

Hunter Academy: Revenge of the Weakest

Chapter 3: Chapter 0.3 - Prologue

Amidst the ruins of an abandoned town, where alleys were lined with shadows and memories of the past lingered stories of both despair and hope were whispered by unseen voices.

/TAP/ /TAP/ /TAP/

The heavy rain poured onto the ground, filling the world with sadness. There, a man could be seen walking toward the forgotten town.

Trailing behind the lone individual, a group of determined hunters emerged from the veil of rain, their attire exuding a sense of formality that contrasted sharply with the decaying surroundings.

"Is this the place?" he inquired, his voice carrying a weight of authority and determination. The answer came from one of the team members who held a device that detected the malevolent energy surrounding them.

"Yes, Captain. This is the very spot where the surge of demonic energy has been detected," the subordinate confirmed, eyes fixed on the readings displayed on the device.

"Then, get ready for the confrontation. I smell blood here." the captain declared, his voice resonating with seriousness. The team responded swiftly, each member assuming their respective roles with practiced precision.

One of them had an axe in his hands, the other one had a sword, then a bow. A silent understanding passed between the hunters, forged through shared purpose and unwavering camaraderie, as they had been on this path together for a long time.

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As the relentless rain continued its mournful descent, the hunters advanced further into the heart of the desolate town, their steps resolute and their spirits unyielding.

However, nothing aside from the destruction awaited the hunters as they delved more and more into town.

The traces of extinguished fire, the traces of destroyed homes....

The dead bodies were scattered around the streets.

The scent of blood was surrounding the environment.

"What is this?" the archer questioned, his voice heavy with disbelief and sorrow. The scene unfolding before them was unlike anything they had encountered before. The sheer brutality and depravity were difficult to comprehend.

"Insanity," lamented another hunter, their voice filled with agreement and a sense of helplessness. The weight of the situation settled heavily upon them all.

The leader, unyielding in their resolve, responded, "This is the true face of demons. Now do you understand why they are so despised, Tom?" The rest of the team nodded, their expressions etched with a mix of anger and determination.

"Yes, Captain. It's becoming painfully clear," replied the swordsman, his voice laced with a somber understanding. He cautiously approached one of the lifeless corpses, observing the gruesome aftermath. "Their insides have been devoured, their blood drained. These creatures are no longer deserving of the name 'human'."

However, the archer's discerning gaze detected something amiss. "This isn't normal. I've encountered the handiwork of demons before, but this level of bloodlust is unusual," they remarked, gesturing towards a near-skeletal figure stained with dried blood.

"In any case, this is not our primary task," the captain interjected his tone grave and focused. "We're here to search for clues and gather evidence." With a resolute nod, he signaled for the team to begin their investigation.

As an hour almost passed, the leader felt a weird feeling. 'A sound?'

His senses as an A-rank were something to be proud of, so his eyes were instantly perked. 'Someone is there.'

As the sound of breathing entered his ears, he instantly lowered his center of gravity and walked towards the house.

There he saw a young man.

A young man whose eyes were closed.

A young man with black hair that was collapsed on the ground.

Traces of dry blood could be seen on his face and his hands.

'He bled from his eyes...' It was evident that the boy had been bleeding from his eyes. And, then his hands. They too were filled with blood as they were clenched up to the maximum.

However, the boy's palpable white skin and the little pressure emitted from him were enough to show that, he was just a harmless individual that had no strength to cause such a scene.

"He must be a local resident," the leader mused quietly, his mind racing with questions. 'But what is this necklace.' However, there, on his neck, could be seen a white shining necklace that had the form of the crescent moon.

The leader was tempted to explore, but he refrained from doing so. As he decided to inform his teammates.

"So, are you saying you found no survivors inside the town, aside from that one kid?" A middle-aged man dressed in a sharp suit spoke from behind the polished wooden desk that adorned the office. His stern expression revealed the weight of responsibility he bore.

In front of him was a person whose face was filled with a diagonal scar. He maintained a calm and composed demeanor as he delivered his report. "Yes, Mister Lucas. As I mentioned earlier, we encountered no survivors and no trace of any demons. The town lay in ruin, bearing witness to a massacre. The only individual we found was the young boy, who had already succumbed to unconsciousness."

Hearing this, the man in the suit contemplated for a second. "I understand, Hunter Garrett. If that is the case, you can submit the evidence you collected and then leave the association."

With that, the man named Hunter Garrett stood up and left the room, leaving the man named Lucas alone.

"Now... We need to put the kid in the orphanage.... As Hunter Garrett left the office, Mister Lucas's gaze shifted towards the young boy, his heart heavy with sympathy. "What a poor soul." He knew the boy's life had been forever changed by the horrors he had witnessed. With a sense of duty, Lucas began making the necessary arrangements to ensure the boy's future; he started making some calls as he started arranging the orphanage where the boy would live his life.

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

Hope you liked the chapters.

I know I said the prologue would end with the chapter before, but I decided to clarify, as now we will start shifting the POVs.

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