

What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 7 : You're Actually Pretty Decent - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 7 : You're Actually Pretty Decent

Chapter 7: You're Actually Pretty Decent

"Transaction? What... transaction?" Rena grew confused when she heard that word.

It sounded like this Inquisitor wanted her to offer some kind of benefit before he would let her go.

"I need to confirm a few things with you first. You answer honestly. Do you understand?" Leon did not answer right away.

Instead, he fixed his gaze on Rena and began questioning her—there were still quite a few matters he needed to verify.

Rena swallowed, then nodded silently.

"The Head-Hunting Rabbit corpses, Slime Gel, and the extracted Mana that Hannah Weislan was selling—all of them came from you. That's correct, right?" Leon said.

"Y-yes..." Rena replied in a small voice.

"So, you are a real Witch?"

"....." Rena hesitated at that question.

When she had become a Witch, her teacher had told her that if an Inquisitor ever found out, she would be sent to the Stake.

Even though this Inquisitor seemed to already know, she was still reluctant to admit it out loud.

"If you are, then say you are. If you aren't, then say you aren't. Is it that hard to answer!?" Leon's voice suddenly turned severe.

Though his tone sounded aggressive, he was not actually angry—this was merely an interrogation technique.

"Yes! I am!" Rena shrank her neck in fright.

"Then let me ask you this. Do you know how to cure Cockatrice Venom?" Leon asked.

"Th-that... I've never studied it." Rena shook her head repeatedly.

“Really? I was once poisoned by a toxin made from Cockatrice Venom and it left some aftereffects. If you have a way to help me resolve it, I can let you go just like that. I give you my word,” Leon said seriously.

“I really don’t know how!” Rena continued to shake her head.

Leon sighed inwardly.

The first time someone claimed they could not do something, it was not necessarily the truth. But when he mentioned curing his own poison, if she had malicious intent, she should have realized this would be an opportunity to poison him instead.

This was merely a small test.

If Rena suddenly claimed she could cure it the second time, that would not necessarily be true either—he would not rashly trust her with detoxifying him. But if she denied it again, then she truly had no way to help him solve this problem.

As expected, it was not so easy to resolve...

If there were a direct way to cure Cockatrice Venom, he would not necessarily need to sell Mana to make money.

That path was extremely risky. For an Inquisitor to proactively cooperate with a Witch was a crime of apostasy—if exposed, he would face even harsher punishment than ordinary criminals smuggling Magical Beasts.

Since that road was blocked, he could only take the backup plan of making money.

“Then do you have money?” Leon continued.

The Mana extracted by this Witch could sell for twenty thousand Fenni per gram.

If she had been doing this for some time, she might already have accumulated a considerable sum.

If he could directly obtain a huge amount of money from her—enough to secure his future for ten or even several decades—Leon would not need to take risks at all.

“I... I don’t have much money. How much do you want?” Rena asked cautiously.

“At least one million Fenni!” Leon casually threw out a figure.

One million sounded like a lot, but for Leon, according to the treatment plan Weiss had given him, he needed to spend at least over five thousand Fenni per month on medicine.

That was sixty thousand a year. One million Fenni would only last him about fifteen years.

“I don’t have that much money!” Rena’s eyes widened on the spot.

Even if this was outright robbery, she had not expected him to demand such an outrageous price.

“Forget it. It doesn’t matter if you don’t have money—as long as I have you,” Leon said, staring straight at Rena.

It seemed that even with some risk involved, he would ultimately still need to rely on this Witch to earn enough money to secure his future.

Leon had already mentally prepared himself for that long ago.

With control over a distribution channel, a Witch who could both raise Magical Beasts and refine Mana was nothing less than a living money tree to him.

But to Rena, his words sounded utterly baffling.

What did he mean by saying it was fine even without money, as long as he had her?

In this context, it sounded as though the man intended to obtain some benefit from her beyond money.

Facing Leon’s fixed gaze, she subconsciously lowered her head and examined herself.

She saw her thin nightgown, and the hem of her skirt, soaked with water, now turned translucent and clinging to her slender legs.

She cried out, clutching her chest with one hand while trying to pull the skirt away from her legs with the other, shouting at Leon with a pale face, “No! Don’t do anything crazy!”

Faced with Rena’s misunderstanding, Leon merely let out a snort of laughter. “Setting aside whether I even have any interest in a brat your age, do you really think I’d give you an opportunity to poison me?”

