

# **Hunter Academy: Revenge of the Weakest**

## **#Chapter 21 - 5.1 - Following Day - Read Hunter Academy: Revenge of the Weakest Chapter 21 - 5.1 - Following Day**

*Chapter 21: Chapter 5.1 - Following Day*

The door slowly creaked open, and a man with an imposing aura entered the room, exuding an air of authority and wisdom. He stood tall and straight, his posture commanding respect. His strong, chiseled features were framed by a mane of silver hair, which flowed gracefully down to his shoulders. His eyes were sharp and penetrating, a deep shade of emerald green that seemed to hold a wealth of knowledge and experience.

'Headmaster Jonathan.' I immediately recognized the person before me. After all, he was a character that I knew very much inside the game.

He wore a sharp and formal business suit, emphasizing his high standing and authority. The suit was immaculately tailored, fitting him perfectly and exuding an aura of professionalism and dignity.

He donned a crisp white dress shirt neatly tucked into his dark navy-blue suit trousers. A bold, patterned tie adorned his collar, adding a touch of sophistication to his attire. A silver tie clip secured the tie in place, reflecting the light and catching the eye.

The small wrinkles on the sleeves of his suits showed it was frequently used, and the tiny drops of soil on his feet were the signs of inspection he had done before coming here. The smell of coffee that was coming from him and the little drops of white hairs showed he consulted the help of animals for investigation.

'Hounds of Association.' That was the name of those white dogs that were used for crime scene investigations in the game.

As he entered the room, his emerald green eyes swept across the surroundings, taking in every detail with a keen and discerning gaze.

"Good. It seems you have healed enough." After a moment, he entered, locked his eyes with mine, and said. "Astron Natusalune, correct?" His tone was strict, like a commander, he asked.

"Yes. You are correct, headmaster Jonathan." Bowing my head slightly, I answered. There was no reason to show any type of disrespect to that man knowing his standing.

'He must be here to question me about what happened there. There is no way for them to know about the existence of Mistwraith right now. I should not give any clue.' With that thought, I started thinking about my answers.

"I've been informed about the incident in the forest," he continued, his eyes studying me closely. "You and some of your fellow students encountered a dangerous creature; is that correct?" His eyes narrowed slightly as he slightly leaked his aura at the same time. Even though he was not trying to pressure me physically, it was enough to make me feel uncomfortable.

'Considering how Astron of the past behaved, answering like that should be a lot better.' With that, I made it look like I hesitated for a moment before answering.

"Yes, Headmaster. It was... an unknown monster. It attacked us suddenly, and I don't remember much after that."

I could see his brows getting narrower at the same time.

"Unknown monster, you say?" He asked, his green eyes looking deep into mine.

"Yes." I averted my gaze as I was acting scared. "It was a monster I had never seen before."

Headmaster Jonathan continued to scrutinize me, seemingly trying to read every nuance in my expression. "And yet, you were able to defeat this unknown monster all by yourself," he stated, his voice firm.

"No...It was not like that..." I answered as I lowered my gaze more. "I was just lucky that I made it....Thanks to the Holy Radiance Scroll I just bought yesterday." I readied the tears in my eyes beneath and then raised them. "I-If not, I would be just like the others...."

However, he was still not convinced. "Why did you buy Holy Radiance Scroll?" The pressure on me intensified as he looked into my eyes.

"B-Because I was planning to raid a dungeon I just found. Its name was 'The Crypt of Eternal Rest,' and it had undead inside. Thus, I was making my preparations." As I continued to my act with my voice getting shaky from time to time, I answered.

"I see...That matches with what student Sylvie recounted." Then, he stopped his question with his hands on his beard. "That must have been hard..." He nodded his head as he slowly walked towards the window.

But I could see his body getting ready from little mimics.

'Now, it will come.' I thought, immediately preparing myself for what was about to come.

"Do you think I will believe this?" With that question, an immense amount of pressure descended upon me, making my heart clench. "Why did you not help the other students then?"

It was such a precise pressure that Sylvie, who was just sleeping beside me comfortably, didn't feel anything at all as she continued her sleep.

"Cough..." Coughing slightly, I raised my head. This time my eyes filled with anger.

"I-It.... w-was them tormented me... Why should I?"

The room felt suffocating as the headmaster's imposing presence bore down on me. His eyes continued to study me, unyielding and unwavering. It was as if he could see through my act, penetrating my facade to the core of my being.

"Why should you?" he repeated, his voice cold and unyielding. "You are a student of this academy, Astron Natusalune. It is your duty to protect your fellow students and uphold the values and principles we stand for. Turning a blind eye to their suffering is not the behavior of a responsible and honorable student."

"Cough...Then, where were these duties when they were the ones that inflicted-"

"...cough... me such pain all this time? Where was the honor you have been talking about while everyone watched me suffering?" I asked, bearing the pressure that dawned upon me. Even though the wounds on me hurt, I put the front up. After all, I need to put up with my act.

"W-we both know it is meaningless to act like you are one of the honorable people.... This academy is not a place where honor matters... A hunter doesn't act with honor; he does whatever is necessary to hunt..." I poured the emotions in my heart into my words as I emptied my insides. "I also didn't know the scroll would work either. It was just a stroke of pure luck that I was able to finish this monster."

And as I finished my words, a soft chuckle escaped the headmaster's lips. It was a laugh filled with understanding as if he saw something in me that others might have missed.

The pressure was redirected from my body as he looked into my eyes with a smile.

