

The Wielder of Death Magic #Chapter 14 - Read The Wielder of Death Magic Chapter 14

A New Dawn

“My heir, my prodigy, danger looms over the horizon. It waits ever so tolerantly to pounce as if a starving predator. A demon, a monster, a horde of minions, is it a demon lord or is it another human trying to attain divinity by necromancy, your world is about to change soon enough. Heed my warning young death reaper, don't ever forget who you are. In two years, the first village to fall will be Krigi, if you want to stop senseless deaths, better get strong fast. Remember the lessons about people being naught but lies and deceptions, trust no one my beloved prodigy, no one.”

The winds rattled windows all-round the mansion. It felt as if someone had possessed the house. The trees cried out for help, heavy rain drowned the poor garden, the weather had gotten worse overnight.

‘That same dream over and over again,’ he sighed, ‘Krigi engulfed in hellish flames, people dying. A girl with white hair standing in the middle controlling a Hydra, the mythical beast who in its wake only spreads chaos and suffering.’ Time had come to wake. ‘There's no way that's real right? In two years, everyone is going to die...’ the possibility of said nightmare being true could not be dismissed yet.

Once ready to leave the bed, a strange rustling under the blanket caught his attention. Upon revealing the not so interesting mystery, Autumn laid there, half-naked, with no bra and only panties, for a kid her age, she was well developed. It was probably all those growth pills that the scholars had discovered and manufactured in the last decade to make chicken and other mammals bigger. Dark-arts fully recovered, the emotions were gone.

‘It's already nine,’ he checked the bedside clock. ‘I need to hurry; Sophie must be waiting.’ Forced to act, he gently tapped her cheeks in hopes of smoothly breaking her deep slumber.

“Mhmmm, five minutes more,” she turned around and snored.

‘For a kid, she does snore loudly, not very ladylike,’ with no other choice, he pulled out a secret weapon that never failed, *Foo.*

Instantly, almost as if getting an electric shock, him blowing in her ears sent sparkles throughout her feeble body. The moment the jolt reached her legs, she practically jumped. Realizing in what an unvirtuous and disgraceful state she was, her cheeks boiled.

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“Here,” Not to cause further embarrassment, Staxius threw his white shirt.

“...” Without uttering a word, using her nimble hands, Autumn crawled across the shirt and was ready to speak.

“M...”

“Good morning Autumn,” he cut her off, “-I wish I could say the weather is nice today.” He pointed to the window, “look outside, it’s pouring. Tis the god’s forgetting to close their tap,” a reassuring smile later, he headed for the closet.

Angry about not being able to say good morning first, the young Autumn pouted. She looked so adorable that it felt weird to not smile. Facing away from the young girl, he searched for a comfortable shirt. Meanwhile, she saw his upper body naked. It had scars running up and down the back, there were some strange symbols which appeared to have been burnt into him on his chest. The scar was what caught her attention. One that went from his upper right shoulder to his lower left hip. It was deep, there were a lot of triangular shapes on the edge of that large scar, it looked more like bite marks from a mechanical being than anything.

Intrigued, she asked, “Staxius, what’s that large scar on your back?”

As he slithered into the other white shirt, the answer turned out to be boring, ‘I don’t remember, I got it when I was with my father out in Dorchester.’ Unwilling to give any more information, he headed for the door.

“Oiii, wait up for me,” she demanded and leaped

The walk towards the dining hall turned into a peril, lightning began to frequently light up the mansion. The roar which followed was one of an untamed beast. Scared, Autumn locked arms with Staxius and continued their voyage.

“Morning young master,” a piercing sharp voice echoed inside Staxius’s head. It was Emily, she decided to scream into his ears as she ran towards the kitchen. Dazed, he tried to return the morning greeting but was unable too. The reason being that, Emily already reached the kitchen, she turned around, pulled out her tongue, jokingly mocked him and entered.

“She sure is lively today,” Staxius whispered.

“Did you say somethi-AHHH.” The big untamed beast known as thunder caught Autumn off guard, she screamed yet again.

“There, there, calm down,” he patted her head in hopes of putting the mind at rest.

