

# **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 81 : The Farewell Reception - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 81 : The Farewell Reception**

Chapter 81: The Farewell Reception

Inquisition, Director's Office.

Bishop Beckett walked into the office with its door left open and knocked to remind Aaron, who was still buried in his work.

"Sir, everyone has already gathered in the main hall. They're just waiting for you."

Aaron looked up, saw Bishop Beckett, and smiled softly before lowering his head again.

"Just a moment. There are still the last few documents..."

"These little things can be left to me. You should at least leave some work for the next Director," Bishop Beckett persuaded as he stepped into the room.

Lowering his voice, he continued, "Your strength is meant to change this country. The stage you are heading to next is a higher one. Please devote your energy to more important decisions. Leave these tedious matters to those better suited to them."

"Bishop Beckett, isn't the same true for you?" Aaron looked at him to confirm.

"Do you really plan to stay here for another year?"

Shortly after the disappearance case of Caron Eso was concluded and the case file submitted to the College of Cardinals, Aaron received a transfer order to take up a post in a directly administered territory under the Central Authority.

This indicated that the College of Cardinals had essentially acknowledged his achievements and was offering him a promotion, allowing His Highness the Prince to gain greater authority within the Church as a show of support.

Bishop Beckett, who nominally assisted Aaron, had also had the opportunity to leave together with him.

However, at this moment, Bishop Beckett had voluntarily applied to temporarily succeed Aaron as Director of the Inquisition here, handling the subsequent cleanup and handover work.

But in Aaron's view, Bishop Beckett was the one who truly deserved to reap the credit.

“Even trivial matters need someone to handle them. Work in a directly administered diocese is extremely busy—I can’t really handle that. Besides, I had a bit of a grudge with one of the bishops there when I was younger, so it’s better to keep some distance,” Bishop Beckett said with a self-mocking smile, his expression then turning serious.

“I quite like it here. Staying in a small place for a year—consider it a vacation. And I can’t accompany you at your side forever, can I?”

“What you say makes sense,” Aaron nodded.

Bishop Beckett was, after all, not one of his people, but a bishop of the Church of the God of War, temporarily assisting him only because of the Earl Foyle’s introduction.

For Aaron, who was still honing himself, he absolutely could not develop a reliance on Bishop Beckett’s assistance.

“Then let’s go. We shouldn’t keep everyone waiting too long,” Bishop Beckett said.

Aaron nodded.

Only then did he stand up and leave the office together with Bishop Beckett.

They walked all the way to the main hall, where the entire Inquisition had already assembled, standing in neat ranks.

On a long table to the side, wine glasses were already arranged and filled.

There were also some light snacks.

“Salute! To Director Dias!!”

The moment Aaron appeared, everyone saluted him in unison amid the shouted slogan.

This small reception was held according to tradition to see off Director Aaron, who was about to be transferred.

Although he had been here for less than two months, the personal charisma displayed by this new Director had already earned the respect of the vast majority of the members.

Frankly speaking, this was to a large extent also because the previous Director, Caron Eso, had been utterly inhuman.

Aaron returned a composed smile, raised his hand to signal everyone to relax, and then spoke some customary remarks.

“The smooth resolution of this case could not have happened without everyone’s strong support. Although we are parting for now, it has been my honor to work alongside all of you. I know you must already be eager to drink, so I won’t say much more. Let us raise our glasses as soon as possible.”

Everyone laughed, then lined up to take a glass of wine.

The three captains stood at the front, leading everyone in raising their glasses to Aaron.

Leon was among them.

Carolyn, who served as secretary, walked over and presented wine glasses to Aaron and Bishop Beckett, pouring the wine for them.

Aaron then raised his glass and said, “To the glory of the gods. Cheers!”

Everyone drank it all in one go, and the small reception officially began.

The atmosphere grew even more relaxed.

Holding his glass, Aaron wore a natural and proper smile as he accepted conversations and blessings from his subordinates one by one.

Leon waited for a moment with his glass, then finally stepped forward to speak.

“Director Dias, congratulations.”

The Earl had once mentioned that Aaron’s identity was special.

Aaron’s evaluation of him was also a key reason why the Earl was willing to invest in him.

Although Leon still found it difficult to determine Aaron’s true identity, he could imagine that building a relationship with Aaron would certainly be beneficial for him in the future.

However, for now, Aaron was still someone Leon needed to be wary of.

After the case was closed, Aaron seemed not to have conducted further investigations, but Leon still did not dare to lower his guard.

A week ago, Rena had agreed to let Leon move in with her, but Leon did not go immediately.

Instead, he temporarily rented a room at an inn.

The Earl and Bishop Beckett knew that he had an unusual relationship with Rena, but in Aaron's eyes, he and Rena should have had no particular interaction.

"Thanks to everyone's support," Aaron nodded, taking the initiative to clink glasses with Leon.

"And thanks to you as well."

"You flatter me," Leon replied politely.

Aaron hesitated for a moment, then lowered his voice and said to Leon, "Leon, regarding Miss Sally and Melissa, how do you view the matter now?"

This was the first time he had mentioned the two women to Leon in a private tone.

Leon was connected to both of them, and before the case was concluded, it had been inconvenient for Aaron to bring up this topic with him.

"Just as Mrs. Hesh said, her illness and their debts were not lies. She was forced into becoming a witch," Leon carefully chose his words.

"Saying this might not fully conform to Church regulations, but my view of them hasn't really changed."

"In fact, I think the same way. But the law is the law in the end," Aaron said.

"That said, in my view, this matter is not without room for mediation. I have already done my utmost to call for a lighter sentence. After all, Miss Sally herself doesn't have long to live, so there should be a chance. As for Miss Sally's illness, I contacted the Saint Rosalia Research Institute, hoping they might have a way to alleviate her suffering. Bishop Beckett will handle the follow-up."

Leon glanced at Bishop Beckett, who returned a calm look.

One of the conditions for Leon supplying goods to the Earl was to save Sally.

In this regard, Rena's magical potions were far more effective than the Church's holy water.

With Bishop Beckett present, there should be no need to worry about Sally being transferred to Saint Rosalia Prison—after all, her body could not withstand long-distance transport.

Contacting the Saint Rosalia Research Institute was, in Aaron's understanding, the best way he could legally help Sally.

“And then there’s Melissa,” Aaron continued.

“At the reform institution in Caster Town, there is a retired bishop I know—an amiable and reliable person. I’ve entrusted her to take good care of Melissa. Although the reform institution is rather strict, she will receive a good education there. If you’re willing...”

“I will look after her!” Leon nodded vigorously.

That said, he still had not gone to see Melissa.

Before he could truly ensure Sally’s situation, he did not dare to give Melissa any promises lightly, nor could he be certain how Melissa currently felt about him.

“Thank you, Leon,” Aaron said with a smile, raising his glass proactively.

“If there were more people like you in this world, it would be much better.”

“You as well, sir,” Leon replied, clinking glasses with Aaron and draining his wine in one go.

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

## **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 82 : Bishop Weiss - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 82 : Bishop Weiss**

Chapter 82: Bishop Weiss

In the early hours before dawn, in the central region of the Empire, at the Saint Rosalia Research Institute within Saint Rosalia Prison.

A nun pushed a cart into the experiment preparation room and discovered that someone was already inside.

A tall apothecary stood in the preparation room, wearing a waxed protective long robe.

Gloves covered her hands, but she had not yet put on her face mask, revealing a fair complexion.

“Bishop Weiss!” The nun hurriedly bowed in greeting.

“You arrived so early?”

Saintess Weiss of the Creator Church turned at the sound.

During work, she had tied up her long hair together with her bangs, revealing the eye that was usually hidden behind her fringe.

That eye was extremely unusual.

Its iris was a deep crimson, forming a stark contrast with her other eye, which was naturally sapphire-blue.

It was said that during an experimental explosion accident, her mask had been shattered, and that eye had been splashed with potion, becoming what it was now.

It could already barely see anything.

Weiss nodded to the nun in acknowledgment and replied, "I've finished handling things and was just about to leave."

Only then did the nun realize that Bishop Weiss had worked here through the entire night.

For Weiss, this was practically routine, so the nun was not particularly surprised and merely replied, "You've worked hard."

Weiss removed her gloves at the side and was just about to take off her protective robe when she saw the nun placing one glass vial after another on the table.

She suddenly paused.

"What are those?"

She noticed the evidence submission labels on the bottles.

Items sent here were usually potions prepared by Witches.

"Ah, these are evidence from that major case in South Harbor County earlier. The tribunal sent them over for testing," the nun explained.

"The case of the missing Director of the Inquisition?" Weiss had some impression of it.

She had seen that Caron Eso when she accompanied an inspection visit.

She also remembered that someone there had been secretly reselling stolen goods.

In a place so rife with filth and corruption, something happening did not seem strange at all.

“Yes. These are Magical Potions refined by the captured Witch, supposedly used to treat Saltification Disease,” the nun explained.

“Saltification Disease?” Weiss’s interest was piqued.

She bent down and carefully examined one of the bottles.

Saltification Disease was an extremely rare condition.

Unless one deliberately ingested large doses of diseased crystalline tissue, it would only occur at an extremely low random probability in areas where labyrinths had appeared.

It had once been called Moilai’s Curse.

The Church had never conducted dedicated research into a special medicine for this disease.

For Witches as well, it was not particularly worth studying unless it was specifically to save a certain patient.

However, coincidentally, Weiss had once slightly touched upon Saltification Disease while researching other matters.

After a moment of thought, she took off her protective robe, went to the cabinet to retrieve a new one and put it on, then donned fresh gloves and a new mask.

“Bishop Weiss?” The nun was somewhat surprised by her actions.

“I’ll handle the testing myself,” Bishop Weiss issued the instruction.

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At the same time, deep within the labyrinth of Hamel Town, Leon and Bishop Beckett stood side by side.

It turned out that the breeding grounds Leon and Rena had set up at the former Knight Order encampment had already been completely cleared, and after repeated evidence collection, they had been sealed off.

After Aaron was transferred away, the follow-up handling of the labyrinth fell to Bishop Beckett, who had taken on the role of the new Director.

Over the past few days, Bishop Beckett had used his authority to mobilize a group of personnel and had newly arranged a workshop at the deepest part of the labyrinth.

Leon looked around.

The space here was even larger than the Knight Order encampment.

The personnel Bishop Beckett had brought in had already completed the most basic setup.

