

## **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 51 : Demonstrating Sincerity to Mr. Fenrir - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 51 : Demonstrating Sincerity to Mr. Fenrir**

Chapter 51: Demonstrating Sincerity to Mr. Fenrir

With the boss issuing the order, the other two bodyguards immediately lowered their guns.

They were also afraid of an accidental discharge that might get themselves killed.

Only Garcia remained hesitant, his breathing growing increasingly rapid.

Firing would mean certain death, yet he vaguely sensed that if Leon were allowed to continue controlling the situation like this, what kind of fate would await him next.

Leon calmly watched the muzzle of Garcia's gun.

After savoring the other man's fear to the fullest, he braced one hand on the long table and leaned forward as if preparing to vault over it, while speaking in a half-joking tone:

"Still thinking of shooting? Then why don't I come over myself—make it a bit easier for you to aim?"

"I told you to put it down, are you deaf, you idiot!?"

The boss flew into a rage, personally reaching out to lift the gun from Garcia's hands and snatch it away, then swinging his other hand to slap Garcia across the face.

In his view, this stupid subordinate had practically been trying to get everyone killed just now.

"I'm sorry, boss..." Jolted back to his senses, Garcia dared not defy his boss.

He could only cover his face and bow his head in apology.

"That's enough. Let's all sit down and talk this through calmly." The boss raised a hand to stop Leon from coming any closer, trying to stabilize the situation.

"You came here this time to talk business with us, didn't you? Why don't you bandage that wound on your hand first?"

As he spoke, he gave a look to the bodyguard beside him.

The man took out a roll of emergency bandages and pushed it across the table toward Leon.

The wound on Leon's hand was less than a centimeter long and had already stopped bleeding, yet to them it looked as though it were continuously releasing lethal poison gas.

"Talk business?" Leon did not take the bandage.

Raising an eyebrow, he smiled and lifted the test tube in his hand.

"You still want my goods?"

The boss stared fixedly at the test tube in Leon's hand.

In the end, he returned to his original seat on his own initiative and put the cigar back between his lips.

"Yes. That's right. I'm very interested—we can talk." The boss had already calmed down, once again assuming the aura he carried in business dealings.

"My old friend, not being able to kill him doesn't mean you can't withdraw. In a situation like this, it wouldn't hurt to just give this deal to him..." Father Auden spoke up again.

"That's enough, Father. I've already decided!" This time the boss directly raised his hand to cut Father Auden off.

"The business must continue. Only this deal allows me to maintain my ties with those important clients. Other businesses only bring me profit.

"But only this one can bring me an opportunity to get close to power. Without power, no matter how much money you have, you're just waiting for someone to come and take it. Isn't that what you told me?"

"I also said I could help you find other paths," Father Auden said.

"There is no path more direct than this. You don't need to say any more!" The boss stared at Leon with a look of firm resolve.

"Sit down, Fenrir, and name your price for the goods!"

Leon met the boss's gaze but did not sit down right away.

"Your resolve is commendable, but if you want to do business with me, you'll have to deal with your problem first."

“What problem?” The boss did not react immediately.

“One of your men sold me out, forcing me to kill Caron Eso to clean up your mess.” Leon glanced at the old shop owner who had already turned into a stone statue.

“Tell me—what problem do you think you have?”

“You’ve already killed the man. By the rules, my people should have been handed over to me for me to deal with and give you an explanation. But since you wanted to handle it personally, I acknowledge you have that right.

That matter can be considered settled.” The boss tapped the table with his finger.

“Now, as long as you sit down, the price is negotiable.”

“Isn’t there still one more person to deal with?” Leon’s gaze passed over the boss and landed on Garcia behind him.

After being reprimanded, Garcia had been hanging his head.

Now he jerked it up as if shocked, glaring viciously at Leon.

“You looking for death?”

But Leon had already seen through the bluff in the man’s bravado.

He could not even be bothered to spare him another glance, much less respond.

At this point, no one present dared make a move against Leon.

He no longer needed to place his own life on the table as a bargaining chip.

Now it was Leon negotiating with the boss over Garcia’s life, while Garcia himself—waiting to be slaughtered—could no longer control his own fate.

The boss took a puff of his cigar, then replied, “He’s been with me a long time. Though he acted a bit impulsively this time, it was still in the line of duty to protect me. We didn’t know you were an Inquisitor at first. This isn’t entirely our fault. As for what just happened, I apologize to you. Let’s let it pass.”

Training a capable subordinate took time.

Garcia was his debt collector and an enforcer who handled many dirty jobs for him.

Most of the time, he was quite reliable.

The boss did not want to lose such an experienced subordinate so easily; this, too, counted as one of his assets.

Moreover, killing a long-following subordinate just because of a single remark from a trading partner would undoubtedly risk losing the loyalty of his other men.

Thus, the boss's first instinct was still to preserve Garcia and de-escalate the situation.

This was also his experience in doing business.

"Boss!" Garcia let out a breath of relief, looking at his boss with overwhelming gratitude.

"Is that so?" Leon nodded expressionlessly, then gave a light, offhand reply.

"Then our transaction ends here. Farewell."

With that, he turned and walked away, knowing full well that no one would dare shoot him in the back now.

"Wait!" The boss hurriedly stood up.

"You're really going to give up a deal worth millions, even tens of millions, over such a tiny personal grudge? I already said the price is negotiable. Just name it. There's no need to use this kind of tactic to bargain!"

"Bargain?" Leon turned back, narrowing his eyes at the boss.

"Do you misunderstand something? Do you think I came to you to beg you to do business with me?"

The boss froze on the spot.

"Get this straight. I was evaluating you—not the other way around. Your man sold me out, forcing me to kill Caron and then drag him here to see you, because I had to reassess my trading partner. And what exactly did you show me?"

Leon shook his head at the boss.

"Your subordinate wasn't protecting you at all—he was taking revenge on me. When he smugly revealed his identity to me, did you really think I couldn't guess who you were? Your mask was worn for nothing, you know that? And you couldn't even see that?"

The boss was left speechless.

Once Garcia's identity was exposed, his own identity indeed was not hard to guess.

He was the wealthy magnate who controlled South Harbor County, Potter, the local underworld kingpin, known as Mr. Griffin.

“Your old Roddy under you traded with me no fewer than three times—and could still sell me out. And then you actually wanted to protect a useless piece of trash who has a grudge against me, letting him keep stabbing me in the back? You can’t manage your people...”

Leon raised a hand to point at old Roddy, who had turned into a stone statue, then moved his finger toward Garcia.

“Nor can you keep your dog on a leash. Even so, I still gave you a chance to show sincerity. And what did you give me? An apology? Heh. Maybe you should listen to the Father and pull out early. With how indecisive you are, you think you’re fit to contend with the Earl?”

At the mention of the Earl, the boss was visibly shaken.

Behind the mask, his face darkened instantly, and his fingers clenched around the cigar once more.

“I can’t work with someone who lacks judgment to this degree. Farewell.” This time, Leon turned and headed straight for the door.

Seeing Leon leave, Garcia finally felt his heart ease.

Finally gone—gone was good.

The deal falling through was the best possible outcome for him.

If Leon really started doing business with the boss, sooner or later he would be killed by that madman!

Only Father Auden watched the boss’s slightly trembling shoulders from behind with mounting tension, vaguely sensing something amiss.

Leon walked slowly to the entrance of the hall when he suddenly heard Garcia’s startled voice behind him: “Boss?”

Immediately after came a gunshot with no warning at all.

Leon stopped in his tracks and slowly turned around.

What he saw was Potter standing up from his seat, a still-smoking cigar clenched between his lips, and in his hand a gun that was also smoking—the very one he had just snatched from Garcia.

As for Garcia, he was now slumped sideways over the long table, a bullet hole piercing his temple.

His eyes were wide open, death frozen upon his face, as blood stained the pristine white tablecloth.

The other two bodyguards behind him retreated in panic, at a loss for what to do, while Father Auden closed his eyes and let out a sigh.

“Mr. Fenrir, you were absolutely right,” Potter said as he removed his mask, revealing his true face.

“Now, please allow me to sincerely invite you once more to sit down and talk business with me again!”

This time, Leon finally nodded and turned back.

Potter waved his hand to direct the bodyguards to carry the corpse out of the room, replace the tablecloth, and then ordered that only Father Auden remain.

When Leon and Potter once again took their seats on opposite sides of the long table now draped in a fresh white cloth, the two bodyguards withdrew as instructed, closing the hall doors behind them.

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

## **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 52 : Looking to Launder Money? Come to Me - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 52 : Looking to Launder Money? Come to Me**

Chapter 52: Looking to Launder Money? Come to Me

An hour later, Leon boarded the carriage for the return trip under the exceedingly respectful—one could even say trembling—send-off of several bodyguards.

He glanced outside, and those bodyguards instinctively lowered their heads, not daring to meet his gaze.

This Fenrir—who had threatened the entire estate with his own life, poisoned Old Roddy to death in front of everyone, and then, with just a few words, incited their boss to execute Garcia, who had followed him for many years.

Even though they were all underworld enforcers who lived by the blade, they truly did not dare to have anything to do with this terrifying madman.

Even the coachman responsible for taking him back wore a tense expression, as if terrified that if he made even a single wrong move along the way, this man would kill him on the spot.

But just as the door was about to close, a deep, aged voice suddenly rang out: “May I hitch a ride? I’m also heading back to Hamel Town.”

Leon looked over in surprise.

Standing at the carriage door was Father Raymond Auden, dressed in a priest’s robe.

The coachman looked at Leon, then at Father Auden, momentarily unsure how to react.

Leon examined the priest with confusion and curiosity, saying nothing.

After meeting his gaze for a moment, the priest simply climbed into the carriage.

“You didn’t say no, so I’ll take that as consent.”

With that, he sat down directly opposite Leon and then gestured for the coachman to close the door.

