

The Witch Hunter System #Chapter 7 Swift Death - Read The Witch Hunter System Chapter 7 Swift Death

“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.

“...”

After Isabelle's hard-earned mana was absorbed and formed—No, Isabelle's mana did not form the Heaven-Swallowing Space inside Vaan's mind.

The Heaven-Swallowing Space had always existed.

What Isabelle's mana simply did was leave a traceable trail after getting absorbed by the Heaven-Swallowing, allowing Vaan to become enlightened of its existence.

But along with his awareness of the subspace, Vaan also instinctively gained the ability to control and monitor it.

“An infinite subspace in the mind, huh?” Vaan muttered softly before he suddenly noticed, “No, the subspace is definitely big, but not infinite—at least not yet.”

The Heaven-Swallowing Space grew slightly bigger as a result.

“About the size of the small town, huh? It seems like I won't need to worry about my luggage,” Vaan smiled with amusement before suddenly frowning, “However...”

With such a surprisingly big subspace, no problem relating to limited storage space will arise. However, the bigger problem was Heaven-Swallowing Space's endless greed for mana.

If the Heaven-Swallowing Space robs all the mana, there wouldn't be any mana left for his own body.

In other words, he would be unable to awaken Aura and embark on the path of the Aura Master, becoming an existence capable of fighting on par with the witches.

No, wait!

His body had become stronger, on par with Rank 1 Aura Warriors!

Although Vaan had yet to fully comprehend how this came to be, as long as he could figure it out, there was a way for him to continue growing stronger—!

“Ugh, this isn't the time to be thinking about this. I need to leave the Blackmoon Academy of Witchcraft quickly before anyone finds out about Isabelle's death and put the place in lockdown.”

Vaan had already ‘died’ in the eyes of the academy’s witches.

If he was spotted walking around alive and well, he would easily become a suspect for the murder of the City Lord’s daughter—but that was as far as it would go.

The witches in the academy will not believe the weakest Witch Offspring in history would be so capable of killing a witch, even if it’s just an Apprentice Witch.

‘Being suspected is not the problem. The problem is if Isabelle’s parents know I am alive, they will kill me, regardless of whether I am the culprit or not...’ Vaan silently mused while making his escape from the infirmary.

He will need a new identity and a new face—or at the very least, stay away from people who were aware of his face.

While making his grand escape on the rooftop of the academy buildings, Vaan suddenly thought of something before making his way back to the wasteyard.

Since he had the Heaven-Swallowing Space, how could he leave such a big treasure trove of materials, scheduled for disposal, laying around?

After returning to the wasteyard, the place was devoid of people as Vaan expected. Even so, he did not drop his vigilance while inspecting the place.

‘All of these used and leftover materials are going to be disposed of anyway, so I’ll do the academy a favor and remove all of it for them.’

With that thought in mind, Vaan willed his intention before the space in front of his forehead began to distort.

Swish~!

The Heaven-Swallowing Space opened, and a strong suction force immediately pulled all the items inside.

Within several breaths, the wasteyard was cleaned.

It was the cleanest it had ever been—so much so that Vaan suspects the witches-in-training would even doubt they came to the wrong place to dump their disposable goods at the end of tomorrow’s lessons.

‘So this is the Heaven-Swallowing Space? How convenient,’ Vaan thought as he stood in the center of the empty wasteyard.

A few breaths later, Vaan slipped into the darkness and disappeared.

...

Under the veil of the unsuspecting night sky, the security within the grounds of Blackmoon Academy of Witchcraft was extremely lax due to the students and instructors retiring to their sleeping quarters.

Vaan made his way outside the academy walls without problem before looking back on the place with complex emotions.

“I wasn’t expecting to leave the academy when I woke up today, but I suppose life is always full of surprises...” Vaan shook his head with a light smile and muttered, “Either way, I’ve already learned everything I came to learn, even if it wasn’t through official lessons.”

“Alright. Since there is nothing keeping me here, it’s time to leave. A whole world awaits me beyond the city walls.”

With that said, Vaan left without looking back on the academy for a second time and slipped into the nearest dark alley to avoid the watchful eyes of the night city.

The next destination was already decided.

Within the Kingdom of the Black Rose, one of the seven witch kingdoms that belong to the Witch Union, Blackmoon Academy of Blackmoon City was only considered a low-tier academy of magic.

“If I want to deepen my knowledge on magic and other knowledge not accessible in a low-tier academy of magic, I should naturally head to a higher-tier magic academy to deepen my studies and research. The Royal Capital of Black Rose has one such academy of magic.”

“But if I want to get there, it won’t be possible with the current preparation I made in a hurry. I need more preparations if I want to survive the cruel world full of demon beasts outside the city walls and make it to the capital.”

Due to the danger of the land, even Rank 1 Aura Warriors do not dare to travel alone, let alone ordinary people.

Vaan wasn’t so arrogant that he would believe he could make it to the capital—just because he became a bit stronger and gained a system.

Adequate preparations and help are needed.

“I shall visit ‘that place’ and pay respects to my teacher and savior, the one who taught me how to survive in this city. Given our relationship, the person should provide me a temporary room to make my preparation.”

Although the person was not entirely reliable, there's time before news of the City Lord's daughter spreads in the city.

He should be gone by then.