The floor had been polished smooth, and basic facilities such as water storage tanks, sinks, and medicine cabinets were all in place.

Six experimental tables were neatly arranged, with new experimental equipment orderly stacked atop them.

On one of the experimental tables rested a Moilai Altar.

“These facilities are much better than what we used before,” Leon remarked.

He inspected the equipment on the tables.

These looked far more professional than the old tools Rena used previously.

“The Earl’s requirements for quality are far higher than your former buyers’,” Bishop Beckett said with his hands clasped behind his back.

“So the escape passage from before has already been backfilled?” Leon confirmed with Bishop Beckett.

“You no longer need such things. This labyrinth lies within the territory of Hamel Town and is now under my jurisdiction. Other Inquisitions have no authority to investigate here. I will station my own people nearby for patrols. At least for the next year, you don’t need to worry about safety inside the labyrinth,” Bishop Beckett said with certainty.

“And after a year?” Leon asked.

“When I step down, if nothing unexpected happens, you should be able to take over my position,” Bishop Beckett replied.

“One year?” Leon was somewhat surprised.

Although the Earl had mentioned letting him replace Caron Eso, Leon had expected it would take some time.

To move him from Captain to Director in just one year? That required attaining rank within the Church.

“As long as you prepare the corresponding merits, it isn’t difficult. But the premise is that you can meet the Earl’s requirements. Focus on your own work first,” Bishop Beckett said.

Leon nodded and asked about the most crucial part of the preparations.

“What about the Magical Beasts mentioned before?”

Bishop Beckett had previously handed him a list, asking him to choose which Magical Beasts he wanted to raise.

The list contained fewer than ten types.

Both the Head-Hunting Rabbit and Slime that Leon and Rena had raised before were on it.

In addition, there were giant scorpions and spiders from the labyrinth, small fungal humanoids, as well as plants like Mandrake Grass and Living Vines.

These labyrinth creatures were not large in size, and their danger was controllable.

They were organisms often bred in underworld businesses.

However, in most operations, only the monster materials were utilized.

The most valuable Mana could not be extracted without a Witch.

Leon selected as many varieties as possible and requested the maximum quantities.

To meet the Earl's demands, his breeding scale would have to be several times larger than before.

“They've already been placed. The breeding grounds are at the innermost area,” Bishop Beckett pointed toward the depths of the labyrinth.

Leon walked over and saw two side-by-side breeding pools resembling swimming pools.

One was covered with sturdy iron grates and divided into several sections by partitions.

The other was filled with fertile soil, clearly meant for planting.

Leon's brow suddenly furrowed.

He discovered that there were only three types in the breeding pools: Head-Hunting Rabbits, Slimes, and Giant Scorpions.

None exceeded five in number, and they all looked extremely weak.

He glanced again at the plants in the cultivation field—only a few had been transplanted, already withered and yellowing.

“Only this many Magical Beasts were delivered?” Leon asked Bishop Beckett.

Both in variety and quantity, this fell far short of what he had requested.

“There were some issues with transportation,” Bishop Beckett spread his hands toward a corner covered by a black cloth.

“Many Magical Beasts died along the way.”

Leon walked over and lifted the cloth for a look.

Beneath it lay numerous Magical Beast corpses, more than twice the number of those in the breeding pools.

“These Magical Beasts were transported over long distances and had to avoid investigations. There were bound to be some accidents. You’d best take all of these to extract Mana as soon as possible,” Bishop Beckett said.

“Accidents? Only a quarter survived?” Leon thoughtfully picked up a Head-Hunting Rabbit and shook it slightly.

After examining it, he tossed it back to the ground.

“Severe dehydration. No one fed these Magical Beasts the entire way, did they?”

Having raised Magical Beasts together with Rena, he immediately recognized that these deaths were highly abnormal.

“I’ll speak plainly, Leon. The Earl does indeed appreciate you and sees you as a candidate cadre. He has made many arrangements for you. But the people executing these arrangements may not necessarily exert themselves for your sake. The Magical Beasts you requested had to be prepared by cadres from other territories, and the transport route also passed through their domains... Not everyone wants to see you succeed. There are always those who hope for your failure. If you fail, they’ll have a chance to replace you and take over this territory,” Bishop Beckett said expressionlessly.

“Doesn’t the Earl want stable supply? He allows such meaningless internal strife to exist?” Leon said.

“The Earl has many matters to deal with. This kind of trivial affair isn’t among them. What he needs is a cadre capable of standing on his own. Issues between you and others are something you must be able to handle yourself,” Bishop Beckett replied.

Leon silently covered the black cloth again.

It seemed that even if he requested another batch of Magical Beasts through the Earl's channels, the result would likely be similar.

The Earl would not arbitrate such minor matters.

Even if he did, those causing trouble might not receive much punishment.

Only Leon's own time would continue to be wasted.

"Then I can handle the problem through my own channels?" Leon asked.

"Of course. You're familiar with the local situation. That's one of the main reasons the Earl chose you," Bishop Beckett said.

"Very well. Then I'll deal with this problem myself," Leon nodded and turned to leave the workshop.

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

## **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 83 : Do You Need an Advisor? - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 83 : Do You Need an Advisor?**

Chapter 83: Do You Need an Advisor?

Hamel Town, East District Church.

Father Auden finished handling matters outside and returned to the church.

Just as he was about to walk straight along the side corridor of the main hall toward the monastery in the back, he was suddenly stopped by a church attendant.

"Father, someone has come to the church looking for you."

Father Auden thought for a moment.

He clearly remembered that he did not seem to have any appointments today, so he asked, "Who?"

"It's... the same person you waited for in the church last time. He's here again." The attendant pointed toward the main hall.

Father Auden's expression grew slightly serious.

He nodded and replied, "Alright, thank you for telling me."

He then quickened his pace and entered the main hall of the church.

It was dusk, and the main hall was close to closing time; normally, there would be no visitors at this hour.

Yet this time, there was a single visitor seated on a pew, quietly admiring the towering idol of the Prophet.

Father Auden let out a soft sigh and asked, "What are you here for?"

Leon turned his head at the sound of the voice and greeted him, "Hello, Father Auden."

"What are you here for?" Father Auden asked again.

"Something that isn't suitable to talk about here," Leon said.

"...Come with me." After a moment of silence, the priest gestured for Leon to follow him into the monastery.

Soon, they arrived at the study where Father Auden worked.

Leon found a seat on his own and sat down.

The priest also sat down and indicated with his gaze for Leon to explain his purpose.

"You don't seem surprised that I'm here," Leon said.

The last time Leon had asked the priest to settle the Hesh family's debts and then left as if he were wrapping up his final affairs, Father Auden had once believed Leon was going to turn himself in.

At the time, Leon had not explained his plan at all.

"I have my own information sources. I knew you didn't turn yourself in, and I also knew how the case was concluded. You used money to buy the life of a woman who was about to die, saved the Witch you wanted—impressive. That was something I didn't expect," Father Auden spread his hands.

"Now you can already take your Witch and find a place to enjoy life. Why come looking for me again? Spending money on that kind of deal, I don't think you still have much left that needs laundering."

"You helped Potter manage his business. You should have quite a few channels," Leon finally stated his purpose.

“Do you know where I can buy live Magical Beasts?”

In truth, Leon himself knew a few local dealers, but tracing the line through them to find people secretly breeding or hunting Magical Beasts would take a great deal of effort.

By comparison, seeking out Father Auden, who had once managed Potter’s business, would likely save time.

Potter had channels for smuggling Mana and Magical Beast materials from outside, and on a certain scale at that.

If Potter’s channels could be obtained, it should be possible to acquire a certain quantity of live Magical Beasts.

“What do you want Magical Beasts for?” Father Auden frowned the moment he heard this.

“What else would they be for besides business?” Leon replied.

“You still want to do business?” Father Auden first widened his eyes, then couldn’t help laughing.

“You nearly died once already. After barely escaping disaster, you still want to do business? The Labyrinth has been sealed, Potter is dead, and the Earl’s forces have already begun setting things up. You no longer have acquisition channels. Even if you buy Magical Beasts, how are you supposed to do business?”

“These aren’t things you need to worry about, Father. You only need to tell me whether you have connections. If you do, you take the money and get the job done,” Leon replied expressionlessly.

“Also, I need to hire a group of enforcers. Among those still alive from Potter’s people, are there any reliable ones? I hope you can introduce them to me.”

The smile on Father Auden’s face vanished at once.

He reassessed Leon, sensing something.

“You got on the Earl’s ship?”

“Relax. If I’m asking you to handle things, you won’t get into any trouble,” Leon did not directly answer the priest’s question.

“How did you do it?” Father Auden stared at Leon in disbelief.

The Earl’s power structure was extremely tight.

If it were compared to a regular army, then the forces Potter had run in South Harbor County were no different from mountain bandits.

The Earl's side was not something one could simply join at will.

Of course, individual regional officers could hire people as they pleased, but according to the intelligence Father Auden had, the Earl's forces had not yet stationed any officers in South Harbor County.

Originally, the most suitable person to take over South Harbor County was an officer responsible for River Valley County, nicknamed Jero.

There were rumors that this man had kinship ties with the Earl and was relatively trusted.

However, in Father Auden's assessment, this officer's capabilities were not particularly strong.

Long ago, this man had wanted to take over South Harbor County, but when facing Potter, who had Father Auden assisting him, he had never gained any advantage in business—until the past year, when the Earl increased his investment in the area.

And shortly after Potter's death, this man suddenly disappeared from River Valley County, vanishing completely.

Under such circumstances, the Earl should have personally taken charge of redeploying forces in both River Valley County and South Harbor County.

At this time, the only ones who could continue operating in South Harbor County should have been people personally appointed by the Earl.

At a time like this, for Fenrir—who had once supplied Potter—to so openly seek to restart business on the Earl's territory and even recruit manpower, it was either sheer stupidity, like smashing eggs against a rock, or proof that he had already boarded the Earl's great ship.

"Answer my question first," Leon said.

Father Auden examined Leon for a while, then replied, "I have what you want, as long as you can pay."

"Give me a quote," Leon replied calmly.

The two million advance payment provided by the Earl was already in his hands.

He now had ample startup capital.

Through the priest's connection, he could attempt to gather and repurpose part of the resources Potter had once left behind in the Underworld.

"What types of Magical Beasts do you want?" Father Auden asked.