"You're right, Astron," he said, his voice tinged with a hint of amusement. "This academy may not be a place where traditional notions of honor apply, but that doesn't mean honor is absent. In fact, I see a different kind of honor in your words."

He leaned back in his chair, his eyes still fixed on me with a mix of seriousness and admiration. "You have endured pain and suffering, yet you still stand here, refusing to let it break you. That takes strength, not just in magic, but in character. You may not

have chosen this path, but you have chosen to rise above the cruelty and darkness that surrounds you."

I furrowed my brows in confusion, unsure of what he meant by a different kind of honor. He spoke, his gaze looking at me with a smile.

'You are such an easy man...' I thought inside, seeing his smile. After all, he was a man who believed no person could be as white as paper and everyone had darkness inside his heart. And he liked those who revealed that darkness honestly, just like how I did by pouring the dark feeling of fake hatred into my words.

'I have never risen from the darkness. And, until I exterminate every ounce of demon, every bit of their traces from this world, nor will I.' But that didn't mean I was the person he pictured.

Headmaster Jonathan's smile remained, and I could sense that he saw through my 'act,' understanding the 'anger' and 'pain' that I carried within. He didn't judge me for it; instead, his gaze held a hint of respect.

"Your honesty is commendable, Astron," he said, his voice gentle yet firm as he stood up from where he was sitting. "We all have our demons, our darkness. It's what we choose to do with it that defines us."

I nodded. "I understand, Headmaster," I replied, my voice steady. "I will do my best to face my darkness and use it to become stronger."

With those words, the headmaster turned towards the door, his imposing aura receding. "You have the potential to become a great hunter, Astron. Don't let the darkness consume you; instead, use it to light your path forward."

'Liar....' I thought, looking at the man walking... "Saying those words to last-place student... You just want to look thoughtful outside."

I mumbled, seeing his hypocritic act. Even though he acted very rightfully and thoughtfully before the students, I knew what he said to Astron when he ranked last in the mid-terms.

'Now, with that, I can avoid the eyes that will be on me now. After all, he should be labeled me as worthless by now.' With that thought, I relaxed my body as I closed my eyes.

In the end, even though he was someone that liked others to be truthful, he also judged them by their talents....

Though before I could sleep, I heard a sound.

"Astron..."

Sylvie was awake now...

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

Hope you liked the chapter.

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*Chapter 22: Chapter 5.2 - Following Day*

"Astron," Sylvie mumbled with a sleepy tone as she raised her head. "Mmmm...."  
However, even though she mumbled my name, she was still pretty sleepy as her eyes were closed.

Seeing her like that, it seemed she had a pretty rough night... 'Was she not able to sleep after she saw everything? That makes sense.'

From what Headmaster said, it was evident that this girl had witnessed everything.

"Are you okay?" A hand approached my cheek as Sylvie, with her sleepiness, tried to touch me.

/SLAP/

"Huh?"

However, the reflexes I had developed over time and the pressure I had just been subjected to made my body more tense than usual, thus making me react to the hand that was approaching me.

"Awake now?"

"Ah.... Sorry..." Seeing my eyes open and looking at her, she answered, averting her gaze.

"Don't be," I answered. "I didn't mean to react that way. It's just a reflex." This girl was the one that helped me, no matter if it was necessary or not. Being rude to her was not something I should have done. "Thank you for your help." Bowing my head slightly, I thanked her without any type of scheme, different from my words before.

Sylvie blushed slightly at my gratitude, her gentle nature shining through even in her sleepy state. "You're welcome," she replied softly, a small smile forming on her lips. "I'm just glad you're okay."

'Ah... This smile again...'

The tension from earlier with the headmaster seemed to fade away as I focused on Sylvie. Her presence brought a sense of comfort and calmness, soothing the turmoil within me. I don't know why, but it made me remember the good times of the past... Then came the bad memories. The memories that haunted me all the time.

'But, I shouldn't be rude.' Still holding the uncomfortable knot in my heart, I looked at the girl. Even though there was a blush on her face, she was averting her gaze and throwing me some gazes from time to time constantly.

'Is she trying to ask me a question?' I thought to myself, seeing her squirming.

"If you have something to ask, you can," I said, looking at the girl. It was starting to bother me.

"Ah..." At first, she was surprised... "I-I" Then she stuttered as if she couldn't muster the courage. "I just remembered... I have something I need to take care of!" After that, she blurted out, a hint of panic in her voice, and immediately bolted outside of the room.

/SWOOSH/ /THUD/

Slamming door.

"What?"

And leaving me dumbfounded inside the room....

"What happened? I heard the door slamming, and student Sylvie was running." Before I could start thinking again, the infirmary doctor came immediately asking me about the noise.

"I don't know...."

In the end, it was that answer that came to me.

The doctor gave me a knowing look as if he had seen this type of situation before.

"Youngsters nowadays.... They are lively..." I heard him say with a smile, and I was sure he misunderstood something, but I didn't care.

"Anyway, I was coming at you. Let's check your wounds."

Just like that, the doctor approached me, and he started looking at the wounds on my chest....

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"AAAAH! What did I just do? What did I just do?" Sylvie berated herself, pacing back and forth outside the infirmary building. Her blonde hair bounced with every step, mirroring her inner turmoil.

"You dumb girl, you promised yourself you would be asking him about the things you have seen. Why are you getting embarrassed now?" She scolded herself, frustrated with her own hesitancy.

"But he looked so serious, and his eyes... I couldn't bring myself to ask him about something so personal," Sylvie muttered, tugging at a loose strand of her hair in frustration.

