definitely be an investigation. Maybe once we go out, we’ll be arrested?” Rena could not quite understand Leon’s optimism.

“And would running solve the problem?” Leon retorted.

“If the Church starts investigating Caron’s disappearance and I disappear as well, even if there was no issue originally, suspicion would fall on me. I can’t leave! If he left any clues, all the more reason for me to stay and deal with them!!”

After killing Caron, Leon had indeed thought through the various possibilities.

In the end, he concluded that staying actually gave him a higher chance of remaining safe.

“What about me?” Rena asked instinctively.

“If suspicion doesn’t fall on you, there’s no need for you to run. If it does, and you have no connections, you won’t be able to escape the Church anyway.”

Seeing Rena’s unease, Leon looked at her and patiently persuaded her.

“Rena, listen to me. Leave things here to me for now. You can go home and lie low, hide your things properly, but don’t do anything unnecessary.

“What’s done is done—we can’t change it. The only thing we can consider is what comes next! If we can get through this safely, then our business... must continue!”

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 45 : The Mouse-Torturing Maniac - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 45 : The Mouse-Torturing Maniac**

Chapter 45: The Mouse-Torturing Maniac

Leon had already thought it through seriously.

The person was already dead—panicking was useless.

Running away now would not reduce their risk.

The only option was to observe the situation and adapt as needed.

They had long since reached the point where the Church could sentence them to death.

Now that he had killed the Director of the Inquisition as well, he himself had become an existence no different from Rena—an outright heretic.

Frankly speaking, considering the weight of their crimes, whether they continued this business or went on to kill a bishop made little difference.

They had already stepped onto a tightrope with no way back.

For the rest of their lives, they would live under the Church’s shadow of death.

But no matter what, he still needed money.

Since things had already come to this, he might as well go all the way—earn enough money that he would never be able to spend it all in a lifetime!

In fact, when he killed Caron, Leon had not felt fear of the consequences at all.

Instead, he felt an inexplicable thrill—one that could even be called a sense of accomplishment.

As someone blessed by the God of War, Caron's strength was undoubtedly far beyond that of ordinary people.

He held a lofty position in the Hamel Inquisition and was arrogantly untouchable.

Someone of Leon's status barely even had the chance to exchange words with him.

Yet such a person had ultimately died by Leon's hand.

The victor became king, the loser a bandit.

When Caron had collapsed onto the ground, on the brink of death, only able to lift his head and look up at him, at least at that moment, Leon stood above him.

Even now, Leon was still savoring in his heart that addictive sensation.

Rena looked back at Leon in confusion.

The calm he displayed did not put her at ease.

She suddenly felt that she could no longer quite see through this man.

After thinking for a moment, she suddenly realized another issue.

"But how exactly were we discovered this time? What did you mean earlier when you said someone sold you out?"

Leon fell silent for a while, then told Rena the truth.

"Our buyer originally helped Director Caron dispose of stolen goods. He privately reached a purchase agreement with me. I think Caron must have tracked him down first. That person then gave me up, and Caron followed the trail all the way here. Since Caron wanted to control our business, I suspect he would most likely have kept that man alive."

Realizing that Caron had not intended to destroy this business chain, it was only natural for the shop owner to defect to him.

That guy was probably still waiting at the old junk shop, expecting Caron to resolve the problem and deliver the goods.

"He sold us out, and you still want to continue doing business with him?" Rena found it a bit incomprehensible.

"I'll find another channel. As for that person, I'll handle him myself," Leon replied flatly.

In fact, he had already more or less figured out what to do next.

Seeing the coldness in Leon's eyes when he mentioned that person, Rena immediately understood the meaning of this "handling."

But even she herself was surprised to find that her heart felt little disturbance over it.

When they had "handled" Hannah Weisland, she had already dirtied her hands together with Leon.

And this time, even the Director of the Inquisition had died inside their labyrinth.

By comparison, Leon going to deal with a mere buyer no longer seemed all that shocking to her.

Not to mention any thoughts of opposition—this buyer's betrayal had put them in such grave danger that he remained a risk.

Now she actually hoped Leon would handle it more thoroughly.

Leon was already able to speak lightly of arranging a killing.

Undoubtedly, some change had long since occurred within him.

Yet without realizing it, Rena herself had also gradually been influenced by this man, stained with the same color as him.

Forget seeing through Leon—she was starting to barely recognize herself.

In the end, Rena could only remain silent, neither agreeing nor objecting.

After a while, she picked up the lantern and walked deeper into the workshop, beginning to recover the corpse of the Head-Hunting Rabbit.

Leon also started searching around for tools.

For now, they still had to clean up the scene first.

At that moment, a series of squeaking sounds nearby suddenly caught his attention.

He followed the sound and saw a small iron cage that had rolled onto the ground not far away, crammed with several laboratory mice.

During his fight with Caron, he had overturned the workbench, and this cage had rolled onto the floor.

The mice inside were unharmed.

Leon suddenly remembered that he had intended to test the newly obtained blessing.

He looked around and retrieved his dagger from the ground.

Then he picked up the cage containing the mice and returned to a ventilated area near the workshop entrance.

He removed one glove, used the dagger to cut his palm, and red blood overflowed from the wound.

Next, with the hand that still wore a glove, he opened the small hatch at the top of the cage and reached inside, grabbing one struggling mouse.

After examining it, he tried squeezing blood from his palm and drizzling it over the mouse.

The mouse writhed in terror in his fist, but nothing happened.

Leon focused his thoughts and once again attempted that sensation of mana circulation, while imagining his blood turning that purplish-red color again.

The red blood immediately began to change color—both the blood seeping from his wound and the blood that had already dripped onto the mouse.

At the same time, the blood that had fallen onto the mouse began to hiss, turning into purple smoke that enveloped it.

Rena, who had been tidying up, looked over in surprise.

The mouse in Leon's hand suddenly began screaming wildly as if electrocuted, struggling desperately to escape his grasp.

Not only the mouse being used for the experiment—even the mice in the nearby cages became restless and started scurrying around the instant Leon turned his blood purplish-red.

Leon had to tighten his grip to keep the mouse from escaping.

But after only a few seconds, the mouse's struggling weakened.

Through the glove, Leon felt its body rapidly become stiff—hard as stone.