The risk of being seduced by a Witch was not limited to direct poisoning. It was said that Moira’s traditional rituals involved many acts of debauchery.

According to Church regulations, knowingly engaging in intimate relations with a Witch was no different from participating in Moira’s rituals—a classic crime of blasphemy.

For someone like Leon, who held a position within the Church, the crime of apostasy would be added on top of that. The severity was no less than that of a Witch herself.

“Then what do you actually mean?” Rena still hunched her shoulders uneasily.

“I mean that you can continue raising your Magical Beasts and refining your Mana, and I’ll help you sell it—just like Mrs. Hannah Weislan did,” Leon explained bluntly.

The owner of that Owl Old Junk Shop likely gave Director Caron quite a bit of leeway when disposing of stolen goods.

Although Leon was still unsure through what channels Mrs. Weislan sold the goods, he believed he would have an advantage when it came to pricing.

“Like Grandma Hannah?” Rena blinked in confusion, then suddenly thought of something and asked carefully, “Didn’t you just say that Grandma Hannah was already arrested by you? You even said she sold me out?”

If she had already been betrayed, then the entire Inquisition would know she was a Witch.

Even if this Inquisitor did not arrest her, others would be sent. In that case, how could the man in front of her propose a transaction to let her go, or help her resell Mana?

“I was the one who interrogated her. She didn’t directly give you up, but I followed the clues in her testimony and found you. She was just small fry—I only wanted you. The Inquisition isn’t exactly a clean place either. I let her strike a deal with those above using stolen goods and money to get out. As of now, I’m the only one who knows about you. But if you don’t cooperate, there’s nothing I can do. Or if something happens to me, the records I left behind will be seen,” Leon said, staring at Rena.

Rena swallowed nervously.

“Oh right—why did you give Mrs. Weislan money this morning? What did she tell you?” Leon recalled Rena’s meeting with Mrs. Weislan that morning and asked.

“She only told me that the goods had been discovered by the guards, but she escaped in time. Every time she bought from me, she paid the full amount upfront. This time, she begged me to refund half of the purchase money...” Rena answered honestly.

“And you really refunded half?” Leon was quite surprised.

“I refunded all of it,” Rena replied softly.

“Why?” Leon did not understand. “It was clearly her mistake that caused the loss. Why did you bear all of it?”

“She’s helped me a lot while I’ve been living here... and her family isn’t well off either... besides, it wasn’t that much money...” Rena said quietly.

“Wasn’t that much money!?” Hearing Rena describe goods worth one hundred thousand Fenni as “not that much,” Leon burst out laughing. “You’re actually pretty decent!”

“I... I don’t really understand, sir. Why do you want to get involved in this kind of business? Didn’t you want one million Fenni? This... can’t earn that much money, can it?” Rena muttered softly.

At that moment, Leon finally sensed that something was wrong.

Come to think of it, the money pouch Rena had given Mrs. Weislan that morning... judging by its size, it did not look like it could hold tens of thousands.

“Wait a moment. At what price does Mrs. Weislan usually purchase your Mana?” Leon narrowed his eyes and asked.

Rena hesitated briefly, but ultimately answered honestly, “Two thousand Fenni... per gram.”

Leon fell silent.

After a moment, he finally spoke. “Do you know how much Mana of that purity can sell for on the Black Market?”

Rena shook her head blankly.

Leon lapsed into silence.

He had seen the Mana Rena refined—its clarity suggested quite respectable purity.

According to the case files he had read, once it entered the Empire, the Black Market purchase price should not be lower than ten thousand Fenni per gram.

He did not believe Mrs. Weislan was unaware of this.

A purchase price that was only one-tenth of the market rate was simply outrageous.

And yet, Mrs. Weislan had even demanded the purchase money back.

This naïve little Witch had clearly been treated as a fat sheep for slaughter all along.

Of course, if someone like Mrs. Weislan could fleece her, then it would be effortless for him to control her.

Forget offering a more competitive price than Mrs. Weislan—he could even take her Mana for free, and she probably would not dare resist.

She would only beg him to let her go as soon as possible, after all, he held her leverage in his hands.

He carefully examined Rena, while she looked back at him anxiously.

After a long period of thought, Leon let out a long breath through his nose and said solemnly to Rena:

“Your Mana can sell for twenty thousand Fenni per gram through my channels. You supply the goods, I help you sell them. We split the profits fifty-fifty. How about it?”

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