

Hunter Academy: Revenge of the Weakest

Chapter 2: Chapter 0.2 - Prologue

In the heart of a forgotten town, where shadows danced along crumbling alleyways, the souls of the past whispered tales of sorrow and redemption. Among them, a young man's story unfolded—a tragic tale that began with a thirst for vengeance.

But let us rewind back to a time when the world was still innocent and filled with possibilities.

In a modest home, nestled amidst lush greenery, lived two children—a boy and a girl—alongside their loving family. Their days were filled with laughter, mischief, and the unconditional love of their parents.

Born on the same day beneath the enchanting glow of a full moon, they were inseparable twins, bound by an unbreakable bond.

Their lives intertwined like the branches of a mighty oak, their dreams, and aspirations entwined as they grew side by side.

As the years passed, the young boy and his sister grew distinct from each other. Not because they wanted to but because of their duties.

At the age of five, the girl discovered her magical abilities and impressed the village with her talent. As a result, she began attending the shaman's hut to receive education and training.

Regarding the boy, he was not being idle either and was striving to be useful. Despite his physical weakness, he began assisting his parents with their daily tasks upon observing his sister's diligent work ethic.

But the boy had a deep-seated curiosity, a burning desire to explore the mysteries that lay beyond the familiar sights and sounds of their humble home. His hunger for knowledge was insatiable, and his favorite pastime was delving into the pages of books, losing himself in the tales of distant lands and extraordinary adventures.

One night, as their mother sat beside them, reading from a worn, leather-bound book, the boy's eyes sparkled with anticipation. His sister listened intently, but his thoughts drifted to the world beyond their village.

"Mother," he began, his voice filled with excitement, "why do we never leave our village? I want to see the outside world, to experience the wonders that lie beyond our borders."

His mother's expression shifted a mixture of sadness and longing washing over her features. She paused for a moment, her eyes gazing into the distance as if lost in memories of a time long past. A sad smile tugged at her lips before she replied, carefully choosing her words.

"My dear child," she began, her voice tinged with a hint of melancholy, "Our village holds secrets, secrets that tie us to this land, secrets we must protect. The outside world is not always as welcoming as it may seem."

The boy furrowed his brows. He leaned closer, seeking a deeper understanding. "What secrets, Mother? Why must we keep them hidden?"

Even though he was a child, he was smart, immediately grasping the meaning behind his mother's words.

However, her mother's gaze turned soft as she smiled, hiding her melancholy.

"My child.... We are happy as we are right now..... We only need each other to live... You will understand everything when the time comes..."

She placed a gentle hand on his, her touch comforting yet filled with unspoken caution. No matter how smart he was, he wasn't able to see the melancholy behind her mother's face.

The days passed as the scene changed, with sunlight shining brightly.

The boy had bright purple eyes, looking from the window and watching the greenery. His black hair cascaded to his waist. "Sister, when are you coming?" He mumbled as he started cleaning the house inside.

The boy was all alone inside his home because his sister needed to complete her duties. "She is always pushing herself..." He spoke as he saw a small picture of him and his sister smiling. "I must complete everything, so she can find respite in our home." With that, he focused on his work.

After finishing his daily routine at home, he saw the clouds in the air as he spoke. "Ah, I need to stock firewood. Winter is coming." That mumble left his lips.

As the one that needed to provide for the house, it was his work to cut the firewood.

Just like that, he left the house and started walking towards the forest.

The village they were in was close to the mountain range, so it didn't take too long for him to reach the forest. Then he started looking for the slightly weak trees to cut, as he knew it wouldn't be efficient to waste too much time and energy on a young tree. He

knew that from a prior experience where he was exhausted before cutting the tree down, thanks to his weak body.

'While he was doing his job, his thoughts lingered around his sister.'

For him, she was always a role model.

She was an angel.

It was her bright white hair and blue eyes that made him think in such a way since she would always illuminate his life.....

Inside this forgotten village, where nobody would visit, her sister was the one that would protect the village from the dangers, helping the villagers in need...

Because she was blessed with magical powers from a young age, and as per tradition, she received her magical training succeeding the shaman.

After their parents passed away together with the shaman of the village, thanks to the life, he and her always watched their backs.

At first, a tinge of envy tinged the boy's heart as he witnessed his sister's strength and talent. But that feeling quickly transformed into determination. He realized that he, too, could be of use and contribute to the well-being of their home and community.