Leon narrowed his eyes as he watched the mouse gradually petrify.

These symptoms were very similar to being poisoned by a Cockatrice.

Blood with toxic properties—was this his blessing?

Was it already dead?

Leon weighed the mouse in his hand, which was basically lifeless now, and on a whim tried shifting his thoughts, turning his blood back to its normal state.

The mouse in his palm suddenly twitched.

Leon released his grip in surprise to observe it.

The mouse gradually softened again from its rigid state, began to wake up, and writhed in his palm—though it was clearly far weaker than before.

The symptoms caused by this “poisonous blood” could be reversed at his will!

Thinking of this, he tried switching the blood back and forth once more.

The mouse petrified again, then once more returned to normal, but became even weaker than just before.

The experimental results proved that Leon could control the petrification effect caused by his blood through sheer will.

However, even if the petrification was lifted, some kind of damage still accumulated, leaving the affected creature weakened.

This was different from Cockatrice venom.

His blood was closer to the concept of magic—or a curse.

He could use blood as a medium to impose a dangerous curse upon living beings!

For the third time, Leon circulated his mana and transformed his blood into that purplish-red color.

This time, after the mouse petrified, he did not lift it quickly.

Instead, he waited and observed, wanting to see what kind of ultimate effect this blood could produce.

The mouse turned into a rigid stone-like object in his hand.

Before long, its entire body became a bleak grayish-white.

Leon maintained this state and continued observing for quite some time.

After about five minutes, transparent crystals began to precipitate from the mouse's back.

At this moment, both Leon and Rena widened their eyes.

Leon subconsciously turned his head, and the two stared at each other.

These symptoms were unmistakably similar to Saltification Disease!

If so, then Saltification Disease really did seem, just as commonly believed, to be a curse cast down by Moilai.

After crystals precipitated from its joints, the mouse stopped changing.

Leon tried to lift the curse again, but the mouse did not return to its original state.

It died in that posture—the reversal of the curse was clearly limited.

Without a word, Leon tossed the mouse, now like a chunk of ore, into a small bucket at his feet.

The moment the corpse landed inside, it shattered apart like a plaster sculpture.

Both blessed by Moilai, Rena, who possessed the blessing of "Blood Pact," could use blood as a medium to control more magical beasts, while he could use blood to curse and kill living beings.

Leon could not help but wonder—if the Primordial Witch Moilai granting him this blessing contained some kind of intent, then was Moilai hoping that he would... keep killing people?

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 46 : Cleaning Up the Traitor - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 46 : Cleaning Up the Traitor**

Chapter 46: Cleaning Up the Traitor

At the Owl Old Junk Shop, the old shopkeeper was carefully standing on a ladder, placing old books onto the very top shelf of the bookcase.

"Ah—oh." After finishing, he cautiously moved down from the ladder.

Three fingers on his left hand were fixed with wooden splints and wrapped tightly.

Relying on just the remaining two fingers of his left hand and his right hand, working was inevitably a little cumbersome.

Several days had already passed since Caron had come looking for him, and there had been no contact since.

But the shopkeeper was not anxious.

With Caron's abilities and methods, he reckoned there was only one possible ending to this matter—it was merely a question of time.

There was no other choice anyway.

If Caron had simply wanted to cut off this supply line, then even if he were truly sent in, he would not easily sell anyone out.

Otherwise, if the supply suddenly broke off, his upstream contact would inevitably demand an explanation.

If the supply ran into trouble while he himself remained perfectly safe, the upstream side would first suspect that he had betrayed someone.

And the truth was that he had always been a downstream fence selling stolen goods for the director of the Inquisition.

The underworld never went easy on traitors.

If he could not justify himself, what awaited him would be a fate more terrifying than death.

But Caron's objective was to replace the supply source, seize this business, and still let him continue fencing the goods, taking a share of the profits.

In that case, there was no reason for him not to choose Caron.

This line of work was survival of the fittest—clinging to the strong and sipping the broth was far better than being eaten as meat alongside the weak.

Just then, the shop door was pushed open, and the bell let out a crisp chime.

"Welcome," the old shopkeeper said casually, looking toward the entrance.

Then his eyes suddenly widened, and he nearly cried out, because the person who entered was actually the "Fenrir" he knew!

Leon looked as calm as ever.

Carrying a black cloth bag, he closed the door, exchanged a glance with the shopkeeper, then suddenly raised his eyebrows and laughed.

“What’s with you? Why do you look like you’ve seen a ghost?”

“Uh... oh.” The old shopkeeper snapped back to his senses and hurriedly adjusted his expression.

“I just didn’t expect you to come today.”

Inside, his heart was in complete turmoil.

He could not understand what was going on at all.

What was going on with Caron? Had he failed to deal with this kid? Or had he already settled things, but then seized leverage on the kid and taken him under his command?

But if that were the case, Caron should have informed him in advance.

And letting the very kid he had sold out continue to make contact with him—what was that supposed to mean? Wasn’t he afraid this kid would lose his temper and beat him to death?

Moreover, judging by the kid’s complexion, there was nothing unusual.

It was no different from their previous transactions.

“Recent output has been higher than expected. These rabbits don’t keep well after processing, so I need to ship out a batch first.”

As Leon spoke, he had already tossed the cloth bag onto the table and opened it.

Inside were several Head-Hunting Rabbit corpses, along with a test tube filled with mana.

Then Leon looked at the still-motionless shopkeeper and suddenly asked, “What happened to your hand?”

“Ah, this... I slipped while working on the ladder and didn’t brace properly. I just broke it, that’s all.”

The shopkeeper replied with an awkward laugh.

Then he went to the door, glanced outside, and locked it.

With a heavy heart, he took out a scale and placed it beside the small table.

Looking at Leon waiting with arms folded, he pretended to be casual and asked, “Has everything been going smoothly lately? No issues with production, right?”

“Nope. Everything’s great. At this pace, before winter arrives, we should be able to put out another batch—at least fifty percent more than the first half of the year.” Leon smiled.

“Oh, that’s really great. Haha…” The shopkeeper forced out a few dry laughs.

What exactly was Caron doing? Still not closing the net?

Could it be that this kid had sensed something in advance and come to settle accounts with him? That was impossible.

With Caron’s overwhelming status, he could easily keep this kid under control.

There was no risk of information leaking at all.

