

## **The Witch Hunter System #Chapter 6 Vaan's Notes - Read The Witch Hunter System Chapter 6 Vaan's Notes**

Inside the wasteyard, Vaan studied the broken steel sword of half length before resuming his rummage.

“Seems like there isn’t a whetstone I can use here. I will have to settle for alternatives,” Vaan determined.

Shortly after, his gaze fell on a piece of demon beast leather that was part of a damaged black leather armor.

“Leather made from the tough hides of Dusk Drakes, huh? These are basically sandpaper and might work even better than ordinary whetstones...” Vaan muttered, collecting the piece of Dusk Drake Leather before gazing at the other broken equipment.

“These items were most likely damaged from witches-in-training using their servants for target practice... Sigh, how extravagant.”

“A little bit of repairing is all this equipment needed...”

Vaan shook his head with a slight sigh, understanding yet not wanting to understand how the minds of the rich and noble witches worked.

“Witches’ image would be affected if their servants wear broken equipment, huh? Just like that, so much good equipment is thrown away every month.”

After using the piece of rough hide to sand the broken sword into shape with gleaming sharpness, it looked no different to a regular short sword—but with a slightly longer handle.

Vaan traced his three fingers along the surface of the blade, feeling the smoothness and texture of the short sword before nodding his head.

“With my present strength, a sword of this quality is enough to lop off the head of an unawakened witch—if that is all I am using it for, though.”

“Unfortunately, that is not the case. I still need to consider my survival in the wild after making my escape. There should also be waste materials from alchemy and sculpting classes around here...”

“Found it!” Vaan softly exclaimed, shortly after spotting a small pile of tiny rainbow stones.

“Fire Jade fragments? These magic jades contain small traces of mana with fiery attributes in them. The quantity is a bit small, but I don’t need to enchant the entire blade.”

Vaan sorted out the materials before a general enchantment design was laid out in his mind.

“Mm. The Obsidian Stones will reinforce the sword body’s toughness, while Fire Jade will grant fiery attributes to the blade. With a flintstone with me, I can start an easy fire anywhere.”

“All that is missing is some Magic-Enchanting Solution, huh?” Vaan mused before contemplating, “Without Magic-Enchanting Solution, I can forget about the whole idea of enchanting anything...”

Magic-Enchanting Solution could liquify nearly anything depending on its quality. It was commonly used for enchantment but could also be used as a weapon.

“Magic-Enchanting Solution isn’t something that would be thrown away, no matter how little it is, though...” Vaan pondered with a calm expression.

“I wasn’t expecting to find any in the wasteyard anyway. Since there’s waste from alchemy classes, I’ll be fine as long as I—”

Suddenly, Vaan’s eyes lit up.

After spotting a broken flask with blue liquid solution inside, Vaan softly exclaimed, “Found it.”

“Neverfrost Draken Blood, when mixed with the right quantity of Sulphuric Ashes, will produce a type of Rank-1 Magic-Enchanting Solution. Too much Sulphuric Ashes and it will become a corrosive solution instead.”

“These broken flasks have anti-dissolvent spells cast on them. This will save me the trouble of finding Grade-2 materials to contain the Rank-1 Magic-Enchanting Solution.”

After collecting everything, Vaan hid in a pile of trash and muttered, “All that is left is to sand these Fire Jades and Obsidian Stones into powder with the Dusk Leather. This will save some time on the dissolving process.”

Sometime later, the sky started darkening from the sunset.

The Fire Jade fragment and Obsidian Stones were sanded into powders, and the Rank-1 Magic-Enchanting Solution was produced, separated into two portions.

Shortly after, the two powders were mixed with the solutions, producing a viscous blood-red solution in one broken flask and a thick black substance in another.

After creating a sword mold on the soil for the short sword, Vaan poured in the black substance, transforming the silver blade into a pitch-black one before leaving it to harden.

Vaan followed the regular steps of an Artificer, sanding down the short sword again before adding the blood-red solution.

The final result was a short black sword with dark-red edges, accompanied by a rough leather scabbard that did not take long for Vaan to make.

He spent the following two hours repairing some additional equipment before changing into a ragged black-hooded witch uniform, cape, and all to blend in the night. It was also altered to suit his taste in clothing as a man.

After checking his versatility and comfort in the new outfit, Vaan muttered, “There’s still a few things I should prepare before I am ready...”

...

Outside of Elaine’s office, a Senior Witch Gwena knocked on the door before entering with a wooden box in hand.

“Gwena? How is the City Lord’s daughter’s condition?” Senior Witch Elaine inquired with furrowed brows before glancing at the wooden box, “And what is this?”

“Isabelle’s condition has been stabilized,” Senior Witch Gwena answered before saying, “But never mind that. Take a look at what we found from the library’s ruins.”