Her heart was torn between wanting to know more about Astron's past and not wanting to intrude on his feelings. She had sensed the pain and darkness within him, and she didn't want to add to his burdens.

The scars she had seen on his body yesterday came to her mind the moment he looked into his eyes. Then following that, it was the feeling of shame since it was her first time seeing a man's naked body from that close.

'So, their body looks like that.' She thought as a small blush appeared on her face.

Even she herself didn't know why she was that adamant about helping Astron or why she was that curious about his past.

"Ugh, I'm such a mess," Sylvie muttered, her frustration evident in her voice. "I just-.... Mou, I don't know...." In the end, she gave up thinking and started walking towards her dorm, until her watch started ringing.... "Ah... I forgot to call them!" It was her friends.....

At that moment, she knew her head was going to hurt....

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"You're healing nicely, young cadet," he said with a warm smile. "Your wounds seem to be closing up well. Just make sure to take it easy for a while longer, and you'll be back at your peak in no time."

After the doctor and healer looked into my wounds and healed them using his light attribute skill, I was allowed to leave the infirmary.

"Thank you, doctor," I replied, offering a small nod of appreciation. "I appreciate all the care you've given me."

The doctor chuckled lightly. "It's my duty to take care of the students here at the academy," he said with a smile. "Be careful not to push yourself too hard."

Just like that, I left the infirmary as I got outside. The sun was shining over my body as the academy was filled with students once again. It was the middle of the day. I slept for the whole night while resting, which made sense.

'He said I shouldn't push myself much, but I don't see a problem, so that should be fine.' With that thought, I reached my room. 'Those bastards are also no longer here. I can be free for a while now.'

Entering my room, I immediately changed my clothes, then left again while taking a sip from the brews I made yesterday.

After all, training was all I needed to do for now.

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Entering the training grounds, I made my way to the reception, where the personnel was waiting. It was the time to test my trait on long-range weapons, after all.

"Hello." I greeted the receptionist.

She looked up from her paperwork, her expression welcoming but not overly familiar. "Welcome to the training grounds. How can I assist you?" she asked politely.

"I'd like to borrow a long-range weapon for some target practice," I explained. Even though I had my talent bloomed, there was a term that was called enlightenment in this world where a person would acquire another occupation and can change their weapons in the middle of their career.

Therefore, no matter what one's weapon choices were, the academy allowed students to train in whatever type of weapon they wanted, ranging from whips to staffs, swords to katars or claws....

"Oh, certainly," she replied, walking over to a secure cabinet. "We do have a few options available for training purposes. Let me get one for you."

She opened the cabinet and brought out a sleek recurve bow with a quiver of arrows. "Here's a recurve bow. It's a popular choice for those who prefer long-range weapons for practice."

As she handed me the bow, I looked at the bow with a squinting gaze. A bow was generally used by those who liked to be sharpshooters since guns were rather hard to make use of.

'However, in my trait, it was clearly stated that I could imbue objects with magic.' I thought. 'That should imply bullets are also available.'

The reason why guns were not chosen is that they are simply not efficient enough. However, I didn't care. After all, I felt like I needed to use a gun, be it a gut feeling or something different I didn't know. I just felt like it.

"Can I get a gun too?" I asked, grabbing the bow and the quiver.

"Gun?" And as expected, the woman's reaction was surprising.

"Yes. I want to test something."

"No, you can't. Only one type of weapon is allowed unless you are registered with a special occupation."

"I see." Hearing this, I was not surprised. It was also a setting in the game. After all, the academy was not a charity, and all the students needed to be supplied with weapons. Therefore, they needed to apply a rule that prohibited students from taking all types of weapons around.

"Understood. I will come back later then."

Saying that I left the reception, making my way toward the shooting range.

As I arrived at the shooting range, I set up the target at a suitable distance for the bow and decided to make the most of my practice session.

But at that moment, I saw a girl with green hair and red eyes holding a bow.

'Lilia Thornheart.' I thought, seeing her posture. 'As expected, she is here.'

Since she was a heroine and a seventh-ranked student, she was a hardworking girl with good looks. Being an archer and calculating made her a good example for me. But at the same time, I knew if I looked at her too much, it would not end well for me.

'But, I shouldn't lose my focus too much. I should test my trait.' With that thought, I reached the private shooting range.

Just like that, my training began.....

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

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### *Chapter 23: Chapter 5.3 - Following Day*

Entering the shooting range's dome-shaped building, I was greeted by the familiar robotic voice that confirmed my identity as Astron Natusalune. With my smartwatch in hand, I proceeded to one of the ten doors that led to the training rooms.

As I entered the training room, I found myself standing at the center of a circular space with scaffolding for the shooter. The room was simple, yet its magic-infused targets added an intriguing twist to the usual shooting range experience.

I held up my smartwatch once more to initialize the targets. "Five," I said firmly. In an instant, insect-like blue objects emerged from the ground, forming a ring of mole crickets around me. They were larger than normal mole crickets, resembling monsters more than mere insects.

"Now, let's see how these mole crickets fare against me," I muttered to myself, a hint of excitement in my voice.

<Choose your training difficulty.>

<You can choose from stage 1 to stage 9.>

Considering my current strength and the potential of my trait, I decided to challenge myself and selected stage 1. No matter how I was or how my trait helped me, it didn't matter. After all, I was just a beginner at bows. A

"Stage 1," I mumbled.