Besides, if this kid truly realized that Caron knew his secret, he would have fled long ago.

How could he still have the time to come here to settle scores?

The shopkeeper never once considered the possibility that Caron had already been dealt with by this kid.

In his estimation, that was completely impossible.

Though he did not know what was going on, all he could do now was grit his teeth and proceed according to the normal process.

At the very least, he could not let the other party see anything amiss.

This batch was no small amount—one hundred and five thousand six hundred Fenni in total.

“I’ll go get the money.”

As he spoke, the shopkeeper went behind the counter, lifted the carpet, unlocked the wooden hatch, grabbed a lantern, and prepared to go down into the cellar.

The cash in the counter was only enough to handle the junk shop’s business.

Every time he made this kind of purchase, he had to go to the cellar to get the money.

Just as he turned and started down the stairs, he suddenly sensed movement behind him.

When he turned his head, he was shocked to find that Leon had somehow already come around the counter and was standing behind him, pulling gloves onto his hands.

“You—”

He immediately became alert and was about to speak, when Leon suddenly lifted his leg and kicked him down.

“Ah!!”

The old shopkeeper screamed as he tumbled down the stairs into the cellar.

Leon rushed down after him in a few quick steps and closed the cellar door behind them.

Having been kicked and then fallen down the stairs, the old shopkeeper felt as if his entire body had fallen apart with pain.

The worst was still the few broken fingers—when he rolled down, the injured area was struck again.

He struggled to get up, his right hand reaching for the gun hidden on his body.

At that moment, Leon had already jumped down from the stairs and mercilessly stomped his full weight onto his back.

“Gah!!”

The old shopkeeper’s mouth flew open from the agonizing pain of broken ribs as all the air in his lungs was forcibly squeezed out, leaving him in utter agony.

Leon half-knelt down, braced his knee against the old shopkeeper’s back, seized both of his hands, wrenched them behind him, and snapped handcuffs on.

Then he began searching him, pulling out the gun he had hidden on his person.

“We agreed, didn’t we? As long as we each kept our mouths shut, we’d be safe!” Leon said coldly, smashing the gun butt hard into the man’s head.

“It’s a pity you didn’t keep your word. You should know very well what kind of end awaits a traitor, shouldn’t you?”

Down here in the cellar, there was no need to worry about his voice being heard outside.

“Y-you... what are you talking about? Why attack me all of a sudden?” the old shopkeeper gasped out, sucking in cold air as he spoke.

His first reaction was to play dumb and act pitiful, hoping to muddle through.

“All right then. Looks like you’re choosing the most painful way to die.” Leon’s voice was as calm as if he were discussing tonight’s dinner.

The old shopkeeper’s heart sank straight down.

The icy killing intent radiating from Leon made him realize that the other party had completely grasped the truth.

If he knew that he had sold him out to Caron, then why hadn’t he fled? Why had Caron not taken action for so long?

Could it be... could it be!

That possibility he had never even considered surfaced in his mind, making his pupils tremble.

The old shopkeeper painfully twisted his head, looking toward Leon’s chilling, bone-freezing face in the darkness, and asked in a trembling voice:

“Where’s Caron? Didn’t Caron Eso come looking for you?”

“What do you think?” Leon shot back coldly.

“You... you killed him?” the old shopkeeper cried out in disbelief.

“You killed Caron Eso!?”

Leon pressed a hand onto the old shopkeeper’s head, slamming his face hard into the dust-covered cellar floor, cutting off his shout.

“Raise your voice again and I’ll pull out your teeth one by one,” Leon threatened coldly.

“Listen well, traitor. If you want to live, bring out at least three million Fenni. Otherwise, the way you die afterward will make you regret ever having come into this world!”

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

# **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 47 : Introducing the Supplier - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 47 : Introducing the Supplier**

Chapter 47: Introducing the Supplier

Leon had no intention of letting the old shopkeeper go.

If the old man had sold him out once, there could easily be a second time.

No matter what, this risk had to be dealt with.

The man definitely had to be killed—but before killing him, Leon felt there was no reason not to squeeze him for another round.

If he could seize a sufficiently large sum, he could even consider temporarily withdrawing from this business to lie low and avoid the limelight.

The old shopkeeper looked like he had been in this line of work for quite some time.

He should have some money on hand, and money belonging to the dead was naturally something to be extracted as much as possible.

It took the old shopkeeper quite a while to recover from the shock of Caron Eso's death.

Then he clearly realized that he was next.

He had completely misjudged this young man.

Someone who dared to kill Caron—and could kill him—how could he possibly spare someone like himself?

Upon realizing this, the old shopkeeper instead calmed down.

“Even if I give you the money, you’ll still kill me, won’t you? Just do it!”

Leon had long expected to be seen through.

He asked, “You don’t want a quicker death?”

Indeed, whether the shopkeeper gave him money or not, Leon would still kill him.

But how he killed him was still open to negotiation.

“I sold you out. If you want to kill me, I accept it. But I can’t take out that large a sum. Today isn’t a transaction day—there’s only about two hundred thousand in my cabinet. The key’s hanging around my neck.

“That’s all I can give you. Take it and give me a clean death. Torturing me is just a waste of your time anyway,” the old shopkeeper said in a coaxing tone.

“Then I still have to try,” Leon replied.

Leon was not naïve enough to give up just because the man said so.

He grabbed the old shopkeeper and dragged him toward a chair at the side.

.....

More than two hours later, Leon splashed a bucket of cold water over the old shopkeeper, waking him up.

“Ah!”

Bound to the chair, the old shopkeeper jolted awake and began gasping for breath.

Blood stuck to his chin mixed with the water running down his face and dripped to the floor.

Leon casually tossed aside the pliers in his hand.

Several teeth and fingernails were scattered on the ground.

The old shopkeeper’s hands and feet were bound to the armrests and legs of the chair, and his fingers and toes were all studded with needles.

“Caron broke three of your fingers and you talked. I ask you for money and suddenly your mouth gets tight? Looks like I still have to learn more from others,” Leon said with a self-mocking smile as he lifted his foot and stepped down on the needle-pierced toes.

The old shopkeeper trembled violently in pain and forced out words from his throat.

“If—if Caron had been like you, asking for money, then no matter how he tortured me, I wouldn’t have said a word either. It was because... because he planned to let me keep doing this business that I talked.”

