

The Wielder of Death Magic #Chapter 13 - Read The Wielder of Death Magic Chapter 13

The End of Combat Training

Stood in the middle of the battlefield, Staxius gazed into the nothingness. Sophie left him alone with the students who participated in this mini-battle. They all watched closely; the boy went face to face with an SSS-sorcerer. No-one in the entire academy could have lasted a minute, let alone fighting on par with her. Some watched with envy, whilst others with jealousy.

The participants didn't know that the fight was being watched by nobles around the kingdom. The strength displayed had placed the apprentice into some powerful individual's watch list. One by one, an extremely efficient medical team and mages escorted the badly injured to the hospital. Among that batch was Julius, he had broken bones, a severe concussion, and injuries that didn't bode well.

Huff, Puff, "Silvio are you okay?" Lucy asked, her friend got healed – medic soon rushed to her aid.

"I think I'll manage, man this school is not for the faint of hearts," he said in a frightened voice, "-even you were defeated." A quick pause to breathe later, he continued; "to think the strongest student at our highschool was beaten so easily by people who wield mid-tier magic at our age," he ended and was carried away by a stretcher.

"Lucy, Silvio, how are you guys holding up?" Staxius dashed to his newfound comrades. The only response was a nod that signified everything was alright. With a nod of his own, he headed for the hospital. The walk seemed longer; the body was physically drained. Dark-Arts took far too much out of him. Nevertheless, the will shown by the classmates was the guiding factor. A push that helped to overcome his weaknesses.

"Doctor Jona," a few minutes later, the tired doctor walked out. "-Thank you once again for being the angel that saved the injured, how are they doing now?" Staxius asked; he waited around thirty minutes for her to come out.

"Staxius," she exclaimed and stretched, "-it's great to see you." They now faced one another, "-currently, all of your friends are holding up quite well, especially this Julius fellow. He's a real warrior," the voice felt amazed. "Since we began the treatment, the only thing he's been begging for was to return home. Sadly, in that state, I firmly refuse to do anything potentially harmful," she remained adamant.

"Doctor, I shan't take much of your time," he pointed behind, "-I think a nurse is calling for you." With a smile, "-don't worry about Julius, I'll make him see reason." Relieved, Jona returned the smile and scurried off to help another.

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'Julius, what has gotten you so riled up,' Staxius now stood in front of a white door. *Number 017,* was engraved on a metallic sign. *Knock, Knock.*

"Tis open," the resident fired back with anger in the voice.

"How are you holding up?" the door opened.

"Oh, it's you Staxius," the anger faded, the face turned and looked through the window. "I wish I could say I'm doing fine," he sighed. "I probably will break our promise today," the tone disappointed.

"What promise?" Confused, the visitor took a seat.

"The one you made me swear at the trial," he referred to the one about the protection of his little sister. "-Autumn is home alone at the moment, both mother and father are gone. We only hired a butler. However, he's also leaving today. With plasters on my feet, I can't even hope to move until Friday," the frustration grew.

"That is a conundrum, however as your friend, I think I can help." An idea came to mind.

"You can?" the glance returned to Staxius, "-please do whatever is necessary," he begged.

"Well, my magic skills aren't that high enough to be able to heal such grave injuries," he stood, "-I can aid you in another way. Why not let me take care of her until you've recovered enough. Don't worry about my house, I'm living with Duchess Sophie, she's well off, so comfort isn't an issue," another smile that genuinely wanted to help.

"..." Julius could not but stare.

"I'll take your silence as a no, sorry about trying to intrude in your personal life," the eyes befall the floor.

"Fine," not wanting to cause a problem, Julius accepted the offer, "-here's the address. This may be irresponsible of me but she's quite fond of you. Therefore, please take care of my sister, dear friend."

With his signature quick wave, Staxius left for Julius's home in the cold and windy evening. The journey took longer than expected as the first combat training ended at four o'clock.

"How very interesting," the voice mysterious, "-this year's newcomers are truly skillful. Especially this boy bearing brown hair," a lady with white hair spoke out casually as the fight ended.

"I agree, mother, he is quite handsome," a girl who looked identical to the lady spoke out.

"Queen Sely and Princess Gallienne," a butler walked and stood near the doorway, "-excuse my rudeness but King Blaine requests your presence in the dining hall at once."