"Safe, small Magical Beasts with fast reproduction rates, suitable for extracting Mana. Head-Hunting Rabbits, Slimes, insects, plants—anything is fine. Each type needs at least twenty specimens, all live and capable of breeding," Leon said.

"I'll draw up a list for you." Father Auden stood up and opened a locked cabinet to search for documents.

"As for the enforcers you want, how many people? Any requirements? What skills do they need?"

"Five to ten people. I want to seize one or two escorted carriages," Leon stated bluntly.

Father Auden, who had just taken out the documents and locked the cabinet, lifted his eyes to look at him.

"Are you sure this won't cause trouble?"

"Sometimes, if you don't strike first, people will climb all over your head. That's the real trouble. Among the people you're introducing, none of them have robbed shipments before?"

Leon asked.

As far as he knew, there had been no shortage of Underworld conflicts within South Harbor County.

"When we were fighting with River Valley County, everyone robbed each other. I can introduce a few professionals who work cleanly. Now that Potter is dead and the Earl's forces have taken over, the officers who should have fled already have. Many of the people below lost their jobs along with them. Quite a few still can't find employers. If you're willing to hire long-term, with my introduction, I can make them happily call you 'master,'" Father Auden said.

"I'll arrange a task and see how they perform," Leon replied.

"When do you want the goods and the people?" Father Auden asked.

"As soon as possible," Leon answered.

"The Magical Beasts will take at least three days to prepare. As for the people, if you're sure you want them, I can contact a few right now to discuss terms with you. If I can

reach them immediately, they should be able to arrive within one or two hours,” the priest said.

“That would be best,” Leon nodded.

Father Auden took several envelopes from a drawer and went out.

From the monastery, he returned to the main hall, stopped the attendant who was about to close the doors, and instructed him to deliver the letters to designated locations and specific people.

He then returned to the study.

Leon sat patiently in place, waiting.

“Tea?” Father Auden asked.

“No need,” Leon shook his head.

“Then, can you tell me now?” Father Auden asked.

“There’s nothing much to tell. More or less what you’re thinking,” Leon replied.

“What does the Earl want to get from you?”

“He wants to try a new source of goods,” Leon answered briefly, without elaborating on the details of his deal with the Earl.

Father Auden sat back down thoughtfully and raised an eyebrow at Leon.

“You’ve really risen fast.”

“It’s only just begun. There are still many problems to deal with,” Leon said.

“But the returns should be considerable, right? I’m guessing you’ll have a lot of money to launder later,” Father Auden said.

“I said there are many problems to deal with. Now isn’t the time, Father,” Leon replied.

“If there are many problems to deal with, then you should need an advisor,” Father Auden said, staring intently into Leon’s eyes.

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

## **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 84 : Weakness Only Lets Others Ride Roughshod Over You - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 84 : Weakness Only Lets Others Ride Roughshod Over You**

Chapter 84: Weakness Only Lets Others Ride Roughshod Over You

“You want me to hire you, like Potter did?” Leon quickly grasped Father Auden’s intention.

In fact, when he came to see the priest, he had already anticipated that Father Auden knew he had now latched onto the Earl’s connections and might propose something like this.

“That’s right. If you want to replace Potter and take charge of the business here, it’s best to have someone by your side who’s familiar with local dealings. I can also provide you with plenty of reference opinions,” Father Auden replied.

“How much would it cost to hire you?” Leon asked.

“Potter didn’t pay me a separate consultancy fee. Each year he let me handle at least five million in assets, from which I took a ten percent handling fee. For my biggest clients, I provide advisory services for free. Or, if you don’t feel comfortable letting me handle your money, you can just pay me five hundred thousand a year to hire me directly,” Father Auden said.

“So in other words, I’d be spending five hundred thousand to hire someone to share my situation and point fingers around me all day?” Leon said in a joking tone.

“You’ll need me—no, more accurately, you already need me. You’ve boarded the Earl’s ship. The Earl wants you to supply goods, but he hasn’t helped you resolve the source of the Magical Beasts. I’m guessing something went wrong at that link, right? So not only do you have to spend your own money to acquire Magical Beasts, you also have to hire people to handle the conflicts,” Father Auden said.

“Father Auden, are you implying that if I don’t hire you, you won’t be willing to help introduce me?” Leon asked in return.

“No. I’ll still make money,” Father Auden replied.

“I thought so.” Leon nodded.

“You don’t have to trust me, but you need at least one person by your side who has nothing to do with the Earl. If everyone around you is arranged by the Earl, you’ll be

constrained by others. Your power of life and death will forever be in someone else's hands. Maybe you're valuable to the Earl now, but who knows about the future? You need channels that belong solely to you so you'll have a way out.

"I have some intelligence I want to share with you. Not long ago, over in River Valley County, one of the Earl's subordinate cadres disappeared—vanished without a trace. That guy had been fighting Potter for a long time without gaining any advantage over us. Then the Earl directly sent people to deal with everything, and he was immediately discarded. There are even rumors that this person was related by blood to the Earl and was highly trusted, yet this was still his end. Working under the Earl isn't that easy."

Leon recalled that when he met the Earl, it hadn't been in South Harbor County, but in River Valley County.

The intelligence Father Auden mentioned was no small matter.

It would be easy to test its truth with a little probing, and from what Leon knew of Father Auden, he shouldn't be the type to tell a lie that could be exposed so easily.

"You're quite well-informed," Leon commented.

"That's one of the benefits of letting me be your advisor," Father Auden replied.

"I understand everything you've said, Father. But you worked for Potter for money, and now you can work for me for money. In the future, if someone offers a higher price, you could just as easily work for them too," Leon directly voiced his concern.

"If you don't trust someone, you keep them under your nose. I want money, but at least I'm not shortsighted. If we can have a long-term mutually beneficial relationship, ordinary temporary offers won't be enough to make me betray you. You need me right now, so you should put some thought into reducing the risks of using me, shouldn't you?" Father Auden advised.

"All right. To be frank, Father, from the very beginning my personal impression of you hasn't been very good. That may have something to do with the Hesh family—after all, what happened to them has a lot to do with you," Leon said.

"You sent Mrs. Hesh into prison, and now you're accusing me—isn't that a bit inappropriate?" Father Auden retorted.

"They reached a deal with me precisely because of the debts you forced them to bear. You were purely harming people. You've done quite a lot of things like that, haven't you, Father?" Leon asked.

"I really am a person without a conscience, but I only act according to my employer's wishes. Potter needed me to screw people over, so I became the most shameless

litigation hack in your words. If you prefer to do good deeds, I can of course passionately argue on your behalf in the Tribunal as well. How I act depends on what you hire me to do. Not presupposing a stance is the virtue of my line of work," the priest replied calmly.

"I have to admit you've convinced me, but unfortunately I don't have spare money to hire you for now, nor do I have that much money that needs you to handle," Leon replied.

"When will the first batch of profits come in?" the priest asked.

"Within a year, if nothing goes wrong."

"Then I can provide you with a trial period of service first. When you get the money, if you're willing to renew, you can pay for this period then," Father Auden proposed.

"That sounds like quite a generous discount," Leon smiled.

"I told you, I focus on long-term benefits. For you to board the Earl's ship under those circumstances, I have ample reason to believe in your future," Father Auden said.

"All right." Leon agreed much more readily this time.

"Since you're willing to give such a big discount, why not just throw in something extra for me?"

"What else do you want?"

"Potter's client list. You must have it."

Potter controlled the underground market of South Harbor County and had already built a very stable client base.

For Leon to replace Potter and take over the business here, he had to inherit his clients and understand their demand for Magical Potions in order to adjust production.

"You'd planned to come for that from the start, hadn't you?" Father Auden sighed.

"The sooner I have income, the sooner you get paid. Why not?" Leon said.

"Fine, I'll give it to you. Before that, let's talk about the matter you mentioned of seizing goods. Tell me the situation—maybe I can give you some advice," Father Auden suggested.

"Sure." Leon nodded.

.....

That evening, on a stretch of open fields outside Hamel Town, Leon met the liaison responsible for transporting Magical Beasts, accompanied by Bishop Becket.

“I’m very sorry, Mr. Fenrir. We’ve already done our best. Transporting living creatures sometimes results in situations like this—no one wants it,” the head of the escort apologized to Leon, though his face carried a careless expression.

“These Magical Beasts clearly weren’t properly fed. A journey of just a few days shouldn’t have turned out like this,” Leon said.

“I’m truly sorry. I’ll fully relay your opinion to Mr. Bar,” the person in charge said, mentioning the name of his superior cadre.

Cadre Mr. Bar was responsible for a territory on the western side of River Valley County.

There was a Labyrinth within his domain, and he had a group of Labyrinth Hunters under him.

The Magical Beasts Leon was using for breeding this time were precisely those the Earl had ordered him to deploy.

Bishop Becket listened silently to their conversation from behind.

There was a problem with the Magical Beasts sent by Bar, and it was clearly intentional.

The Earl viewed Leon as a candidate for a cadre in South Harbor County.

Now that Jay in River Valley County had been purged by the Earl, the territory there hadn’t yet been reassigned and was only temporarily managed by Johnny Wellman, who had originally been responsible for foreign trade transportation.

Naturally, Bar didn’t want this outside cadre candidate to be valued and take a share of River Valley County’s territory as well.

If Leon’s task was thwarted, Bar would have a chance to seize River Valley County for himself.

As long as it wasn’t too severe, the Earl usually turned a blind eye to open and covert struggles between cadres.

Mutual checks and balances effectively prevented any single party from growing too strong and developing unnecessary ambitions.

Once a cadre showed weakness or signs of betrayal, the others would immediately fix their sights on him.

“Does Mr. Bar have some issue with me?” Leon asked bluntly.

“That’s a strange thing to say. Mr. Bar hasn’t even met you—how could he have an issue? This is the Earl’s directive. We’ve been doing our best; it’s just that an accident occurred,” the escort leader replied perfunctorily.

“Please send another batch of Magical Beasts. This is important to the Earl’s business. If necessary, I can send people to handle the transport,” Leon said.

“Sorry, Mr. Fenrir. Our goods can only be transported by us. I’ll pass on your request, and we’ll handle it as soon as possible,” the person in charge replied.

“These small gifts—please pass them along to Mr. Bar.”

Leon beckoned, and not far away, a man he had recruited through the priest immediately stepped forward, carrying over a small chest.

He opened it in front of everyone, revealing rows of small bottles neatly arranged inside.