“So you really want money more than your life? You won’t live to spend it anyway—what’s the point?” Leon stared at him.

“You think I risked my life at my age just for myself? Hah... If I really cherished my life, who would do this line of work?” The old shopkeeper bared a miserable grin, his gums full of blood.

“You’re definitely crazier than me on this point—after all, you even killed Caron...”

“I’m not insisting on taking all your money. Three million—for a comfortable death.

That’s not expensive,” Leon said, grabbing the man’s hair.

“You know how this business works. Cash is hard to keep. The money I made that wasn’t spent has already been laundered into properties and collections, or transferred elsewhere. I can’t give it, and you can’t take it. Only the money loaned from above can be withdrawn, and that’s just another three hundred thousand or so.

“Even if you take that money, it’ll just be a hot potato and get you noticed very quickly. Believe it or not, that’s the truth.”

The old shopkeeper’s gaze grew unfocused.

“It doesn’t matter anymore... At this rate, I won’t last much longer anyway...”

Leon turned around and looked at the items he had gathered after searching the cellar.

As the old shopkeeper had said, the gold vouchers and coins locked in the iron cabinet in the cellar added up to just over two hundred thousand.

There were also some antiques and old goods that still seemed to have some value.

Leon knew that without proper channels, these items would be difficult to dispose of and carried the risk of being investigated.

He searched the other areas, including the shop above, but found nothing of value.

There were no hidden compartments or secret doors either.

He tried working the old shopkeeper some more, but in the end, he failed to make him hand over any additional money.

Moreover, the shopkeeper clearly could not withstand much more abuse.

Although Leon had been using methods with relatively low lethality, the old man was advanced in age.

Even intense pain carried the risk of death by shock.

It couldn't be said that the old shopkeeper's resolve was weak.

He was simply the typical type who valued money over life.

The reason Caron had managed to make him talk was precisely because it hadn't interfered with his ability to make money.

When Caron had people help him dispose of stolen goods, he likely wouldn't have chosen someone who would spill everything after just a little torture.

Leon could torture him, but in the end, he still hadn't grasped the true weakness the man was hiding.

It seemed that continuing like this really would be a waste of time.

There was only one next step left.

Leon made up his mind.

"If you can't give me money, I can still give you an opportunity," Leon said slowly, staring at the old shopkeeper.

"Introduce your supplier to me."

"What?" The shopkeeper, whose consciousness had already begun to drift, lifted his face again.

"Introduce your supplier to me. Let me replace you and supply them directly. You retire from this point on and disappear without a trace," Leon explained his demand.

"After killing Caron, you still want to continue this kind of business?" The old shopkeeper looked at Leon in disbelief.

With a director of the Inquisition dead, the Church would soon turn this small town upside down.

This business chain would undoubtedly be shaken violently.

And yet the real culprit not only had no intention of leaving to avoid the storm, but even wanted to expand the business further?

"Since I've already killed him, I need to get something out of it. That's thanks to you, too!" Leon said as he released the man's hair and pressed his head down hard.

By replacing the old shopkeeper and supplying his supplier directly, the profit margin could be increased even further, making money more efficiently.

There were risks, of course—but no greater than when he killed Caron.

Besides, he had already prepared his bargaining chips.

“If I help you introduce them, you still won’t let me go, will you?” the shopkeeper asked warily.

“At the very least, I’ll let you live until the introduction. If this works out, there won’t be any need for me to care whether you live or die. Believe it or not, that’s up to you. At least it’s an opportunity. Are you going to fight for it, or not?” Leon asked expressionlessly.

“Let me think... let me think...” The old shopkeeper raised his head, leaned back against the chair, and gasped for breath, struggling to clear the chaos in his mind.

“You’re planning to tell my supplier that I sold you out, aren’t you? That’s how you’d really torture me!”

“Don’t make it sound like you matter that much. Who do you think you are? I need a buyer, and you’re no longer fit for the job. Introduce a new buyer for me and fulfill your responsibility!” Leon said slowly.

The old shopkeeper fell silent for a very, very long time—so long that Leon wondered if he had lost consciousness again.

Finally, he spoke.

“When do you want it done?”

“Right now,” Leon said directly.

“You’ll take me to meet them immediately.”

“That’s not appropriate...” the old shopkeeper shook his head at once.

“Not appropriate doesn’t mean impossible,” Leon rejected the objection.

“Your supplier is Mr. Griffin, isn’t it? I want you to introduce me right now.”

He had no intention of giving the old shopkeeper time to prepare any tricks.

Hearing this, the old shopkeeper sighed.

“Then you’ll have to untie me first and let me recover a bit. In my current state, I can’t even walk.”

Leon didn't reply, but he did pull out the needles one by one and then loosen the bindings.

The severely tortured old shopkeeper still slumped in the chair, panting heavily.

Leon took out a test tube filled with a purplish-red liquid and handed it to him.

"Drink this."

At the sight of the liquid in the tube, the old shopkeeper shuddered, his eyes filled with indescribable fear.

"What is this?!"

"A witch's magical potion. The kind that can poison people—but not immediately. If things work out, you'll get the antidote. If not, you'll die a long and painful death," Leon explained.

"Will you drink it yourself, or do you want me to pour it down your throat?"

The shopkeeper was terrified.

When Leon prepared to reach out and force his jaw open, he realized he had no chance to resist.

In the end, he helplessly took the tube and downed the poison in one gulp.

The stench of blood mixed with a cold numbing sensation spread down his throat, making him feel suffocated.

But at that moment, Leon promptly suppressed the curse in the blood.

The old shopkeeper, who had just been holding his breath, clutched his throat and gasped for air.

After repeated practice, Leon was now able to control the cursed blood with greater precision.

The opportunity was rare—it was just right to formally test it on a human subject.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

**What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 48 :  
Enemies Meet on a Narrow Road - Read What Witch? A**

## **Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 48 : Enemies Meet on a Narrow Road**

Chapter 48: Enemies Meet on a Narrow Road

For two full hours, the old shop owner sat inside the shop, clutching a bottle of Slime Gel and struggling to bandage his own fingers and toes.

Several fingernails had been torn off, and every finger and toe had been pierced repeatedly by needles.

Even after the needles had been pulled out, the pain still made him miserable.

