

The Witch Hunter System #Chapter 5 Elimination-Type Witch Hunt - Read The Witch Hunter System Chapter 5 Elimination-Type Witch Hunt

Without mana, the human body was frail. But right now, Vaan was witnessing himself scrunching steel objects into scrap metal without any Aura Reinforcements or magic. It was pure physical strength.

“This shouldn’t be possible unless mana had been perfectly fused with my body, altering it...”
Vaan’s eyes suddenly flickered with a sharp glint.

“Even new generations of witches, who boasts of high affinity with mana couldn’t achieve perfect fusion with mana...”

“Whether it is thanks to the system or the Heaven-Swallowing Physique, it is evident that I am destined to walk a different path from the others.”

Vaan quickly managed to piece everything together regarding his body’s changes before his ears picked up sounds of distant footsteps with his enhanced hearing.

‘Someone is coming. I better hide since waking in the wasteyard can only mean that I was pronounced dead,’ Vaan thought, immediately burrowing himself into the pile of junk.

Being discovered alive would only put him in an unfavorable position.

‘Being a stud is still alright, but I definitely don’t want to become a lab rat for these bitche—I mean witches.’

Shortly after Vaan was hidden, two witches-in-training arrived before tossing Servant Luwg’s decapitated corpse rolling down the piles of rubbish in the wasteyard.

“Finally got rid of that filthy body. I need a nice warm bath to cleanse myself after this,” one of the witches-in-training spoke while dusting her hands.

“Same.” The other witch-in-training agreed before sighing sadly, “I didn’t expect that we would lose Librarian Eniwse today. She was such a nice and wise Senior Witch.”

“Yeah... turning into an Abomination is such a horrible fate—and becoming a Wyvern-type Abomination, no less. I would also hate myself to death if I transformed into such an ugly thing.”

“Yeah... I hope someone can put Librarian Eniwse to rest quickly so she can be at peace.”

“It’s all the fault of that spoiled princess. If only she didn’t touch Librarian Eniwse’s new servant, she would not have gone berserk...”

Shortly after the voices of the two witches-in-training were too distant to be heard, Vaan exposed himself from a pile of junk with a gloomy expression.

“Three months after Lifar turned, even Eniwse also transformed?—Even becoming a Wyvern-type Abomination?” Vaan bit his lips so hard he started to bleed, finding solace in the pain.

Although they held a master-servant relationship, Eniwse was not like other witches, who were indulgent in pleasure and disdainful toward men.

She treated him with proper respect as a man in private rather than a servant.

Of course, he played a big factor in her change in attitude towards him after he successfully courted her with ulterior motives.

Nevertheless, it does not change the fact that Eniwse was his woman, just as he was her first man after taking her first time, just a bit over a month ago.

“My research, my project, even my woman—all gone. That f*cking bitch, Isabelle, needs to pay for ruining everything.” Vaan proceeded to bite his thumbnail with a frown.

“Now that my physical strength has been enhanced to the same level as a Rank 1 Aura User, killing a newly-ascended True Witch will not be a problem with the right weapon and preparation, let alone an unawakened Apprentice Witch.”

“However, getting away after killing Isabelle will be a problem, especially with the City Lord being a Senior Witch and her father being a Rank 2 Aura Master...”

The problem made Vaan’s frown deepen further.

“If I am going to kill the City Lord’s daughter, I will need to be done covertly after making my plans and preparations.” His eyes soon flickered with a decisive glint before turning to the junk in the wasteyard.

“I never had the chance to come to the wasteyard before and only managed to procure my research materials through Eniwse, considering it is both embarrassing and humiliating to a witch if her servant is seen rummaging garbage...”

But since he was here now, he could not waste the opportunity presented before him. What is seen as garbage by others—is seen as treasures by him.

“One man’s garbage is another man’s treasure, was it?” Vaan shook his head before searching for useful parts in the pile of junk.

“The wasteyard gets cleaned out at the end of each month. Right now, there are still three days until that time. However, dead bodies usually don’t get dumped in the wasteyard, so this could only be happening because it is near the end of the month.”

“Still, the longer I linger in the wasteyard, the more unpredictable the variables. In other words, I have to make my move tonight and leave the city...” Vaan furrowed slightly, recalling demon beasts roams in the wild outside of city walls.

“Oh? Fire Crystals and Thunder Stones; these two items make quite a good reaction when clashed, akin to exploding gunpowder... Which idiot threw these two objects into the wasteyard together?”

Shortly after, Vaan fell silent.

He had been working on a firearm model that made use of the current world’s magical minerals—and had even reached the last step in creating his prototype.

It only lacked the bullets.

“I can make the bullets here and pick up the desert eagle prototype I left in the library office later, but there’s no telling that it wouldn’t get picked up by someone else...”

Furthermore, bullet production was complex with the lack of tools, not to mention the loud noise.

“Guns are no good. I need a silent weapon like a short sword...” Vaan’s gaze soon fell on a broken steel sword of half-length before his eyes flickered, “This broken sword should do. It just needs to be whetted and enchanted.”

Vaan began calculating the strong vitality of unawakened witches before considering the tools and equipment needed for his survival in the wild.

“It’s a pity that this system seems like the non-sentient type. I will have to figure out its usage on my own.” Vaan sighed.

Ding!

<Elimination-type witch hunt: Slay Isabelle Gleriath>

<Hunt completion reward: ???>

The sudden notification rang in his head before he softly exclaimed, “Oh? Speak of the devil.”

“Elimination-type witch hunt, huh? Seems like there are other types of witch hunts. Still, if this is all there is to the system, it will be pushing me to side with the demons.”

Vaan frowned in thought.

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.”