

What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 6 : The Gears of Fate Began to Turn - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 6 : The Gears of Fate Began to Turn

Chapter 6: The Gears of Fate Began to Turn

Leon searched around the backyard for a while and found a covered water cistern and several wooden barrels.

There was still quite a bit of water left in the cistern.

There was no wind in the woods tonight.

He rummaged up some firewood from another corner of the backyard and placed it a short distance away from the cellar entrance.

Taking out the tinderbox he used for lighting lamps, he began trying to start a fire.

Before long, firelight lit up the courtyard.

Leon observed the positioning and confirmed that the bedroom where the girl had gone to sleep earlier should be able to see the light through the oil-paper window.

He then turned and rushed outside the small gate in the fence, crouched down, and grabbed a stone, hurling it at the cellar door panel.

The stone struck the lock squarely, producing a crisp clang that echoed through the backyard.

Soon there was movement inside the house.

Then the wooden window was suddenly pushed open, and the girl, dressed in her nightclothes with her hair loose and disheveled, poked her head out.

She stared in shock as she discovered that firelight was actually burning near the cellar entrance in the backyard.

“Ah!” she cried out in alarm.

She did not even run toward the back door, instead climbing straight out of the window barefoot.

She ran directly to the water cistern, grabbed a bucket, filled it to the brim, and hurried over.

Water sloshed out as she ran, soaking the hem of her nightdress, but she did not have time to care, mustering all her strength to splash the water toward the source of the fire.

With a loud splash, the flames were extinguished on the spot.

The girl who had successfully put out the fire stood there drenched, panting heavily, unable to react for a moment.

How had it suddenly caught fire?

Before she could figure it out, a man's low voice sounded behind her without any warning: "Don't move."

"Eh?" The girl turned her head in surprise and saw a pitch-black gun barrel aimed at her, and behind it, the gunman wearing a bird-beak mask.

Terror quickly surfaced on her face.

She widened her eyes, sucked in a sharp breath, and opened her mouth to scream.

"Shut up! Don't scream!!" Leon barked sharply, stopping her.

This place was some distance from the village, so there was little worry about anyone hearing.

A fire had broken out outside, yet only this girl had jumped out to put it out.

It seemed there really was no one else inside the house.

Still, Leon did not want to invite unnecessary trouble.

If someone happened to be camping in the mountains, they might hear the noise and come running.

His threat worked, at least for the moment.

The girl shuddered from fright at his voice and forcibly swallowed her scream.

When people saw their own home catch fire, they usually panicked and rushed to put it out.

That way, Leon could lure the target outside and launch a sneak attack from behind while they were focused on dealing with the flames.

However, things going this smoothly still surprised him.

This girl had fallen into the trap far too easily, far more naïve than he had expected.

“Raise both hands,” Leon ordered.

The girl did so reflexively.

Leon slowly moved closer, taking the lantern from behind his back with his other hand and holding it up high, carefully observing the trembling girl.

The girl’s chestnut-colored long curly hair was messily draped over her shoulders.

Her face still carried traces of youth, and her wide emerald-green eyes were filled with terror, tears welling up in their sockets.

“Hm?” Leon frowned.

During the daytime, the girl had been wearing that somewhat faded red hooded shawl.

Leon had only given her a cursory glance.

While following her, he had carefully maintained his distance, seeing mostly her back, so he had never clearly seen her full appearance.

When he judged her to be a Witch, Leon’s mind had naturally begun to fill in the image on its own.

According to legend, the blessing of Primordial Witch Moira granted Witches eternal youth and beauty, giving them extraordinary powers of seduction.

Only now, after carefully observing her from the front, did he realize that the girl was not just small in stature—her facial features also made her look far younger than he had imagined.

She did not even look sixteen.

She was practically just a minor little girl.

The young girl before him could indeed be called pretty, with delicate and proper features, but not to the point of being breathtakingly beautiful.

At most, she could be considered the village beauty, still worlds apart from the alluring, captivating Witch Leon had imagined.

Was this really... the Witch he was looking for?

“Name,” Leon asked.

“.....” The girl did not react at first, as if she had been frightened senseless.

“I asked for your name!” Leon urged.

The girl finally came back to her senses and replied in a trembling voice, “Le... Rena. Rena Lothark.”

“Alright, Miss Rena. I am an Inquisitor affiliated with the Hamel Town Inquisition. I hope you will cooperate with me in an investigation,” Leon stated his identity, carefully observing her reaction.

“Wuh...”

Just hearing the words “Inquisition” made an uncontrollable whimper escape Rena’s throat, her expression rapidly deepening from terror into despair.

That was it—this reaction made Leon immediately certain of his suspicion.

“It seems you already understand why I found you. Hannah Weislan has already been captured by us, and she has fully confessed everything about you. If you continue to argue, it will only make your crimes more severe. So you’d better honestly explain everything right now. Whatever I ask, you answer...”

Leon employed interrogation techniques, continuing to break down her psychological defenses with half-true, half-false statements.

However, before he could finish, he was interrupted by the sound of sobbing.

“Wuh... sniff... wuh...” Rena began sobbing nonstop, her voice growing louder and louder, until she completely broke down into loud wailing.

“Waaahhh!!”

“Stop crying and answer my questions first!!” Leon shouted in a commanding tone, trying to make her stop.

However, Rena’s crying did not lessen in the slightest, as if she could not hear him at all.

“I told you to stop crying! Stop crying! Hey!!”

Leon was completely thrown off by this.

Her emotions had totally collapsed, making it impossible to continue the conversation.

If she truly was just an inexperienced young girl suddenly arrested for a grave crime, breaking down on the spot was not abnormal.

This was also Leon's first time apprehending someone who was still a minor.

Even so, Leon did not dare lower the gun aimed at her head.

Her actions could very well be an act, waiting for the moment he let his guard down to counterattack and kill him.

But the incessant crying was unbearably irritating.

In the end, unable to take it any longer, he covered it with a loud roar of his own: "Stop wailing, I'm not here to arrest you!!"

Hearing this, Rena's crying finally stopped.

With tear-filled eyes, she looked over at him, her gaze seeming to seek confirmation of whether it was true.

When someone heard such words at the depths of despair, no matter how unbelievable they sounded, they would cling to them as a lifeline.

Seeing this, Leon let out a long breath and spoke the sentence that would change the course of both their lives:

"Miss Witch, are you interested... in making a deal with me?"

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