The person in charge picked up one bottle, opened it, and sniffed it.

“Longevity Potion?”

This was the most common product on the Magical Potion market.

“This is a potion made using Mana refined on my end. Please tell Mr. Bar that if I can maintain stable Mana output, he can also obtain stable raw materials on his side. Everyone benefits,” Leon said with a smile.

Hearing this, the smile on the person in charge’s face became subtle.

“All right. I’ll be sure to pass it along.”

Leon watched as they loaded the goods onto the carriage and departed.

At that moment, Bishop Becket spoke behind him.

“I hope you didn’t do something stupid like poisoning the potions or trying to report them.”

If Leon tampered with things here to go after Bar, it would be far too easy to leave evidence behind.

And whether destroying the market or betraying the organization, both were things the Earl could not tolerate.

“How could I do something like that?” Leon spread his hands.

“Then what you just did had no meaning other than telling them that aside from submitting, you have no way to deal with them—that they can ride roughshod over you however they like,” Bishop Becket warned.

Even without Leon’s supply, the business in Bar’s territory could continue operating steadily.

In comparison, River Valley County offered him the greatest benefit.

Leon trying to negotiate on so-called mutual benefit would only make others see weakness, and Bar would inevitably press harder.

In this world, weakness only meant being ridden over.

“It’s fine, sir. I’ll handle this matter myself,” Leon said with a faint smile to Bishop Becket.

.....

Three days later, as Bar’s escort carriage was about to pass through a mountain path in River Valley County, two people lay hidden on the hillside, concealing themselves with grass and trees.

One of them observed for a while with a spyglass, then said to his companion, “The route’s confirmed. Set things up according to Mr. Fenrir’s instructions!”

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

## **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 85 : An Unexpected Visitor - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 85 : An Unexpected Visitor**

Chapter 85: An Unexpected Visitor

Several days later, two carriages belonging to the cadre Bar crossed through the canyon, preparing to pass through River Valley County and head toward South Harbor County.

The carriages were loaded with Magical Beasts and cargo used for disguise.

Each carriage was escorted by a mounted guard at the front, rear, left, and right.

Together with the two coachmen, there were six people in total.

In the forest on the canyon slope, Simon observed the situation through a spyglass, then turned to Leon behind him and said, "Forgive my bluntness, Mr. Fenrir, but this isn't the best ambush site. I'd still recommend making a move after they pass through the canyon."

"Why?" Leon asked.

"This place is clearly ideal for hiding. Why go to open ground instead?"

"Sir, precisely because anyone can tell people can hide on these slopes, they'll be extra vigilant. Look at them constantly scanning around. Secondly, if we attack from a forested slope, we won't be able to ride horses. If they suddenly speed up and flee once attacked, it'll be hard for us to stop them. Chasing them on the plains would be more suitable," Simon advised.

Seeing that Leon remained silent, Simon added, "You should trust our experience."

They were elite enforcers introduced by the Priest who had once worked for Potter.

The underworld war initiated by the Earl wasn't large in scale.

Although many people had died alongside Potter on the day he was killed, quite a few survived—only to find themselves unemployed after Potter's death.

Simon was one such example.

At thirty-two years old, he was considered an experienced enforcer under Potter, and the Priest's evaluation of him had been fairly positive.

Therefore, when Leon approached the Priest, Simon and his men were introduced first.

Their first task was to rob two shipments belonging to the Earl's cadre Bar.

They had no qualms about it; after all, when they worked under Potter, they had robbed shipments from Jero, a cadre in River Valley County.

"No. We'll ambush them here," Leon rejected the suggestion.

"Once they pass the canyon, it'll be River Valley County's territory. Getting entangled with someone else's turf would be troublesome. Let the incident happen on their own land."

"Then how about attacking them from both sides of the canyon?" Simon suggested again.

“With our limited manpower, splitting into two groups would just make it easier for them to break through, and our casualties would be higher,” Leon shook his head.

“Do as I said. Have you finished setting up what I asked for?”

“It’s done, but that setup... it hardly counts as a trap,” Simon said in confusion.

Not long ago, Leon had instructed them to pour a bottle of dark-red liquid onto the middle of the road that the carriages had to pass through, forming a dark-red pool of blood.

If the other party saw it, they might stop—but they would also become alert.

After pouring the liquid, Leon had them cover the blood pool with withered grass to disguise it as much as possible.

This left them utterly puzzled.

“Listen carefully. We’ll lie in wait at the agreed spot. When the convoy passes there, the horses will be frightened. Once they fall into chaos, you can act. Don’t let a single one escape. Understood?” Leon ordered.

“Alright, sir,” Simon sighed helplessly.

He quietly exchanged glances with his men, then shrugged.

Being able to find work again while unemployed was something to be grateful for, but this employer was more troublesome than expected.

At the very least, Mr. Griffin had never interfered so much in how they carried out robberies.

After a while, the carriages finally reached the spot Leon had designated.

The foremost guard rode his horse over the withered grass.

At that moment, the first carriage’s coachman noticed red seeping out from the pile of grass, and the guard’s horse left wet hoofprints.

“Wait—what’s that?” the coachman shouted.

The leading guard stopped and turned back, stunned.

The guards on both sides also came forward to take a look and discovered what seemed to be blood beneath the withered grass.

They immediately became alert.

“This is bad—they’re starting to look around!”

Simon and his men, lying in ambush, grew tense.

Simon was already cursing Mr. Fenrir’s terrible idea in his heart.

Leon hid in a nearby thicket, watching as the convoy noticed the blood he had left on the road.

Seizing the moment, he activated his ability.

In an instant, the blood pool beneath the withered grass turned purple, transforming into Purple Smoke that curled upward, including the parts that had smeared onto the horse’s hoof.

Cursed Blood manifested.

When the convoy saw the Purple Smoke, they immediately felt an instinctive biological intimidation.

Before they could even gasp, the horses suddenly neighed in terror, stomping and bolting on their own, desperately trying to flee from the spreading smoke.

The smoke created by the small amount of Leon’s blood covered only a limited area.

It was difficult to poison people or large animals, but it was more than enough to frighten the horses.

“Stop! Stop!”

Both guards and coachmen desperately pulled at the reins, trying to calm the horses.

The convoy instantly fell into chaos, which quickly spread to the rear carriage as well.

“Now!” Leon glared at the stunned Simon and urged him.

Simon snapped out of it, grabbed a Gun from the ground, and shouted, “Move!!”

The enforcers lying in ambush on the slope rushed out from their hiding spots, charging downhill with Guns, crossbows, and bows, then unleashed a volley from above.

The convoy, mired in chaos, couldn’t respond in time and immediately began taking casualties.

Leon did not join the attack.

He simply stayed behind a tree, watching.

He had already done what he needed to do.

The situation was completely one-sided.

After two rounds of gunfire, the convoy was mostly dead or wounded.

One carriage's horse was struck by arrows and toppled over with the carriage.

The other carriage's coachman was shot down, and the frightened horse dragged the carriage into a mad sprint.

Simon ordered one of his men to seize an uninjured horse to pursue it, while he led the others in checking for survivors, finishing off anyone still moving with a blade.

After quite some time, Leon finally descended from the slope and stepped out.

By then, Simon's men had already recovered the runaway carriage and driven it back.

"Mr. Fenrir!" Simon called out.

"Everyone's been dealt with."

"Very good. Gather the bodies and clean up the scene," Leon ordered.

"Sir, what exactly was that stuff you poured out earlier?" Simon asked cautiously, his gaze toward Leon now carrying a mix of admiration and awe.

"A Magical Potion refined by my people. Quite amazing, isn't it?" Leon smiled at him, then strolled over to the overturned carriage to inspect the cargo.

After the carriage tipped over, the disguised partitions collapsed as well, and cages holding Magical Beasts rolled out together with the camouflaged goods.

Leon checked the Magical Beasts.

Most of them were still alive.

However, after searching the carriage, he did not find any feed meant for them.

He let out a soft "hmp." It seemed this second shipment was also meant to deliver him a carriage full of nearly dead Magical Beasts.

This time, however, before the other party could brush him off with excuses about an accident on the road, Leon had created an “accident” for them first, directly seizing the goods at the edge of their own territory.

The last time he had Bar’s men bring back the Magical Potion, he had already secretly arranged for people introduced by the Priest to observe several nodes along the route, confirming the usual path used to transport contraband.

That way, when the second delivery came, he could calculate the approximate timing and lie in ambush at a suitable location for the convoy transporting the Magical Beasts.

Since this cadre couldn’t handle transportation issues, Leon didn’t mind transporting them himself.

Moreover, if he didn’t make other cadres understand that provoking him came at a cost, he would likely face even more obstacles in the coming year.

“Bring our carriage over and transfer all the goods onto it. Feed all the Magical Beasts once. Take these carriages somewhere far away and burn them—farther is better. As for the bodies...” Leon issued his instructions.

“Don’t worry, sir. We’ll burn them together,” Simon nodded.

“No. I want them transported back together with the goods,” Leon waved his hand and gave the order.

...

Several days later, at the Inquisition.

Leon was summoned by Bishop Beckett to the Director’s Office.

“Mr. Bar’s side sent word that the convoy delivering your second batch of Magical Beasts has gone missing,” Bishop Beckett stared into Leon’s eyes and asked in a lowered voice.

“Do you have any leads?”

“Missing? What does ‘missing’ mean?” Leon spread his hands innocently and replied in an equally low voice only the two of them could hear.

“This time, is Mr. Bar not even bothering to pretend anymore that he wants to give me anything?”

“They insist that this matter is related to you,” Bishop Beckett said.

“May I ask where Mr. Bar’s convoy went missing?” Leon countered.

“It seems they didn’t reach River Valley County,” Bishop Beckett replied.

“So his people ran into trouble on his own territory, and yet he comes to me?” Leon said jokingly.

“What is it—does Mr. Bar intend to hand his territory over to me to manage?”

Bishop Beckett didn’t laugh.

Instead, he said seriously, “You said you would handle it yourself, but you didn’t tell me you’d handle it like this.”

“Handle it how?” Leon continued to play dumb.

“That’s enough. You don’t need to do this with me. I’m in charge of this territory now, and I’m on your side,” Bishop Beckett let out a long breath.

“Then you must know, sir, that batch of goods was meant to be delivered to us in the first place. What reason does Mr. Bar have to suspect that I would rob his shipment?” Leon asked in return.

