

The Wielder of Death Magic #Chapter 12 - Read The Wielder of Death Magic Chapter 12

Combat Class [2]

“Are you laughing at me, you fucking lower life-form?” Stein asked with disgust in his gaze. “I, a lower life-form? Excuse me for being pretty, but at least I don’t have a fucked-up face.” Lucy provoked him. “Why you,” he snapped, “Stop, she’s only irritating you. Can’t you see she’s biting time for her friends to escape, why not show them a lesson?” Emma’s tone changed from friendly to evil. “As you wish, my lady.” Stein actually was her bodyguard. She forcefully made him join class B so that she would have control over both of the strongest classes in her year.

“I was right about you, bitch,” Lucy smirked. She saw right through Emma, the ice-princess didn’t like that at all, it changed her personality drastically. “You whore,” the calm and composed persona vanished, “-STEIN, REMOVE YOUR LIMITER AND KILL BOTH OF THEM. I’LL PERSONALLY KILL HER.” She spoke in anger while gritting her teeth. The killing intent became palpable.

“This is going to get dirty, time to kick ass,” With a quick wave of the hand, Staxius signaled Sophie and headed into battle. To which she did naught but watch.

I, Emma Mint, The Ice Princess order mine element to freeze over any of mine own enemies; Eternal Winter.

Recognizing the spell, Lucy knew death was right next door. Eternal Winter was the strongest mid-tier spell. One that the second years could not even master – complicated and difficult.

“LUCY, COVER YOUR EYES,” a voice shouted, she obeyed and a giant smoke bomb went off. The mist covered the whole arena.

With the power bestowed upon me by Tempest Haggard, I order thee to give me control over Dark Arts.

Staxius removed the limiter his dad placed on Dark-Arts. A synthetic magical element crafted for the sole purpose of killing mages. It also had amazing capabilities for infiltration but the true power lied with the ability to kill.

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Magical Barrier,

“Stax..” Lucy whispered; the voice felt familiar. Emma’s spell voided; she did cast it but no effect could be seen. Smoke took reign over the entire arena. “No time to talk,” the

same voice spoke yet again, “-I have to take both of them down.” Using a grappling hook he threw at the northern wall before landing, Staxius instantly got Lucy out of the battle. Sadly, the bodyguard was just about complete with his spell, “Guess I’ll have to work a bit.” Staxius dashed backward to face Stein, the smoke began to fade. Mid-dash, a poisoned dart got thrown. It headed immediately for Stein’s neck.

Ice wall.

Emma saw the shiny tip as the smoke vanished. The barrier deflected said weapon. “STEIN GET BACK RIGHT NOW,” she urged him to fall back. “As you wish ma’am,” he obeyed.

“Don’t worry guys, I got you,” Staxius whispered, the smoke fully faded. The only one left on the battlefield was him. “Nice to meet you, apprentice.” Emma casually spoke. “The pleasure is all mine,” he bowed his head as a formal greeting.

‘Crap, those two are strong, dark arts is used up already. That barrier took away most of my strength. Look at them, can they be even more blatant, their killing intent is overwhelming, but don’t count me out yet,’ dark-arts was used once more – his mana had depleted. Staxius changed his aura, altering his expression as using emotional control didn’t require mana. Breaking the seal on dark arts-really took its toll on the body.

“My oh my, you really are strong, you’re killing intent is even denser.” She spoke while biting her lower lips flirtatiously. “However, that will not save you. Both I and Stein here are actually high-tier magic trainees. Together, not even an official B ranked sorcerer could hope to defeat us,” she boasted.

‘She’s right,’ he mildly panted. ‘-I just checked their strength using sense magic. It’s close to B, I can’t falter now. I came to this academy to clear my father’s name. There is someone much stronger I need to defeat, compare to him, these mages are but child’s play. Sadly, I’m nowhere near strong enough to defeat him nor these students. SHI...’ Before he could give up, a familiar voice spoke, “Are you weak, do you wish for more power?” the voice resonated within.

“Who are you?” Staxius was deep in his subconscious. “I’m your true master, and you’re my heir. Remember who you truly are, during the war your father didn’t save you, but you saved him. Remember who slaughtered an entire platoon at the age of twelve, REMEMBER MY PRODIGY, REMEMBER.” The voice grew more intense.

