

My Infinite Mana System

Chapter 5: The Hunters Association

The Hunters Association building was as imposing as I had imagined.

Towering above the nearby structures, it gleamed with glass panels that reflected the morning sunlight.

The entrance was flanked by two massive statues of strong, and popular hunters, their weapons raised as if ready to strike.

This was the hub of power for people like me.

Awakened.

I had walked by this place countless times in my life, always as an outsider.

But today, I was walking through those doors as something more.

I adjusted my black baggy jacket, and stepped inside.

The lobby was massive, with polished marble floors that echoed underfoot and walls adorned with digital screens showing interviews of popular hunters and announcements.

Hunters of all levels milled about, some in flashy armor, others in simple combat gear.

A woman behind the registration desk looked up as I approached.

She was tall, with sharp features and eyes that seemed to pierce through you.

Her black blazer matched the serious expression on her face.

"Name?" she asked, her tone curt but not unfriendly.

"Allen Quovar," I replied, handing over my ID.

Her eyes flicked to the screen in front of her, fingers typing swiftly.

After a moment, she nodded.

“You’re here for registration. Follow the hallway to your right. Assessment Room 3.”

I nodded and followed her directions, the sound of my boots muffled by the thick carpet.

The hallway was lined with doors, each labeled with bold numbers.

The air smelled faintly of disinfectant and metal, a reminder of the rigorous tests that happened here daily.

When I reached Room 3, the door slid open with a faint hiss, revealing a stark, white chamber.

A man in a gray uniform stood in the center, a clipboard in one hand and a scanner in the other.

He looked up as I entered, his expression neutral.

“Allen Quovar?”

“Yes,” I said.

“Step forward. We’ll begin with the Awakening verification.”

I complied, stepping onto a circular platform in the center of the room.

The scanner in his hand began to hum softly, emitting a faint blue light that swept over me from head to toe.

“Ability, Lightning,” he muttered, his eyes scanning the clipboard. “Late bloomer, age twenty”

He stepped back, gesturing to a door on the far side of the room.

“Combat assessment is next. You’ll face a series of simulated monsters. The goal is to demonstrate control and strategy, not raw power.”

I nodded and headed for the door.

Beyond it was another chamber, this one larger and darker, with walls that shimmered faintly like the surface of a still lake.

A voice crackled over the intercom.

“Ready when you are, Allen Quovar. Engage when the light turns green.”

I took a deep breath, feeling the familiar hum of mana beneath my skin.

Lightning sparked at my fingertips, illuminating the dark chamber in flashes of blue and white.

The light turned green, and the walls began to shift.

Figures emerged, holographic but solid enough to hurt.

Goblins, their snarling faces twisted in rage, rushed toward me with crude weapons raised.

I didn’t hesitate.

The lightning leapt from my fingers, striking the first goblin and sending it sprawling to the ground.

Another came from my left, but I was faster, the dagger I was given slicing through its form with ease.

The room was chaos, a blur of movement and sound as the simulation tested me.

But I wasn’t just surviving, I was thriving.

Each attack felt natural, each dodge instinctive.

It was easy.

The power coursing through me was exhilarating, a force I had never known before.

When the last goblin fell, the room fell silent.

The intercom buzzed again.

“Assessment complete. Report to the registration desk for your ID.”

I left the chamber, my heart pounding.

The man from earlier gave me a small nod as I passed, a faint hint of respect in his eyes.

At the registration desk, the woman handed me a sleek black card.

“Congratulations Mr. Quovar,” she said. “You’re officially a registered Hunter now.”

I stared at the card for a moment, the weight of it sinking in.

This was real.

I wasn’t just a bystander anymore.

“Thank you,” I said, sliding the card into my pocket.