“This is...”

Elaine glanced at the scattered notes that had been compiled neatly in the box before asking with surprise, “These are Eniwse’s study notes? No, I’ve seen her research papers before. This isn’t her handwriting.”

“Right.”

Senior Witch Gwena nodded before saying, “You’ll be in for more surprises if you give the study notes a read, Elaine.”

“Will do... Hm? A proposed theory on double awakening? The probability of a realm beyond Transcendent? How bold of the person who wrote this!”

After skimming through several keywords, Elaine immediately burst into mocking laughter, preparing to ridicule the writer—when she suddenly paused with a frown.

“Huh?”

“Limits of The Mana Bullet spell?” Elaine muttered before becoming engrossed in her reading.

Shortly after reading through the in-depth study notes on the Mana Bullet spell, Elaine spoke with surprise, “I was about to ridicule whoever wrote this...”

Elaine's eyes widened as she continued to skim through the notes before she suddenly found a strange tool at the bottom of the box.

"And what is this?"

"It seems to be a new type of projectile weapon in the making, but it is still incomplete—lacking a special type of ammunition to use. Only the original maker would understand how powerful the tool is supposed to be."

"Perhaps."

Elaine's eyes glimmered before praising, "Still, whoever wrote all these theories is a great genius, well deserving of merits and widespread fame across the entire witch kingdom!"

After Elaine's praise, Gwena nodded and said, "I have always thought Rank 1 was the limit of the Mana Bullet spell. But after reading the notes, I have changed my mind. Mana Bullet can reach Rank 2."

"No, even Rank 3 might be possible! It has the potential to be a suitable magic spell for even Senior Witches like us to use. Where is this genius? Why has the academy not heard of this person? We can't let a genius like this be buried in—"

Noticing Gwena's expression suddenly turning dull, Elaine paused in realization before the excitement in her eyes similarly lost their glimmer.

"I see... No wonder, Eniwse was enraged to the point of turning... What a terrible day this is," Elaine muttered before sinking back into her seat with a gloomy look, "We lost a Senior Witch and a prodigy in theoretical knowledge on magic in one day..."

"Regardless of whether he was a man or a servant, that person could have been a great magic pioneer for the witches. Even if the City Lord's daughter suddenly died ten times over, it cannot appease the anger and frustration I feel right now."

"I feel the same, but the dead cannot be revived. At the very least, we still have that person's theoretical notes. We can learn many things from these notes. Still, should I send someone to retrieve the person's body and give him a proper burial?" Gwena suggested.

Elaine tapped the desk in contemplation before sighing, "It's dark now. Leave it in the morning. More importantly, have the surrounding towns been notified of the B-rank threat yet?"

"Clarille sent out the letters earlier. Considering the time, the surrounding towns should have received the letters by now."

"I see."

Elaine nodded slightly before saying, “We can only pray that the Wyvern-type Abomination did not head directly for the towns and went elsewhere, giving the towns enough time to hide from the B-rank threat.”

“As I recall, the Wyvern-type Abomination flew north. That’s in the direction of Redpine City...” Gwena suddenly mentioned with a frown.

“That’s right.”

Elaine nodded without much thought before pausing with a similar frown on her face.

“Redpine City is not far from Red Goblin Mountain... Not to mention, Eniwse was a Fire Specialist. The Wyvern-type Abomination will evolve into a greater threat if it is not dealt with swiftly.”

“Yes, but the problem is we don’t have any High Witch in this region, and it will take some time before one arrives,” Gwena spoke before adding, “Before that, the local lords might suggest a punitive expedition of Senior Witches.”

“Probably. It’ll be a few more hours from now before we receive any response from the neighboring towns. Tonight is expected to be restless...”

As Elaine spoke, she poured two cups of tea before suggesting, “How about taking a seat and accompanying me for some idle chat?”

“Fine.” Gwena smiled.

Shortly after, she pulled over a wooden chair and took her seat before speaking, “Since we were on the topic of Fire Specialist, I wonder how the next batch of Awakened Witches will go.”

“True. It’s actually very concerning that there have many more support-type magic awakenings than combat-type magic awakenings among the newly awakened witches, and fire magic awakening is even fewer.”

Elaine rubbed her temples upon thinking about such a problem.

At the same time, Gwena also sighed, “Right. It’s more a huge problem now, but the entire human race will be in trouble if this trend continues.”

“No doubt.”

Elaine nodded before adding, “Combat Witches have always made up the bulk of humanity’s main assault force in repelling the evils spawns of Gehenna...”

“However, we have no actual means of increasing the numbers of our Combat Witches. A Witch’s specialization is determined by birth and manifests during their awakening. We have

tried getting Apprentice Witches to training solely in combat magic, but the endeavor proved to be fruitless.”