“That does make sense,” Bishop Beckett raised an eyebrow.

“You said everyone needs to be capable of dealing with their own problems. I’ve already resolved the issue of the Magical Beasts on my end. Since Mr. Bar’s transportation runs into problems so easily—he can’t even manage his own territory—I won’t trouble him anymore. Could you please convey my thanks for his help and concern?” Leon said.

This time, Bishop Beckett finally smiled.

“Very well. I’ll advise him to mind his own affairs.”

“Do you have any other instructions?” Leon asked.

“No,” Bishop Beckett replied, then added, “Things should be back on track now, yes?”

“Yes. We’ll push things forward as quickly as possible,” Leon nodded.

“That’s good,” Bishop Beckett said.

At that moment, there was a sudden knock on the office door.

Bishop Beckett and Leon exchanged a glance, then raised his voice.

“Come in.”

“Yes!” A member of the Inquisition on duty in the main hall opened the door, nervously saluted Bishop Beckett, and said, “Director, there’s a visitor—”

His gaze then flicked to the side, and he blurted out in surprise, “Ah—Your Grace, Bishop, why have you come up already?”

“Sorry for the intrusion,” a tall, graceful figure appeared at the doorway.

The visitor wore a pure white nun’s robe embroidered with the emblem of the Creator Church, clearly marking her as a distinguished Bishop.

The reporting member could only step aside.

Upon seeing her, both Bishop Beckett and Leon showed expressions of surprise.

Bishop Beckett immediately stood up with a solemn expression.

“Bishop Weiss, what brings you here?”

“Long time no see, Bishop Beckett. My apologies for the sudden visit,” Bishop Weiss greeted him with a nod, then swept her gaze over Leon standing in the room.

Her eyes paused slightly.

“You?”

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

## **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 86 : The Saintess’s Purpose - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 86 : The Saintess’s Purpose**

Chapter 86: The Saintess’s Purpose

“Greetings, Bishop.”

Leon came back to his senses and hurriedly saluted Bishop Weiss.

“You know each other?” Bishop Becket noticed Weiss’s reaction and asked.

“At the beginning of the year, Bishop Weiss and Archbishop Rogers came to conduct an inspection. I happened to meet the Bishop once at that time,” Leon answered.

“Then Bishop Weiss truly has an impressive memory, to be able to remember even a lower-ranking inquisitor so clearly,” Bishop Becket said meaningfully, first looking at Weiss, then sizing up Leon.

Bishop Weiss’s rank within the Church was Fully Appointed Third-Rank Knight, the same rank as Aaron and one level higher than Bishop Becket.

As for Rogers, he was an Archbishop on the verge of being promoted to Cardinal.

When such figures traveled together, even the Director of the Inquisition would have to follow behind them with deference.

At that time, Leon had merely been a lower-ranking inquisitor, at best a background figure standing off to the side.

How could Bishop Weiss possibly remember him?

Bishop Becket’s scrutinizing gaze made Leon feel as though needles were pricking his back.

He could sense that Bishop Becket was extremely concerned—perhaps even wary—about the fact that he knew Bishop Weiss.

Could it be that the two did not get along? Or that they belonged to opposing factions within the Church? Leon pondered silently.

“At the time, I noticed that he had old injuries caused by long-term use of holy water, so I casually helped him diagnose them,” Bishop Weiss calmly explained.

“You have injuries?” Bishop Becket asked Leon.

“Yes. I was once grazed by a crossbow bolt coated with monster venom. Even now, there are lingering aftereffects,” Leon said, pointing to his upper arm.

Even after obtaining the Witch’s Blessing and gaining the ability of Cursed Blood—whose potency surpassed even cockatrice venom—Leon found that the aftereffects left by his injuries had not disappeared.

Perhaps it was because curses and poison worked on different principles.

He seemed to be immune only to his own curses.

In any case, his injuries still needed to be dealt with somehow.

Fortunately, he was no longer short on money.

“That truly must have been hard on you,” Bishop Becket nodded.

Then he glanced at the inquisitor outside the door and at Leon before giving instructions.

“Alright, you may both return to your duties.”

“Yes, sir.” Leon and the inquisitor saluted at the same time.

Bishop Becket then turned his gaze back to Weiss and was about to ask her purpose when Weiss suddenly spoke first.

“Bishop Becket, may I ask that he stay behind?”

As she said this, she pointed at Leon, who was just about to leave.

Not only Bishop Becket, but Leon himself was momentarily stunned, unable to understand Weiss’s intention.

Bishop Becket pondered for a moment, then turned toward the team member still standing uncertainly by the door and nodded at him.

“Close the door for me.”

“Yes!” The team member closed the office door and left.

Seeing this, Leon could only remain standing by the door, awaiting orders.

“Please, have a seat, Bishop Weiss,” Bishop Becket gestured for Weiss to sit in the guest chair.

“Might your visit this time be related to the case we previously handled?”

Hearing this, Leon finally realized it.

If Bishop Weiss had come for Sally’s case, then asking him to stay made sense.

The submitted case report had mentioned his relationship with Sally.

Keeping him here was likely for the convenience of questioning him if necessary, something Bishop Becket had immediately perceived.

“Yes. I have reviewed the case files and also saw your request to continue detaining the involved witch, Sally Hesh, here. Knight Dias also contacted the Institute, requesting that we assist in alleviating the suffering of the criminal afflicted with Saltification Disease. Her circumstances are deeply sympathetic, so I wished to formally discuss with

your unit the possibility of transferring her to Saint Rosalia Prison,” Bishop Weiss explained in a formal tone.

Leon immediately grew tense upon hearing this, but he maintained his composure and subtly cast a glance at Bishop Becket.

The detention area of the Inquisition was capable of performing prison functions.

Citing Sally’s illness, Bishop Becket had applied to have her detained here.

This was part of the arrangement between Leon and the Earl.

By keeping Sally here, Leon could still have access to her and, with the convenience granted by Bishop Becket, secretly administer medication to her.

In fact, Sally’s detention cell had been receiving medication normally all along.

Leon was even able to quietly bring her some food and daily necessities, allowing her to live somewhat more comfortably inside.

However, if Sally were transferred elsewhere, matters would fall beyond their control.

Leon would not only be unable to find ways to help her, but even making contact with her would become extremely difficult.

“Bishop Weiss, we already mentioned in the report that this prisoner’s Saltification Disease is in its late stage. Her physical condition is extremely poor, and she cannot withstand long-distance transport. Moreover, the blessing she possesses—Cursed Blood—is extremely rare. There is also a risk of unforeseen incidents during transport. Taking all factors into account, we still believe it is more appropriate to detain her here,” Bishop Becket said.

“But she will die very soon if she stays here. If she is transferred to Saint Rosalia Prison, we can attempt to provide her with proper treatment. Knight Dias, who is responsible for the case, made this request to us for that very reason, did he not?” Weiss said.

Leon finally understood.

Weiss’s intention in requesting Sally’s transfer to Saint Rosalia Prison was, in fact, similar to Aaron’s—

Both were trying to help Sally.

But to a certain extent, this was a case of good intentions causing harm.

Here, Sally was still able to secretly receive the special medicine developed by Rena, who had been researching Saltification Disease for a long time.

If she were sent to Saint Rosalia Prison, how decent a level of treatment would the Church really provide to a witch? Even if approval were granted, the Church had never developed special medicine targeting Saltification Disease.

How much effect could holy water possibly have on it?

One had to remember that earlier, Melissa had gone deeply into debt to use holy water on Sally, yet could only watch helplessly as Sally's condition worsened day by day.

"In that case, the Saint Rosalia Research Institute could send the holy water currently under development here under the name of experimental assistance. We could also cooperate in administering medication to the prisoner. There is no need to deliberately transfer her back and forth," Bishop Becket said.

"Frankly speaking, the Church's research into Saltification Disease is still very superficial. At present, holy water does not have any particularly effective results against Saltification Disease. However, I examined the special medicine she developed, and it does indeed have a certain degree of efficacy against the disease."

As Weiss said this, Bishop Becket could not help interrupting.

"Are you planning to administer potions to a person? Does this comply with Church regulations?"

"At Saint Rosalia Prison, potion experiments are permitted within certain limits, as long as the subjects are prisoners and approval is obtained from the Tribunal. I am personally very interested in the potion developed by this prisoner. Furthermore, she suffers from Saltification Disease and possesses the rare blessing of Cursed Blood, making her inherently valuable for research. As for the issue of transport, the Institute is willing to assist in resolving it. May I meet the prisoner to better understand her condition?"

When Weiss said this, there was a faint gleam in her eyes, forming a sharp contrast with her previous cold demeanor.

Leon could sense that Weiss was not only trying to help Sally, but was also deeply interested in researching her—more precisely, interested in the witch who had developed that special medicine.

The problem, however, was that the one who had developed the medicine was actually Rena.

Sally herself could not produce such a special medicine.

In fact, she was not a witch at all.

Without any blessing, she could not even refine mana.

Let alone sending her there—even allowing Weiss to meet her once carried the risk of exposing the truth.

This made Leon tense once again.

“I’m afraid that... this may not be very convenient,” Bishop Becket chose to refuse.

“Why? I hope your unit can provide a suitable reason,” Weiss clearly was not willing to give up easily.

“The reasons are rather complicated,” Bishop Becket replied as he thought, then suddenly shifted his gaze toward Leon, who was standing to the side.

“How about this, Bishop Weiss. You can ask Inquisitor Set about the details. Since you have read the case files, you must have quite a few questions you wish to ask him. He is quite familiar with the prisoner’s situation. I still have many urgent matters to attend to. If you do not mind, the reception room is still available. Would it be alright for Inquisitor Set to receive you for now?”

Leon stared at Bishop Becket in astonishment.

Bishop Becket returned him a smile, the meaning of which was abundantly clear: “You’re the one who needs to get her to leave—do your best yourself!”

Bishop Becket unhesitatingly dumped this troublesome matter onto Leon.

After all, keeping Sally here was Leon’s own request.

“Very well.” Weiss rose decisively and turned toward Leon.

“Then let us have a private discussion.”

“Yes, Bishop,” Leon could only reply, steeling himself.

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

## **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 87 : She Was Our Enemy - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 87 : She Was Our Enemy**

Chapter 87: She Was Our Enemy

A few minutes later, Leon led Weiss into the reception room.