Once the carriage door shut, only the light of the oil lamp remained inside.

The enclosed space was dim and gloomy.

The carriage set off from the winery.

Leon and Father Auden stared at each other in the swaying compartment, like two trapped beasts in a cage, wary of one another.

In the end, Leon broke the silence first.

“What exactly do you want?”

“I told you—just hitching a ride,” Father Auden replied calmly.

“Mr. Potter wouldn’t be so stingy as to not even arrange a carriage for you. Was it really necessary to squeeze into the same carriage as a poison gas canister like me?”

“Aren’t you afraid I’ll seize the chance to kill you on the road? You were the one who incited Potter to kill me right in front of him. I haven’t forgotten.” Leon stared into Father Auden’s eyes as he asked.

He was far too curious about the reason Father Auden had deliberately chosen to squeeze into the same carriage as him.

“If you wanted my life, you should have put me on the list when you were negotiating with Potter, or simply killed me outright. You didn’t, because you knew Potter wouldn’t agree, and that it would ruin your business.

“You look like a madman, but in truth, you know better than anyone where the boundaries lie.” Father Auden stared straight back at Leon.

“So you got on the carriage just to show off that you’ve seen through me? Get to the point already,” Leon said.

What the priest said was accurate enough, but he still had not mentioned his true purpose for boarding.

“Fifty thousand Fenni per gram. You negotiated a very good price with Potter. I imagine that even on the Earl’s side, they wouldn’t offer such a purchase price.

“If nothing unexpected happens, you should be able to earn at least a mansion, a plantation, and even a ship capable of going to sea within a few years...” the priest said.

“Mm, that does sound pretty good,” Leon replied offhandedly.

But then the priest suddenly changed his tone.

“But the reality is that you can’t buy any of that. You can only bury the money in your cellar.”

Leon frowned slightly as he listened.

“If you only quietly spend some of it for your own enjoyment—eat well, play with women—there probably won’t be much of a problem.

But if you make any large expenditures or purchase any property, you’ll very quickly attract the attention of the tax officials, and then the Security Office will come sniffing around as well.

“Given your identity, the Inquisition will also set its sights on you.

When that happens, how will you explain this enormous income of unknown origin?” Father Auden asked patiently.

As he finished speaking, he took out a small voucher and handed it over.

“You just sold those samples for a hundred thousand.

I think you might be interested in this.”

Leon took it, examining it as he asked, “What is this?”

“A prize-bearing donation ticket issued by the Church.

This one is last week’s winning ticket and is still within the redemption period.

The amount is one hundred thousand Fenni.

You pay twenty thousand in taxes.

“You go to the Church to redeem it, and a record will be left behind. The Church can then prove the source of eighty thousand Fenni of your income. That eighty thousand, you can spend freely,” Father Auden explained.

Leon chuckled softly.

This thing was essentially a lottery ticket.

In the Empire, only the Church could issue them, and it was one of the Church’s main means of accumulating wealth, while the government profited by collecting taxes from it.

In this world, lottery jackpots were not that massive, but prizes in the hundreds of thousands were still possible.

“And how much does it sell for?” Leon shook the ticket in his hand.

“One hundred thousand.”

“Because I earned one hundred thousand, you’re charging me one hundred thousand?”

“I bought this ticket for ninety thousand Fenni, so there’s a cost of ten thousand.

Add my fifteen percent service fee, and it should originally be one hundred and two thousand.

“Considering this is our first business transaction, I can offer a bit of a discount and round it down.

“Of course, this is just the simplest small-amount solution.

If your sum is larger, aside from the service fee, there won’t be any additional costs,” Father Auden explained.

“So you’re trying to help me launder money?” Leon finally understood Father Auden’s purpose.

He then handed the ticket back.

“An hour ago, you were still inciting your boss to kill me.

Now you come knocking on my door, volunteering to help me launder money? Is there something wrong with your head?”

The priest calmly took back the ticket.

“Mm, compared to your methods of doing business, I think I’m quite normal.

“Think about it—there’s no one more suitable for you than me in Hamel Town.

“You do business with Potter. I not only happen to know about it, but I also handle Potter’s assets. If you need anything, you can come find me at the East District church at any time.

“If you or your people run into any trouble during an investigation, or end up in court before the Inquisition, you can also come to me.”

Leon studied him for a while, then offered his assessment.

“Just like the rumors say—you really are Hamel Town’s most profit-driven shyster.”

“In my impression, the rumors should be phrased even more harshly,” Father Auden replied indifferently.

“But it doesn’t matter. Compared to the truth, those rumors already count as embellishment.”

Leon actually agreed with that.

After all, the public only knew that he helped the rich oppress the poor for money.

They had no idea that Father Auden was also a long-term advisor to underworld leaders, and might even have been involved in crimes even more inhumane.

“Then, Father Auden, what does conscience count as to you?” Leon asked casually.

“Probably the most valuable thing I possess,” Father Auden answered without hesitation.

Leon was momentarily stunned, feeling that the old man was lying through his teeth.

But then Father Auden continued, "So I sold it."

Leon gave a polite laugh at the joke.

Seeing how shameless the man was, he no longer intended to make any sarcastic remarks.

It would be meaningless.

Money laundering would probably be necessary for him in the future, but for now, he did not want to consider it, because he still could not trust Father Auden as a person.

After a long silence, Leon spoke again.

"Father Auden, do you still remember the Hesh family?"

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

## **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 53 : Damn It, He Had Run Into a Pervert - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 53 : Damn It, He Had Run Into a Pervert**

Chapter 53: Damn It, He Had Run Into a Pervert

"Hesh?" Father Auden thought carefully for a moment and soon recalled it.

"Oh, the Hesh couple who ran a theater.

You know them?"

"Yes. I know Mrs. Hesh and her daughter. If I remember correctly, their family has debts here with you, right?" Leon said.

The primary creditor of Sally Hesh and Melissa Hesh was Potter.

His falling out with Garcia at the tavern had actually stemmed from this very issue.

On Potter's side, although he had seized the initiative during this business negotiation, afterward he would definitely find ways to investigate Leon.

Although Garcia was dead, he still had several subordinates.

They had all seen Leon stand up for Melissa, and it would not be difficult for them to find out that he was connected to the Hesh family.

Once the investigation reached that point, those underworld figures might privately treat Sally and Melissa as leverage to control him.

That would actually put the two of them at risk.

If so, it would be better for Leon to bring it up himself.

But timing was crucial.

He had to make the other party realize that the mother and daughter were not that important to him, while also making it clear that touching them would still bring trouble.

He had thought of this earlier while talking with Potter, but after weighing it carefully, he did not bring it up right away.

At that time, they were discussing critical details of the transaction, and suddenly mentioning the Hesh mother and daughter might instead draw unwanted attention.

Now that he unexpectedly had a chance to chat idly with Father Auden, Leon felt the timing was just right.

He could also take the opportunity to probe the specifics.

“Yes, and not a small amount either. Including late fees, it should already exceed six hundred thousand,” Father Auden said, his sharp gaze fixed on Leon.

“What’s wrong? What’s your relationship with them?”

“I’m their tenant,” Leon replied in a casual tone.

“You earn so much a year yet live in a rundown house that’s about to be seized? You’re quite cautious. But it sounds like you care a lot about that mother and daughter?” Father Auden suddenly asked.

“Because...” Realizing the priest’s deliberate probing, Leon carefully chose his words.

“I’m very interested in that mother and daughter.”

When dealing with underworld figures, showing concern for Melissa and the others would only make them targets.

Displaying exclusive, possessive desire, on the other hand, would make them realize that touching someone else’s prey would incur unnecessary costs.

“What?” Father Auden did not quite understand.

“Sally Hesh? A widow who’s about to die—what’s there to interest you?”

Leon could only grit his teeth and continue, putting on an eager expression as he spoke:

“Precisely because she’s about to die. Only someone who has lost all hope of survival can radiate that kind of despair and pain. And a woman who’s on the brink of death—give her just a bit of hope, and she’ll do anything. Blooming flowers are beautiful, of course, but withering flowers have their own unique flavor.”

“Uh... to be honest, I don’t really understand,” Father Auden said, his expression turning a little awkward.

After thinking for a moment, he suddenly sensed something was off.

“Wait. Could it be that your feud with Garcia was because of this? But someone like Garcia...”

Someone like Garcia would never be interested in a dying Sally.

There was only one other possibility...

Father Auden’s eyes widened slightly.

“Don’t tell me you’re also interested in the child from the Hesh family?”

Leon did not want to admit it, but at this point he could only see the act through to the end.

“Aren’t you asking a bit too much?”

“...Nothing. I respect everyone’s preferences.”

Father Auden finally gave up on digging further.

He realized that he had truly encountered a real pervert today, and there was a faint hint of wariness in the way he looked at Leon.

But Leon did not end the topic there.

“I’ve actually been considering whether you could package their debt and sell it to me.”

“Spending six hundred thousand on two women—no, strictly speaking, just one little girl—doesn’t seem very worthwhile,” Father Auden shook his head.

“Do the math yourself. Is that debt really worth six hundred thousand? Once you seize the house, that little girl alone has no way to repay it in full. Are you really planning to resell it to me at full price? You need my goods—throwing this in as a freebie shouldn’t matter, right?” Leon retorted.

Now that he had established connections with Potter and Father Auden, Leon felt he might be able to use that relationship to renegotiate the debt, squeeze out the excess, and transfer the creditor rights to himself.

Father Auden replied calmly, “That’s asking for too big a freebie. Potter is a businessman; he won’t do a losing deal.

There might be some room for a discount, but there’s no way it’ll be given to you for free.

And even giving you a discount depends on our business being able to continue stably.

You’d better focus on doing your job first.

Also, if you need to explain the source of your money, I’m always available.”

Leon realized that he would have to deliver goods at least once or twice before it would be convenient to negotiate the Hesh family’s debt.

