

The Witch Hunter System #Chapter 8 Leaving the Academy - Read The Witch Hunter System Chapter 8 Leaving the Academy

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.

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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.

In the southern end of Blackmoon City, the opposite direction of the City Lord's castle in the north, there exists an entertainment district frequented by all humans, whether they are witches or mortals, men or women.

It was called the red-light district, a place dedicated to achieving the sensual pleasure and satisfaction of the body.

In the past, the red-light district was a place frowned upon by the upper-class society.

However, ever since the seven stars aligned and the Realm of Gehenna connected to the world, thus bringing death upon it, seeking pleasure became one of the principal enjoyments in life since no one knew when they might die.

Since life was short, it was better to live without reservation than to die with regrets – such was the thought that raised the popularity of the red-light district.

“Earthly Pleasure Manor... It's been about a year and a half since I came here,” Vaan softly muttered while gazing up at the brothel in front of him.

A few familiar faces could be seen standing at the entrance, greeting the witches in passing.

Although Vaan only stood a short distance away from them, they did not recognize him due to the black hood and darkness of the night hiding his facial feature.

“Good day to you, Esteemed Guest.” A male prostitute greeted Vaan as he approached the person before inquiring, “Have you come seeking a companion to spend the night?”

“Although I am aware that Earthly Pleasure Manor's people are skilled, I am not interested in men.” Vaan lifted his hood before asking with a smile, “Since when did you start serving men, Randull? Your strike zone is quite broad, hm?”

“V-Vaan?!”

“That uniform... I thought you were another witch from the academy—hm?” Randull got a better look at Vaan's outfit up close before he added, “No, it's quite similar to the witches' uniform, but it's not the same.”

‘Of course, it wasn't.’ Vaan inwardly thought.

Initially, it may have been a witch uniform, but it had already undergone alteration to suit men's style.

“This outfit is actually pretty cool, isn’t it? Where did you get it? I would also like to get one,” Randall inquired further before he suddenly shook his head and said, “No, wait. That isn’t what I wanted to ask.”

“Why have you come back, Vaan? Didn’t you enter the Blackmoon Academy of watcha-call-it?” Randall asked shortly after.

Vaan smiled lightly before asking, “Is Teach—Is Lord Manfred present tonight?”

“Teacher is in his room on the top floor,” Randall nodded and said, “Since you came to see Teacher, you should go ahead, Vaan. I’m still on duty, so we can catch up another time. I don’t need to call someone to show you the way, right?”

“Unless someone burned down the brothel and rebuilt it with a different interior design from what I remembered, I won’t.” Vaan smiled and patted Randall on the shoulders, “Alright, that’s that. I won’t take any more of your time. Don’t leave the guests waiting.”

After bidding farewell to Randall, Vaan headed inside the brothel and took the stairs directly to the upper floors.

The establishment was full of private rooms for the sake of the guests’ privacy.

However, women, especially witches in this age and frequent visitors of the brothel, were very bold and open.

Whether it was on the couch or by the bar counter, topless women could be seen holding handsome men in their arms as they flirted, conversed, made out, and drank.

Beautiful as they are, Vaan did not show much of a reaction.

It was not strange, considering he used to work in the Earthly Pleasure Manor after the Manor Owner, Lord Manfred, took him in and taught him how to please women to earn his keep.

As such, he was already used to such a sight.

And although prostitution wasn’t the noblest of professions, it was much better than scavenging on the streets, fighting with other scavengers, and not knowing when the next full meal was.

As long as he could eat well, sleep well, and stay alive, the details of how he lived did not matter.

“Hey, handsome.” A pretty brunette in her 30’s tapped Vaan on the shoulder and asked, “Care to keep this Lady company for tonight?”

‘A True Witch.’

Vaan’s eyes flickered for a moment after gauging the person’s strength.

Shortly after, he smiled and politely refused, “Sorry, I don’t work here anymore and am actually on my way to see my teacher, Lord Manfred. However, if you can leave me a name and room number, I can visit you after?”

At the same time, Vaan held the lady’s hand, which was on his shoulder, and gave it a suggestive yet gentle rub with his dexterous thumb.

The lady immediately felt a pleasant yet electrifying sensation run through her entire being, making her feel slightly weak but hoping for more.

“Is that so?” the pretty witch mulled with a slightly disappointed look for a moment before giving Vaan a flirtatious smile, “It’s unfortunate, but I suppose I can only wait. The name’s Grissel, and I’ll be in room no.7 on the third floor. Be sure to visit later, alright?”

“Of course, Lady Grissel.” Vaan raised the lady’s smooth hand and gave it a gentle peck with his lips before saying, “A gentleman’s words is his worth in gold.”

Grissel did not notice the subtle hint of emotional indifference in Vaan’s words.

She was satisfied with Vaan’s social etiquette and troubled him no further, allowing him to continue on his way.

“Go on then.”

“Thank you, Lady Grissel.”

Vaan took his leave shortly after.

So long as one was a man and not under the service of another witch, they had no right to refuse a witch’s request – such is what it meant to live in a witch kingdom ruled by the witches.

But if one can provide sufficient reason, it was possible to refuse a witch’s request.

Lord Manfred’s name was one such reason.

As a Rank 3 Aura Grandmaster comparable to Senior Witches, even True Witches had to give Lord Manfred adequate respect.

Lord Manfred’s name had sufficient weight and reason for Vaan to refuse Grissel’s request outright, but he chose not to do so.

There was something he wanted to confirm through the witch later.