In an instant, insect-like blue objects emerged from the ground, forming a ring of mole crickets around me. They were larger than normal mole crickets, resembling monsters more than mere insects.

I readied my bow and nocked an arrow, focusing on the moles. Tensing my muscles and repeating the posture she had shown me, I aimed at the mole.

/SWOOSH/

With a fast speed, the mole moved; however, to my eyes, it was rather slow. Thanks to my trait [Perceptive Insight], it was easy for me to see his movements, as I was able to read where he was going to move from his body movements alone.

'Let me test the strength of my normal arrows first.'

I thought and fired a normal arrow without any type of enhancement.

/SWSIH/ /THUD/

The arrow found its target without much difficulty since this was the first stage. However, it didn't kill it since my skills needed time to improve. The arrow hit the mole from his legs.

/SWOOSH/

Firing another, this time, I managed to hit him from his chest, making it disappear.

'I feel like I am getting a grasp of this.' I thought to myself. The first arrow was missed since I felt like I was not properly holding the bow, but the second time, I felt like I was able to hit it.

/SWOOSH/

The moles approached me at a rapid speed as they didn't stop by their kin's death. Even though they were just made from pure mana, it still felt a bit disgusting.

Just like that, I kept firing arrows until no moles were left on the ground.

"Huff... That was not bad.." I thought to myself. Even though it was my first time using a bow and my posture was as bad as possible, thanks to my unique eyesight, it was not that hard for me to destroy the first stage.

<Ding! Stage one shooting training completed. New record: 1 minute 32 seconds.>

Seeing the panel before me, I looked at the bow. 'Then let's try the second stage.' I thought to myself as I raised the difficulty.

<Choose your training difficulty.>

"Stage 2."

This time in an instant, another five moles appeared before me, but this time they had a rather stronger aura surrounding them.

I focused my energy and infused the arrow with moon energy through my trait [Lunar Enigma]. As I released the arrow, it glowed with a silvery-blue aura, streaking through the air with increased speed and accuracy.

/SWOOSH/ /THWACK/

The enhanced arrow pierced through one of the charging moles, causing it to vanish in a flash of silvery-blue light.

The remaining moles kept coming, and I continued firing, each shot precise and powerful thanks to the lunar energy imbued in the arrows. As I hit each target, I could feel the moon's energy coursing through me, guiding my aim and enhancing my abilities.

It was a weird feeling that I didn't get while using the dagger, like the moonlight energy itself was guiding me on how to enhance my arrows and how to apply my mana around them.

/SWOOSH/ /THWACK/

The enhanced arrow pierced through one of the charging moles, causing it to vanish in a flash of silvery-blue light.

The remaining moles kept coming, and I continued firing, each shot precise and powerful thanks to the lunar energy imbued in the arrows. As I hit each target, I could feel the moon's energy coursing through me, guiding my aim and enhancing my abilities.

Despite their increased strength, the moles couldn't match my newfound sharpshooting skills and the empowering effects of my trait. Soon, the last mole disappeared, and the training room fell silent.

<Ding! Stage two shooting training completed. New record: 1 minute 10 seconds.>

I looked at the panel, satisfied with my progress. My time had improved significantly from the first stage, and it was all thanks to [Lunar Enigma].

<Ding! Stage two shooting training completed. New record>

<Ding! Stage two...>

<Ding....

<Ding....

With each training session, I could feel myself growing stronger and more in tune with the moon's power; I felt like I was rather more talented in this type of field. My gaze and my attention never lost its focus.

The dagger was also a good weapon, and I think my talent in that field is also not that bad, but seeing this now being a ranger suits me more.

'Astron had never considered using a bow, but it seems this was what I was talented at most.' I thought, seeing the fluently moving body.

Even though I had yet to acquire any art related to bow, the occupation [Weapon Master] was doing its work.

'But, let's not assume things. I should also try the gun now.' With that thought, I left the training room, making my way toward the receptionist section once again.

'She is still there.' There I could see that Lilia was training there with her bow. Beads of sweat were pouring down from her face.

/SWOOSH/

And just as I was passing by, suddenly, an arrow passed through the dummies.

/BOOM/

Followed by an explosion of fire.

'Ho... So she can use this skill even now.'

It was a skill named [Explosive Shot]. A simple skill that imbues one's arrow with a fire attribute.

Passing beside her, I reached the receptionist and grabbed the gun.

It was a simple weapon with the design of a Glock. A pretty basic weapon for most people to use, it had a low recoil and a pretty fast shoot rate.

Returning to the room, I passed the same ten doors reaching the private training grounds.

<How many targets do you wish to have?>

"Eight."

<Which difficulty do you wish to use?>

"Stage 2."

<Understood.>

The moment the process was finished, eight moles appeared beside me.

I raised the gun aiming at the monsters while moving my mana to enhance the bullets inside the gun.

'Now, there is no need to test the damage of the weapon.' I thought. After all, a Glock's base damage was enough to shut down Stage 1 monsters in one shot.

But that wasn't the case for stage 2.

As a player that played the game with guns once, or at least tried to, I knew the base damage guns had. It was enough to one-shot Stage 1 but not enough to one-shot the Stage 2 monsters.

Feeling the cold metallic feeling on my hands, I knew the weapon was there for me to use.

As I focused my mana, infusing the bullets inside the gun with moon energy, I quickly fired at the charging moles.

A Glock's firing rate could change from person to person since the pistol doesn't have a full-automatic fire mode.

That meant one thing, with each bullet, I needed to push the trigger.

