

The Witch Hunter System

#Chapter 1 Servant Vaan - Read The Witch Hunter System Chapter 1 Servant Vaan

Splash!

A bucket of dirty water splashed against a young man's sleeping face, awakening him to his fellow peers' jeering taunts and laughter.

The young man had chosen to take a short nap within the servant's changing room, but alas, he was still disturbed.

"Oops, my hand slipped. Sorry, Vaan. You won't blame me for this, right?" the bulky male servant sniggered with a disdainful gaze while the other four jealous male servants laughed coldly.

After giving the five male servants surrounding him a glance, Vaan picked himself up from the wooden bench with a calm and collected look.

"Not at all, Duvall," Vaan said indifferently, wiping the dirty water off his face. Then, his lips curled into a cold smile before he said, "It must be part of the genes—just like how your mother's hand slipped and dropped you on the head as a baby."

"Bastard, you're asking for a beating!"

The bulky Duvall immediately threw a swing at Vaan's face in anger, "Do you think you still have the same status as you did a month ago?!"

At the same time, Vaan saw the incoming fist but chose not to dodge. Instead, he gazed at Duvall with a sly smile.

"Stop it, Duvall! It's not worth it! Lady Eniwse will not be pleased. She will harshly punish us if we ruin his pretty face!" The other four men immediately pulled Duvall back before his fist could connect.

Duvall's fist swung at the empty air in front of Vaan's gaze, but he remained firm and unflinching, simply gazing back with a mocking smile.

"Dammit! This brat is looking down on us! His face is off-limits, but what about the rest of his body?!" Duvall snarled at the other servants before he spat, "He's practically asking to be beaten! Don't you all think so?!"

The other four men glanced at each other before they loosened their grips.

Duvall immediately took the chance to rush up and punch Vaan in the gut, followed by a few knees in the stomach after grabbing his shoulders.

Bone crunching sounds were heard before the four servants quickly separated Duvall from Vaan again.

“Duvall, you’re insane! Vaan may have lost his backing after Lady Lifar was demonized from mana deviation, but Lady Eniwse favors him now! Are you holding a grudge because you lost her favor?!” One of the men barked with abject horror in his eyes.

In Blackmoon Academy, they were only attending servants for the witches-in-training at the academy.

But even then, being called a servant was just putting it nicely.

In this world governed by demons and witches, men without ability were simply slaves for the witches.

They are forced to attend to the witches’ every need—from menial tasks like cleaning and washing clothes to even sexual activities, pleasuring their assigned witch-in-training at the academy, if and when required.

Vaan’s body was weak and frail at birth, but it could put even the sturdiest-built men to shame when it comes to endurance and tenacity. Coupled with his pretty face, tender look, and rare talent in the bed, he was naturally more favored by the young witches-to-be.

In this female-dominant society, delicate and pretty men were preferred over big and muscular men. Only a few with special preferences were an exception.

Nevertheless, Vaan had not always been favored.

Ever since he transmigrated from Earth two years ago, he was forced to experience the world’s brutal reality.

In order to survive, he had no choice but to observe, learn, and adapt before he got to where he was today—being employed as a labor servant at Blackmoon Academy of Witchcraft through his wits and connections.

It was always the damn trucks.

Where did he even find the courage to jump in front of a truck to save a kid? The truck absolutely demolished him.

Ptui!

Vaan spat out some blood before wiping his mouth with a cold sneer, “Those large muscles are wasted on you. You hit like a little b*tch.”

“Bastard! You’re truly asking to die!”

Duvall broke free from his hold with brute strength before raining additional punches and kicks on Vaan’s body, enraged, breaking several more bones before slamming Vaan against the opposite side’s wooden locker.

“Kek, still a weak b*tch,” Vaan smirked coldly.

It was not the first time he was bullied and beaten by other servants, whether due to jealousy or under the command of rival witches-in-training.

Nevertheless, he did not care about this little bit of suffering.

More importantly, the witches’ favor comes with certain privileges that ordinary servants do not receive.

After Vaan spat a mouthful of blood onto Duvall’s face, the person’s eyes glowed dangerously with killing intent.

“What’s going on here?!” a woman’s powerful voice rang throughout the locker room.

Duvall’s killing intent instantly dispersed before he dropped to knees with the other servants and greeted nervously, “Lady Eniwse!”

Lady Eniwse’s gaze fell on Vaan’s conditions before glaring at Duvall with a towering pressure, “You dare to harm my attendant?”

Duvall immediately felt a stab in his heart from Lady Eniwse’s words. He was her former attendant before she threw him away for another.

“There’s a good reason for this, Lady Eniwse! I am beating him on behalf of all noble witches because he used the derogatory term ‘b*tch’ on me!” Duvall explained half-truthfully.

Lady Eniwse fell silent for a moment before she turned to Vaan, “Is that true?”

“Yes, my Lady. His punches and kicks were feeble like a little b*tch.” Vaan shrugged openly before adding with a solemn look, “On another note, I think it’s a blasphemy that Duvall would compare female dogs to witches.”

Duvall immediately broke into sweats from Vaan’s silvery tongue before feeling a chill from Lady Eniwse’s sharp gaze.

“My Lady, he is just twisting my words—Ahhh!” Duvall suddenly cried in pain.

His legs were broken by Lady Eniwse's basic spell, Mana Bullets before she shot the other four servants a glance.

"Lady Eniwse... We tried to stop—Ahhh!"

"I don't want to listen to your nonsense," Lady Eniwse stated indifferently after breaking all their legs with Mana Bullet.

Shortly after, she returned her attention to Vaan and spoke, "Follow me back to my office, Vaan. I will heal your wounds there."

"Yes, my Lady." Vaan bowed slightly.

He followed a few paces behind Lady Eniwse out of the servant's locker room while throwing a glance back at the other four servants calmly without a word.

This was the difference between the favored and the not.

Nevertheless, Lady Eniwse's action was too heavy-handed against the other four servants, which would bring him future troubles.

However, it was not his place to speak.

They passed through several corridors and arrived at the academy's main library within moments.

Lady Eniwse was a full-fledged Senior Witch and the Blackmoon Academy's librarian, Librarian Eniwse. She was also called Wise Scholar Eniwse.

Vaan was shortly pulled into the back office before Lady Eniwse locked the doors and pushed him onto the side bed. He grunted slightly with a frown due to pain from his broken ribs.

Lady Eniwse mounted on top of Vaan and removed his ragged top shortly after.

After that action, Lady Eniwse sealed Vaan's lips with hers before a soothing sensation of mana flowed down Vaan's throat to repair his damaged body.

Of course, this was not the standard way of using healing magic.

Vaan's hands subconsciously reached for Lady Eniwse's hips before being slapped away. Afterward, their lips shortly separated.

"Save it for the night," Lady Eniwse giggled softly with one finger pressed against Vaan's lips—a clear contrast in demeanor to what she portrayed previously.