The mansion in which Staxius stayed was a bit weird, his room was situated in the farthest part of the building in the west of the north-seeking house. It was the most secluded place within the mansion, away from all the commotion. The only way one could go after stepping out was to the east, towards the main hall, that was down on the ground floor. There was a mini storage room next to Staxius's bedchambers that explained why Emily was there so early in the morning. The upstairs also housed another kitchen. The general layout of the place was too confusing to even try and decipher.

A quick nod later, Sophie's butler, who stood in front of said kitchen, asked that both Staxius and Autumn to join Sophie in the dining hall. It was amazing that people could communicate with only nods and body gestures.

"My lady Autumn, are you hungry?" Staxius leaned and asked.

Seeing Emily's stunt earlier, she decided to copy her. Instead of a normal reply, Autumn got closer and shouted, "I'm STARVING."

Caught off guard, he stumbled. Autumn innocently laughed; it had a reassuring feel to it. The laughter screamed,

"Everything is going to be alright."

Or so that was what Staxius deduced. Out of nowhere, a loud, practically deafening roar exploded behind. Lightning struck a tall tree outside. Autumn jumped into Staxius's arm and hugged tightly. A quick pat on the back later, the dining hall came in view. Even though Staxius had a little sister whose identity was hidden. He felt like a big brother with Autumn around. Maybe that was the reason why the heart first ached when he saw her all beaten up.

With arms crossed, the duo entered. Sophie sat at the head of the table. Her elbows rested on the table. Subtly, killing intent oozed out.

"Morning," he took a seat, "-sorry about waking so late, and thank you for taking care of Autumn when I passed out," the voice monotonous.

"That's not the issue here," she spoke with an unusually angry tone. "-I've heard from Emily that our guest here spent the night in your room?" Before Autumn could settle down and eat, Sophie quickly glanced at her unsuspecting face. The moment their eyes locked, the young Garnet cried.

"Would you kindly keep that killing intent in check," in turn, he glared Sophie and asked, "-what the hell are you thinking?" the voice deepened.

Sophie didn't listen, this only made Autumn cry further. Worried, he stood and made the girl sit down on the same chair. It was a tight squeeze but they fit. The loud and piercing

cries settled down. The mark on Staxius's neck began to burn. The gaze turned darker than the abyss, Sophie could physically see all the anger and hatred surround him

Both insignias burnt, her childish attitude made him angry. The emotions came from deep within, the cries reminded of the time his sister was taken away. Flashbacks from the war returned – the anger grew.

“Sophie Mirabelle,” the eyes turned emotionless, “-you may be my big sister. But don't ever forget your place. Why are you trying to compensate for the lack of affection I never received during my upbringing. I don't need your pity; my heart is sealed. Try as hard as you may, I will never be human again. If you don't want to get hurt, I'll urge you to stop all this nonsense,” the truth came out at last. Since the very beginning, the big sister's affection didn't sit right.

The breakfast followed silently. Both got ready for school despite how late it was. Rather than ride with Sophie, Staxius chose to walk in the company of Autumn. Acting as cavalier as she could, Sophie got in the car without glancing at her little brother, the car drove off.

“Staxius, is everything alright?”

“Don't worry, Autumn, this just proves that I and Sophie were never meant to be,” he stared as the car vanished around the corner. “Well whatever, let's go to the library,” he offered.

“Oh, I like reading too, let's go.” She smiled – it was the only answer needed.

Meanwhile, in the car, Sophie thought about what happened earlier. ‘I can't believe the nerve on this guy, I'm overcompensating for his tough upbringing, I-I...’ the eyes teared up. A few seconds went by, Sophie finally calmed down. ‘I'm not forcing anything Staxius, but with a closed heart like yours, you will never hear my true feelings. I just hope he doesn't leave the academy.’ The car reached the school, the moment the instructor got off, seeing that her apprentice wasn't present the students began to gossip. Her true feeling wasn't anything romantic. It resembled one close to a mother, she wanted to see him smile. A genuine smile, not the fake ones that were thrown out whenever necessary. She understood the pain of growing up as an orphan all too well, in Staxius was where she hoped to find that feeling of belonging. Sadly, the apprentice could never understand her feelings – the boy stopped being human years ago.