He glanced at Leon, who sat to one side with his arms crossed, waiting.

After hesitating for a moment, he spoke indistinctly:

“Help me deal with the wounds. Letting them see me injured like this won’t be easy to explain.”

Several wads of cotton were stuffed into his mouth.

Leon had pulled out his molars, so it was not very obvious when he spoke, but from today onward, if he did not get false teeth fitted, he would never be able to chew anything hard again.

However, Leon merely swept him with a glance and did not move.

“You’re the one who can’t explain it, not me. I don’t mind telling them the real reason I tortured you. Your own problems are yours to solve.”

Handing over people from the supply chain to the Inquisition was, in the underworld, an unforgivable betrayal.

If his upstream contact found out he had done such a thing, the torture methods would probably not be any gentler than Leon’s—and that contact might even know where his true weakness lay.

The old shop owner sighed and shook his head.

“You shouldn’t say those things. Once you do, the fact that you’re an Inquisitor will be exposed too. Then you’ll be treated as an undercover agent. In such a short time, I won’t be able to explain things clearly enough.”

“So the old saying is right,” Leon said mockingly.

“You watch your mouth, and I’ll watch mine.”

The old shop owner had nothing to say.

He could only sigh helplessly and continue tending to his wounds.

“Your upstream contact is Mr. Griffin, right?” Leon asked to confirm.

“You never asked me, and I never told you. Even if you already know something, you can’t say it,” the old shop owner emphasized solemnly.

“If he didn’t tell you, you can’t ask. When you go to see him, you must remember this!”

“All right.” Leon nodded.

“Then how long do we still have to wait?”

After releasing the old shop owner, Leon supervised him as he wrote a letter of introduction.

Then the two of them went to a nearby casino.

Leon watched as the old shop owner called over a familiar attendant, had him take the letter and a casino chip as a token, and rush off to deliver the message.

“I don’t know. I’ve already done what you asked,” the old shop owner said.

“As for whether my upstream contact is willing to see you, that’s another matter.

“He really does admire Fenrir’s goods, but our request was too sudden. It’s only natural to arouse suspicion. However...” He paused here.

“However what?” Leon gestured for him to finish.

“Whether he sees you or not, I think he’ll give a response soon. And he won’t give up on your goods—at most, he’ll just send someone else to contact you.

“After all, among the high-end batch, the only goods he has that can compete with the Earl’s are yours,” the old shop owner said.

“Sounds like the Earl is making you very nervous,” Leon remarked.

“Strictly speaking, it’s one of the Earl’s subordinates who’s in charge of Helenburg and the surrounding areas,” the old shop owner shook his head.

“With the Earl’s power, there’s no need for him to personally step in to seize territory in South Harbor County.”

At that point, the sound of a carriage outside grew closer and closer, then slowly came to a stop near the old junk shop.

Both of them stopped chatting and turned their attention to the door.

A few seconds later, the driver jumped down and knocked.

“Hey, old sir, our boss asked me to invite you over to inspect a few items, and have dinner together to catch up,” the man outside called into the room.

“Do you have time today?”

Leon looked at the old shop owner.

The old shop owner nodded, indicating that the code was correct.

Leon prepared to open the door, but the old shop owner stood up and gestured that he would do it himself.

He straightened his collar, put on gloves to cover the injuries on his hands, endured the stabbing pain in his toes, and went to the door to open it.

Standing outside was a tall, thin middle-aged man.

He nodded to the old shop owner, then looked past him at Leon.

“You must be...” The driver examined Leon carefully, then suddenly lowered his voice.

“Mr. Fenrir?”

Leon nodded slightly and glanced at the carriage outside.

“Can I get a ride?”

“Of course. The boss said you must come,” the driver replied with a smile.

He then took the initiative to open the carriage door for them.

After getting in, Leon observed that from the outside, the carriage looked no different from an ordinary one, but the interior had clearly been reinforced.

There were windows, but they could not be opened—most likely fixed in place.

Near the bottom of the carriage walls were small ventilation holes.

Peering out through them, one could only see the ground, making it difficult to determine the exact location.

Two covered oil lamps were fixed inside the carriage for lighting.

As soon as they got in, the driver locked the carriage door.

The carriage traveled for quite a long time.

Through the ventilation holes, Leon saw the ground change from the bluestone-paved roads of the town to muddy paths in the countryside.

It seemed they had left the town.

After roughly another hour passed, the carriage finally came to a stop.

The driver unlocked the door and called for the two of them to get down.

The moment Leon stepped out, he realized they had arrived inside the courtyard of a winery.

Around several buildings stretched a vast area of grape vines.

Directly in front of them stood a villa, with two tall, burly bodyguards at the entrance, both equipped with crossbows and short swords.

"The boss is already waiting inside. Please don't keep him waiting," the driver interrupted Leon's survey and said to him.

"Before seeing the boss, you'll need to hand over your weapons and submit to a search. I hope you don't mind."

Leon nodded and took out his gun, handing it over.

The driver briefly checked Leon's body and confirmed that he had no other weapons.

When he searched one pocket, however, he found a small test tube containing a bit of transparent crystal, tinged with only the faintest hint of pale blue.

The old shop owner turned his head toward the test tube, his face showing surprise.

Just from its clarity alone, the crystal inside was purer than the previous goods!

The driver first showed a stunned expression, then smiled knowingly.

He returned the test tube to Leon and led the two of them into an exquisite villa.

Under the driver's guidance, they entered the building, passed through the foyer and corridor, and arrived at a magnificently decorated hall.

Inside stood a long table placed horizontally.

The owner of the place sat waiting at the exact center on the far side of the table.

This was a man who perfectly matched Leon's image of a crime boss.

From his build, he looked like a somewhat corpulent middle-aged man.

He wore luxurious clothing, and his ring-laden hand held a thick cigar.

A masquerade mask covered his face, revealing only the lower half, where a neatly groomed handlebar mustache adorned his lip.

Behind him stood three bodyguards on standby, all wearing full-face masks.

Beside him, seated at the same table, was an elderly man with a full beard, dressed in a priest's robe.

His hair and beard were completely white.

Among everyone waiting inside, he was the only one not wearing a mask.

When Leon saw this old man, he froze slightly.

He actually knew him.

Raymond Auden, the priest responsible for the eastern district church of Hamel Town.