“Alright,” Leon said.

After thinking for a moment, he probed again, “I remember that the small theater the Hesh family ran was burned down.

Was that incident related to you?”

The Hesh couple had taken out a loan to buy that small theater, which then suddenly burned down.

Afterward, Father Auden represented Potter in taking over the land.

With relatively little cost, they saddled the family with massive debt, thoroughly squeezing them dry.

Only Mr.

Hesh’s unexpected death and Mrs.

Hesh’s illness had made the debt difficult to repay.

Considering that Potter was Mr.

Griffin and Father Auden was his adviser, and that these people were underworld figures to begin with, the fire seemed all the more suspicious.

In fact, Melissa's family had always suspected arson, but the Security Office had never found any results.

"At least it had nothing to do with me. I don't know anything. I only handled the aftermath," Father Auden replied with a very subtle attitude.

"Is that so." Leon more or less had his answer.

He wanted to help Sally and Melissa, but the reality was that he had now begun to associate with the very villains who had once persecuted their family, pretending to be one of their kind.

Thinking about it was indeed rather ironic.

But no matter what, he still had to keep the business going.

Only by earning enough money would he have the conditions to break the deadlock—whether for Melissa and the others, or for his own situation.

Another stretch of silence followed.

Wheel tracks began to appear on the ground; it seemed they had reached Hamel Town.

"You'd better sell more goods as soon as possible. Don't hold back too much," Father Auden suddenly said.

"Hm?" Leon responded.

"As I said before, you killed Caron Eso. The Church will soon send someone troublesome, and the Earl will also make his next move. With Potter's level and the cards he has in hand, I don't think he'll last to the end. As for you—since you've entered the game, you'll probably be quite busy as well," Father Auden said.

"Is it appropriate to talk about your own boss like that? Why aren't you more concerned about yourself?" Leon asked.

"My job is to help people like you get out of trouble. I have my own way out," Father Auden replied calmly.

"Here's a piece of advice: no matter who the Inquisition sends next, don't think that killing him will solve everything. It will only make things more troublesome. Though I suspect... you might not even get that chance."

Without waiting for Leon's response, Father Auden knocked on the carriage wall and spoke through the gap at the front.

"Drop me off once we reach town. Anywhere is fine."

The coachman answered with a whistled signal, then slowly pulled the carriage to the side and came over to open the door.

"Farewell. Come find me if you need anything," Father Auden said, then stepped down from the carriage.

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

## **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 54 : I Am Male and Prefer Females - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 54 : I Am Male and Prefer Females**

Chapter 54: I Am Male and Prefer Females

Inside the Labyrinth Workshop, Leon and Rena were each busy at their own workbenches.

After finishing a batch of potion preparation, Rena let out a long breath and prepared to take a short rest.

She looked toward Leon and noticed that he was not handling Magical Beasts.

Instead, he was fiddling with several test tubes filled with different liquids, seemingly conducting some kind of experiment on his own.

"Are you trying to extract Mana again?" Rena asked.

After obtaining Moilai's blessing, Leon had indeed tried to learn to extract Mana using the Moilai Altar the way Rena did.

He had successfully extracted Mana, but for some reason—whether due to his magical power level or proficiency—after several attempts, the quality of the Mana he produced had never matched Rena's.

Using the same raw materials, the Mana Leon produced was on average about five percentage points lower than Rena's.

Rena had assumed that he had already given up on extracting Mana himself.

"No, I'm doing other experiments," Leon replied.

“What are you doing?” She leaned over curiously and casually picked up two test tubes from the rack to examine them.

“Don’t touch—” Leon was just about to stop her when he realized she had already picked them up.

He sighed softly.

“Sigh.”

“What’s wrong? I’m wearing gloves and a mask! You’re not wearing anything yourself and you’re still touching things. Is this something dangerous?”

Rena asked in confusion as she examined the two test tubes in her hands.

One contained a transparent, pale yellow liquid, while the other held a very small amount of a white, paste-like viscous substance.

“I’m doing these experiments precisely to determine whether these things are dangerous,” Leon explained.

“What kind of potion is this? If you’re bringing potions into the workshop, you have to report it to me in advance!” Rena said seriously.

All potions in the workshop were managed and handled by her.

If Leon brought in anything hazardous or capable of reacting with other stored potions without her knowledge, it would undoubtedly pose a risk to the workshop.

“These aren’t potions. They’re biological samples prepared for testing,” Leon said.

“Biological samples of what? Animals? Magical Beasts?”

“Mine,” Leon replied calmly.

“Huh?” Rena failed to react for a moment.

“My blood has already been confirmed to possess a special cursed property that can be controlled by my will. So I started wondering whether my other bodily fluids might carry similar dangers—if so, whether the intensity differs, and whether they can be controlled...”

Leon explained slowly as he picked up a test tube in his own hand.

“At present, it’s been preliminarily confirmed that these don’t have any obvious toxicity. That’s good—at least I won’t accidentally poison someone to death just by spraying droplets.”

“I see.” Rena understood, then suddenly realized something and widened her eyes.

She hurriedly put the two test tubes back onto the rack.

“Wait, then what are those two?”

“One of them is urine. The other...” Leon hesitated for a moment.

“You work in breeding. You shouldn’t not know. I don’t want to spell it out too clearly.”

Rena raised Magical Beasts, so she certainly understood reproduction principles.

Leon felt there was no need to give her a lesson in basic biology here.

Rena took a deep breath, her face flushing bright red.

Then, with a pained expression, she turned and rushed to the sink, tore off her gloves, threw them away, and started washing her hands frantically.

After quite a while, her shouting finally erupted: “Idiot! Moron! Stupid! What kind of things did you make me touch?! W-what if something goes wrong by accident? Can you take responsibility for that?!”

“These are just normal biological samples for research. Don’t be so overly sensitive. Besides, I told you not to touch them—you picked them up first. You were wearing gloves, and everything was sealed in test tubes. What could possibly go wrong?” Leon said lightly.

“Then why did you put them into test tubes and bring them in here?! Do you know how expensive these experimental containers are?!” Rena said angrily.

Those delicate glass and metal experimental vessels were very expensive on the market.

“We’re not short on money now, and I didn’t damage them. Just wash and sterilize them and keep using them,” Leon said.

“But can I not feel grossed out?! Let me make this clear first—I don’t want any of those tools anymore! You keep them yourself! Don’t mix them with mine!!” Rena said angrily.

“Then just write your name on your own stuff,” Leon replied indifferently.

Rena dried her hands.

She had finally calmed down a little, but she still stared at Leon and complained, “The others are one thing, but that... was it really necessary to test it?”

“How could it not be necessary? After receiving a blessing, I need to thoroughly examine what changes have occurred in my body. What if I find a partner someday and accidentally kill her without realizing it?” Leon replied.

“Find a partner?” Rena blinked.

“I’m male and I prefer females. Wanting to find a partner is normal, right?” Leon replied while organizing the equipment.

Rena felt her heart stir slightly.

She moved closer to Leon and leaned over, probing cautiously.

“So that means... you don’t have one right now?”

“No. Why?” Leon asked in return.

“N-no reason...” Rena didn’t know how to continue.

She herself didn’t understand why she had suddenly become curious about this.

“I was just thinking—you’ve done so many things that could get you executed. What kind of partner could you even find in the future? If you find an ordinary person, wouldn’t you be ruining her life?”

“It’s fine. Once I have money and wash my hands of this business, women will be easy to find. I can keep a few—however many I want, whatever types there are,” Leon said casually, running his mouth.

The moment Rena heard this, an inexplicable surge of anger rose within her.

She lifted her foot and kicked at Leon.

“Go die, you scumbag!!”

“Hey, that’s dangerous!” Leon dodged quickly.

“What are you doing? That was obviously a joke!”

“Even as a joke, it makes me uncomfortable!” Rena argued forcefully.

“What does that have to do with you? Why are you uncomfortable?” Leon frowned.

“I...” Rena was momentarily speechless.

Right—what did it have to do with her how this bastard found a partner or women in the future?

“Talking to you is a waste of time. Get back to work!” Rena changed the subject and turned back to her workbench.

Leon shook his head in confusion and continued with his work.

Not far away, Rena secretly glanced over at him again.

Ever since Leon had killed that Director of the Inquisition, Rena found that she didn’t know why, but whenever they were in the same space, her gaze would drift toward Leon from time to time.

And occasionally, her mind would inexplicably replay the scene of them hiding together in the labyrinth—she had been terrified, clinging tightly to Leon.

In that moment, it was as if the entire world had been reduced to just the two of them.

All sounds faded away, leaving only the clarity of each other’s heartbeats.

Before that, when Leon had turned his back and walked away, she had once thought he had truly abandoned her.

But in the end, Leon had still chosen to risk his life to protect her, engaging in a deadly fight with that terrifying Inquisitor...

No, no—thinking about it carefully, if he hadn’t dragged her into this business in the first place, how would she have ended up facing such danger?

Rena tried hard to straighten out her thoughts.

This guy had promised to protect her from the beginning.

If he said it, he should do it!

“All right, I’m heading inside again,” Leon said as he finished tidying the experimental table.

He grabbed a pickaxe and a shovel from the toolbox in the corner.

“What exactly have you been messing around with in there since yesterday? Mining?” Rena couldn’t help asking.

“I studied the internal structure of the labyrinth earlier and found an entrance that was blasted but not completely collapsed—it was blocked again through backfilling. I want to dig out another exit.

“That way, entering and leaving the labyrinth from there will be safer.

Even if someone suddenly comes in through this side’s entrance, you or I inside will still have a route to escape,” Leon explained.

After the incident of Caron suddenly breaking in, Leon realized that they had always been at risk of being trapped like turtles in a jar inside the labyrinth.

The entrance they had been using was registered with the Inquisition.

