

The Wielder of Death Magic

#Chapter 1 - Read The Wielder of Death Magic

Chapter 1 Online

The Wielder of Death Element

Huff, puff, 'My only chance to become a sorcerer is right here,' sweat dribbled down his cheeks. 'I can't find the strength to move. This pain is too much, I knew from the start that I wasn't talented. If only I could defeat him, my shot at a decent life would be assured. This academy is my only chance, I need to fight, let me fight, give me a chance, come on, let me

FIGHT

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Briiiiing, Briiiiing.

A few hours had passed since the entrance exams began. The sheer number of applicants was mind-blowing. A young want-to-be mage stood in a queue as the sun shone brightly. His hand shook anxiously.

"Staxius Haggard," called a sharp voice. "-We've received your scores. If you may, please follow me," an assistant gestured from the arena's entrance.

'My scores; the last hurdle before I achieve my dreams. My heart is racing like crazy, is this nervousness humanly possible?' he wondered and made for the long corridor. The break from the sun's fierceness felt refreshing. The corridor was painted white and grey, the floor looked immaculately cleaned. A place truly befitting of future mages.

The doors opened, "-welcome Mister Haggard, your test scores have arrived." The attendant left and shut the door. "Please take a seat," she offered. "Let's discuss what to do from here." Square glasses laid gently atop her sharp nose; her crimson-colored lipstick was as vivid as he remembered. For an examiner, her presence was fierce.

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"Thank you for having me," he replied after a few seconds. She seemed to stare right through what he thought, '-imposing.'

"Staxius Haggard, aged twenty and hailing from Krigi which is in the province of Dorchester if I'm correct?" She read off the paper and occasionally glanced to check the reaction.

"Yes, I was born and raised in the village of Krigi, due north from here," he replied nonchalantly. As intimidated as he had been, the visage slowly reflected a dark past. His emotions muddled to a blank canvas.

"Let me get right to the point," the atmosphere tensed, "-you've done miserably at the practical exams. The physical aptitudes barely make D-rank. There also no particular traits; nothing stands out except for the intellect. Scoring a perfect score in one of the hardest magical theoretical exams is a feat not many have accomplished. Even the greatest mages have only scored an A at best. Brainpower alone can only take one so far. In comparison to other applicants, you're lacking," she meaningfully watched, the papers were no longer of her concern. "Why enroll here? I'm sure there would have been other options. Besides, you knew you'd fail."

"I understand ma'am, I truly do," he replied sincerely, "-I know my physical prowess doesn't fit the academy's requirement," the tone rattled her heart a little. "Despite that," he returned a most honest glance, "-I had to try," determination overflowed his expression. "No matter what, I had to take a chance."

"Why such a risk?" she asked, "-people have died trying to become students here. What is your purpose?" she continued to check the personality.

"Well, there is nothing special about my convictions. All I ever wanted since I first saw the inter-magical tournament was to be a sorcerer."

"You're not here for the money and promising future? One who truly wishes to be a mage," her voice eased. "Alright fine, people who've only scored a D-rank aren't allowed to awaken their elements. In your case, I'll make an exception." For some reason, there was something that compelled to help. Part of her reason was the countless greedy applicants. The only thing in their mind was money and influence. She had enough, the applicant's answers were fresh and heartwarming.

"Thank you very much, ma'am, it truly means a lot," he smiled wholeheartedly.

"Follow me," she stood, "-Shall we awaken your element? It's the only thing that can save you."

She took to the inner corridor. Staxius followed with a smug look. Everything said in the room was a lie. Wanting to become a true mage was but a fa?ade. In reality, he hated everything related to sorcerers. However, it was the only way of making a decent living. The part about seeing the inter-magical tournament was true as his father had once participated.

Each year at Claireville Academy, thousands of students from all over the world come to test their might. They range from young teenagers to middle-aged men. The academy emphasized being the best, age didn't matter. Therefore, specific age groups had different exams to partake. All were neatly separated throughout the continent. For

example, the East Claireville Academy was reserved for people above the age of thirty. West Claireville Academy was for prodigies or kids below the age of thirteen. North Claireville Academy was for people from the nobility, and the Central Claireville Academy, the main building, was for people who managed to pass the entrance exam.

Now to the reason why people were so envious to enroll at the Central Academy. From the thousands of students, only a few are hand-picked. Students with the lightning element said to be the rarest, aren't allowed to join. One needs to at least have awakened two or more elements. Else, score an S-rank in the combat exams. Scoring S-rank wasn't even a guarantee of admission. Only instructors were allowed to choose whoever deserved the right to stand amidst the elite.

'This is insanity, I'm standing in the middle of greatness,' he sighed, '-I can't fathom to compare myself to them. Even though I hate mages, mainly their obnoxious personalities, I like the prospect of how magic works in our world. Time to see if I have an element that can be awakened.' It took a few twists and turns, but they reached the arena. He waited for the lady instructor.

"Alright, place your hand onto the crystal ball," she pointed to a pedestal, "-it will detect and bring out any elements you have an affinity for." Without much else to say, she headed for the viewing booth.

Five minutes elapsed since he came into contact with the orb, nothing happened. The ball remained completely neutral with no signs of change. There were no magical affinities after all.

"Enough, time to get off, you're being a nuisance now." She knew nothing would happen. Anyone who touches the orb usually has an instant reaction. The affinity is then displayed in hues.