A priest appearing in such a transaction—one strictly forbidden by church doctrine—and doing so without any attempt to conceal his identity.

But on second thought, Leon found it not so strange after all.

He knew Priest Auden because the man was somewhat famous in Hamel Town—or rather, notorious.

Besides preaching and presiding over various rituals, priests in district churches also accepted many civilian commissions.

In this era, there was no profession of lawyer.

Matters of that sort were usually handled by clergy.

Priests received good education within the Church and were well-versed in laws and regulations.

They often helped civilians draft and interpret documents and contracts, served as notaries for wills and transactions, wrote indictments for lawsuits, and defended clients before arbitrators.

Of course, none of this was done for free.

And Priest Auden was the most shameless litigation shyster in all of Hamel Town.

His fees were exorbitant.

He served only the wealthy and had absolutely no conscience.

He helped rich clients exploit loopholes in laws and contracts, helping them escape guilt and squeeze the poor.

Even Melissa's family had been entangled with him.

After Mr. Hesh's theater was burned down, he should, in theory, still have retained the right to use the land, giving him a chance to rebuild and recover part of the loss.

However, Priest Auden, representing the wealthy lender Potter, used a loophole in the loan contract on the grounds that Mr.

Hesh was unable to meet the repayment requirements.

He helped Potter directly seize the land-use rights from Mr. Hesh as additional collateral, at a very low valuation—adding insult to injury for the Hesh family, who had already suffered a sudden disaster.

Sally and Melissa had always harbored deep hatred for Potter and Priest Auden.

Leon had heard Sally curse this man more times than he could count.

There were also rumors within the Inquisition that he secretly provided legal defenses and money-laundering services for certain illegal transactions.

The Inquisition had never found concrete evidence, and he seemed to have quite a few connections within the Church itself.

Even Caron Eso showed no interest in investigating him.

Now it seemed that the suspicion that this priest served the local underworld boss here could be confirmed.

Priest Auden looked back at Leon indifferently, his expression unchanged.

He seemed not to recognize Leon, nor did he care that Leon recognized him.

“Hey, Roddy, my old friend, what’s going on?” the owner of the house spoke up first, smiling as he addressed the old shop owner.

“Why did you suddenly say you wanted to retire?”

Before the old shop owner could reply, one of the bodyguards behind him reacted abruptly upon seeing Leon.

He drew his gun, pointed it at Leon, and shouted, “Please wait, boss! This man has a problem! He’s an Inquisitor!!”

The moment these words were spoken, everyone present changed expression.

The other two bodyguards immediately drew their guns as well.

Leon instantly recognized the voice and narrowed his eyes at the speaker.

“Garcia... what are you doing here today?” the old shop owner also recognized the voice and was caught off guard.

The debt collector Garcia, who had once been “taken care of” by Leon in a tavern, ripped off his mask on the spot, revealing his scarred face.

He squeezed out a ferocious grin at Leon.

“Heh heh. Enemies meet on a narrow road, Inquisitor!”

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 49 : Who Was the Mole? - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 49 : Who Was the Mole?**

Chapter 49: Who Was the Mole?

At that moment, the atmosphere at the scene abruptly became taut and hostile, as three guns were simultaneously aimed at Leon.

Father Auden calmly stood up and swiftly retreated behind a pillar in the hall, using it as cover while peering outside.

The boss, who had been sitting composedly moments before, was also caught off guard.

He quickly rose and retreated behind his three bodyguards, then angrily questioned the old shop owner: "What's going on, Roddy? Explain this!!"

From the very start of this meeting, he had felt that something was off.

The old shop owner, known on the streets as Roddy, had recently supplied him with goods of extremely high purity and had guaranteed stable deliveries.

As a reward, he had handed over the business of a newly developed street to him to manage.

As one of his subordinates, the old shop owner had been riding a wave of success.

Yet today, he suddenly contacted him, saying that he wanted to retire from the supply business and introduced that Fenrir, claiming he wanted the boss to meet him.

The suddenness of it all naturally aroused suspicion, but he was genuinely interested in Fenrir, who had produced high-end goods within his territory that even he himself did not possess.

The Earl's forces were expanding into South Harbor County.

Most of the core clients in South Harbor County were built up through his own local connections.

For the moment, everything seemed fine, but once magical potions made from higher-purity mana entered their territory, customer loss would soon become inevitable.

At such a time, the sudden appearance of a high-purity supply source guaranteed by one of his own cadres was, without a doubt, a timely solution to his urgent problem.

Cooperation with that Fenrir was crucial to him in his current situation.

After much consideration, he had still reluctantly arranged this meeting.

At the time, he had been inspecting the lending side of his business and had brought his people along.

Garcia, who had been reporting to him as a debt collector at the time, was among them.

“Everyone, put your guns down first! Boss, I’ll explain!” the old shop owner tried desperately to calm the disturbance.

“You don’t deny it? You knew from the beginning!?” the boss glared at the old shop owner, his voice rising several notches.

“There’s nothing left to explain, Boss.” Garcia continued staring at Leon with a ferocious grin.

“From the very start, this was a setup by the Inquisition! All the goods they gave us were bait!

“This kid is the inquisitor who messed me up at the tavern that day. He’s been investigating us for a long time already! You can bring my people in to testify! And old Roddy too—when I got screwed over by this kid at the tavern, old Roddy even contacted us and said the Inquisition was cracking down hard, telling me not to dig too deeply into it.”

“The Earl?” The boss was immediately convinced, his cheeks twitching.

“Old Roddy, don’t tell me you betrayed me!”

He knew that the Earl had influence within the Church, and he even knew that the Church’s forces in South Harbor County had already begun strictly investigating his business under the Earl’s influence.

Could it be that this so-called Fenrir had been bait laid from the very beginning by the Earl’s faction and the Inquisition, all to wipe them out in one sweep?

Leon keenly noticed the boss’s deep-seated hostility toward the Earl.

This seemed like something he could use.

“No, no, it’s just that things were urgent and I didn’t have time to explain,” the shop owner said anxiously.

“Everyone, please sit down first. I’ll explain everything to you slowly.”

In the current situation, a single accidental discharge would make the situation irreparable.

He had also completely failed to anticipate that Garcia, who had originally been handling debt collection, would suddenly appear here as a bodyguard.