If someone followed that route in, whoever was inside would be completely sealed within the labyrinth.

Thus, he decided to reopen a concealed passage and hide it, leaving them another way out in the labyrinth.

Having the workshop sealed was serious, but it was nothing compared to being caught red-handed on the spot.

“Will this place... still be discovered?” Rena asked uneasily.

“No one knows what will happen after Caron’s death. But Magical Beasts still have to be raised in the labyrinth, so we need to prepare ahead of time,” Leon said, carrying his tools and lantern as he walked deeper into the labyrinth.

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

## **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 55 : You Are Under Arrest - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 55 : You Are Under Arrest**

Chapter 55: You Are Under Arrest

For half a month after Caron Eso went missing, Leon went to work at the Inquisition as usual, while closely monitoring internal developments.

During the first two days, Caron’s disappearance did not bring any major changes to the Inquisition.

Those who should work continued working, those who should slack off continued slacking off, and both debt collection tasks and already-established cases proceeded steadily as usual.

This was not surprising.

Caron did not personally handle many matters within the office on a regular basis.

There were even times when he went out for social engagements and did not appear at the Inquisition at all.

On the second day, Leon even seized an opportunity and, using a key, opened Caron's office alone to conduct a search, confirming that Caron had not left behind any evidence within the office that might point to him.

However, by the third day, when people who wanted to report on their work were unable to find the deputy director, they finally sensed that something was wrong.

It was also at this time that the butler Caron Eso had hired for his residence in Hamel Town came to the Inquisition and reported that Caron had not returned home for three days, hoping to confirm whether he was working at the office.

Only then did the deputy director finally realize the seriousness of the issue.

He carried out an emergency assembly and questioning of all personnel, set up a special task group, and tried every possible means to contact Director Caron.

In those days, the Inquisition suddenly became busy.

Some people were sent to places within Hamel Town that Caron might have visited to make inquiries, while others were dispatched to church facilities in the central towns of South Harbor County to ask questions.

Leon also saw his own captain go alone to the deputy director's office to report something, after which he immediately set out for some location in the town.

Leon estimated that the deputy director must have known about the shady dealings Caron conducted behind the scenes, and might even have participated in handling some of them.

Caron had learned about Leon from the old shop owner.

Both the deputy director and Captain Martin should have known of the old shop owner's existence, and going to question him would have been inevitable.

This was also one of the reasons Leon had been determined to eliminate the old shop owner.

But now the old shop owner had already disappeared.

After Leon met Potter that day, Potter sent people to completely clear out that recycling shop, cutting off that lead entirely.

Leon estimated that when Caron extracted information about him from the old shop owner, no one else was present, and Caron had not told anyone about it.

Otherwise, he would not have appeared there alone.

At that time, the deputy director and the captain discovered the strange disappearance of the recycling shop.

After hesitating repeatedly, the deputy director ultimately chose to report Caron Eso's loss of contact to the Church.

Another ten days passed like this.

Aside from some Inquisitors from other towns being sent over to assist with the work here and ask a few questions to help investigate Director Caron's whereabouts, there were basically no special changes within the office.

All other work proceeded as usual, while progress in contacting Director Caron remained stagnant.

After all, Caron Eso had truly evaporated from this world.

Leon even began to doubt at one point whether Father Auden's earlier warning had been exaggerated.

Regarding Caron's disappearance, the higher levels of the Church did not seem to react quickly at all.

But on the fourteenth day, Leon and the other Inquisitors heard the bell for an emergency summons and rushed to assemble at the training ground inside the office.

With a solemn expression, the deputy director used commands to have them stand at attention and form ranks.

Then he turned and saluted the raised platform of the training ground.

"All personnel of this office are assembled and in position. Please inspect us, sir!!"

Leon raised his head along with the others and saw two figures appear one after the other on the platform that normally only Caron would stand upon, looking down at them from above.

Standing slightly farther back was a middle-aged man dressed as a bishop, with a calm expression.

On his gray priestly robe was embroidered a Four-Pointed Star Emblem with a holy sword at its center, representing that he was a bishop from the Church of the God of War.

The other was a young man about the same age as Leon and most of the Inquisitors.

He had a handsome and upright appearance and wore the white knightly ceremonial uniform issued by the Church.

The Church emblem on his chest showed that he was a Fully Appointed Third-Rank Knight.

Faced with such a lineup, the Inquisitors who had gathered could not help but tense up.

Not even considering official positions, just in terms of rank alone, that bishop was one rank higher than their Director Caron, while that young man was two ranks higher.

Big shots from the Church had arrived!

Seeing this, starting from the captains, everyone saluted the bishop and the knight on the platform.

Afterward, the third-rank knight spoke loudly:

“I am Aaron Dias, a Fully Appointed Knight of the Holy Sword Knight Order of the Church of the God of War. Starting today, in accordance with a dispatch order issued by the College of Cardinals, I will temporarily replace the former director, Caron Eso, and assume the position of Director of the Hamel Town Inquisition in South Harbor County. Beside me is Bishop Becket of the Church of the God of War, who will also, under Church dispatch, temporarily serve as the deputy director of this office. You will soon see the formal appointment announcement.”

Leon felt his heart sink upon hearing this and finally understood that Father Auden had not been exaggerating.

The Church had actually sent people of higher rank than Caron to temporarily take over his position—and not just one, but two at once: a fully appointed third-rank knight and a bishop of the Church of the God of War.

These two were likely Transcendents whose strength rivaled or even surpassed Caron's, and who wielded greater authority within the Church.

The new director looked almost excessively young, but to hold such a high position at such an age meant either extraordinarily outstanding ability, an exceptionally solid background—or perhaps... both!

Moreover, even if it could be concluded that he lacked experience, he still had a bishop who looked highly seasoned assisting him.

For such people to investigate Caron's disappearance case was indeed, just as Father Auden had said, the arrival of truly troublesome figures!

"I believe everyone present has already thought of this. We were dispatched here primarily to investigate the loss of contact of the former director, Caron Eso. However, before that, as I take office as the new director, there is another matter that must be handled first."

After speaking, Aaron, who had assumed the role of director, scanned everyone present and issued an order in a steady tone.

"Deputy Director Theodore Gorman, Captain of Team Three Martin Bouvier, step forward."

The deputy director and Captain Martin, whose names were called, both showed slightly surprised expressions, but they quickly obeyed the order, came to the front of the formation, stood at attention, and saluted Aaron.

"Sir, what are your orders?" the deputy director asked Aaron.

"Theodore Gorman, Martin Bouvier, you two are suspected of three major crimes: embezzlement and bribery, dereliction of duty, and the Crime of Apostasy. I hereby, in accordance with Church law, announce that you are under arrest!" Aaron declared loudly.

At that moment, not only the deputy director and Captain Martin as the parties involved, but all the Inquisitors present revealed shocked expressions.

Before anyone could react, four masked Delegate Officers of the Church strode in, seized the two flustered men, and clamped shackles onto them.

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

# **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 56 : Walking into the Trap - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 56 : Walking into the Trap**

Chapter 56: Walking into the Trap

The Delegate Officers who arrested the Deputy Director and Captain Martin wore black iron four-pointed star emblems on the outside of their uniforms, marking them as Disciplinary Officers from the Church Disciplinary Order.

If the Inquisition was the law enforcement force directed at the world outside the Church, then the Church Disciplinary Order was aimed inward.

They were like military police within an army, directly dispatched by the College of Cardinals to arrest bishops, knights, and inquisitors who violated Church law.

Leon realized that the newly appointed Director had already begun investigating Director Caron's disappearance before officially taking office, and had obtained evidence of Caron's corruption and abuse of power in Hamel Town.

Captain Martin and Deputy Director Theodore had likely handled some illicit funds and stolen goods for Caron behind the scenes.

Moreover, this investigation had not gone through the Hamel Inquisition, which meant that the newly appointed Director and Deputy Director possessed sufficient authority to mobilize other forces within the Church.

"Wait, sir, what is going on here?" Deputy Director Theodore dodged the shackles that were about to be clamped onto his hands and looked up to argue.

"Isn't there some kind of misunderstanding?"

Director Aaron did not speak, but Bishop Beckett behind him smiled and opened his mouth:

"Your two informants at the Bourbon Street casino are already in our custody. They have fully confessed to your fencing of stolen goods and acceptance of bribes. Next, we will be reviewing your assets. We hope you will be able to provide reasonable explanations for all of them afterward."

Deputy Director Theodore instantly deflated like a punctured ball.

The Disciplinary Officers shackled him once more, and this time he did not resist.

Seeing this, Captain Martin also gave up arguing, his face ashen as he was taken away together with Theodore.

“As everyone knows, the previous Director, Caron Eso, has been missing for quite some time.

The Church has appointed me to fully investigate this matter,” Aaron swept his gaze over those present.

“According to my preliminary findings, during his tenure Eso was suspected of repeatedly embezzling illicit funds, reselling stolen goods, and harboring criminals.

The two individuals just arrested were both involved in this process.

I hope this will serve as a warning to all of you.

“Next, all inquisitors of captain rank are to remain and gather with me in the Director’s office to assist me in understanding the situation of this Inquisition.

All other personnel are to return to their posts.

You may now disperse.”

Leon withdrew along with the others.

Watching Martin being taken away, he felt a vague sense of unease.

Previously, when interrogating the old shop owner, the man had said that Martin had been present when Caron approached him, although Martin had been sent away after the old shop owner spoke about matters involving Leon.

Not long after that, Caron had disappeared.

Captain Martin and the Deputy Director had likely both tried to probe along the old shop owner’s line, yet now the old shop owner himself had also vanished without a trace.

Both of them had been implicated in Caron’s use of the old shop owner, Roddy, to fence stolen goods.

They had probably feared investigation and therefore failed to report this lead to the Church.

Yet they had still been exposed and arrested.

It was very possible that they would soon confess this lead as well.