"Theodore," the queen turned around, "-tell his majesty that we shall join him for tea shortly," the way the words rolled off her tongue felt dignified. With a bow, the butler left.

"Mother, what are you going to do now? I'm nearly nineteen, and I'm still not betrothed." Gallienne pouted.

"I know honey," she turned and caressed her cheeks. "-Seeing as you don't have any siblings, we can't marry you into our own family. We have to search out for people of great interest. This boy, for example, strikes me as someone who's... oh my, I-I c-can't get a read on his p-personality," Sely fell onto the ground

"Mother, did Sense-Magic not work, are you alright?" the voice filled with panic, "-Theodore, come here at once," she called for the butler who just left.

"Don't worry abo... *cough, cough,* me." The queen panted. "-T-that b-boy is a d-demon. Never have I sense so much strength within a p-person." *Gulp,* "if left unchecked, he might erase our Kingdom of Hidros which Emperor Paradus Essin graciously bestowed upon us," her mind slowly seeped into unconsciousness. "L-listen to me G-Gallienne, t-that b-boy is a t-threat to the w-whole kingdom if I-left uncheck, I'll I-leave you with t-this mission. You are to judge and assess this boy, depending on your decision we will either save or kill him. The choice is yours, my strength is slowly draining, Gallienne, I love yo..." Her mana drained – soon after, the mind fell unconscious.

"Good or not, I will ruin your life," the eyes burnt with anger, "-how dare a worthless piece of shit hurt my lovely mother. I, Princess Gallienne Riverty, swear upon my name that I shall find out who you truly are and end your life with my own hands."

'If only I had my coat with me, this weather is a complete blizzard. Can this evening get any colder?' Each step he took, the cold stood as if blocking the path to Julius's mansion. The eyes slowly turned emotionless; the piercing cold grew normal; no longer did he care.

Eventually, Garnet's house came in view after getting lost for god knows how long. Compared to Sophie's mansion, the Garnet's were just as beautiful but less massive, instead of cars they owned carriages of black and gold color. The insignia it had engraved on its doors were one of a blood-red Ruby, truly a masterpiece of design, dusk set in.

Having jumped over the outer barrier, the doors to the mansion stood; big and unnecessarily tall. Using dark arts, Staxius checked around to see if he could sense anyone's presence. It was empty, just as Julius said, the house was as silent as a morgue. On the first floor, a bit of mana. Ignoring whatever that was, he knocked.

A few minutes went by, no one answered. Immediately, many scenarios presented itself in the mind. Was she kidnapped, was she murdered or did she run away? Rather than rational thinking, he rushed inside. Something very out of character. The chest began to warm up, the heart-rate increased, it was nervousness and the fear of the unknown. Something broke inside, emotions could be felt mildly rushing up and down the veins.

"Fireball," an adorable and innocent voice shouted from upstairs. Instead of being this powerful and possibly mortal spell, the one cast seemed like a firefly. It slowly and playfully made its way towards Staxius. With the thought of dodging out of the question, he held out his hands in hopes of catching the harmless spell.

BANG. The seemingly harmless firefly blew up, thanks to dark-arts. The threat was detected, analyzed, and taken care of in less than a minute. It became second nature to always have dark-arts on; a life-line. The fireball spell cast had three, possibly four elements infused within. Fire, Wind, and Light, feasibly Water but that was only a hunch. In a blink of an eye, Staxius got behind the unsuspecting Autumn.

"HMM, where did the intruder go? Oh, did I kill him... oops? Brother will be happy." She grinned.

"BOO."

"AHHH FIREBALL." *BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG.* Five-fireballs were conjured, without using an incantation. This level of raw talent, he could not but watch in amazement.

"Calm down young lady, you've changed since I last saw you," a familiar voice spoke. The magical barrier dispelled, one invisible to human sight. The smoke faded; it revealed the now handsome Staxius Haggard Mirabelle.

"STAXIUS." Shocked, both hands covered her open mouth.

"Surprise, it's me," he smiled.

"Hello, mister, where's big brother?" the tone mildly skeptical.

"Julius is in the hospital, he asked me to fetch you. Starting today you'll be staying at my house until he's recovered."

"..." Both prematurely stopped the conversation. Silence quickly devoured the atmosphere.

“Can I see brother Julius first?” Autumn broke the ice.

“It’s kind of late, but I get it, you won’t trust me that easy, let’s go meet your brother then.”

