

Hunter Academy: Revenge of the Weakest

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/TAP/ /TAP/ /TAP/

In the heart of a forgotten town, where shadows danced along crumbling alleyways, the souls of the past whispered tales of sorrow and redemption.

The rain was pouring down as the heavy atmosphere filled the environment.

The sound of someone running could be heard as the steps clashed with the beads of water formed over the surface.

/HOWL/

The storm veiled at night. But that wasn't enough to stop the silhouette from running. Her face was covered with a cloak to protect her from the heavy rain.

And after a round of walking in the rain, the silhouette finally reached a hut.

/CREAK/

Instantly opening the door without knocking, the silhouette entered the hut like she was in a hurry.

The door creaked open, revealing a dimly lit room occupied by an old woman, her eyes closed as if in deep meditation.

"You are here," a raspy voice resonated from the depths of the old woman's throat, her words carrying an otherworldly aura that sent shivers down the girl's spine.

/TAP/ /TAP/

The girl approached cautiously, her wet cloak dripping onto the wooden floor as she stood before the seer. Her eyes, filled with a mixture of hope and desperation, searched the elderly woman's face for answers.

"I seek guidance, wise one," the girl spoke, her voice trembling slightly with a blend of trepidation and anticipation. "The moon of the Spirit world is about to align with the

moon of the Real world. I need to know what lies ahead, what destiny has in store for me."

The flickering candlelight in the room cast dancing shadows upon her face, accentuating her anxiety.

The old woman raised her hands as she pointed to the sky. "So, the time has come.... The time for the destiny to unfold.... The twins of the moon are about to be born..." As her words echoed inside the hut, the girl flinched and waited.

Waited for her to continue her words.

"However, a harsh reality awaits them. A harsh destiny that no one but one shall bear." She stopped emphasizing her words. "One of them will close their eyes to this world, and the other one will always wish he was the one that would close his eyes." The woman spoke, her hands moving in the air, pointing towards the girl.

"And, you, my child. You will be the guide to the one remaining. The fate of our world will be in your hands when the time comes, my child. It will be at the hands of you... Whether you will be able to guide the weapon under the guise of a child to the light, or you will fail your destiny."

As the words of the seer echoed inside the room, the girl's hands trembled, absorbing the gravity of her role.

"The one that was left...." The girl murmured, her voice barely audible. "What must I do? How can I ensure that he finds the light?" As the words poured from her trembling lips, anxiety gripped her heart, tightening its hold with every beat.

"You can't ensure anything," the seer's voice carried the weight of ancient wisdom. "Destiny is elusive, its path winding and uncertain. It is never meant to be absolute, for it is woven from the threads of choice and circumstance."

The girl's shoulders slumped, a heavy sigh escaping her lips. "Then-"

"However," the seer's voice held a glimmer of hope, a spark of guidance amidst the vast expanse of uncertainty. "There is only one thing I shall say to you, dear child."

"You must embark on a journey, my child," the seer spoke, her voice resonating with an otherworldly clarity. "Seeking out the place where the wisdom and power spoke more than anything else. Where the ones with the heaviest destinies gather..... There, the one in destiny will come towards you on his own...."

Hearing this girl, the girl's eyes shone once again as color returned to her skin.

"Remember, my child, that your compassion will be your greatest weapon and shield. Nurture it, let it guide your actions, and let it kindle the flames of hope within those who have lost their way. Never lose your way on the path of pride."

As the seer's last words of warning settled in her heart, the girl felt a surge of determination coursing through her veins.

"The place of knowledge and power.... My fated one... I will be there for you...." A small mumble left her mouth; she turned towards the seer.

With a final nod of gratitude, the girl turned to leave the seer's presence, her mind already filled with thoughts of the profound role she was destined to play. And as she stepped into the unknown, she carried within her the belief that her compassion would illuminate the path of the one who sought the light amidst the shadows of his destiny.

"Oh, my little one.... Hope you don't fail us...."

-----A/N-----

The chapters won't normally be this short, but the next one was going to be too long if I added the two together, thus I separated them.