The old shop owner was gone, so even if the new Director pursued this lead, at most he would only discover that the matter was connected to a local gang dealing in Mana, and Caron himself had already been entangled with that business.

What made Leon nervous was that his first contact with the old shop owner had been when he ran errands at Captain Martin's request.

If Martin mentioned this incident, Leon would likely also be investigated.

Merely running an errand once was not a serious matter in itself.

In the process, he had only received two hundred and fifty Fenni as an errand fee, nowhere near enough to constitute a crime.

At most, it would amount to dereliction of duty for failing to report what he knew.

Considering that the principal offender in fencing stolen goods had been his direct superior and that he could not disobey orders, the severity of the issue could go either way.

Even under the harshest punishment, it would only be dismissal from office, five days of detention, and a fine.

For Leon, aside from losing the conveniences of his position, this was practically nothing.

In comparison, what he truly worried about was the new Director linking Caron's disappearance with the old shop owner's disappearance.

In both matters, Leon could not withstand deep scrutiny at all, because he had indeed killed both of them himself.

If Leon's concerns became reality, they would carefully investigate anyone who had connections with both the old shop owner and Caron.

Caron's disappearance was a major case, and Captain Martin would certainly be subjected to intensive questioning, with every fencing transaction he had handled thoroughly examined.

In that situation, the likelihood of Martin mentioning Leon was very high—perhaps even almost inevitable.

If Captain Martin truly had not received money from the Director, then even if he were deemed derelict in duty, he would have a chance at a lighter sentence, provided that he confessed useful information.

He would certainly truthfully explain most of the fencing operations.

So what should be done now?

After returning to the duty room, Leon thought carefully.

Finding an opportunity to poison Captain Martin while he was detained was obviously impossible.

The risk was too great, and it would instead drag in a new murder case, causing the new Director to focus on internal personnel who had the opportunity to act.

Leon had no personal grudge against the Captain, and there was no need to go that far.

Approaching the Captain through a transactional method to persuade him not to mention Leon was also inappropriate.

Leaving aside whether it would even succeed, Captain Martin was already detained, and rashly contacting him at such a time would itself look highly suspicious.

After a moment's thought, Leon made his decision.

He first left the Inquisition under the pretext of handling external duties and went to the Waystation to mail an anonymous letter.

After that, he returned to the Inquisition and headed straight for the Director's office.

After taking a deep breath, he tried knocking on the door.

A moment later, a response came from inside: "Please come in."

Leon opened the door and entered.

The newly appointed Director, Aaron Dias, was seated behind the desk, in the position that had once belonged to Caron.

Bishop Beckett, serving as Deputy Director, was standing to the side, helping him organize documents.

The captains were no longer in the office.

It seemed the new Director had only briefly questioned them before adjourning the meeting.

Seeing Leon enter, both men showed slight surprise.

“You are...?” Aaron examined Leon’s uniform.

With so many low-ranking inquisitors present earlier, it was impossible for him to remember every face at once, let alone know all their names.

“Low-Ranking Inquisitor Leon Set, joined two years ago.

I pay my respects to you both, sirs,” What business do you have?” A gentle smile appeared on Aaron’s face.

In terms of temperament, this young knight could not have been more different from Caron Eso.

“Regarding the matter you mentioned earlier about Director Caron embezzling illicit funds and stolen goods, I have information to report,” Leon replied solemnly.

Aaron exchanged a glance with Bishop Beckett and continued questioning Leon.

“Is this something you heard secondhand, or do you have concrete evidence?”

They had seen many internal reports added after someone fell from power.

Most lacked any real evidence.

If someone truly possessed evidence, then the informant himself would have been guilty of concealing it earlier.

“I once participated in the Director’s act of reselling stolen goods,” Leon replied, meeting Director Aaron’s eyes directly.

Rather than waiting to be discovered and then scrambling to defend himself, it was better to advance by retreating—to take the initiative before Captain Martin and expose this matter himself, thereby reducing its threat to him.

A minor offense could sometimes serve as camouflage for a major one.

By adopting the appearance of someone fearful of severe punishment for dereliction of duty and voluntarily confessing, he could, to a certain extent, greatly reduce suspicion of his involvement in Caron’s disappearance.

Those hiding grave crimes usually would not step forward at such a critical moment.

What he needed to conceal were murders and large-scale illegal transactions—crimes enough to earn him multiple death sentences.

Compared to that, being punished for dereliction of duty was completely insignificant to him.

Of course, if the other party were overly suspicious, there was also the risk of being suspected all the way through and detained for careful investigation, just like Captain Martin.

But this could also become an early warning for him.

He had already sent an anonymous letter to Rena in advance.

If he failed to make contact for more than six days, Rena would have to relocate the items in the Workshop, destroy the evidence inside, and then hide herself.

Without further evidence, even if he were detained for investigation, there would be a time limit.

“What did you say?” Aaron frowned slightly.

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

## **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 57 : His Highness the Prince - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 57 : His Highness the Prince**

Chapter 57: His Highness the Prince

Leon slowly explained the entire situation, including how he had accepted Captain Martin Bouvier’s commission to go to the old junk shop for a transaction, retrieved the money and handed it back to the captain, and then received an errand fee of two hundred and fifty Fenni from the captain.

Aaron Dias and Bishop Beckett listened in silence.

Afterward, Aaron spoke thoughtfully: “Inquisitor Set, do you know what everything you just confessed implies?”

“I am willing to take responsibility for my confession just now,” Leon replied with a taut expression.

“Then you should understand that this already constitutes dereliction of duty.” Bishop Beckett stepped in front of Leon and said, “After clearly knowing that Caron Eso was suspected of the grave crime of heretical transactions, not only did you fail to report it to the Church, you even participated in it?”

“Reporting to my superiors,” Leon said earnestly, “given the authority Director Eso held in the Inquisition at the time, no one could oppose him at all.

Moreover, he controlled numerous informants suspected of heretical dealings.

Even if I had taken the stolen goods to report him, it would have been difficult to serve as decisive evidence.

The only outcome I could foresee was being bitten back instead, and then suffering terrifying retaliation during the investigation.”

“So you did not believe that the Church’s laws could grant you justice?” Bishop Beckett asked in an extremely leading tone.

“I did believe so. That is why I have come here today to confess everything to the two of you,” Leon answered.

“So it was only after your captain was caught that you began to believe in the justice of the law? You were merely afraid that once your captain confessed your involvement, when we summoned you, you would be severely punished!” Bishop Beckett stared fixedly at Leon.

“I just... I just felt that this was the right thing to do, and that it was not too late,” Leon deliberately avoided the other’s gaze, putting on a guilty appearance.

Bishop Beckett clung tightly to this point, which for Leon was not a bad thing.

The more people believed that he was merely a small fry who would lose his nerve over such matters, the more it could serve as his protective coloration.

Pursuing him solely for failing to report would ultimately count as nothing more than simple dereliction of duty, as long as he was not tied to Caron’s disappearance.

“All right, Bishop Beckett, there’s no need to go on like this,” Aaron suddenly spoke up to stop him.

Hearing Aaron’s intervention, Bishop Beckett immediately abandoned further questioning of Leon and instead returned behind the desk.

Aaron looked Leon over for a while, then nodded.

“You made a mistake, but fortunately you were able to turn back in time. Being afraid of punishment at least shows that the Church’s laws still carry weight in your heart. That you could come forward and confess to us—this indeed was the right thing to do.

“The Church’s laws failed to restrain your superiors’ corruption in time, and also failed to give you the confidence to report them.

If they could only punish you afterward, I believe that would instead damage the authority of the law.”

“But according to regulations, he should still receive disciplinary action,” Bishop Beckett interjected.

“According to regulations, I can also rule to temporarily suspend that punishment,” Aaron said, looking at Leon and speaking in an encouraging tone.

“I hope you take this as a warning, do your work well, and strive to offset the punishment through merit.”

Leon was somewhat surprised by Aaron’s words.

He had originally estimated that he would receive some form of punishment no matter what—at the very least suspension or a pay cut.

He had not expected it to be merely a suspended punishment.

This person seemed rather lenient—was he the type of leader who liked to play the good cop?

Yet considering how decisively he had arrested the deputy director and the captain upon taking office, Leon still did not dare to let down his guard around him.

“But if you reoffend, this punishment will still be reinstated, and all disciplinary actions will be treated more severely as repeat offenses,” Bishop Beckett continued to play the bad cop.

“Yes.

I will keep it firmly in mind. Thank you both for your magnanimity,” Leon said as he saluted in thanks.

“Leon Set, I’ll remember you.

I look forward to your performance in the team from here on out,” Aaron said with a smile and a nod.

“I will certainly not disappoint your expectations,” Leon replied.

“Then hurry back to your duties,” Bishop Beckett was already eager to send him off.

“I take my leave first.”

After saying that, Leon turned toward the door, letting out a sigh of relief inwardly.

The effect of proactively confessing had been better than expected.

Not only had he successfully crossed this risk point, he had also slightly tested the working styles of the two new superiors.

As soon as he opened the door, he came face-to-face with a young woman dressed like a clerk.

Seeing that she was carrying a tray with teacups and a teapot, Leon realized she was there to serve tea for the two men, so he held the door open to give her way.

“Thank you,” she said to him as she walked into the office.

“Sirs, please have some tea.”

“Just set it there first, Carolyn, then come over and help me organize these files,” Bishop Beckett called to her.

Leon stepped outside, the image of the woman’s pretty features lingering in his mind.

There had absolutely never been such a person at the Hamel Inquisition before—someone who could directly help organize files.

She looked like a secretary brought over by the two new superiors from their original posting.

Even something as trivial as making tea was entrusted to a personal secretary, which seemed rather particular.

There were clearly attendants responsible for cleaning and miscellaneous chores here—could it be that her tea-making skills were especially good?

