

# **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 8 : Cooperation Established - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 8 : Cooperation Established**

Chapter 8: Cooperation Established

In the end, Leon still gave the other party the real price and also proposed a fifty–fifty split.

He had his own considerations.

Since he was going to shoulder such a huge risk, he had to earn enough for his future medicine expenses—ideally securing a further guarantee that he would never lack food or clothing.

He needed to earn at least two million... no, three million Fenni!

With a goal this large, he had to prepare himself mentally for long-term cooperation with this little Witch no matter what.

And since it was going to be long-term cooperation, it was naturally best to make the other party genuinely willing.

Treating her like a fat sheep to be slaughtered the way Mrs. Hannah Weislan did, or even squeezing her dry without giving her a single share, would greatly increase the probability of being stabbed in the back.

Leon himself was a living example.

If Director Caron Eso had not been so greedy—if he had at least let a little slip through his fingers to benefit the brothers under him—Leon might not have thought of going out on his own to find suppliers and sell goods.

In this line of work, being sold out by someone was deadly.

Mrs. Hannah Weislan seemed to have some degree of friendship with Rena, so Leon had to offer overwhelmingly superior terms here—terms that would both win in bidding and make Rena understand just how much advantage Mrs.

Hannah Weislan had taken of her, pushing her to completely side with him.

“T-Twenty thousand?” Rena widened her eyes in shock, just as he had expected.

“The Mana circulating within the Empire never goes for less than ten thousand per gram. That old woman has been deceiving you this whole time, you know?”

Leon stared at Rena and said seriously, “If you cooperate with me, you’ll get ten thousand Fenni for every gram you sell. That’s five times your original income. As for other Magical Beast materials, I should also be able to help you secure better prices. These terms aren’t bad, are they? Since you’re selling these things, you must need money too, right?”

“.....” Rena did not respond right away, looking somewhat at a loss.

“What’s there to hesitate about? Mrs. Hannah Weislan has already been arrested once and is registered in the Inquisition. If you keep relying on her to sell goods, she could be arrested again at any time—and you’d be implicated as well. If I can trace you through her, others can too. If I were you, I wouldn’t have anything more to do with her.

“If you cooperate with me, I’ll not only give you better profit-sharing terms, but as an Inquisitor, I can also provide you with a certain degree of protection!” Leon continued to persuade her.

“Protection?” Rena looked Leon up and down in disbelief.

This Inquisitor had just barged into her backyard and pointed a gun at her, and now he was talking about protecting her?

“You entrusted someone like Mrs. Hannah Weislan—an amateur—to sell your goods, and you still got cheated by an old woman like that. With how naive you are, getting caught is only a matter of time, you know? But if you have me as an insider within the Inquisition, you’ll be much safer. As long as you provide me with profit, I’ll keep acting as your umbrella of protection. You can understand that, right?” Leon said.

Rena looked at the Flintlock Pistol in Leon’s hand, which was still aimed at her.

She remained doubtful about his claim that he would protect her, and cautiously spoke up, “Then what if... I can’t bring you any profit? For example, if I say right now that I don’t want to do this anymore—y-you, what would you do?”

After being caught like this once, she had personally experienced the enormous risks of this line of work.

The man before her, who radiated a dangerous aura, spoke of providing protection, yet he himself might be the greatest danger of all.

Rena vaguely sensed that perhaps stopping here was the most correct choice for her.

“I advise you to reconsider. Discovering a Witch and not arresting her is serious dereliction of duty. If you have no value to me, what choice do I have other than sending you to the Inquisition?” Leon replied coldly.

“Th-Then...” Rena mustered her courage and met Leon’s eyes directly.

“Your plan to cooperate with a Witch would be exposed too!”

At those words, Leon’s gaze instantly turned sharp.

Rena immediately sucked in a breath of cold air in fear, but she held on and did not look away.

Leon realized that he might have underestimated this girl.

Rena was quite calm and had not been dazzled by the price he offered.

On the surface, she was timid and honest, but deep down she still retained a bit of courage to resist.

“Useless. Do you think there are few Witches who try to bite back at an Inquisitor after being caught? If you accuse me, no one will believe you! Of course, if you really want to do that, I won’t give you the chance—a dead Witch still counts as a great merit.” Leon sneered.

Those words were partly meant to bluff.

He was not truly intent on killing this little Witch at the moment.

He simply had to firmly seize Rena, this money tree, and make her understand that cooperation with him was her only option.

Rena shuddered and fell into a long silence.

Leon waited for a while, but in the end could not help urging her, “So, what’s your answer?”

“...I understand. I’ll cooperate with you.” Rena lowered her gaze as if she had given up, replying helplessly.

“Very good.” Leon finally let out a sigh of relief inwardly.

Thus, at least verbally, their cooperative relationship was established.

“But I don’t have what you want right now. The latest batch was already taken by you people from Grandma Hannah,” Rena said softly.

“I know. I’m planning on long-term cooperation, so there’s no rush,” Leon said, glancing toward the entrance of the cellar.

“Are you raising Magical Beasts in the cellar?”

“Yes. The mixing room for extracting Mana is also down there,” Rena answered honestly.

“Can you take me for a look?” Leon felt that as the sales side, it was necessary to confirm the production environment of the goods.

“All right...” Rena had no way to refuse and could only agree.

Just as she was about to go inside to get the key, she suddenly noticed that her skirt hem was still dripping wet, along with the thin nightclothes she was wearing.

A flush rose to her face.

“Could you let me... go change clothes first?” she asked in a tentative tone.

“Fine, go inside.” Leon nodded, pointing the gun toward the back door to signal for Rena to walk ahead.

As soon as Rena saw that he was about to follow her inside, her expression changed.

She stammered, “Y-You’re not going to watch me change, are you?”

Leon was taken aback and realized that this indeed would not be appropriate.

After thinking for a moment, he pointed at the open Oil-Paper Window and said, “Go in directly through the window, light the lamp, and after closing the window, change clothes by the window so I can see your silhouette. Once you’re done, open the window and come out. Don’t let me lose sight of you.”

In this era, most civilian homes in the Empire still used translucent Oil-Paper Windows.

Glass windows were something only the city hall, churches, and the mansions of the wealthy could afford.

“You won’t secretly poke through the oil paper to peek, will you?” Rena was still a little uneasy.

“If I really wanted to peek, I should’ve done it earlier. Hurry up!” Leon urged impatiently.

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