Those familiar words awoke Staxius. He recalled part of who he was, “I remember, I’m Staxius Haggard, the next death reaper.” The real Staxius, the wielder of the death element awoke at last. All the memories from his past came rushing down. The ancient engraving on his chest began to light up. The fake killing intent changed into the real deal.

“Staxius’s aura changed, It’s him, he’s back, the true god of death,” Sophie watched in awe. “What’s the matter, aren’t you going to strike? Ha-ha-ha.” Staxius smirked. “Julius, wake up, i-its Staxius, a-a d-demon.” Lucy was petrified. “That’s not even his -ull s-strength,” *cough, cough,* Julius collapsed. “Ma’am, what should we do?” Stein asked eager to fight. “My instinct is begging me to run away, but this presence, this pressure, such power, it’s unbelievable. I want to face him.” Her eyes grew wider.

The moment Emma made eye contact with Stein, they dashed forward. She summoned a high-tier item named Frostbite. A sword wielded by the winter-god. The scythe on his right palm began to light. Emma jumped and swung with her full might; the frozen blade rushed forth onto Staxius’s head. Before contact was made, a scythe appeared into his hand and he deflected her attack. It had the same dragon insignia embedded onto its blade. The handle was covered with a black mist, the scythe itself seemed as if it came from hell.

She got thrown back, Staxius charged without any warning. It was as if looking at death itself. Quick to react, Stein used his body to shield his master, the tip of the blade nearly ripped his right arm off. Using the long reach of the weapon, the death reaper propelled himself above the still retreating Emma.

In an instant, he was behind her. Before he could finish her off, Sophie jumped into the battle, she was dead serious. Sensing that the scythe probably wasn’t the best weapon for this battle, the god of death changed his weapon into a long sword. *Cling, Clang, Cling.* The symphony of two master swordsmen raged throughout the arena, they seemed equally matched. After fifteen minutes, both opponents were exhausted, going all out took a lot out of them.

Huff, Puff “Damn you’re strong,” he smiled. “Staxius, you’re in control? I thought you were possessed,” she asked in shock. “I only remembered part of my past. I’ve used this power before, it happened when I slaughtered a platoon of more than fifty soldiers. I felt it all, their emotions before I casually took their heads, I felt their souls, they came to me for guidance. I don’t know how but I managed to show them the way to salvation,” he gathered back his strength.

“So, I guess you know that you’re the next death reaper?” Sophie walked closer. “Yes, I know it full well. I’m scared but this is how it’s meant to be.” Sword in one hand, Staxius stared at the ceiling, a tear ran down his cheeks. Everyone present saw everything. Out of nowhere, Sophie hugged him reassuringly. Tired, he fell onto his knees, the death element power vanished, he cried while Sophie got onto her knees and comforted him.

“Calm down, I’m here for you Staxius, it wasn’t your fault.” she held him close.

“But I’ve killed so many people, I can’t take it anymore.” The cold and composed demeanor vanished, the memories from his past unleashed onto him. All the pent-up sadness from the souls he killed entered his mind. Suddenly, the cries completely stopped. It felt unnatural, dark-arts kicked back in, all his emotions slowly faded away.

“Sophie, my emotions are vanishing once again,” the gleam in his eyes disappeared, instead, the blank stare came back. He stood as if nothing happened. “Guess I’m back to normal,” he stretched, “-man emotions are a pain. I ruined your magnificent shirt with my tears, sorry about that.” He held out a helping hand. Surprised, Sophie asked, “Staxius, are you alright?” To which he replied with, “don’t worry, it always happens when I use the death reaper’s power. I get my emotions back, guess I confessed my true emotions while crying,” he pulled out his tongue. “Staxius...” her voice remained static. “So, what about my promotion?” he changed the topic and waited.

“Listen up everybody,” she stood and spoke, “I’ve decided to promote Julius and Lucy to class B and demote Emma Mist and her bodyguard to class D. Staxius, on the other hand, will be promoted to class A and Silvio will also be promoted to class C. All the necessary changes will be in effect starting next week. You have two days to reminisce, the next combat class will be focused on the mastery of your magical elements. Doctors, everything is now in your capable hands.” She signaled the medics to step in, “classes are over for today. Go home as soon as your done with getting patched up.”