“Please have a seat, Bishop.” Leon invited Weiss to sit before walking toward the tea cabinet.

“I’ll make some tea for you.”

“No need. Let’s save some time.” Weiss stopped Leon, pointing to another chair by the tea table to signal for him to sit down.

“Alright.” Leon turned back and carefully took his seat.

“Regarding the criminal’s situation, could you explain it to me in detail? Why are you so insistent on not transferring the criminal to Saint Rosalia Prison?” Weiss asked Leon.

“Bishop Weiss—” Leon spoke while thinking through a suitable excuse.

“You should have already seen the case file and gained a certain understanding of the criminal’s situation. I believe you already know this: the criminal has a daughter. The reason she was forced by the underworld to become a witch and refine mana for them was because her family owed a huge sum of money. She did it to prevent her daughter from bearing that debt.”

“I know. Her daughter should already be in the local reformatory now.” Bishop Weiss nodded.

“This criminal doesn’t have long to live. After paying off the debt, she herself has no real desire to go on living. By coming here to turn herself in, she had already prepared herself for death. She won’t live for many more years. She wants to spend what time she has left in her hometown, and if possible, perhaps she could even get approval to see her daughter one last time. But if she were sent to Saint Rosalia Prison? That chance would be gone forever.

“Moreover, because her family accumulated massive debt over years of purchasing holy water, she harbors strong resistance toward the Healing Monastic Order. If you were to state that you are an alchemist who develops holy water, I think—if you met her, the conversation would probably not be very pleasant.” Leon fabricated a reason.

Bishop Weiss lowered her eyes.

This point was indeed difficult to refute.

Once someone entered Saint Rosalia Prison, considering the risk of leaking research secrets, no visits were permitted during the period of incarceration.

If one were to act under the banner of sympathy for the criminal, one could not ultimately bypass the criminal's own wishes.

"Sounds like you still harbor sympathy for the criminal?" Weiss sought confirmation from Leon.

"She was forced into becoming a witch. She suffered the injustice of fate and, with no other options, relied on her own strength to fight for her daughter's future—I respect that." Leon replied sincerely. Half of that was the truth. Sally had chosen to accept his proposal in pursuit of a dignified death, and that was something he genuinely admired.

"I've repeatedly tested her medicine. It truly has remarkable effects on Saltification Disease. She found the right general direction." Weiss said with some regret.

"If—if she could assist with experiments at the Saint Rosalia Research Institute, perhaps—she really could develop a cure for Saltification Disease."

"You already have the medicine she left behind. That's her achievement. Couldn't you reproduce the medicine yourselves?" Leon asked in a lowered, probing voice.

From Weiss's tone, it sounded as though she had already seen hope for developing a special medicine for Saltification Disease.

Leon guessed that she must at least know part of the direction.

"In the end, we cannot directly research magic potions. But if a witch were to propose a new theory, and we recorded it and conducted experiments based on it, perhaps approval could be obtained." Weiss explained.

If she wanted to research a special medicine for Saltification Disease along the lines of magic potions, she absolutely could not initiate the project on her own.

It could only be explained as a new magic potion formula proposed by a detained witch, with the formula being verified under the pretext of researching heresy.

This was also the biggest reason she had proposed transferring Sally Heshue to Saint Rosalia Prison.

"The Church clearly knows that magic potions can cure illnesses, so why—" Leon let out a long sigh, then realized that this line of speech was not very appropriate in front of Weiss.

"Ah, that was a slip of the tongue. Please pretend you didn't hear it."

This thought had lingered in his mind for a long time.

The body of magical potion knowledge built around mana and monster materials had already been proven to hold enormous value in medicine, yet the Church turned a blind eye to those values and instead imposed sweeping prohibitions.

If these things were at least opened for medical use, Rena wouldn't have had to take such risks and endure such hardship in researching special medicines—no, perhaps predecessors should have already developed a cure for Saltification Disease long ago.

Neither Rena's grandmother nor Sally would have had to suffer so terribly from this illness.

And his own injuries—perhaps many other diseases as well—might have had a chance to receive more appropriate treatment, rather than forcing families to exhaust their fortunes on the Church's holy water.

If the Church prohibited all of this merely to ensure a monopoly on medical resources, it seemed far too short-sighted.

Leon always felt there must be deeper reasons behind it, but he still knew too little about the Church's internal situation.

"No, what you said makes sense. That is indeed the current state of affairs. Monsters, mana, and the power of Moirae do in fact possess a certain degree of practical value. Every scholar at the Saint Rosalia Research Institute understands this—unfortunately, the present Church remains bound by tradition and will not yield on this matter.

In fact, even if a special medicine for Saltification Disease were developed, it would most likely not be permitted for widespread use by the Church." Bishop Weiss sighed as she spoke.

"According to the Church's teachings, shouldn't the gods bestow mercy upon the world?" Leon said casually.

If the gods of this world were truly as merciful toward humanity as the Church claimed, they surely wouldn't mind humans borrowing a bit of Moirae's power to seek their own well-being.

"The key issue here probably lies more with Moirae herself." Weiss suddenly said in an academic, discussion-like tone.

"Whether the gods possess the kind of mercy mortals understand is another matter, but Moirae truly does harbor hatred toward humanity."

"Moirae hates humans—then why can her power still help humans rid themselves of illness?" Leon said.

From the fact that monsters especially liked attacking humans, and from his discovery that feeding monsters with humans increased mana purity, Moirae did indeed seem to hate humanity, just as the Church claimed.

Yet mana, as the crystallization of Moirae's power, provided many benefits to humans.

This seemed extremely contradictory.

"There are several schools of thought on that, but it's not convenient to discuss it here." Bishop Weiss timely cut off the topic.

She looked Leon over again.

"Actually, there are also people within the Church who are striving for reform, hoping the Church can accept the utilization of Moirae's power—at least utilization under supervision."

"Are you one of them?" Leon asked.

"Yes, but our school of thought is currently insignificant and receives no attention from the Church. Very few people understand us." For the first time, a faint smile appeared at the corner of Bishop Weiss's mouth.

"But it seems that you are one of them."

Leon nodded gently.

He genuinely believed that if the application of monsters could be opened up, it would be a good thing for the people of this world.

"It seems I'm destined to return empty-handed this time. I should take my leave early." Bishop Weiss rationally abandoned the idea of transferring Sally, stood up, and said, "I'll go speak with Bishop Becket myself."

"Alright." Leon inwardly let out a sigh of relief.

Bishop Weiss turned to look Leon over again.

After thinking for a moment, she suddenly leaned closer, lowered her voice, and spoke in a tone only the two of them could hear: "By the way, when do you get off work?"

Leon was stunned.

What was this female bishop up to, suddenly asking about his off-duty time in such a furtive manner?

This wasn't the first time she had said or done something that invited misunderstanding, but Leon quickly calmed himself and gave an answer.

"In about two hours. Do you have something you need me to handle?"

Thinking calmly about it, it had to be some matter she wanted his help with.

Surely she wasn't asking him out for a private rendezvous.

Then he heard Bishop Weiss continue, "After you get off work, wait at the third intersection east of the main gate. My carriage will come to pick you up. There are some things that aren't convenient to talk about here."

Leon froze.

Bishop Weiss didn't wait for his response before leaving the reception room, as though the matter was already settled.

Leon stood there, utterly perplexed.

When he finally pushed the door open and went out, he saw Bishop Weiss already entering the Director's Office.

She probably only went in to exchange a few polite farewell words with Bishop Becket.

She came out quickly, then nodded toward Leon across the corridor, seemingly reminding him not to forget what she had just said.

After that, she headed toward the staircase and disappeared around the corner.

Leon thought for a moment, then walked over and knocked on the door of the Director's Office.

"Come in." Bishop Becket responded.

"Sir, has she given up?" Leon closed the door and confirmed with Bishop Becket.

"You successfully persuaded her. That's good. Her sudden visit really startled me—I thought something had gone wrong." Bishop Becket smiled, then quickly wiped the smile away.

"Let me confirm something with you. You truly have no connection whatsoever with this saintless bishop of the Creator Church, correct?"

"Yes." Leon nodded.

He truly had no special relationship with Weiss.

He was somewhat concerned about the message Weiss had just left him.

After hesitating for a moment, he decided to wait and see and did not plan to tell Bishop Becket about it yet.

“That’s good. Then let me give you an advance warning—” Bishop Becket’s expression turned unusually Sallyous, and his voice dropped to an exceptionally low register.

“This saintess bishop is our enemy!”

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

## **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 88 : The Saintess’s Antidote - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 88 : The Saintess’s Antidote**

Chapter 88: The Saintess’s Antidote

Two hours later, Leon still followed Weiss’s instructions and arrived at the designated location to wait.

At this very moment, his mind was still replaying the earlier conversation he had had with Bishop Beckett in the office.

“Enemies?” Leon had been surprised when he heard that description.

“To be precise, it’s her and her father, Archbishop Rogers. They are both our enemies,” Bishop Beckett explained.

“Archbishop Rogers—her father?” Leon was even more shocked.

In his mind surfaced the image of that stern, unsmiling archbishop who had once inspected the Inquisition together with Weiss.

So they were actually father and daughter?

In this world, the clergy of the Four Great Churches did not forbid marriage.

Knights, bishops, delegate officers, and priests could all establish families just like ordinary people.

Only now did he realize that although Bishop Beckett’s rank was clearly lower and he was not particularly close with Bishop Weiss, he still addressed her by her given name

rather than her surname—because Weiss’s surname was Rogers, and using it would easily cause confusion with her father.

“Oh, you didn’t know that? She’s Archbishop Rogers’s daughter. A bishop’s children becoming bishops, a knight’s children becoming knights—that’s not uncommon. But for Bishop Weiss to be chosen as a Saintess by the Creator Church, she really does have some ability,” Bishop Beckett explained.

“When you say she and her father—does that mean they’re the Earl’s enemies?” Leon asked cautiously.

“The Earl’s enemies are our enemies,” Bishop Beckett said seriously.

“You don’t need to know the reason right now. You just need to remember that if you have further contact with them in the future, you should be cautious.”

Recalling this, Leon could not help but glance around nervously.

This place was three streets away from the Inquisition, with plenty of pedestrians and carriages passing by.

In the end, he still did not mention that Bishop Weiss had secretly asked him to wait here.

If Bishop Beckett were to find out, it would likely arouse suspicion.

