

MY SLAYER SYSTEM: RISE TO SUPREMACY

Chapter 1: The Academy

The sun had merely risen over the war-torn city, casting a pale light over the ruins. Jake Lucas, a 16-year-old boy with sleek black hair and blue hazel eyes with a slim body build, and a determined look on his face, navigated the rubble-strewn streets with a sense of purpose. His eyes, a piercing blue, seemed to stare into the souls of the few people he passed, as if searching for something or someone.

The city was just a mere shadow of its former self, a consistent reminder of the devastating war between humans and werewolves. The once-blue skies were now shrouded in a thick, grey haze, and the air reeked of smoke and ash. Jake's heart ached as he thought about the life he once knew, the life he lost when his parents fell victim to a werewolf attack.

Jake's mind wandered to the night his parents fell victim to the werewolves' brutality. The memory still seared his heart, a constant reminder of his helplessness. He recalled the sound of shattering glass, the scent of blood, and the feeling of helplessness as he watched his world crumble. His parents'

faces, once full of warmth, love and smile, now haunted his dreams, fueling his determination to avenge their death.

Jake's mind raced wildly and inevitably wound up coming back to that night, the one which changed everything and set him on his current path, where his parents met their unfortunate end at the brutal hands of the bloodthirsty werewolves and served as a profound reminder of his helplessness in that moment.

The memory, still just as fresh as the day it occurred, left a lasting and an unforgettable impression and nasty scars on his heart and mind as he thought back, recalled the gruesome sounds of glass shattering, his parent's cries of agony and pain, then unmistakable scent of blood, and at that very moment he felt a familiar sensation creeping up his spine...it was that infuriating feeling of total helplessness that ultimately left him effectively paralyzed as he was forced to watch his world shatter and crumble to pieces.

The warm, loving, compassionate, and smiling faces of his now deceased parents haunted his dreams and now serves as the driving force that left him laser focused and absolutely determined to avenge their deaths and make those werewolves pay dearly for everything they robbed him of!!

Jake's parents were murdered by werewolves that were formerly relatives. His family were having a get together unknown to his family, some of his family

members were werewolves and then an argument escalated which made them to change to werewolves and started ravaging in the house. Ever since then, Jake was Left alone to rot but his determination to avenge his parents death kept him going. And the only way to do that was by joining Aurora Academy to be taught the art of martial arts and something known as Qi.

As Jake approached the Academy's entrance, a mix of emotions swirled in his chest. The imposing structure loomed before him, its walls bearing scars from past battles. He felt a shiver run down his spine as he pushed open the heavy metal gate, the sound echoing through the stillness. With a deep breath, he stepped forward, his eyes scanning the area for any sign of danger.

He was finally here, the place where he would learn to fight, to survive, and to avenge his parents' death. The Academy's walls loomed before him, a formidable fortress.

Jake took a deep breath, steeling himself for what lay ahead. He stood in front of the gate waiting to be allowed in.

The Academy's imposing structure rose before him, its walls bearing the scars of past battles like a battle-hardened warrior. Jake approached the entrance, a massive metal gate adorned with barbed wire and guarded by two burly soldiers.

Jake's eyes widened as he took in the sheer scale of the operation.

Instructor Thompson, a grizzled veteran with a scar above his left eyebrow and a no-nonsense gaze, stood at the entrance. His rugged features and imposing stance commanded respect, and his sharp eyes seemed to bore into Jake's soul. A silver pin on his label read 'Survivor of the First Wave,' a testament to his experience and expertise in the war against the werewolves.

"Welcome all of you to the military academy ," he said, his voice firm and imposing. "Welcome to the Academy. I'm Instructor Thompson. But before you will be admitted, you have to undergo a few tests to test your strengths. Because as we all know the werewolves are physically stronger than us. I want to warn you, this test won't be easy so this is your last chance to go back home now."

Seeing as no one was leaving, and the determined look on their face, Instructor Thompson decided to continue with the assessment.

Looking at the hundreds of recruits here, he shouted. "Are you ready for the assessment?"

All the recruits shouted at the same time determined to make it in the academy. "Sir, yes, sir"

Thompson led them to a section of the academy that was the testing site in order to test them.

Jake's heart raced as he made his way to the testing facility. He had always been fascinated by combat, and now he had the opportunity to learn combat but the only thing standing in his way right now was this assessment.

As he entered the assessment facility, he saw a military personnel there already waiting for them. The military personnel looked like he was in his mid thirties. With a scruffy beard on his face that had some streaks of grey.

Then Jake's eyes moved away from the personnel to the whole testing facility. The facility was quite huge with all sort of equipment there. Jake saw a huge drum like something and also a kind of machine that looked like a treadmill. He understood what the treadmill like something is for but didn't understand what the drum like thing was for.

"Alright, listen up." The military personnel's voice boomed loudly that it startled some of the students.

The military personnel, a grizzled soldier named Sergeant Lee, began the assessment with a fiery speech.

"You're all here for one reason which is to learn how to battle werewolves. It won't be easy. It won't be fun. But if you stick with it, you might just make it out alive. So hence this assessment, to see if you are this academy's material."

Jake's eyes locked onto the Sergeant's, a fierce glint in his eye. He was ready. He was ready to learn, to fight, and to avenge.

"You will all be paired into a group of five." Lee continued. "But you are not a team. It's just to make things more orderly and organized. So the group of five will move forward and then take the test. Do you understand?" Lee asked.

And they all responded together. "Yes sir."

"Great. You will be called in groups of five. So will the following names step forward."

"Vynn muscat, Kate Blake, Jake Lucas, Sophia josh and Peter chuck."

Hearing their names they all step forward. Jake looked at the others to see how they were dealing with the pressure but aside from him and the guy name Vynn the rest were dealing with the pressure much better.

"So listen up." Lee addressed them " The first test is a test of strength. So you will hit the drum over there and it will record the level of your strength. And mind you, the number must not be below 20 or else you are out of here."

"And then the second test, is a test of speed and agility. You're required to run on that threadmill looking something and we will record your speed. And as you might have guessed there is also a certain score you must get which is 15 and above."

"The last remaining assessments will be for later after you have passed this first two tests."

"So with that out of the way. Will the five applicants I called earlier step forward." Lee said.

With that the five applicants stepped forward and the assessment was underway.