

Hunter Academy: Revenge of the Weakest

Chapter 6: Chapter 1.3 - Eclipse of Destiny

I was wrong.

People are not nice here. Here I am, surrounded by a sea of faces, but I might as well be invisible. The whispers follow me like a dark cloud, their venomous words poisoning my spirit.

I hear the laughter, the mocking, and it echoes in my mind, reminding me of my perceived weaknesses.

They are always saying 'awakened people' are strong. But, I am unable to get stronger anymore. I reached my limit. I know that I know that, but why I can't do anything?

Why can't I be like that Ethan guy? He is getting stronger and stronger; why can't I?

It's relentless, a daily torment that pierces through the fragile shell I try to maintain.

They are talking about how their stats are always raised, but I can't.

Sometimes I want to stop. Looking at the same screen over and over again....Those numbers are never changing...

But, I can't...

Whenever I stop, her face comes into my head...

I can't stop...

I mustn't...

It has been a month already since the academy started....They are preying upon me; I can feel it...I walk these hallways, head down, trying to make myself smaller, invisible.

But they see me.

They see the vulnerability etched on my face, the scars of loss that refuse to fade.

I become their target, the embodiment of their amusement.

They taunt me, jeering at my pain, as if my grief is something to be ridiculed.

"Hey, trash..."

I hear the same voice that has been causing me distress.

'No, not now....'

Turning my gaze, I see a body filled with bulkiness. I try to run away, try to increase the distance.

"Where do you think you are going?"

However, a hand blocks my path. Now in front of me, another person stands there.

It is a girl, a girl a lot different than her.

I try to get past her, but not to avail because my hands are tied with some weird magic.

Seeing I can't go further, I turn my head backward.

/SWOOSH/

There, I can see a fist coming to my face....

My body reacts on its own.... I try to raise my arms reflexively....

/THUD/

But, it is not enough.

It never is.

Immediately, the punch connects with my face. And soon, a familiar pain assaults me. A familiar pain I had been feeling for a while.

"Kuugh-"

Blood spills from my mouth, but I refuse to bow down hear.

I struggle to get the hand that is holding me... But he is strong.... A lot stronger than me....

"Why don't you just cry some more, crybaby?" they sneer. They push me, shove me sideways, watching me crumble under the weight of their cruelty.

I'm trapped in this cycle of torment, always waiting for the next blow, the next laugh at my expense.

"HAHAHAH!" "Trash will always be trash, no matter what."

Their laughter echoes inside my head. The tingle never goes away. I know; my sanity slips away slowly...

I question myself constantly. What did I do to deserve this? Why am I so weak, so easy to prey upon? Why am I not like my sister?

She was so bright defending our village... Why can't I be like her? I can't hide. I'm left feeling like a failure, a punching bag for their amusement. I know I failed my sister, but I can't do anything.

'Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why?'

Just why.... Why can't I get stronger? Darkness slips in, and my eyes slowly lose their sight.

My body feels aching all around, but I don't budge. It doesn't matter anymore. I can feel they are hitting me; they are spitting on me. But none of those matter no longer.

"Trash." "Bastard." "Even your mother left you." I hear their voices getting weaker and weaker.

I realize they are leaving me once again.

In my darkest moments, I wonder, what if I never existed? What if I was not there? Then, would it be okay? Feel like an outsider, an outcast who doesn't belong in this world.

But whenever I think about those things, my sister's face comes to my mind.

I feel disgusted at my pathetic self. I know it is my own fault, it is my own weakness that I can't stand up right here. It is because I am weak.

At that moment, I hear a tiny whispering voice inside me.

"Aren't you tired?" A simple voice that echoes deep into my soul.

"Tired of being weak? Tired of not being able to do anything?" The voice echoes deep inside my heart, a voice that is cold.

A voice that reminds me of mine.

I feel a shiver run down my spine as the voice resonates deep within my soul.

For a moment, the temptation to listen grows stronger.

"Yes," I admit, my voice trembling. "I am tired. Tired of feeling helpless, tired of being a target for this cruelty."

I want to cry, I want to pour down my emotions. But I know I can't.

The voice, cold and calculating, continues its manipulation. "What if I could offer you a way out? A chance to shed your weakness and become something more. Something stronger."

I hear the voice, and that coldness inside sends me shivers.

I never knew someone like this existed inside me. I feel fear.

"Who are you?" I ask, not being able to contain myself.

"AHAHAHAHHAH!" At that moment, a burst of chilly laughter erupts. It sends shivers down my spine.

I want to ask, what is funny? But I can't.

"Does it matter? I am you.... The one that you had been suppressing...."

His words echo inside my head.... I can't understand anything.... He is me? What does he mean?

'No. This is not true.' I think not being able to contain the fear.

"Did you forget why you are here?" However, at that moment, his voice enters my ears. "Do you want to fail her? Do you want her blood to stay on the ground?"

Those words pierce through my heart, bringing memories I don't want to see right now.

Her smile shifts with the claw piercing through her chest....

"Accept me... For her.... If she was in front of you, could you save her with your puny strength?"

His words pierce deep inside my heart once again, revealing scars hard to heal.

The moment those words come out, a shiny light appears in front of me.

I could see a necklace there. It is shining with back color with a crescent moon carved.

It reminds me of my sister again.

At that moment, the feeling of despair fills my heart.

'I need to do something, I need to be better.'

'I can't always stay the way I am.'

'I am weak, I am not strong.'

My hands shake... My vision blurs...

The pain that I was ignoring assaults me again, and my body aches all around...

The places they hit were making me feel despair...

'I can't protect her... Let alone avenging... I am worthless....'

In my desperation, I reach out and grasp the darkness, accepting the deal that will forever alter the course of my life.

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

With this, the backstory of the first soul is finished.

Now, we will catch up with our transmigrator; then, the plot will start.

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.