But firstly, when Bishop Weiss had brought up that reformist school of thought with him, Leon had sincerely supported it.

In that context, Weiss’s purpose in asking to meet him seemed related to that topic.

Secondly, strictly speaking, he knew nothing about the grudge between Bishop Weiss and the Earl.

It could be said to have nothing to do with him.

He did not accept Bishop Beckett’s stance at all.

His agreement with the Earl only involved business.

He did not think he had to abandon his own position and unconditionally submit to the Earl’s position.

What difference would that make from being a dog?

In the end, he decided to meet Bishop Weiss first, figure out her purpose, and then make his own judgment.

Fortunately, he did not have to wait long.

A carriage with a black carriage compartment soon drove up and stopped in front of him.

The coachman halted the carriage but kept staring straight ahead, showing no intention of inviting him aboard.

Leon thought for a moment, reached out to open the carriage door himself, and climbed inside.

As soon as he entered the compartment, he smelled a faint, elegant fragrance of incense.

Bishop Weiss was already inside.

When she saw him, she nodded slightly.

“You’re very punctual.”

Strictly speaking, we never actually made an appointment at all, Saintess.

Leon complained inwardly.

“Bishop, why exactly did you have me meet you here?” Leon sat down opposite Bishop Weiss.

“After discussing those topics with you, I thought it over again and felt that I should still give this to you,” Bishop Weiss said, casually reaching into her neckline and pulling out a rolled-up sheet of letter paper.

Leon froze, his gaze unconsciously fixing on Bishop Weiss’s collar and full chest.

Why put something there!?

Weiss noticed his line of sight and lowered her head slightly.

Leon instinctively averted his gaze.

If his glance just now had displeased this bishop, he would not even know how he died.

Yet Weiss was completely calm and even explained, “Oh, I’m used to it. When I studied at the monastery before, I often hid prohibited items here. When the matrons inspected us, they would only search pockets and cloth bags.”

That also requires extraordinary talent to pull off—if it were too flat, it would probably slip out from under the clothes.

Leon did not dare say that aloud.

But he quickly reacted, realizing something important.

“Could it be that this paper of yours is contraband?”

Bishop Weiss silently nodded and handed the paper over.

Leon took it and carefully unfolded it to read.

“Demonic Wolf blood, thirty grams; Labyrinth Mandrake Grass root and fibers, five grams; red centipede, water lily, milk thistle, pain-relief herb—”

After a quick scan, Leon realized that this was a formula—an unmistakable magical potion formula.

Demonic Wolf blood and Labyrinth Mandrake Grass were both magical beast materials.

Each ingredient had processing and extraction steps noted beside it, and at the very final step of the entire formula, it clearly stated: “Activation with Mana of no less than seventy percent purity”!

And this Demonic Wolf blood—back when Rena had first conceived of making a special medicine to treat Leon’s injuries, she had started from the assumption of using Demonic Wolf blood.

“Could this be—the antidote formula for Cockatrice venom?” Leon looked at Bishop Weiss in shock and asked tentatively.

“It’s not only an antidote. It’s also a special medicine for treating tissue degeneration caused by long-term Cockatrice venom. The potion made according to this formula—using the listed amounts, taken orally once every three days, preferably combined with external application of Holy Water—should allow you to fully recover within one to three months,” Bishop Weiss said.

For a moment, Leon did not know what to say.

Rena’s research in this area had only just begun, and now this formula had practically fallen from the sky, handed over for free?

“I should have given this to you back then, but it involved certain secrets and also violated Church Regulations. I didn’t know what kind of person you were, so I hesitated,” Bishop Weiss explained.

“Can this magical potion really cure me?” Leon stared blankly at Bishop Weiss.

“Yes. We verified it using Cockatrice venom. It can cure the aftereffects,” Bishop Weiss answered with absolute certainty.

Leon carefully read the letter paper in his hand and quickly committed its contents to memory.

Whether this formula was reliable or not, he would have a rough idea once he had Rena verify it.

“In the previous Case File, the former director Caron Eso was involved in magical beast trading. Did you also participate?” Bishop Weiss suddenly asked.

Raising this at such a time could be explained as reasonable speculation and would not arouse suspicion about sensing Mana.

“Just that one time. I ran errands for them. Former Director Dias and Bishop Beckett both knew about it,” Leon replied.

“I can only give you the formula. As for the materials, I’m afraid you’ll have to find your own channels. Remember, you must not tell anyone about this,” Bishop Weiss instructed.

“Thank you, Bishop. I really don’t know how I should repay you—” Leon said sincerely.

Weiss probably thought that gathering these materials would be somewhat difficult for him, but in reality, for his current self, assembling this formula was truly effortless.

“If it can cure you, that’s the best repayment for me. Research like this only has value if it can heal people,” Bishop Weiss sighed softly.

At this moment, Leon felt that her figure overlapped somewhat with Rena’s.

“No matter what, if this really can cure my injuries, I’ll remember this kindness. Thank you, Bishop Weiss!” Leon said solemnly.

He knew very well how great a risk Weiss was taking by handing such a formula to him.

This help was far beyond those minor reminders from before.

“In that case, please continue to support our school of thought,” Bishop Weiss said with a smile at the corner of her lips.

“The times are always moving forward. I believe that one day, the Church will become more open-minded in this regard.”

At this time, Bishop Beckett was in his office, using the blessing of the Secret God to contact the Earl remotely.

“He resolved the issue of magical beast supply. Bar provoking him will probably only result in swallowing his loss.”

“That is an ability he ought to possess,” the Earl replied calmly.

“Go warn Bar and tell him to behave himself.”

“I’ve already done so,” Bishop Beckett replied.

“But for now, he still doesn’t seem to have realized the true problem of this mission.”

“He will realize it sooner or later. And then he must resolve it himself. Otherwise, he has no value to cultivate,” the Earl replied.

“There’s one more matter I need to report to you. It concerns Weiss Rogers—” Bishop Beckett quickly explained Weiss’s visit.

“She just left like that?” the Earl confirmed.

“Yes.”

“What do you think?” the Earl asked.

“She’s interested in this matter, which fits her behavioral logic. There’s no need to pay too much attention for now, as long as it doesn’t affect the plan,” Bishop Beckett said.

“How is the plan arranged?”

“Perfect,” Bishop Beckett answered.

The Earl fell silent for a long time, then said, “Twenty-five years—”

“Yes. After waiting so many years, you’re finally about to reclaim the debt from back then,” Bishop Beckett echoed softly.

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

# **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 89 : Do You Have Another Witch? - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 89 : Do You Have Another Witch?**

Chapter 89: Do You Have Another Witch?

That night, Rena, who had just finished preparing dinner, sat at the table with a heavy heart.

She had spent the entire day handling work inside the Labyrinth.

By now, the Labyrinth's breeding grounds had been packed full by Leon with small Magical Beasts—both animals and plants.

If breeding began at this scale, then based on past experience, their Mana output for the year should have been able to catch up to the target.

However, after several days passed, Rena gradually began to sense that something was wrong.

After extracting Mana from the Magical Beasts and refining it, a terrifying conjecture surfaced in her mind.

Now she was just waiting for Leon to return, intending to discuss this matter thoroughly with him.

Leon had moved into Rena's house and was sleeping in the vacant room left behind by Rena's grandmother.

Normally, they sat together for dinner in the evenings.

"Why are you so late today?" Rena glanced at the clock.

Ever since Bishop Becket had taken up the position of Director, he had granted Leon considerable convenience in carrying out his work, allowing Leon ample time to properly handle matters on the Labyrinth side.

As a result, Leon basically no longer worked overtime at night, and his time of returning home in the afternoon was usually very steady.

At this moment, the sound of a key turning finally came from the door.

Hearing it, Rena stood up, and soon saw Leon push the door open excitedly, shut it behind him, and stare at her with shining eyes.

“This is—what’s going on?” Rena was a bit confused by his appearance.

“I have something good to show you.” As Leon spoke, he walked toward Rena while rummaging through the inner pocket of his coat.

As soon as Leon came close, Rena smelled a faint, lingering fragrance—very much like the perfume or incense commonly used by women.

Doubt immediately arose in Rena’s heart.

Just as she was about to ask something, Leon pulled out a sheet of letter paper and held it out in front of her, saying excitedly, “Look at this!”

Caught off guard, Rena instinctively took the paper and glanced at it twice.

“Isn’t this a Magical Potion formula? Who gave this to you?”

The moment she asked that question, she froze.

Those who researched Magical Potions—wouldn’t that be Witches?

The delicate handwriting on the paper that was not hers, along with the faint fragrance clinging to it, made an image involuntarily emerge in her mind: an enchanting Witch smiling as she pressed the formula into Leon’s hand.

What was going on? Where had he gone and gotten in contact with another Witch?

Suddenly thinking of something, she looked up at Leon with an uneasy expression, then slowly leaned closer and sniffed.

One sniff was enough for her to be sure—the fresh scent had rubbed off onto Leon himself, and it was on the paper as well!

Rena’s expression immediately collapsed as if the sky were falling.

This left Leon, who had just been about to answer her question, utterly baffled.

“What’s wrong?”

“Do you—” Rena looked at Leon pitifully, “have another Witch?”

“Huh?” Leon was completely stunned on the spot.

Two minutes later, Leon carefully explained the entire matter to Rena in detail, telling her that this was an antidote for treating injuries and illnesses given to him by the Saintess of the Creator Church.

Only then did Rena finally pull herself out of that baseless fantasy.

Although Weiss had said not to tell others about this matter, to Leon, Rena was someone he trusted absolutely.

Moreover, preparing this medicine would certainly require Rena's verification, so it was naturally necessary to inform her of the details.

"So this is the antidote's formula? This can really cure you?" When Rena heard the final part, she finally grasped the key point.

Her eyes lit up just like Leon's had when he came in.

"Don't get happy too early. It still needs to be verified through animal experiments," Leon reminded her.

"This formula looks quite reliable. At the very least, it doesn't contain any particularly dangerous components." Rena nodded repeatedly.

"And we happen to have all the ingredients!"

The Demonic Wolf blood they had previously purchased had once been buried by Rena together with the money.

After her treatment, the Demonic Wolf blood in that jar could be preserved for several months without issue.

As for Labyrinth Mandrake Grass, they were currently experimenting with cultivating it inside the Labyrinth.

If this formula really worked, Leon could finally be completely freed from the injuries that had long plagued him.

Rena could not help but feel happy for Leon as well.