Despite her warning, he didn't listen. He was deep inside the subconscious looking for answers. The deeper he sank, the heavier the body got. All his memories scrolled past as if a slideshow: a tough upbringing, betrayal, pain, and suffering. Everything bombarded his mind and thoughts. The sheer pressure was overwhelming. The desperate attempts to look for anything magic-related ended in naught. His spirit was at the breaking point. He could no longer go deeper. Time had come to surrender. The anger of failing overthrew the consciousness in a fit of rage.

"Do you wish to break the seal?"

spoke a familiar deep voice. Out of nowhere, a big pentagram darker than the abyss made its presence known. It burnt with a white and black flame, ancient text hovered around, and in the middle was a scythe.

Perplexed, he asked, "-what seal?" the voice was one he'd heard many times before. When things got tough, the same voice would intervene and help.

Ignoring the question, the voice asked again, "Do you wish to break the seal?"

Brrrrr.

The sound of shifting gears and moving cogs resounded across the arena. The automatic system kicked in. The configuration moved to battle-testing. The last exam began; the one dreaded by everyone. Death counts had exceeded the hundreds. Oblivious to what happened, he stood steadfast and deep in thought.

The overlooking viewing booth, above the arena, trembled. The young instructor desperately screamed through the intercoms. No amount of noise shook his concentration.

'WHAT IS THAT FOOL DOING?' she slammed the command station and broke a lever.

Click. The door opened with the director. He had a habit of watching the last battle. A habit later turned tradition.

"Thank god you're here director," she exclaimed, "please stop this, that kid does not have any magical affinity," she pled to no avail, the arena finished its last preparations.

"Sophie, I'm so sorry. Interrupting the AI once it has begun testing is beyond my ability. The detection system will kick in and stop the whole process. Even if the boy dies, there is no need to worry," cold and unforgiving, "-every student is required to sign a consent form. It states we are not responsible for any deaths that may occur during the examination process," the face remained composed and without a shred of remorse.

"Cruel," her shoulders slumped, "- I guess you're right, it's my fault if anything happens to Staxius Haggard," both stared through the glass.

Cough, Cough.

"Did you say, Haggard?" the face momentarily shuddered."-As in Tempest Haggard?" he inquired completely astonished by the mention of said name.

"You don't think it's the exiled mage, do you?" she narrowed across.

"Let's not discuss this any further, he only sullies our reputati-" a loud crash interjected his sentence. The combat robot released into battle with an

SSS

rank.

“DIRECTOR!” she yelled, “-is the system faulty... SSS-rank for an entrance exam,” words sloppily rolled off her tongue, “-even trained sorcerers can’t hope to defeat such a foe.” They stood petrified by confusion and fright; it had never happened before.

Bam. A bone-breaking sound echoed. The robot punched the unsuspecting boy. The sheer velocity at which it made contact with his jaw sent the whole body flying across and onto the wall. The collision sent ripples inside the body; internal organs nearly shattered, a few bones broke. The seemingly lifeless body crawled down to the ground. A trail of blood showed the struggle. The violence forced the instructor to look away.? The eyes were barely open, *Huff, Puff,* he gasped for air, the sudden attack hit too hard, the body and mind stood on the verge of shutting down.

‘My chance to clear father’s name is gone just like that,’? he choked in his blood. ‘The fruitful future I promised is going to end?’ the little strength-focused into trying to speak, ‘never, I will prove that my old man was a hero among heroes.’

“BREAK THE SEAL!”

“Time to awaken, chosen one. My sole prodigy and heir, we shall finally meet.”

The moment it broke, the calm and emotionless brown pupils turned for one of a darker red color. Inside, a bloodied pentagram symbolizing death burnt vividly. A black and white flame wrote across his chest in the ancient tongue. A scythe appeared on his right palm. He clambered to a stand; blood gushed from the mortal injuries.

The director and the instructor were stupefied by the aura. It was as if staring at Death. The director unconsciously caught a glimpse of the magical level. The rank flickered from E to SSS then broke, the computer could no longer keep track.

The arena thundered with a devilishly dark voice; “-foolish humans who dare hurt my heir. This is an act of indiscretion,” he ambled solemnly, the mech dashed to deliver the last blow.

From the deepest part of hell to the highest peak in heaven, neither god nor demon can oppose me, for I am the sole ruler of death. Thou shall feel my wrath as nothing is immortal, I call upon the power bestowed upon me by creation itself, I order thy return to dust; Decay Touch.

The incantation finished; the robot reached its target. Given it to be SSS-ranked, no normal human could see much less stop the strike. The whole momentum came to an immediate halt by a single finger. The metal decayed from the fist upwards. A pile of dust left in his wake; a commoner defeated the strongest robot in Claireville Academy.

Fire, Water, Wind, Earth, Shadow, Light, and Lightning. Those are the primary elements a person can inherit. People tend to have an affinity for one element as opposed to another. Claireville Academy searches for people with an affinity for more than two

elements. These people are rare and truly unique. Special are those with three or more elements. Only a few have been recorded throughout history.

With the primaries, variations are often born. For example, if a parent has a strong affinity to water and the other towards wind, there is a chance the baby will awaken with an ice element. These types of sorcerers are called hybrids and are very sought-after. Since ancient times, there have been legends about heroes who've inherited powers from the gods themselves. Counting among them is Midas, with the power to turn anything into gold. He was given the affinity to metal, which later proved to be a curse as he didn't know how to control said immense power.

Staxius Haggard is one of those chosen champions. The inheritor to the Death Element, else known as the power of the Death Reaper. The most powerful entity since Creation itself, a power to end and destroy, a power to bring chaos and devastation