At that point, the boy paused, his ax resting against his shoulder as he gazed up at the towering trees surrounding him.

"Huff... Huff..." His breath was ragged as his body had already started showing signs of getting tired.

However, at that moment, a plume of smoke caught his attention, rising above the treetops in the direction of the village. His eyes widened, a sense of urgency gripping his heart.

"Smoke?" he mumbled, his voice laced with concern. "It is coming from the village!"

His instincts kicked in, and adrenaline coursed through his veins. Without a second thought, he dropped the wood he had gathered, leaving it behind as he sprinted towards the village. Each step propelled him closer to the source of the smoke, his mind racing with a thousand possibilities.

Fear and worry mingled within him. What could be happening? Was there a fire? Were the villagers in danger? Questions plagued his mind, but he pushed them aside, focusing solely on reaching the village as quickly as his legs could carry him.

His heart pounded in his chest, echoing the urgency of his footsteps. The familiarity of the village came into view, but something was amiss.

Even if his body was weak, even if he was not talented at magic like his sister, he always trusted his senses.

/FLINCH/

And those senses were screaming at him to hide.

And soon to prove him true, a horrifying presence descended upon the village, piercing the peaceful night with its malevolence.

The air grew thick with an otherworldly aura, and the boy's heart sank as the heavy stench of iron and something burning assaulted his senses. The acrid scent mingled with the sounds of a crackling fire, filling the night with a grim symphony.

However, the boy resisted the pressure. He knew his sister was there in the midst of that chaos. He knew he needed to do something. So, he gritted his teeth.... Blood fell down from his bitten lips and his overly tightened hands.

Yet he paid no mind to pain as he walked towards the village. Only to witness a horrifying scene. He watched in horror as a legion of black creatures, their forms twisted and monstrous, descended upon their once-serene village. Their grotesque figures moved with unnatural agility and ferocity, their eyes gleaming with a cruel hunger for destruction.

The passage of time felt like it was slowing down as he searched anxiously for his sister. His heart was pounding with a mix of fear and hopelessness.

Amidst the chaos and flickering flames, he finally saw her standing tall and determined. She used her powerful magic to valiantly defend their home and their people.

Fear mingled with hopelessness as he realized the odds stacked against them. But still, the boy's body moved instinctively, driven by a desperate need to protect and aid his sister.

But his actions did not go unnoticed.

The girl that was trying her best to defend her citizens with her magic had noticed her twin trying to approach her.

/THUD/

And at that moment, the boy's movements came to abrupt. 'Hmm?' Not noticing why this was happening, he tried to move his body but not to any avail.

His body which was wide open, was pushed back to the forest once more.

At that precise moment, his eyes met with his sister's.

With eyes filled with sorrow and a love that transcended their dire circumstances, she was looking at him with a smile.

And, he understood.

The reason why he was not able to move his body.

The reason why he was getting pushed back.

Since his arms and legs were bound with bright white light.

'NO! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!' He wanted to scream. He wanted to gather the attention of his surroundings. The attention of that vile creature is to save his sister.

But, not to avail. Since no words left his mouth at all.

Tears streamed down his face as he struggled against the magical restraints, his eyes locked with his sister's. She mouthed words he could not hear, her gaze filled with both love and sorrow.

Helpless, he could only watch as she turned back to face the demonic horde, her magic blazing brighter than ever before. She fought with a courage born of love, deflecting blows and striking back with unwavering determination.

The boy's heart shattered as those vile creatures overwhelmed his sister, their relentless onslaught consuming her light.

His eyes which were filled with light, slowly lost their color as blood started pouring down from those eyelids.

He wanted to close his eyes.

He wanted to avert his gaze.... He wanted to get rid of this scene...

But he didn't.

He continued to watch, his body trembling with grief and a newfound determination. The massacre of his village and the murder of his sister imprinted upon his soul like a scar that would never fade.

The weight of loss settled heavily upon him, fueling a fire within his heart—the fire of vengeance.

In her final moments, she gazed at him one last time, her eyes filled with love, as she mouthed words....

Though the boy was not able to understand what she was saying at all...

It was at that moment an abomination was born...

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

Hope you liked the chapters.

I am always open to any type of criticism; thus, feel free to comment on the chapters.

You can check my discord if you want. You will be able to see the illustrations here and engage in a conversation with me if I am available.