Walking from the noble district to Claireville academy was hard. Halfway into the journey, Autumn fell asleep. Having no choice in the matter, the little one got a piggyback ride. The time now indicated eight-thirty.

“Autumn, wake up, we have arrived at our destination.” The hospital lit brightly; people moved around inside.

“What am I doing on your back mister?” half-awake, she asked, the eyes adjusted to the light coming from inside.

“You fell asleep so I had to carry you the rest of the way,” it grew tiring, this good guy act didn’t make much sense.

“I’m so sorry, please forgive me.”

“Alright, if you’re that sorry then stop calling me mister,” the piggyback ride ended.

“Can I call you Hag then?” she got off and both stepped inside.

Chuckle, “Of course not, anything but that please.” Internally he died of laughter.

“Staxius then?” she asked.

“Whatever you like except Hag, you see Autumn it means a witch or old lady.”

“Ahhh, I get it, so Mother is a Hag too,” she said in a proud voice.

At that point, Staxius laughed out loud, “Enough joking around, let’s see your brother.”

A lovely conversation with her beloved brother later, Staxius waited outside. The mind dropped in and out of consciousness. With what little strength remained, sleep became the next opponent. After a few minutes, Autumn agreed to stay.

“Autumn, here we are, my home,” he stood and moved his hand from right to left. The walk took another fifteen minutes, sleep now stood ready to deliver the final strike.

“Staxius, it’s more of a mansion than anything.” she calmly added.

They walked in before he could knock onto the massive door. It opened just like magic, probably was magic, but he didn’t care. The body could give at any moment now.

“Staxius Haggard Mirabelle,” Sophie stood in the middle of the room with arms crossed. The butlers and maid stood in a line next to her, “-please do explain how you’ve managed to arrive so late on the first day of school. It’s practically nine-thirty, were you out drinking? Well, it does explain the wobbling.” The tone was menacing, she stared with the fierceness of an angry mother. Scared, Autumn hid behind Staxius. “Why are you in the company of such a cute lady, isn’t she too young to be working the streets? I can’t believe you’re a pedophile, bloody pervert,” she continued her onslaught. At this point, unnecessary comments became obnoxious. Having played the nice guy act all day, frustration grew. Paired with the lack of strength, he could blow at any moment.

“Are you going to explain or shall I call the royal guard?”

“Shut the hell up Sophie,” Staxius yelled, the tipping point reached, “-this is getting annoying, could you please j-just l-leave me alo...” *Bam* The body succumbed to the lack of strength, he passed out revealing the shy Autumn Garnet.

“STAXIUS,” the sight of him falling, Sophie’s heart sank. The heart rate increased, she rushed to his side.

“Duchess Sophie Mirabelle,” the girl bowed, “-my name is Autumn Garnet.” Her hand held a little note, “Staxius told me to give you this letter in case of him passing out without getting the chance to explain.”

Baffled, the letter was read,

“Dear sister, if you’re reading this, it probably means that I’ve passed out. I’ll cut right to the chase, the girl with me is a friend’s sister, he got injured in today’s hellish combat training. Please treat her with care and affection, trust me she’s an angel, you’re probably reading this while my face is on the cold marble floor, what a responsible sister you are.” The last bit was true, Staxius’s face glued to the floor.

“Emily,” she called out, “-please escort Autumn to the dining hall, I’ll take care of Staxius myself,” the maids moved.

‘He barely has any mana left. Even with our pact, I couldn’t sense him. Why do you keep doing that to yourself, that stoic face of yours, I hate it, I completely hate it.’ A tear ran down her cheeks. Sophie now tucked him to bed.

“Don’t cry Sophie, you’ve done enough for me,” he mumbled.

Without a word, she left the room, Staxius slept.

“Autumn Garnet, did you enjoy your dinner?” the duchess entered the dining room.

“Yes my lady, it was succulent,” she replied with a smile.

“I’m glad you enjoyed it, however, it’s time for bed, you shall sleep in the guest room which is right beside Staxius’s.” To which Emily escorted the young guest out.

Time went on, it was now eleven o’clock, the mansion fell completely silent. It was as if staying in a graveyard. Neither did Staxius nor Sophie knew that Autumn could not sleep alone in a massive room. Scared, the little girl sneaked into his bed and fell asleep. With that, the first day at Claireville academy ended.