Suddenly, Leon vaguely realized something, and his steps came to a halt.

He stood there thinking for a moment, his expression growing serious.

Then he went downstairs, quickly crossed the Inquisition’s training grounds, and headed toward the cafeteria.

At the side of the cafeteria, he happened to see an elderly woman working as a kitchen hand peeling potatoes, and he greeted her: “Good day, Mrs.

Hunter.”

“Oh, good morning, sir,” she replied with a slight bow.

No matter how low Leon’s position was here, he was still a formal Inquisitor.

“Today’s dishes are chicken stew and roasted potatoes again?” Leon asked casually, as if making small talk.

“Hehe, they’re the local classics,” the old woman said with a smile.

“Oh, you should change things up once in a while. A new Director has arrived recently—if he eats what you usually make, you might all end up losing your jobs,” Leon smoothly changed the subject.

“Oh my, sir, that’s something we’d find hard to do even if we wanted to. Didn’t you know? Two people came to the kitchen, saying they’re specifically responsible for cooking for the new Director. They brought their own food and cookware, and even demanded priority use of the stove. So full of themselves!” she said, opening the floodgates.

“Bringing one’s own chefs—quite the display,” Leon chuckled.

“Exactly! Worthy of a big shot indeed!” the old kitchen hand echoed with a laugh.

No one dared to say outright which noble family’s young master had taken office and even brought his own chefs along.

But Leon had already learned what he wanted to know.

He soon bade her farewell and left.

After turning away, the smile on his face gradually faded.

Arriving at a new post, bringing one’s own chefs, even entrusting tea service to a personally brought secretary... at first glance, this might have seemed like nothing more than habits born of aristocratic pampering.

But from Leon’s perspective, it conveyed another message—hard to poison.

It wasn’t that he was seriously considering poisoning the newly appointed Director right now.

It was simply that he had already taken it for granted that the other party was an enemy, and would naturally look for weaknesses.

The new superior was clearly on guard against poisoning and assassination.

Even someone like Caron, who had offended many people, had not been so neurotic.

Although Caron rarely ate in the cafeteria, he often went to nearby restaurants and taverns.

This level of vigilance was not something an ordinary person would have.

At the same time, inside the Director's Office, Aaron and Bishop Beckett sat facing each other across the desk, drinking tea and conversing.

"What is your evaluation of this place?" Bishop Beckett asked.

"A den of filth and corruption. I never knew that local Church institutions could be like this. There's a need to rectify the atmosphere," Aaron replied, holding his teacup.

"The filth isn't only below. You just haven't seen much of it yet. And what you need to rectify isn't merely the atmosphere of this small place, but that of the entire country," Bishop Beckett said with a smile.

"That's still a bit far off for me," Aaron said with a self-deprecating chuckle.

"I will assist you step by step. No matter what, even you need to accumulate some merits to gain the support of those Cardinals within the Church—just as the Earl Foyle suggested," Bishop Beckett said.

"Mmm. In any case, we must uncover the truth behind Caron Eso's disappearance, as well as the origins of that batch of new goods circulating in South Harbor County. We cannot allow the nation's order to be challenged again and again," Aaron said seriously.

"As you command, Your Highness the Prince," Bishop Beckett replied in a lowered voice.

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

## **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 58 : The Interrogated Witch - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 58 : The Interrogated Witch**

Chapter 58: The Interrogated Witch

Rena sat in front of the table, one hand cuffed in shackles, the other end locked to the table leg beneath the tabletop.

Two oil lamps were placed on the table, illuminating the cramped space.

Opposite her sat a masked Inquisitor, his entire body exuding a cold, oppressive aura.

“Rena Lothark?” the Inquisitor asked.

“Y-yes...” Rena replied uneasily.

“I won’t waste words. We already know that you are a Witch. According to Church regulations, you have committed the crime of heretical blasphemy. On top of that, you are also implicated in the large-scale production and sale of Mana, which is an aggravating circumstance. You may very well be sentenced to death.

“But if you cooperate now and truthfully confess all your crimes here, you still have a chance to receive lenient treatment. This is your only chance. Do you understand what I mean?”

The Inquisitor tapped the table lightly with his knuckles.

“I-I’m not a Witch!!” Rena shook her head with an innocent look.

“Wrong.” The Inquisitor across from her suddenly shook his head.

“How is that wrong again?” Rena frowned in confusion.

“When I said ‘we already know you are a Witch,’ you should have reacted with intense denial. That would have been the normal response,” the Inquisitor explained patiently.

“Ugh, this is so troublesome. I’m done playing, I’m done!”

Rena lost her patience and shook the shackles on her wrist.

“Hurry up and unlock this. I’ve got work to do.”

“I already said this isn’t playing—it’s training!”

Leon, who had been playing the role of interrogator, removed his mask and looked at Rena seriously.

This was training—training Rena’s counter-interrogation abilities.

After Director Aaron took office, he had quickly formed a task force to investigate Caron’s disappearance, which made Leon feel a certain degree of tension.

Although another week had passed since the task force was established, the investigation had made no real progress.

“Does this even mean anything?” Rena’s face was filled with complete incomprehension.

“Once you’re caught, isn’t it all over? What’s the point of training?”

She had no idea what had possessed Leon today to insist on dragging her into this so-called interrogation training.

Leon had her imagine being captured by the Inquisition and locked in an interrogation room, while he himself played the role of the interrogator.

But in Rena’s view, this was utterly baffling.

Once she was captured by the Inquisition, wouldn’t that mean she was completely finished?

What she should be training for was how not to get caught by the Church, not how to struggle on the brink of death after being captured.

“You don’t understand the process of heretical trials. Arresting you doesn’t mean you’ve already been convicted. It only means you’re suspected,” Leon said, pointing at Rena.

“Once I fall into your hands, isn’t it just whatever you want to do? You can just take some seized Mana and say it was found on me, then grab my hand and force me to sign the confession. Wouldn’t that be enough to convict me?” Rena muttered.

“That was two hundred years ago.” Leon shook his head.

“The Church has gone through many reforms since then.

The trial procedures are now much more complete. For a serious crime like receiving a Witch’s blessing, decisive evidence is required.”

“Decisive evidence?” Rena found the term strange.

Leon raised two fingers and began explaining.

“There are mainly two types. A public confession by the accused in court, or physical evidence that only a Witch could possess—such as a Moilai Altar. Simply finding Mana is useless. Any second-hand smuggler could be carrying Mana.”

“What about confessions? Don’t you just arrest people and torture them until they confess whatever you want?” Rena still wasn’t convinced.

“Using torture now requires approval from higher authorities, and it’s only permitted under certain conditions—such as when other evidence already strongly supports the

suspicion, or when the case involves other major crimes that require urgent handling. Otherwise, if the tribunal's medical inspection finds that the Inquisition used torture without meeting those conditions, the confession may be ruled invalid in court," Leon said.

Rena was genuinely surprised.

This was completely different from the Church she knew.

She had always thought the Inquisition was a violent, authoritarian institution—once you were targeted, even if you weren't a Witch, you'd be beaten into one, let alone someone like her who was the real thing.

"So now you understand why I'm specifically training you," Leon continued.

"In fact, the Church has no method that can determine with absolute certainty whether someone is a Witch. Convictions rely on physical evidence and your own testimony.

"When we can't find physical evidence, we'll do everything we can to make you confess. We'll use all kinds of verbal tactics—telling you we already have conclusive evidence, that someone else has already turned you in, urging you to confess for leniency.

"We'll also use non-violent methods, such as depriving you of sleep or applying psychological pressure. But you have to hold out. The more pressure an Inquisitor applies during interrogation, the more it actually shows that they don't have decisive evidence and must obtain your confession.

"And according to Church regulations, if no new evidence is produced, the maximum detention period for arresting and questioning you is thirty days. Exceeding that period will also cause procedural issues. Once you endure those thirty days, the Inquisition won't be able to do much to you for the time being.

"So remember this—you can't be like when I first met you. I scared you a little, and you collapsed immediately, answering everything you were asked," Leon explained.

"This is nothing like what I imagined. The Church is actually restricted by so many rules when investigating this?" Rena looked astonished.

"I think it probably has something to do with how prevalent Mana trading has become," Leon said.

"Those with power and influence are the ones who most want to extend their lifespans. Mana is so expensive, and they're the main consumers. Naturally, they want to limit the Church's authority to investigate Mana transactions.

“Every year, related proposals are submitted to the imperial capital. There may even be people within the Church who, like Caron, have interests tied to illegal trade. In that case, it wouldn’t be strange for the Church to reform itself.”

“But if I’m controlled, then it’s only a matter of time before physical evidence is found in my house, right?” Rena thought for a moment and said.

“I’ll find a way. That’s the point of you cooperating with me. Likewise, if I suddenly can’t be contacted, you’ll have to find a way to destroy the evidence yourself,” Leon said.

“Then if we’re both caught, does that mean we’re definitely finished?” Rena asked casually.

“Pretty much... but...” Leon hesitated.

“But what?”

“But if it really comes to that, maybe we can preserve one person,” Leon said.

“How would that work?” Rena frowned.

Even without knowing the law very well, she understood that between the Mana and Magical Beast materials they had sold, and the fact that at least two people had died—one of them being the Director of the Inquisition—it was more than enough to send both of them to the stake to be burned together.

“When that time comes, you can say you were coerced by me. As long as I cooperate with your testimony, you should have a chance at a lighter sentence. As a Witch, you’d probably have to live the rest of your life under Church supervision, but that should still be better than being burned alive,” Leon said as he looked at Rena.

“You...” Rena froze for a moment, then narrowed her eyes suspiciously.

“You’d really be that kind?”

“I chose this line of work knowing what I was getting into. Once I’m investigated for the crime of apostasy, it’s unrealistic to try and push all the blame onto you. But you have a chance. There’s no need for you to die with me.