/SWOOSH/ /SWOOSH/

The monsters moved at a rapid rate same as before, but the moving pattern was different. However, my trait allowed me to have great eyesight as I press the trigger at a rapid speed.

/TICK/ /TICK/ /TIKC/

The gun's fast shooting rate allowed me to unleash a barrage of shots in rapid succession. Each bullet hit its mark with precision, causing the moles to disappear one after another in flashes of blue light.

The enhanced bullets proved to be a game-changer. The moles were no match for the power of [Lunar Enigma], and they fell before me as I maintained my steady aim. The gun's low recoil made it easy to control, and I felt like I was dancing between the moles, firing with deadly accuracy.

/SWOOSH/ /THWACK/ /SWOOSH/ /THWACK/

In just three seconds of time, the eight moles were gone, and the training room fell silent once more. I looked at the panel where a new record had been set.

<Ding! Stage two shooting training completed. New record: 3 seconds.>

It was a lot different from the bow. The speed of shooting was fast.

'But, the disparity will show itself the amount of mana one can imbue on the gun's bullet.'

I thought. There made the difference between a bow and a gun. One could imbue an arrow made from special metals with a huge amount of mana, or they could even conjure an arrow made from pure mana, but that wasn't the case for the gun.

Or that was never seen before.

'The gun looks pretty smooth. I need to apply for an additional weapon test now.'

I thought. Since the academy didn't allow students to blindly change weapons or study with different weapons. One needed to take a talent test for each weapon they wanted to use.

That was what made students stay on one simple weapon at the end. Since passing the test was not easy at all....

Just like that, my day went on as I kept training and training....

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

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*Chapter 24: Chapter 6.1 - Lessons*

"Kughk-"

Inside my room, I was holding my breath, enduring the sharp pain coursing through my body. Why was I subjecting myself to this agony?

Simple. I needed to get stronger; that was it because this pain was never enough.

"Grr...."

I clenched my fists, feeling the tremors coursing through them. The training I had undergone yesterday had been grueling, pushing my body to its limits and beyond. But it was necessary.

"Huff.... Huff...."

Just like that, the pain reached its end as I was looking at my body below.

'There are still some scar marks here left from the past months.... I guess when I will have my money, I can grab a potion for them.'

I thought, raising my body up.

Today's training truly proved to be useful as I felt my mana control getting better with each passing moment.

It was like when you picked a new hobby; you would figure out how to do the basic things quite fast.

But you would also know that when things get more complex, you would actually need to put up a lot of effort.

Right now, that was how it was for me. Imbuing the arrows with my mana was pretty smooth since moving the mana was not that hard for me like I instinctually knew.

But that was not what mana is for; at least, it is not only enchanting a bunch of arrows or bullets; thus, I knew I needed to learn how to use my mana properly.

'But that should be enough.' I thought as I started thinking about my new trait.

Shadowborne.

It was a trait that was one of the most coveted ones in the game.

Because it enabled one to blend into the shadows, therefore, whenever you are inside a place where the lights are dimmed, you would be able to hide your presence.

\*SWISH\*

With that thought, I imagined myself moving behind the shadows, and soon just as I wanted, the shadows followed my will, imbuing me with darkness.

My vision was not obscured, and I could clearly see the world around me, but at the same time, it was like I was not there as I was blended in the darkness of the world.

In fact, I had been experimenting with this trait as well, even though I knew its uses from the game. Feeling this in real life was a lot better than seeing it in the game.

'Then, this should be it for today.'

With that thought, I went to sleep since it was already 1 AM on time, and tomorrow I was going to have classes....

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\*RING\*

The sound of the alarm ringing woke me up from my sleep.

"Humm..."

The lingering pain after the training and the mixture was still there, but it was bearable.

'5 AM, huh? This should be enough time for me to apply the change for weapons.'

Since I needed to change my weapon and I couldn't afford to have a weapon of my own with this little amount of money, I needed to get one from the academy.

'I shouldn't get a gun.'

A gun was not necessary since I didn't want to show that I was able to enchant the bullets with my mana that easily. I wanted to save this talent for hiding, and guns are relatively cheaper than artifact bows; thus, after a bunch of dungeon explorations, I could get one on my own.

'The important thing is to improve my marksmanship, then using a gun won't also be a problem.'

With that thought, I left my room.

The sun had yet to rise as we were close to winter, so there weren't many students around us.

Reaching the student administration building, I saw a secretary there waiting. This world's work hours were a little different than normal.

Most of the time, jobs like student affairs or things related to hunters would start their job around 3 AM since the gates and dungeons don't care about what time of the day it is.

She nodded and said, "Sure, we can arrange that for you. Which weapon are you planning to switch to?"

"Bow," I replied.

The secretary raised an eyebrow, seeming surprised by my choice. "Oh, interesting. We don't get many students choosing to change bows from daggers, but I'm sure we can arrange it for you."

She said with a smile. What she said was correct. You wouldn't generally see a close combatant randomly changing their weapons to range one unless some special circumstances are involved.

'Like enlightening.'

Even though I was the last ranked student, different from the students around, she showed me respect. That was because she knew the difference between the Arcadia Hunter Academy and the standards of the outside world. Even though I was ranked last here didn't mean I was too weak when it came to hunters outside...

Well, I was weak, but I could close the gap with my awakening and skills.

I followed her instructions to the testing area. There, I was handed a basic bow and a set of arrows to demonstrate my skills. It was the same bow that I used on the training grounds.