"If it really works, then we truly owe her a huge favor." Leon said while recalling the events.

"When she came today and said she was going to transfer Mrs. Hesh away, I thought a big problem was about to hit."

"She also wants to use her own methods to save Miss Sally," Rena said.

As she spoke of this, Rena immediately recalled how, back when she was Bishop Leona, she had used Magical Potions as Holy Water to treat Sally, while Weiss, being a genuine Bishop, was instead full of concerns about using researched Magical Potions.

Yet in essence, they were the same—both wanted to use their research results to save people.

“She said she really wanted to meet Sally, because she thought those medicines were developed by Sally. She believes that through your medicines, there’s real hope of developing a special medicine that can cure Saltification Disease. She evaluated it by saying that the general direction of your research is definitely correct.” Leon relayed Weiss’s words.

“If she said that, then she probably truly has confidence in being able to do it.” Rena sighed softly.

Her own research into a special medicine had already begun to approach a knowledge bottleneck.

In comparison, Weiss should possess far more Magical Potion knowledge accumulated through what the Church had confiscated over time.

If Weiss could freely conduct her research, she might truly be able to start from Rena’s medicines and produce a genuine special medicine.

The Church’s restrictions could be said to have greatly hindered the birth of a special medicine for Saltification Disease.

“Let’s eat first. The food is getting cold.” Leon tried to change the topic, picked up the bowl on the table, and ladled stew from the pot.

“It’s because you came back too late,” Rena said as she also sat down at the dining table.

“How was your day?” Leon asked casually.

“Ah.” Rena froze on the spot, suddenly remembering the bad news she had originally planned to tell Leon.

“What happened?” Leon noticed that Rena’s expression was off.

“Leon, there’s something about the Labyrinth that I need to tell you.” Rena looked at Leon uneasily.

“Recently, I’ve noticed that the Magical Beasts’ activity has clearly decreased. They look weaker with each passing day.”

“Mm, when feeding them, they do seem like they don’t have much appetite.” Leon recalled for a moment.

“Could it be an infectious disease?”

At present, the feeding work inside the Labyrinth was basically all handled by him.

After all, the feed contained some things that were not very suitable for Rena to come into contact with.

“I suspected that too, but after careful examination, I found that it wasn’t the case. Today, I tried selecting several Magical Beasts that had been raised for seven days, extracted Mana from them once, and the result— the amount of Mana was much lower than my estimated calculations, only about half!” Rena said.

“Is it because there are too many Magical Beasts?” Leon said.

“No, Leon. Actually, I have a conjecture— the problem might be even more serious than we imagined.” Rena’s eyes flickered with unease.

Hearing this, Leon became solemn and waited for Rena to continue.

“I’m thinking that this Labyrinth may be about to be depleted.” Rena said with a grave expression.

“Depleted?” Leon widened his eyes.

“Yes. This place was originally a Labyrinth that had been sealed. It no longer produces Mana. The Mana inside is merely what was left over and accumulated in the Labyrinth space from the past, and it has been continuously leaking away. When we extract Mana by using Magical Beasts and take it out, the Mana inside decreases even faster. When the Church sealed this place before, they should have carried out another round of cleansing as well. I’m thinking that after being tossed around like this so many times, the Mana inside this Labyrinth may be close to being exhausted. Judging from today’s spot checks, I estimated the output. If this continues, let alone completing that target— we might not even be able to meet half of the required amount!”

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

## **What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! #Chapter 90 : A New Labyrinth - Read What Witch? A Deadly Apothecary! Chapter 90 : A New Labyrinth**

Chapter 90: A New Labyrinth

The next day, in the Director’s Office of the Inquisition.

“The labyrinth was exhausted? Oh, as expected.” After listening to Leon’s explanation, Bishop Becket, who was seated behind the desk, showed no surprise at all.

“Not bad. You discovered this problem earlier than I had anticipated.”

“You already knew?” Leon could not help but frown.

“I have experience sealing labyrinths. A labyrinth that had been sealed for thirty years, then had magical beasts bred inside it by you for a year, and afterward underwent another sealing—being close to exhaustion now is perfectly normal. The number of magical beasts you raised inside was so large that it further accelerated the depletion of mana.

But no matter what, the total amount of mana you could extract from it was always limited.” Bishop Becket spread his hands.

“This is such critical information. I think it should have been shared in advance,” Leon said, staring at Bishop Becket.

“The exhaustion of the labyrinth was only our estimate, not something completely certain. It required someone to verify it, and now you have completed that verification. Moreover, even if the labyrinth had not yet been exhausted, it would have been sooner or later. What you possessed was a mine that would eventually be dug dry.

“In this state, it cannot provide the Earl with long-term, stable supply. You must solve this problem before you are qualified to take over South Harbor County’s territory and become the Earl’s most stable supplier.” Bishop Becket spoke earnestly.

“So this was the real difficulty of this mission?” Leon finally understood.

The exhaustion of the Hamel Town labyrinth meant that he had to find a new breeding site—that is, a labyrinth.

This was the most fundamental and important resource for producing mana.

“That’s right. This problem is for you to solve yourself,” Bishop Becket said.

“If I’m to find another sealed labyrinth, I’d have to retrieve records from other Inquisitions, and I’d also have to worry about being investigated at any time—” Leon pondered.

There should be other sealed labyrinths within South Harbor County, but those would be under the responsibility of the Inquisitions of other towns.

Even the secret entrances used for inspections were known only to those Inquisitions.

And the biggest problem was that once he left Hamel Town, he would no longer have Bishop Becket's protection.

Leon was not sure whether the Earl's influence was sufficient for other Inquisitions to also turn a blind eye to this sort of matter.

If that happened, the scene of the workshop inside the labyrinth being raided might very well be reenacted.

But if he looked for an unsealed, active labyrinth, wild magical beasts would be rampant inside, making it impossible to carry out breeding at all.

Relying purely on hunting magical beasts was far less efficient for obtaining mana than breeding, and casualties would be very likely.

Most critically, if it was an active labyrinth registered with the Church, once the Church was prepared, it would dispatch a knight order to seal it.

At that point, they would all be wiped out in one sweep.

Seeing Leon's troubled expression, Bishop Becket smiled and finally offered advice: "Leon, I think you can look for a labyrinth that the Church considers to have no sealing value. Then completely purge it once, station personnel there, and deal with any wild magical beasts as soon as they spawn. After you have fully controlled this active labyrinth, you can begin breeding inside it. That way, you can produce mana continuously."

Hearing this, Leon began to think.

Was this asking him to imitate the knight orders—purging a labyrinth and then claiming it as his own asset? It actually sounded feasible.

No matter how numerous the magical beasts in a labyrinth were, even if they surged out, they could not stray far from the labyrinth's area.

If there were no nearby settlements and no important natural resources, the Church generally would not deliberately sacrifice a knight order to carry out a sealing, and such labyrinths would be left behind.

"Thank you for your advice. I'll go ask around right away. Farewell, sir." Leon quickly made up his mind and left the Director's Office.

Leon first searched through relevant records in the Inquisition's archives, then left the Inquisition and headed for the East District Church.

“So you want a living labyrinth that won’t draw the Church’s attention?” Father Auden confirmed after hearing Leon’s request.

“Yes. Those magical beast hunters you know—they should have labyrinths they frequent, right?” Leon asked.

“They do have some that meet your requirements, but they’re very far away, basically all outside South Harbor County. You have to understand, labyrinths that the Church can’t be bothered to seal are extremely remote.” The priest shook his head, then suddenly thought of something.

“Wait a moment!”

The priest stood up and began rummaging through his study.

In the end, he took out a file folder clipped with several contracts, placed it on the desk, and flipped through it.

As he read, Father Auden suddenly chuckled.

“What did you find?” Leon leaned over to look and read aloud the place name marked in the file.

“Arend Island?”

“I really didn’t expect this bad asset that’s been rotting in my hands to finally be useful!” Father Auden looked delighted.

“Fenrir, this island has the labyrinth you want!”

“I saw it in the Inquisition’s records. Isn’t Arend Island a fief of a noble? The lord is a Viscount. Would a place like that really be left unattended?” Leon felt uneasy.

“Don’t worry, Fenrir. Viscount Arend is so deep in debt that he’s fallen to the point where he can’t even sell his title or his daughter. This island stopped being his long ago—he can’t manage his own territory anymore.” Father Auden laughed.

“Debt? Who does he owe?” Leon asked.

“It used to be Potter. Now the creditor is a merchant consortium related to Potter, which I handle.” Father Auden explained.

“You even took down nobles with territories?” Leon was a little surprised.

“That’s because this generation’s Viscount Arend is trash among trash, scum among scum. The previous Viscount Arend was a capable man. He made his fortune through trade, bought this island, and used certain connections to obtain the viscount title.

“There was iron ore on the island at first. He planned to operate the iron mine and build a harbor to revitalize the family business. But the mine suddenly underwent labyrinthization and became impossible to extract. Not long after, he fell ill and died.

“Then his son, the second-generation Viscount, turned out to be a useless gambling addict, a lump of mud that couldn’t be molded. He was set up by Potter’s casino and lost tens of millions of assets, even mortgaging all the industries of the territory. After losing everything, he still refused to stop.

“Now there’s no hope at all of him repaying that debt. What Potter used to value was the harbor on Arend Island, but last year a tornado tore it completely apart.

“The island’s mine was labyrinthized, and the harbor was gone. It became a bad asset under Potter’s control. The only things with any remaining value were Viscount Arend’s title—and his daughter. It’s said his daughter is extremely beautiful, a famous beauty far and wide. But first, their title is already useless, and second, no matter how beautiful his daughter is, she’s not worth thirty million.” Father Auden explained.

“This labyrinth—the Church won’t intervene?” Leon confirmed.

“The Church won’t. It’s an island. Even if there’s a labyrinth on it, it won’t affect areas outside the island. Now there are barely any residents left on the island anyway, and Viscount Arend can’t afford the Church’s donations. The Church gave up on this place long ago.” Father Auden spread his hands.

“To ordinary people, this is a completely worthless bad asset. But to you, it’s different.” To others, a labyrinth meant danger and loss. But to Leon, it was like a gold mine.

“However, I’m not sure what kind of magical beasts are inside. No one has conducted a dedicated investigation yet,” Father Auden emphasized.

“Let’s depart now. Take me to have a look.” Leon made his decision immediately.

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