“Boss, we’d better shoot this bastard in the hands and feet first, then listen to old Roddy’s explanation slowly,” Garcia said, grinning as he stared at Leon.

“Didn’t expect you’d fall into my hands so soon, did you, buddy?”

The humiliation of having his hand pinned through and being viciously beaten by Leon at the tavern had cost him all his face in the underworld.

Now that he finally had a chance to collect principal and interest together, this Inquisition mole would soon experience the most brutal side of the underworld!

But Leon was not nervous at all.

He calmly spoke up.

“If I were a mole, the moment a shot was fired, the people surrounding this place outside would’ve already rushed in.”

“Stop bluffing! No one could’ve followed us here. You have no backup!” Garcia licked his lips arrogantly.

“That’s true, I don’t,” Leon replied.

“Because I’m not a mole at all. Who says an inquisitor can’t get involved in this line of work?”

“Oh yeah? Then prove it,” Garcia burst out laughing.

“Prove that an inquisitor who pretended to be a mana dealer and infiltrated us isn’t a mole!!”

“I killed Caron Eso,” Leon suddenly said.

When he spoke those words, the only ones visibly shaken were the old shop owner beside him and Father Auden hiding behind the pillar.

“Oh, sure. If you could kill your own Director, that would prove you’re not a mole. Then go on, hurry up!” Garcia completely treated it as a joke.

“I already killed him,” Leon said calmly.

The old shop owner beside him kept a stiff face, not daring to speak.

Leon had not told him in advance that he would bring this up here.

Once the murder of Caron was mentioned, it could implicate the matter of him handing Leon over.

But the problem was—if this was said out loud, how many people would actually believe it, aside from him?

Under his mask, the boss revealed a suspicious expression, half-believing and half-doubting.

Of course he knew Caron Eso.

When that Director of the Hamel Inquisition had taken office, he had caused considerable suffering to his subordinates, making him extremely wary.

Fortunately, over the past ten years, the man had never seemed intent on uprooting his business entirely.

He had only occasionally cracked down on the lowest-level lackeys, and the two sides had maintained a delicate balance and tacit understanding.

That man was not someone who could be killed so easily!

“I have proof,” Leon said, reaching into his pocket.

“Don’t move!!” Garcia shouted harshly.

“What are you nervous about? You searched me before I came in. Are you all really that timid?” Leon said calmly.

He took out a ring from his pocket and held it up for everyone to see.

“There should be someone among you who recognizes Caron Eso’s family crest, right?”

As he spoke, he deliberately glanced toward Father Auden behind the pillar.

What he took out was Caron’s usual family crest ring.

Caron was the youngest son of a baronial family and always wore this ring.

Father Auden served in the Church and would certainly know Caron, perhaps even personally.

If someone recognized Caron’s ring, that would naturally be the easiest solution.

And even if no one did, Leon still had other plans.

The boss examined the ring carefully, then turned to the side.

“Father!”

Father Auden walked out from behind the pillar and returned to the table, gesturing for Leon to let him examine the ring.

Leon slid the ring across the table.

Father Auden picked up the family crest ring and examined it from all angles.

There was a faint trace of blood on it, but it was not Caron's blood—it was deliberately smeared by Leon to enhance the visual effect.

"It looks genuine," Father Auden reported to the boss in a deep voice.

Then he stared intently at Leon, carefully scrutinizing him.

Even through the masquerade mask, it was obvious that the boss's expression had changed.

Even Garcia felt uncertain.

He had experienced this inquisitor's madness firsthand, but he still could not connect the man before him with something as unreal as killing the Director of the Inquisition!

"Under the Earl's influence, Caron Eso began conducting strict investigations and discovered the business I was secretly running. I had no choice but to kill him," Leon said as he swept his gaze across everyone present.

"Now then, do you still think I'm a mole?"

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 50 : Everyone Dies Together - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 50 : Everyone Dies Together**

Chapter 50: Everyone Dies Together

"No! That's not right!" Garcia suddenly denied it sharply, keeping the gun trained on Leon's head as he pressed aggressively, "A single ring proves Caron Eso is dead? You think you could kill him?"

"Then you prove he isn't dead," Leon sneered back.

"If you can still find anyone named Caron in Hamel Town, that is."

“Who can guarantee this whole thing isn’t a setup by the Inquisition?” Garcia said as he turned to the boss and tried hard to persuade him.

“Boss! Don’t listen to his nonsense—kill him now! The Inquisition has gone to such lengths already; they’re clearly preparing for war. We can’t afford to be soft!”

He had a premonition that things had developed to this point—if this man did not die here today, he himself would immediately be in trouble.

But he needed the boss’s order to kill someone.

Overstepping authority within the organization carried severe consequences.

At this moment, Father Auden, holding the ring, interjected, “No. Nobles do not give their family crest rings to others, let alone Caron. If he had reached this stage, he would have had no need to resort to such a scheme. I believe he really is dead. Old Roddy’s expression is also telling us that he knows this.”

Only he had noticed that when Leon said he had killed Caron, the expression that surfaced on Old Roddy’s face was clearly off.

Leon observed Father Auden.

This old priest was very perceptive and did not seem to be a simple character.

The boss and Garcia both looked toward the old shopkeeper.

The old shopkeeper was drenched in cold sweat, but still nodded helplessly, indicating that he knew the truth of the matter.

The boss once again examined Leon—or rather, Fenrir—with surprise, while Garcia’s expression visibly collapsed.

But then Father Auden suddenly changed his tone and continued to address the boss, “However, I still suggest that you kill him.”

These words astonished everyone present.

Even Garcia had not expected Father Auden to suddenly support him.

Leon also cast a wary glance at the priest, then took the tube of mana from his pocket.

“Kill me, and you’ll never get this kind of goods again.”

Inside the test tube, the transparent crystals emitted a faint bluish luster.

The higher the purity of mana, the more transparent it became, approaching colorless.

The purity of this mana was obviously extremely high.

The boss's gaze was immediately fixed, staring straight at the test tube.

"This batch's purity is eighty-five percent," Leon declared calmly.

At that moment, the entire room was shaken.

Leon was not lying.

This mana had been extracted from a batch of new slimes.

The greatest difference between these slimes and previous magical beasts was that they had eaten Caron's corpse.