After I trained in the testing area for a little to warm myself up, I was greeted by an instructor who would be evaluating my marksmanship skills. He was the Coordinator of the Archery Course; I knew him from the game.

'Ethan Hartman.' I thought, seeing him.

The area was a large, open field with different target ranges set up at various distances. The targets were made of sturdy materials to withstand the force of the arrows and had different shapes and sizes.

"All right, let's begin," Instructor Ethan said, gesturing for me to step onto the designated shooting line. "We'll start with the basics. Hit the five stationary targets over there."

The first part was going to be easy, as my eyes locked down on the target. Observing the distance and remembering the feeling I got yesterday, I nocked an arrow, drew the bowstring, and aimed at the first target.

\*SWOOSH\* \*THUD\*

With a deep breath, I released the arrow, and it hit the center of the target with a satisfying thud.

"Good shot," the instructor nodded, and I felt a surge of confidence. From his body movements alone, I could see he genuinely approved of me.

As I progressed through the stages, the difficulty increased. In the second stage, the number of targets increased to eight, and they moved from side to side. I had to adjust my aim and timing to hit them as they moved, and my [Perceptive Insight] trait helped me see their movements more clearly.

In the third stage, the targets were set at farther distances, testing my accuracy and precision. I had to account for wind direction and adjust my shots accordingly.

\*SWOOSH\* \*SWOOSH\* \*SWOOSH\* \*THUD\* \*THUD\* \*THUD\*

However, that didn't matter too much as I hit the mark once again.

As I moved on to the fourth stage, the targets were made of tougher materials, and I needed to enhance my arrows with my mana to ensure they penetrated the thick surfaces.

It was the basic skill that was necessary for an archer. To be able to imbue one's arrow with their mana and their attributes.

'At this point, I am pretty sure I can have a bow, but letting him think I have a trait related to bows would be better.' I thought as I imbued the arrow and released the string.

\*SWOOSH\* \*SWOOSH\* \*SWOOSH\* \*THUD\* \*THUD\*

"Nice use of your trait there," the instructor commented, noting how I imbued my arrows with my energy. Just as I expected, he assumed that was the trait that let me imbue arrows. In a way, he was not wrong, but in a way he was.

The fifth stage was the most challenging. It combined moving targets, long distances, and durable materials. I had to maintain my focus and use my mana to imbue the arrow while also constantly changing my position to have a better shooting angle.

"Ho?" I could see the exclamation of surprise coming from Instructor Ethan. It looked like he was not expecting me to progress further at this stage.

\*SWOOSH\* \*SWOOSH\* \*THUD\* \*THUD\*

But that didn't matter, as I was able to finish the stage given the limited time.

"This guy is really good..."

I could see him mumbling to himself. At this point, he already started taking notes on his tablet.

'I should have passed, but I want to keep going further.' I thought.

I took a deep breath, trying to steady my nerves as I faced the sixth stage. The targets were now even tougher, with reinforced materials that required a significant amount of force to penetrate.

My body was also aching. Since the bow I had in my hand was a recurve bow, it needed a good amount of strength to pull the string constantly, which tired me at the end.

But I still went on as I steadied my breath.

I nocked an arrow and focused my mana, channeling it into the arrow to enhance its power. Then releasing the bow, I watched it fly toward the next target.

SWOOSH

The arrow hit the surface of the target with force, but to my dismay, it didn't penetrate deep enough. The arrow bounced off, leaving a mere scratch on the sturdy material.

Instructor Ethan's expression remained neutral. "Keep trying," he said, and I nodded. He wanted to assess the power limit of my enhancement.

I tried again and again, pouring more mana into each shot, but no matter how hard I tried, the arrows weren't enough to break through the target's defenses.

'As expected, for now, I can't seem to penetrate level 6 targets.' I thought, but I was not disappointed; after all, I had just acquired my trait, and I didn't know how to use it more efficiently, as well as my mana.

SWOOSH SWOOSH

I released two more arrows, both with the same result – they bounced off the target's surface without making any significant impact.

"That's enough," Instructor Ethan finally said, stepping forward. "It seems you've reached your limit for today."

Hearing this, I lowered my now. It was true that I had already reached my limit for today, so I didn't say anything.

"Huff..... Huff...."

At this point, I could no longer contain the heavy breathing in my lungs. As a ranger, the most important things were balance and breathing, and to do that, I needed to keep my mouth shut no matter how fast my heart was beating.

Instructor Ethan approached me, a look of approval in his eyes. "Your performance was impressive, especially considering you have just started using bows. Your mana control is quite remarkable for a newbie. I just checked that you weren't able to use your mana, but it seems you have reached enlightenment."

He said, looking at his tablet. There I could see a bunch of information about me and my past records. As I have just said, Astron was unable to use his mana before; thus, he was known as the mana-less hunter amongst instructors.

I nodded to his words in response. "Yes, I just recently found out about my talents at bows and mana."

Nodding his head, he turned his gaze toward my body.

"However, even though your speed and your body movements are good, your strength and endurance are lacking. You are already looking like you are tired."

"That is true."

"Then, you should use a compound bow instead of a recurved one. Even though they are heavier than recurved bows and harder to use, they also require less strength. I am sure, with your skill, you can handle compound bows better."

'As expected, he saw right through me.' The reason why I kept going until I was tired was to show this to him. Compound bows were a lot expensive; thus academy doesn't like to give them to students normally, but my strength didn't let me use a recurved bow.

"Understood, instructor."

