

# Hunter Academy: Revenge of the Weakest

*Chapter 7: Chapter 1.4 - Eclipse of Destiny*

As the world blurred further, my consciousness began to fade, consumed by the enigmatic darkness that had befallen the sunlit morning.

And then, I awoke.

I found myself in an unfamiliar place, surrounded by impenetrable darkness. No light, no sound. It was as if I had been cast adrift in a void of nothingness. Confusion and fear gripped my heart as I struggled to comprehend my circumstances.

"What is happening?" I whispered into the abyss, my voice swallowed by the void. The silence was deafening, amplifying my disorientation.

Questions raced through my mind, each one a desperate plea for answers. Was I dead? Was this some kind of twisted afterlife? The absence of any tangible sensations left me feeling disconnected from my own existence. What was this world?

Even calling it a world was maybe wrong.

I attempted to move, to break free from the oppressive emptiness, but my efforts were futile. I realized with a jolt that I no longer had a physical form. I was a mere consciousness, untethered from the vessel I once inhabited.

'Why is this happening?' As I was lost in thought, my attention was abruptly drawn to something entering my field of view, accompanied by a chorus of voices.

Yes, it was a sound....

While I examined my new existence, I discovered that despite my physical limitations, I still possessed my senses. I could see and hear the world outside, although I was unable to interact with it. It was a peculiar sensation, observing the world without the ability to influence or participate in it.

Lost in thought, I yearned for answers, for a glimpse of understanding in this bewildering existence. Time passed, and yet, I remained trapped in my ethereal prison, a mere observer of a world in which I could no longer participate.

Even though I didn't know what this world was, I just stood there and watched until I got a clue. In the end, there was nothing I could do after all.

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Days passed....

That peculiar sensation of not being able to intervene with the outside world was eating me alive.

Imagine you are a baby, just a newborn. But you have your consciousness intact. You are able to feel everything, see everything, hear everything, but you can't move your body at all.

You can't do anything since your motor reflexes have yet to develop. It was such a feeling.

And that feeling was eating me alive.

The solace, the nothingness....

But, of course, I was not just staying idle and waiting. Even though I was not able to move my body, I was able to see and feel the world around me.

There was only one action that I could take in this place. Thinking and observing.

Something I always liked to do.

Be it in high school, be it in college, be it while playing the games.

The thing that I always have done.

Watching and observing. Looking for those little details.

And strangely, it made this place bearable enough. Even though I wanted to feel the world again or wanted to see the world, I still managed to keep my sanity.

However, watching and observing do have one simple result or output, others may say.

It is the information. The information that would come whenever you choose to observe.

And that information was entering my consciousness.

At first, the only thing I saw was a ceiling. But soon, that started changing as the scene started moving in front of me.

It was like I was looking at the world from the eyes of someone.

And then, I started the voice of the body. It was a voice that was familiar, but I couldn't put up where I had seen it.

Even though I had almost a photographic memory, my memory of earring was falling behind a little.

In any case, the voice I had been hearing was the voice of a young boy.

But something was amiss. As a person that played quite a lot of VR games, or FPS games, I noticed one little thing.

The person's arm alignment was weird. Yes, it was weird, like the arms were a lot higher than where they were supposed to be.

And at that moment, I noticed. I was not looking at the world from the eyes of someone other.

It was aligned with the young man's neck.

'I am inside a necklace.' I thought, solving the puzzle. Because, sometimes, my vision would shake weirdly, different from my head.

All those things fit each other.

And soon, I was able to learn the identity of the young man that held my necklace.

'Astron Natusalune.'

It was at that moment that I realized where I was, where this world was.

I was inside the game. The game I had played quite a lot of times. The game I was pretty good at.

Legacy of Shadows: The Hunter's Destiny.

I was inside this game.

And the boy that was holding the necklace was a small villain.

A third-rate villain that was just there to show off the protagonist's difference from normal guys.

He was a simple extra that would die at the start of the storyline because he was jealous of the protagonist's achievements.

To explain why that was the case, Legacy of Shadows: The Hunter's Destiny was a hunter-themed game where you can develop your main character from zero. And the game starts with the academy.

Therefore, at the start, the main character has a low standing with weak strength, so he would start as a bottom-ranking student, but according to the player's choices, the main character would go with a second awakening and start getting stronger at a fast rate.

Then you might ask, what is the awakening?

Awakening is a term that is used for those who have access to the status window. It is the number one requirement to become a Hunter or join the Arcadia Hunter Academy.

However, different from normal people, Ethan, the main character, can awaken two times, thus resulting in his high speed of increase in his strength.

Then, why was this guy a villain? It was pretty simple. Because Astron was someone that was also at the bottom of the academy and stayed as weak as he was, he was envious of the main character's achievements and would later sell his soul to demons and would become a Djinn.

'But, this is not what I was expecting.'

With each passing day, I delved deeper into the art of observation. I became attuned to the subtle nuances of human behavior, the interplay of emotions, and the underlying motivations that guided actions.

Therefore, I was also able to see the subtle emotions the boy was showing to the world.

'What is this sister thing about?' I thought at first since the game never revealed anything about Astron at all.

He was always looking at a picture before he fell asleep, saying he was his sister.

But, as a short time passed, the pieces fell together.

His sister was killed by demons.' I reached this conclusion after witnessing Astron's immense hatred towards the demonic forces that plagued his world.

It became my routine to observe his daily life, watching as he trained and gave his utmost effort in everything he did. But over time, the monotony of my existence grew suffocating, threatening to erode my sanity.

As Astron entered the academy, a place where strength was revered, and weakness was scorned, his struggles intensified.

He faced relentless bullying and ridicule from his fellow students, yet his burning desire for vengeance fueled his determination to press on. His sister's bloodshed would not be in vain.

Thus he was trapped between two sides. One side was pressing him to end this pitifulness while the other side of self-hatred was pushing him forward. Inside, he was eating himself alive.

It was during this tumultuous period that I sensed a change. A weakening barrier that contained me as Astron's mental state deteriorated and growing desperation took hold. At that moment, I realized the key to my own freedom.

I waited for the opportune moment, the point at which Astron's spirit would be at its lowest, his need for strength and power at its peak. And when I saw him being beaten down, his resilience tested to its limits, I could no longer contain myself. I whispered into his ear, my words striking a chord deep within his soul.

"Aren't you tired?" I asked him. "Tired of being weak? Tired of feeling helpless?" I knew he carried the weight of his vulnerability, his yearning for change. I wanted to stoke his anger, his desperation, to make him yearn for strength like never before.

And it worked.

With each word, his resolve wavered, and the connection between us grew stronger. He questioned my identity, but I reveled in his fear, his uncertainty. Yet, Astron remained resilient, resisting the acceptance of my presence.

There was one final barrier that stood in my way, one final obstacle to overcome. And I knew what it was... His inner demons....

"Accept me... for her," I whispered, invoking his sister's memory. At that moment, I felt his soul shatter; his resolve was destroyed.

It was at that moment he accepted me.

The barrier crumbled, and I felt my consciousness slipping away, freed from the confines of the necklace.

As my existence merged with Astron's, I became an embodiment of his desire for power, his unwavering determination to avenge his sister's death. Bound by our shared purpose, our fates intertwined, we embarked on a path that would forever change the course of our intertwined destinies....

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

With this, the transmigration finally ends as we see both sides of the coin.

Now, the novel really begins; I hope you liked my approach.

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.