“Apprentice Witches’ specialized magic will always be the magic they display the most talent in casting during their training. The only exception to this case is if they had yet to discover their most talented magic during training.”

“And it is also because of this that some witches will waste their time and effort when they fail to discover their most talented magic early.” Gwena sighed.

“Right.” Elaine nodded before glancing at the box of notes, “Perhaps, the study notes will contain something useful in regards to this pro—”

Rustle~!

Elaine suddenly paused, turning her head to look outside the window with furrowed brows in silence.

“What is it?”

“Nothing. Must have been the wind or something.” Elaine shook her head with a slight smile.

Nevertheless, she opened the patio door and moved to the balcony.

...

In the dark of the night, the shadows of Vaan’s figure were vaguely seen moving with subtleness on the rooftops of academy buildings.

Before leaving the wasteyard, he was equipped to the best of his ability—given the limited materials in the environment.

He wore an altered black uniform while wearing spiked boots and gloves with claws—seemingly made for easier climbing.

The short enchanted sword was sheathed and strapped to his waist while he wore a belt containing several small powdered bottles of different colors.

It was unknown what else was hidden under Vaan’s black cloak and sleeves while making his way towards a particular building, but a strange odorless powder had erased all of his body’s scent.

Shortly after stopping on the rooftop of the infirmary building, Vaan became very still and perked his ears for sound activity within.

...

On the third floor's infirmary, two witches-in-training tended to the unconscious Isabelle, who slept soundly on the medical bed with stable breathing.

"Looking at this b\*tch sleep so peacefully makes me want to strangle her to death," One of the witches-in-training spouted while tidying up the blanket, causing the other witch-in-training to be slightly shocked.

"Watch your tongue, Maria." The young Apprentice Witch hushed before warning, "If she hears you, your life in the academy will be miserable."

"So what? I'm not scared of her, and you shouldn't be either, Annavere. Our mothers are also Senior Witches. This is why I hate spoiled princesses," Maria snorted defiantly, causing Annavere to smile wryly.

"It's not the same, Maria." Annavere shook her head helplessly before saying, "Our mothers are Senior Witches in the early phases while her mother is in the middle phase. I know you are also saddened by Librarian Eniwse's transformation, but—"

"But I'm not?"

"What?"

Annavere was stunned.

"Ahem." Maria coughed before saying, "I mean, what happened to Librarian Eniwse was indeed unfortunate, but I am more saddened by Servant Vaan's death. Now that he is gone, there's nothing for me to look forward to after practical lessons anymore..."

"Right, Servant Vaan's massages always washes away my fatigue. His masseur skills are simply divine and leagues above other servants."

"Still, it's strange that he is so picky and only offers his special services to some ladies—not that I am complaining, since I am one of them..." Maria spoke.

"Well, you can see from Isabelle's case that Servant Vaan doesn't like touching loose women with multiple partners..." Annavere said before asking with surprise, "But you really gave your chastity to another witch's servant?"

"Why not? Are you one of those people that over-glorify a woman's chastity over men's chastity? We're bound to lose it eventually," Maria responded nonchalantly.

Shortly after, she added in soft whispers, "Also, you'll be surprised if you knew how many girls are sneaking out of the academy to visit the local brothel if they are not using their own servants for that matter..."

Annavere was speechless.

As they chatted, they killed the lights before making their way out of the infirmary building, returning to their own dorms.

...

‘As I expected, Isa-b\*tch was taken here...’

Vaan thought after the infirmary building went quiet, knowing Eniwse would not have left the City Lord’s daughter in one piece if she was angered to the point of going berserk.

Vaan quietly hopped down onto the third story’s balcony and opened the locked patio door before slipping inside.

In a short moment, he was standing beside Isabelle’s medical bed overlooking the person with a cold gaze as dozens of torture methods surfaced in his head.

‘Although a quick death is too easy for this b\*tch, I don’t exactly have the luxury to stick around,’ Vaan thought before drawing his enchanted short sword.

He hacked off Isabelle’s head in a single swift motion without any intention of using his odorless powder to remove her scent of blood after drawing it—just for the sake of torture and satisfaction.

The threat of failing to escape was not worth the risk.

Furthermore, his odorless powder was limited and completely essential for survival in the wild, where demon beasts roamed aplenty.

Isabelle’s eyes immediately snapped open in pain before gazing back at Vaan in horror, unable to speak with her head detached—but very much still alive.

Still, it was only for a short period.

Even the High Witches cannot save her at this point.

Ding!

<Elimination-type witch hunt completed>

<Completion reward: Heaven-Swallowing Space>

As the system notification rang in Vaan’s head, a string of information was engraved into his memory.

Simultaneously, mana was drawn into his body from the decapitated corpse before a vague connection to an infinitely vast space was formed inside his mind.