"Good decision," he said with a smile. "I'll talk to the academy, and we'll get you a proper compound bow to practice with while your weapon will also be registered as a bow. But I need to confirm one thing. Did your talent at Daggers disappear? Even though it is a rare case, there are times when one's former talent disappeared."

"No. It is still there."

SWOOSH SWOOSH SWOOSH

Grabbing my dagger from my belt, I swung it rapidly, just as before.

"Good. I will handle the necessary process. Your bow will be in your hands around noon."

"Thank you, Instructor Ethan," I said gratefully.

With that, I left the testing area, feeling a mix of exhaustion and satisfaction. My body was aching a little, but that was fine.

'Now, with this, the only thing that is left is to make money and acquire a gun.'

Just like that, I returned to my room to get ready for the class...

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

Hope you liked the chapter. I have been sick for two days, so I couldn't post a chapter yesterday, and I am still sick so hope the quality isn't that bad.

Give me power stones if you like my novel; I am participating in WPC, so it helps a lot.

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.

#### *Chapter 25: Chapter 6.2 - Lessons*

Reaching the classroom where the signboard showed HA213, I opened the door and entered.

This class was the place where the story took its place. After all, it was where Ethan had resided as the protagonist.

Inside the classroom, students were scattered throughout the room, chatting with friends or busy preparing for the upcoming lecture. As I walked in, I noticed a few curious glances, but for the most part, I was ignored, just like any other ordinary student.

I made my way to the back of the class, where an empty seat awaited me. It was a spot that provided a clear view of the entire classroom, and it suited me just fine. I preferred to observe quietly rather than draw attention to myself. Even though Astron didn't choose this seat because he wanted it, it proved to be more suited for me.

Taking a seat, I glanced around, noting the various students in the class. Some were diligently taking notes, while others were engaged in hushed conversations. There was a mix of talents and abilities, each student with their own unique traits and potential.

As I settled in, I overheard a conversation nearby about a recent dungeon exploration. It seemed a group of students had encountered a powerful monster and narrowly

escaped with their lives. The tale was filled with thrilling details, and the other students were listening intently, captivated by the adventure.

In front of me, a group of friends were discussing their plans for the upcoming weekend. "We should totally go to the dungeon my guild discovered. " one of them suggested, eager for some friendly dungeon dive.

"Really? We can?" Her friend answered with a smile. But I could see faint signals of envy hidden underneath his face. The way her face slightly stiffened, her gaze was narrowed, and his sleeves were grabbed tightly was enough to show that she was actually upset.

'It was this girl....That wanted to undermine her friend's successful guild...' I thought. Being trapped in that necklace made me almost insane, and if not for the fact that I could observe everything around Astron, I would have probably gone. So, I knew who this girl was.

'It is funny how hypocritical people are....'

I listened quietly, finding some amusement in the various rumors and stories being shared. It was intriguing to see how each student had their own aspirations and dreams while some others had their own scheme and envy.

CREAK

At that moment, the door opened, revealing three figures that immediately got the attention of the class.

First one was a young man with a very handsome face, dark chestnut hair, and green eyes. An aura of imposing was spreading from him as he led the two behind him.

From his neatly arranged clothes and small signs of smoke, I could see his clothes were just ironed this morning. His accessories that shaped his looks were enough to show that this young man before me was someone that attached importance to his looks.

'Victor Blackthorn.'

I thought, seeing the man.

'The first rival of Ethan and the first ranking student inside the academy.'

He was the main rival of the MC, Ethan, and their clash of talents and personalities had caught the attention of many.

With his neatly arranged clothes and his noble posture, it was evident that this boy before me came from a renowned family. And he was.

The Blackthorns were a respected lineage of skilled Human Hunters, and Victor was no exception. In fact, he was the son of the third-ranked Human Hunter, adding further to the explanation of his strength.

His sharp eyes were enough to show that he was actually someone skilled at combat and hunting. He was known for his expertise with a finely crafted longsword that he carried with pride.

"Tch! What are you looking at, lowly dogs." With a scoff, he sneered at the students looking at him and reached the front seat. His followers behind him followed his steps. They were the ones that were there to lick his feet for their family and relationships, simple patten for bullies.

The students who heard him saying this immediately averted their gazes, fear of offending him. Even the girls had a rather dissatisfied expression on their faces... Though some had a blush...

'As expected, he does have this personality.' I thought.

Just as he was about to curse further, the door swung wide open once again, revealing a familiar figure that I saw in the cafeteria Saturday.

It was a girl with white hair and blue eyes clear like the sky. Her beautiful face immediately got the attention that was centered around Victor.

"Ah...."

Seeing this, Victor closed his mouth, which was about to curse further....Since he liked Julia.

At the beginning of the game, Victor is known to be somewhat of an elitist. He believed in the superiority of his lineage and talent, and this made him come across as aloof and arrogant to others. His initial attitude led to some conflicts with other students, especially those he deemed unworthy of his attention. But those conflicts could never escalate further since the background of Victor was like a king's.

After all, he was one of the most talented human hunters in this generation whose father was the third strongest, and that came with his own ego and privileges.

Being raised by the world's best institutions even before the Hunter Academy, he was someone that was close to the children of rich and strong people.

Thus amidst his training as a child, Victor's feelings took an unexpected turn when he encountered Julia, a talented and kind-hearted fellow student. The moment he saw Julia, he fell in love with her at first sight.

Because of his obsession with aesthetics, he deemed Julia's face to be the most beautiful, and he was obsessed with the girl.

That was his reasoning as to why he liked him.

Following Julia, two other girls entered the room.