Caron's body had been petrified by Cockatrice Venom.

For Head-Hunting Rabbits, it was not only difficult to gnaw but also poisonous.

But slimes could still consume his corpse.

Their physiological structure was not afraid of most poisons, and they could also slowly decompose and digest hard substances with digestive fluids.

Considering the previous case where magical beasts had eaten Hannah Weisland's corpse and the mana purity increased, Leon began to speculate whether magical beasts that consumed the corpses of those blessed by the Four Gods of Origin could produce even higher-purity mana.

Thus, he first fed several adult slimes with a few fingers from Caron's corpse.

The next day, he slaughtered the slimes and handed them over to Rena for refinement.

In the end, he obtained mana of such high purity, fully verifying his hypothesis.

The boss was clearly wavering.

Even the Earl's goods he had collected through ordinary channels during his investigations did not reach a purity as high as eighty-five percent.

With mana of such high purity, he could firmly control the high-end market—the most influential core group of clients.

Once that customer base was secured, combined with certain sales strategies, it could also drive the sales of lower-purity mana.

As long as there was enough supply, not only could he firmly hold South Harbor County, he might even have the chance to seize business from the Earl's territory!

Father Auden noticed the desire revealed in the boss's eyes and calmly advised him:

"My old friend, you should calm down. This unknown young man has killed Caron Eso. Things here will soon change completely—the balance of the past has already collapsed. Let me tell you what will happen next. The Church will soon send an investigation team down from the center.

"A more troublesome figure will take over Caron's position. This person may even be connected to the Earl. He will spare no cost to investigate the reason behind Caron's disappearance and strike at local industries. You will become the Church's primary target. So your best choice now is to kill this man and withdraw from this business to avoid bringing disaster upon yourself."

"When the Earl gets involved, you tell me to back off. Is that really what you want—to see me surrender?" the boss said unhappily at Father Auden's advice.

"You still have many safe industries. If you take a single wrong step here, you'll lose everything. I only hope you can minimize your losses," Father Auden replied calmly.

Leon grew increasingly wary of this priest.

It seemed this old man played a role similar to a strategist or adviser beside the boss, wielding considerable influence.

Unlike Garcia, Father Auden held no direct hostility toward him.

He was simply viewing Leon, who had appeared here, as an unstable factor from the boss's standpoint.

But in terms of threat level, the current Father Auden far surpassed Garcia!

The drooping corners of Garcia's mouth lifted slightly again.

He knew Father Auden was deeply trusted by the boss, and his advice carried significant weight.

More importantly, Father Auden was effectively standing on his side now!

"Heh. So killing Caron Eso is my fault now?" Leon suddenly stared at the boss and sneered.

“Get this straight—if your people hadn’t sold me out to Caron, would I have gone this far?”

Hearing this, the old shopkeeper instantly turned deathly pale.

Leon had ultimately exposed his affair!

The boss thought for a moment, then reacted, raging as he glared at the old shopkeeper, crushing the cigar in his hand out of shape.

“Roddy, was it you?”

The old shopkeeper staggered backward, face ashen, and turned to Leon in disbelief.

“Didn’t you promise?”

“You also promised to keep your mouth shut,” Leon replied coldly.

Then he shifted his gaze to the others.

“Oh, right—aren’t you all curious how I killed Caron?”

Just as everyone was puzzled by his words, Leon raised his hand and bit his finger.

Purplish-Red Blood immediately seeped out from his fingertip and dripped down, then transformed into Purple Smoke.

The instant they saw the Cursed Blood, an instinctive intimidation was projected directly into everyone’s consciousness.

Even the always-calm Father Auden revealed a trace of fear in his eyes and subconsciously stepped back.

“You bastard!” Garcia and the remaining two bodyguards immediately tensed up, looking ready to fire at any moment.

“Don’t move,” Leon said with a smile, stopping them.

“Kill me, and everyone here will die. Before coming, I drank a Magical Potion—a very powerful one. If I die here, my corpse will immediately explode, and poisonous gas will fill the entire estate...”

Passing a witch’s blessing off as his own ability would likely not convince anyone and would reveal unnecessary information.

Calling it a potion was far more persuasive.

“I’ve never heard of such a thing. Wouldn’t you poison yourself first?” Father Auden was clearly skeptical.

“Seems your understanding of Magical Potions isn’t deep enough. Now you can broaden your horizons!”

After speaking, Leon suddenly pointed at the old shopkeeper beside him.

The blood droplets on his finger splashed out.

The old shopkeeper screamed and dodged aside.

The droplets he avoided evaporated into poisonous mist beside him.

The old shopkeeper’s expression suddenly changed.

An intense numbing sensation spread from his abdomen, as if something had blocked his windpipe, leaving him completely unable to breathe.

He clutched his throat in suffocation and then froze in that posture.

His joints hardened within seconds, and the stiffness quickly spread throughout his body.

Everyone except Leon watched in terror as his body turned plaster-gray and then gradually seeped out transparent crystals.

In just a few seconds, he became a stone statue.

The few drops of Cursed Blood Leon had scattered were, even with direct contact, insufficient to be so rapidly lethal.

This was entirely the effect of Leon having the old shopkeeper drink the Cursed Blood beforehand, then activating it with his ability.

But in the eyes of the others, the old shopkeeper had merely gotten close to Leon’s blood and seemingly come into contact with a bit of poisonous mist, ending up like this.

The claim that the corpse would explode into poisonous gas was something Leon had made up on the spot—he had never died before.

But after such a visual performance, it should be more than enough to make them believe it.

Even if they merely suspected it, they would not dare gamble on it.

Thus, he seized the initiative!

“I’ve taken care of the traitor for you. Now, what are you going to do next?”

Leon calmly looked at the completely stunned boss and the others, stepping forward.

The people on the other side of the table retreated one after another.

“What? Still pointing guns at me? Aren’t you afraid of an accidental discharge?” Leon grinned at Garcia, spreading his hands.

“Then shoot. Let’s all die together! Come on—shoot!!”

Garcia’s hand trembled uncontrollably.

The fear he had felt that night in the tavern resurfaced, swelling several times over.

The madness he had sensed from this Inquisitor back then had been only the tip of the iceberg!

“Put the guns down, all of you!!” the boss suddenly snapped awake and barked the order at his men.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.