“Being sentenced to death once or twice makes no difference to me. This is the most correct approach for us. Since I was the one who dragged you into this, taking on a bit of responsibility at that time is only right,” Leon said calmly.

Rena stared at Leon’s face for a long while before coming back to her senses.

She turned her gaze away.

“You make it sound nice now. Who knows—if you get caught alone, maybe you’ll rush to turn me in to earn credit for yourself!”

“The probability of me getting caught is still lower than yours. You should think more about how you’ll deal with it,” Leon said, putting his mask back on.

“Let’s do it again. To make you take this seriously, we’ll add some punishment this time.”

“Y-you—what are you planning to do?” Rena immediately became alert, holding her hands in front of her chest.

“I’m warning you, don’t do anything weird! If you dare touch me randomly, I’ll get angry!”

Just hearing Leon mention “punishment” had already made her mind flash with images that made her face heat up.

“I haven’t even said anything yet. But punishment only works if it’s something you dislike. Since you brought it up yourself, we can try it,” Leon deliberately teased her.

“I didn’t! No, absolutely not! Hey—you’re joking, right?” Rena was both annoyed and amused.

She stood up, trying to escape, but her hand was still firmly cuffed to the table.

“If you don’t want to be punished, then be more serious. We’re starting over now,” Leon said, placing the mask back over his smiling face.

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

## **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 59 : Annual Income of One Million - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 59 : Annual Income of One Million**

Chapter 59: Annual Income of One Million

After a period of time, at a relay station in the East District of Hamel Town, a disguised Leon got down from a carriage that had come from outside the town, carrying a large chest.

He walked down a street and arrived at a nearby tavern.

It was morning, and business at the tavern was sparse.

There were no other customers inside; the bartender was wiping glasses behind the counter.

“Do you have wine from the York Winery?” Leon asked as he sat down by the counter.

“White wine or red?” the bartender asked casually.

“Gin, with a bit of age on it,” Leon replied.

“I’ll bring it right up.”

The bartender turned around, took a small tin flask, poured him a little less than half a cup of liquor, and slid it over.

Leon did not drink.

Instead, he asked, “I have a friend who asked me to meet here today. He said he’d be waiting for me in Private Room Number Six. Has he arrived?”

“He’s already here. Please go up the stairs to the second floor and walk along the corridor—you’ll find it,” the bartender explained.

Seeing that there were no other customers around, Leon did not touch the drink.

He picked up the chest and went upstairs.

He quickly found Private Room Number Six and carefully opened the door to go inside.

The room was arranged like a reception lounge: two long benches were placed on either side of a tea table, with a console table and spare chairs along the wall.

There was also a decorative statue by the wall.

Someone was already waiting inside.

When he saw Leon enter, he raised a hand and waved.

“You’re pretty early.”

“Father Auden?” Leon frowned slightly and sat down opposite the priest, setting the chest down.

Sitting on the bench inside was Father Auden.

Behind the bench stood a gang member Leon had never seen before, keeping watch.

After the old shop owner of the junk shop died, Potter had sent people to clear out that store, then set a new trading location with Leon—this very tavern, which was also one of Potter's properties.

"You seem quite surprised," Father Auden greeted him.

"I just didn't expect the person handling the meeting to be you," Leon replied, placing the chest on the tea table.

"I'm the one under Potter who handles the accounts, and I also know appraisal. I'm undoubtedly the most suitable," Father Auden said, his gaze fixed on the chest.

"Let's take a look at the goods first."

Leon opened the chest.

Inside were the magical beast materials from this shipment, as well as mana divided into two test tubes.

One appeared light red, while the other was a faint, barely perceptible light blue.

"This one has a purity of around seventy-eight percent, forty-six carats. It's leftover stock from before. This one is the same as the last sample—purity close to eighty-five percent, thirty-nine carats," Leon explained.

The slime was now being used to process Caron's corpse, and the mana refined from it was clearly of higher purity than that from the head-hunting rabbit.

At present, he and Rena basically handled them separately.

"Mm, we'll need to test it," Father Auden said, then raised one hand in a gesture.

The gang member behind him took out a prepared balance scale, brought over the two test tubes, and weighed them in front of both men.

The weights matched what Leon had stated.

After that, the priest took out two tubes of reagents.

Using a glass rod, he dipped into the mana from both sides, mixed them with the reagents, and conducted a colorimetric test to check purity.

The testing method he used was the same as Rena's, and he looked more professional than the old shop owner Roddy had been.

"The goods are fine," Father Auden said.

“What about the things I asked for?” Leon asked.

Father Auden signaled with his eyes to the person beside him.

The gang member took out a sealed canister containing a dark red liquid, placed it on the balance scale, and weighed it for Leon.

“The purchase price for seventy-eight percent purity is thirty-five thousand per gram. High-purity is fifty thousand per gram. Then add these materials, and subtract the refined demonic wolf blood you want—hm...” Father Auden’s pen flew across the ledger as he calculated rapidly, soon reaching a result.

“Seven hundred fifteen thousand Fenni.”

Father Auden handed his calculation over to Leon for confirmation.

Leon spent quite some time checking before finishing the verification.

With the old shop owner gone, Leon was now supplying Potter directly, cutting out the middleman’s markup.

In addition, the increase in purity had raised profits.

The revenue from this shipment was nearly double that of the one from the first half of the year.

“What denominations of gold vouchers do you want?” Father Auden asked as he opened a locked chest.

“The denomination doesn’t matter, as long as the source is safe,” Leon answered.

“Before laundering, there’s no such thing as safe money here,” Father Auden said as he began counting the gold vouchers and coins.

“You’ve already earned close to a million this year, haven’t you? Cleaning up such a large sum will take some effort. You’d better start early.”

“I’ll think about it,” Leon replied evasively, then took the money Father Auden gave him and counted it once more.

Auden packed the goods and money back into the chest, locked it, and had the underworld member beside him take it away for safekeeping.

Only Father Auden and Leon remained in the room.

Then Father Auden spoke again.

“You sold less than I expected.”

“I ran into quite a few accidents this year. Being able to reach this transaction volume is already pretty good,” Leon replied.

Originally, Leon had planned to keep some magical beasts to ensure next year’s production scale, but the changes within the Inquisition and Father Auden’s reminder had both made him sense hidden dangers.

By raising magical beasts inside the labyrinth, their breeding cycles shortened, and production growth exceeded Leon’s expectations.

Moreover, magical beasts could actually be repurchased through certain channels.

After considering it, he simply slaughtered most of the adult magical beasts before winter to extract mana, gathering close to eighteen grams, and sold it all in this batch.

Including the various transactions large and small with the old shop owner Roddy, this direct deal with Mr. Griffin, and the one hundred thousand from selling the previous sample, their total transaction volume this year had exceeded one million Fenni—far beyond Leon’s own expectations.

Splitting the money with Rena this way, they each received more than five hundred thousand.

Leon had also previously seized a sum of money from the old shop owner Roddy, and together with the funds he already had on hand, he now possessed savings of seven hundred eighty thousand.

Caron’s petrified corpse had already been crushed and processed by Leon.

After petrification, the corpse had unexpectedly become suitable for long-term storage, which meant that feeding it to the slime in batches should allow continued production of eighty-five percent high-purity mana for quite some time.

Maintaining transactions with Mr. Griffin over the next year or two this way, Leon should be able to reach his small goal.

“I told you that you should sell as much as possible. Frankly speaking, every transaction now could be the last,” Father Auden said slowly.

“The Inquisition has new directors, both principal and deputy, hasn’t it?”

“You’re quite well-informed,” Leon remarked.

“At my age, even if I don’t hold much status, I still have my own connections within the Church. I can at least get this kind of information. I don’t yet know exactly who was appointed, though. Let’s exchange intelligence—maybe I’ve heard those two names before,” Father Auden said, looking at Leon.

Leon thought for a moment and told Father Auden about Director Aaron and Bishop Beckett.

“Bishop Beckett—the Bishop Beckett of the Church of the God of War?” Father Auden murmured.

“You know him?” Leon asked.

“I don’t know him personally. A few years ago, he underwent an internal investigation. An old friend of mine in the Church Disciplinary Order handled it, so I have some impression,” Father Auden said.

“An internal investigation—did he violate Church doctrine?” Leon asked.

“He was only suspected. Nothing was found in the end. That doesn’t really prove anything. Caron was also investigated once, and I myself have been investigated five times, with no issues found. As long as you have connections, many things are easy to resolve.

“There are many factions among the Four Great Churches. Mutual impeachment is not uncommon, and the Disciplinary Order has long since become numb to handling such matters,” Father Auden said lightly.

“But you and Caron really did have problems, okay?” Leon replied.

From this perspective, that Bishop Beckett was not necessarily a clean figure either.

“The biggest problem now lies with the young noble you mentioned, the one surnamed Dias. Hmph, Dias,” Father Auden suddenly laughed and shook his head.

“You also have some idea about this Aaron Dias?” Leon asked.

“No. And that’s exactly the problem. For someone so young to climb to that position without sufficiently famous achievements, the only explanation is that he comes from a powerful family. As for the Empire’s aristocracy—aside from newly risen nobles in frontier lands—I basically know them all. There is no family with the surname Dias among them,” Father Auden concluded with certainty.

“That’s a fake name. At least the surname is very likely fake.”

“A third-rank knight using a false name within the Church—is that even possible?” Leon found it hard to believe.

“If his background is big enough, and he has sufficient reasons—such as being the illegitimate child of some major figure—there are many possibilities. But someone like that being transferred at this time has only one purpose: achievements. Caron’s disappearance is a major case. The people behind him will pour in resources to make it easier for him to solve it,” Father Auden said.

“So you’re advising me not to sell for now?” Leon asked.

“You’ve already shipped your last batch for this year. We won’t have any transactions next year. The problem lies with Potter,” the priest said.

“What about him?” Leon asked.