One of them had fiery red hair and an arrogant smile on his face.

And the other one had green hair and red eyes that was beautiful. Instantly, almost every male inside the classroom was about to drool, looking at the girl's face.

She was Lilia, the campus bell, through the end.

"Yo! Mister Cool-guy! Pricky as usual in the morning!" Irina, with her loud voice and smiley persona, greeted Victor as she made her way toward the first rows.

"Shut up." Victor scuffed with his usual expression, but Irina didn't mind at all.

"Why? Because Prince Blackthorn is mad?" The playful expression remained the same, Irina asked.

"....." He glared at Irina with an irritated face, but he didn't do anything, even though he was someone with a strong background. That was the same for Irina, who was the daughter of the strongest Fire Mage in this world.

"It seems you have had your fill to curse for the morning."

Saying that Irina sat behind Victor, and her face was covered with a smile. It was a smile that was normal for others, but I knew why she was so adamant about playing with Victor.

After all, she liked him. It wasn't revealed in the game, but I could see the signs clearly. The signs that Irina showed Ethan when her route was pursued as a romantic interest were now there.

Her small gestures when she played with her hair, the way she rubbed her thumb into her index finger...

With a fiery persona like that, Irina was someone that liked people stronger than herself, and Victor fit in that category.

'But I am sure it is his looks....' I thought, but of course, I didn't say anything.

Following her, Julia, who had a bright smile on her face, and Lilia, who had a blunt face, sat on the third row.

But before Lilia sat, I saw her throwing a gaze at me.

Considering I saw her training with her bows on the shooting range, she must have also noticed me; thus, that wasn't unexpected. But her little interest diminished after a one-millisecond gaze.

Just like that, the trio at the front kept talking while the two followers of Victor had already taken their seats far away from him. Since Victor was surrounded by three girls.

CREAK

But, immediately, the door opened once again, revealing another three people, this time all of them being males.

"You bastard, don't think you can run faster than me next time."

"Fuck...Just wait three months.... Then I will run faster than you..."

"Language."

"Sigh.... Carl, not again."

"Okay, okay, Lucas, let's calm down. Everyone is looking at us."

It was three males with good looks. The first one had wavy blue hair and hazel eyes. His face looked sweaty, but thanks to the clothes he was wearing being an artifact, no smell emanated from him even though he said that he still wore a smile on his face.

Then the other one was a man with white hair and blue eyes who was smiling, and the last one was a bulky man with a serious face.

Just like that, our protagonist and the two supporting characters also made their appearance, making the classroom lively once more.

"Hey. Morning."

Ethan greeted the frontier main cast with a smile on his own.

"Tch. Don't talk to me."

Victor just sneered in response.

"Victor, don't be rude to him."

But, hearing what Julia said, he immediately took a 180 degrees turn and changed his attitude. "Okay, my bad."

"Good." Julia, being the airheaded she is, didn't notice what she did and signaled the three to come. "Come on; the class is about to start."

"Tch..." I could see Irina glaring at Julia. Knowing that the man she liked showed his affection for another girl must have hurt her pride, and it was obvious that she was having a hard time controlling her emotions.

But in the end, she did.

As the main cast settled into their seats, the classroom atmosphere remained lively with chatter and laughter.

Ethan, the guy with wavy blue hair, leaned back in his seat, a playful grin on his face. "So, Lucas, tell us what happened with you last night. Heard some wild noises coming from your room."

Lucas, the guy with white hair and blue eyes, blushed slightly and cleared his throat. "It was nothing, just a little accident. Knocked over some vials while I was experimenting with potions."

"Eh? Just some vials? It sounded like a whole alchemy lab exploded," Ethan teased, causing Irina to giggle and nod in agreement.

"Just don't blow up the whole dorm, okay? We still need a place to sleep," she chimed in, earning a playful scowl from Lucas.

"I'll keep that in mind," Lucas replied with a smirk. However, that little dark glare he gave Ethan didn't miss my eyes.

He then turned to Carl and asked. "Hey, how about you, Carl? Anything exciting happened last night?"

Carl, with his stoic and serious face, tilted his head slightly, pondering about the events of yesterday.

"Nothing exciting happened yesterday, but on a Saturday night, I heard some weird noises coming from the forest."

Hearing this, my ears perked up. It was evident that what he was talking about was related to Mistwraith.

'How come the sounds are transmitted? This guy must have a special skill or passive related to sense.' I thought.

Trying to see if they saw anything, I perked my ears and attentively listened.

"Weird noises?"

"It was like the sound of some beast growling."

"Did you check?"

"I was going to, but Mother called, so I couldn't."

"Bruh, really?"

"Mother always comes first."

"Sigh....."

"I also heard some voices." At that point, Lilia also jumped into the topic as she opened her mouth.

"I was returning from Archery practice, but there I saw a bunch of instructors running to the forest."

"Ho? So, something happened?"

"I don't know. When I asked what happened, they said I should just go to my room."

"Ho, I wonder what happened..."

"Hey? Now that the topic opened, where are these three clowns?" Irina suddenly asked, looking at the three seats that were empty.

"Three clowns?"

"I mean, those three that sat there all the time and spoke loudly."

"Ah, you mean Dylan and the other three."

"Yeah, that trash."

"I don't know. Do you think it was something related to them, Victor?"

"I don't care about trash."

"....You are always the same."

CREAK

Just as they were about to continue their talk, the door swung wide open, revealing a woman with serious clothes and a face.

"Silence."

Immediately silencing the classroom....

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

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