“I actually advised him—after taking your goods, he shouldn’t rush to move them, and shouldn’t draw the attention of the Church and the Earl’s forces. He should lie low for a while. But he wouldn’t listen. Those two grams of samples you sold have already been turned into magical potions and peddled to clients,” the priest said, shaking his head with a sigh.

“He’s too eager to compete with the Earl. You shouldn’t have egged him on.”

“I didn’t come here today to listen to your complaints. I have no way to help you persuade him,” Leon said.

“Potter isn’t my first employer. To be honest, based on my evaluation of him, charging ahead so rashly under these circumstances makes it very easy for something to go wrong. If something breaks in his chain, it will be very easy for the investigation to trace back to us. You’d better leave yourself an escape route as well,” Father Auden said seriously.

“You’re hoping I’ll survive in his place and continue being your client?” Leon asked.

“At least you look a bit more likely to survive than Potter,” Father Auden commented.

“Thanks for your concern. Money and goods are settled—I should be going,” Leon said as he stood up to leave.

“Wait a moment. Take this key with you,” Father Auden said, handing Leon a key.

“What’s this?” Leon asked.

“If I remember correctly, you’re renting a place with the Hesh family, right? This is the empty house next door to theirs. The owner defaulted on a loan from Potter’s Pawnshop

and lost the property. The house has since changed hands a few times as collateral. In name, it's no longer part of Potter's assets, but it's under our use. It's suitable for hiding stolen goods or evidence, or for use as a meeting point. It should be fairly convenient for you," Father Auden explained.

"Alright, thanks."

Leon did not fully trust the other party, nor did he plan to use that empty house, but he still put the key away for the time being.

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

## **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 60 : Do You Wish to Befriend the Earl? - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 60 : Do You Wish to Befriend the Earl?**

Chapter 60: Do You Wish to Befriend the Earl?

South Harbor County, Caster Town, the residence of Baron Turner.

The elderly Baron Turner sat in his own living room, both hands resting on his cane, his face displeased as he looked at Bishop Beckett seated opposite him.

"Your Lordship, since matters have already come to this, you might as well tell me directly," Bishop Beckett said calmly.

"You did indeed make regular purchases of certain medicines from 'Mr. Griffin,' did you not?"

"Bishop Beckett, I am receiving you here only because you once presided over my son's investiture ceremony," Baron Turner replied irritably.

"And now you come to interrogate me? I have already said it—I do not know any Mr. Griffin, nor have I purchased any medicines! What, do you not believe me?"

"Your Lordship, I truly did not wish to trouble you over such a matter, but we have heard some rather unfavorable information concerning you..." Bishop Beckett said.

"What information? Bring the person spreading it here and have them confront me face to face!" Baron Turner's face revealed clear anger.

Baron Turner was indeed one of Mr. Griffin Potter's core clients.

Bishop Beckett had once served as an instructor when his son became an apprentice knight, so the two had some acquaintance, though it was not particularly deep.

Today, Bishop Beckett had suddenly come calling, and the moment he arrived, he began asking about Turner's dealings with Potter.

Discovering that Bishop Beckett had been reassigned to investigate Potter's business—and that the investigation had even reached him—Baron Turner was genuinely surprised.

Even so, the baron was not flustered.

Merely purchasing Magical Potions without reselling them was not a serious offense at all, at most warranting a fine.

Nevertheless, the baron had no intention of giving Potter up.

His own industries had business ties with Potter, and he truly needed the Magical Potions Potter supplied—very much so.

Although Bishop Beckett had finally tracked the matter to him, he had no conclusive evidence, only intelligence provided by informants or undercover agents, whose identities could not be exposed and who naturally could not come forward to testify against him.

He also had his own connections in South Harbor County.

Ordinary accusations could not touch him, and he could even, in turn, offer Potter some protection.

Potter maintained extremely solid利益 relationships with his core clients; this was precisely why he was able to establish himself as a local power in South Harbor County.

"Please calm yourself. I did not come today to investigate, merely to have a brief chat and understand the situation," Bishop Beckett said with a placating smile.

"I have already answered everything I should," Baron Turner said firmly.

"If you came today to reminisce, you are welcome. But if you are here to suspect me based on mere hearsay, then please leave."

"All right..." Bishop Beckett appeared somewhat helpless.

His gaze shifted to a portrait hanging on the wall, depicting a gentle-looking young man whose features bore some resemblance to Baron Turner.

“About young Master Tirio, I am very sorry.”

Baron Turner’s son had once been an apprentice knight.

During the war ten years ago, he had enlisted and ultimately died in battle.

“He died for the country. I am proud of him,” the baron replied with a formal tone.

“Have you made a decision regarding an heir?” Bishop Beckett asked.

“Not yet,” the baron said.

“It seems you have no intention of adopting a nephew. After all, one’s own child is preferable. You and your wife...” Bishop Beckett probed cautiously.

“Bishop Beckett, isn’t that question a bit presumptuous?” Baron Turner frowned warily.

Baron Turner’s wife had passed away early, leaving behind only one son.

While his son was alive, the baron had not remarried.

After his son’s death in battle, Baron Turner lost his only heir.

Only then did he take a second wife, hoping to have another child.

But he was already advanced in years, his health gradually declining, and after several years, his second wife still had not conceived.

To this end, he had tried every possible method.

Finally, through introductions within certain circles, he began attempting to purchase longevity potions through underground channels.

According to friends in those circles, longevity potions were not merely capable of delaying aging; they were also miraculously effective against infertility.

The potions were extremely expensive and required long-term consumption, but for Baron Turner, money was not an issue.

After the couple continuously consumed the potions for conditioning, the effects were obvious.

His wife grew increasingly radiant, while he himself began to recover youthful vigor and passion.

Having another child no longer seemed like an unattainable dream.

Bishop Beckett's probing into such private matters was undoubtedly tearing open his old wounds—and more importantly, it was clearly another attempt to test him.

Bishop Beckett already knew his motive for purchasing Magical Potions!

"I merely wished to say that I fully understand your actions..." Bishop Beckett tried to continue.

"You understand nothing. You are outrageously disrespectful!" Baron Turner angrily slammed his cane against the floor and stood up, preparing to see him out.

"Please leave!"

"I had absolutely no intention of offending you. Please do not misunderstand," Bishop Beckett immediately apologized.

Then he picked up an exquisite gift box placed beside him and set it on the table.

"By the way, I brought a small local specialty this time. I hope you like it."

He opened the gift box and took out a small glass bottle.

Inside seemed to be an amber-colored fine liquid, yet neither the box nor the bottle bore any label.

"Thank you for your kindness, but I do not drink," Baron Turner refused coldly.

"This is not alcohol," Bishop Beckett said as he opened the bottle.

At once, an indescribably sweet fragrance spread out.

Upon smelling it, the baron's expression changed slightly.

This unique aroma was unlike any spice.

He had only ever encountered it on one thing.

Longevity Potion!

A single bottle of Longevity Potion was worth no less than a million!

More critically, for a bishop to privately possess such a heretical item—and even intend to give it to someone else—was no small crime.

He stared in shock at Bishop Beckett, who wore a faint, knowing smile.

“What do you mean by this?”

“Your Lordship, you should understand that this is not a test. If I tested you in this way, I myself would be in trouble as well,” Bishop Beckett said as he resealed the bottle and pushed it toward him.

“I know your concerns. Please rest assured, I will absolutely not let you suffer any losses. You may verify this item first, and then give me your reply.”

Baron Turner slowly sat back down, his expression grave as he lowered his voice.

“Is the source of this item reliable?”

“Your Lordship, the one who truly has a problem right now is that old friend who has been supplying you,” Bishop Beckett said sincerely.

“You have your needs, but he has already been targeted by the Church. You can, of course, choose to protect him—but if I offer such terms, there is no guarantee others will not give in. ”

“You are, in the end...” Baron Turner examined Bishop Beckett in disbelief.

“Your Lordship,” Bishop Beckett said solemnly with a smile, “might you be interested in befriending the Earl?”

.....

Several minutes later, Bishop Beckett emerged from the baron’s residence and boarded his carriage.

He closed his eyes, steadied his breathing, and focused his mind.

After a moment, a floating mark slowly appeared before him.

This was the blessing of the Star-Night Secret God, a divine art capable of transmitting intangible things such as light, shadow, and sound to a coordinate thousands of miles away.

“The matter has been handled, my lord. Baron Turner can report Potter to the Church at any time. Combined with what we have already gathered, Potter is finished,” Bishop Beckett said.

“The matters here must not be known to His Highness Aaron. You understand, do you not?” An elegant, steady male voice sounded from within the mark.

“Of course,” Bishop Beckett replied.

“Have you traced the source of the ‘Fenrir’s goods’ mentioned by the informants—the Mana with purity above eighty percent?” the voice continued.

“My apologies. We still have no leads. We have investigated every smuggling route in South Harbor County and found nothing,” Bishop Beckett answered shamefacedly.

“.....No need to investigate further. It was not smuggled in. This item is produced locally,” the other party said after a moment of silence.

“There should not be such a Great Witch present here,” Bishop Beckett said.

To refine Mana to eighty-five percent purity, only a few Great Witches registered with the Church were capable of doing so.

“That level of purity only appeared after Caron Eso went missing,” the voice reminded him.

“Could it be...?” Bishop Beckett’s brows knitted together.

Mana purity was not determined solely by a Witch’s level of magical power.

“I have an idea,” the voice replied after some thought.

“The credit for capturing the principal culprit will be given to His Highness later. For now, do not act rashly. Once Mr. Griffin is dealt with, the Fenrir hiding behind the scenes and supplying him will certainly become alert. We cannot give the other side any opportunity. I will authorize you to first redeploy a legion to South Harbor County. I will give you further instructions at that time.”

“Yes, my lord Earl,” Bishop Beckett responded respectfully.

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