Courses resumed as normal despite her tardiness. The weather after having unleashed a downpour of rain over Claireville academy; stopped. It was now noon, Staxius never showed up, Sophie's anxiety grew little by little. The dragon insignia on her neck lost some of its intensity – a bad sign. No longer could she sense his mana.

“Staxius, we've been here for four hours now, I'm bored, can we leave?” Autumn softly whispered, both sat in the library.

“Sure, let’s go,” he agreed.

Both headed into town in search of a good place to eat. Autumn remained adamant about trying pizza. Forced to oblige thanks to that adorable smile, Staxius entered the restaurant where Sophie first stalked him.

‘Change of plans, Sophie Mirabelle isn’t that reliable anymore. If the dream I had were to come to pass, my father’s lost research papers will be compromised. We left that house when the war broke out, mother had already abandoned us two years prior. If I don’t get my hands on his research everything is going to go off the rail. I hate sorcerers, they are naught but talk, Sophie Mirabelle, I thought you were different, but I was wrong. I promised to never use dark-arts on you but today I’ll do what I must. I’ve changed too drastically, this isn’t me, I don’t deserve to be happy let alone have a place to stay. We made a contract that till graduation she will be my teacher; my only hope is to do the S-rank exams and graduate as soon as possible. I’ve already learned about all the academical courses from mid-tier to trainee battle mage. I only enrolled there to see if anyone could teach me how to use magic, but I remember now, the death element, I need to master it,’ the eyes turned blank. He gripped the fork so hard that it broke.

Pang, The fork shattered and deeply embedded itself into his thumb. No pain, nothing – at the sight of blood gushing out, Autumn screamed. Staxius’s face was well known around the town square. The injury threw everyone in a panic, they felt compelled to help. An ambulance was called, the injury was, in fact, very serious. Autumn got inside and they headed for Claireville hospital. The blood continued to drain, there was no stopping to it. He still felt nothing, the eyes gazed out into the nothingness of the passing scenery. Everything that happened around grew to be oblivious to his inner conscience.

The ambulance arrived just as quickly as they left. These new vehicles were a life changer in general. Cars were invented not long ago but in the past five years, trucks, ambulance, and other utility vehicles have seen an increase in production. More and more companies have decided to invest in them seeing how efficient and fast they were.

Huff, Puff, “Doctor Jona, it’s Staxius Haggard. He has a broken-down fork stuck inside his thumb,” one of the nurses who accompanied the first aid crew spoke, she ran inside.

“AGAIN?” Jona yelled, “-Doctor Patrick, please take over from here,” she dashed out to check up on her favorite patient.

“Slowly Staxius, don’t do anything rash, you will be fine.” A bunch of people saw him fidgeting around and thought that he might try and run away.

Worried, Autumn tugged on his shirt a few times to get his attention, “Oh sorry, what is the matter?” the trance was broken.

“...” No reply, she smiled.

Doctor Jona approached. Oblivious to the injured hand, he waved. Feeling something roll up the sleeve, he laughed at the sight of the fork, it was blood.

'This boy truly can't feel anything,' Jona thought and edged her way through the crowd.

A glance at Jona later, he stood up inside the vehicle. "STAXIUS DON'T DO ANYTHING CHILDISH," the doctor threatened the young boy.

Completely ignoring her request, the sharp metal rod was removed. The sight of blood made him smile, "I, Staxius Haggard, the wielder of death element and next god of death, wish to contact my one and only master, the real Death Reaper, I beg of thee to heed my call, take mine blood as an offering." At that moment, everything stopped.

"Your wish is my command, master Staxius." A voice spoke directly inside his mind, "I, Undrar, the bringer of death shall plea to the great god of death. However, I'm afraid that today isn't the day you shall be able to converse with him. If you so wish, he'll be ready in two days. If those conditions are adequate, your soul will leave your mortal body and travel with me to the Hall of Rebirth. So, I ask of you once again, do you wish to travel with me or wait here for the next two days?"

"I do, Undrar, the bringer of death, I agree to thy conditions. Please take me away from this realm."

Immortal yet mortal, I, Undrar, the bringer of death, order thee to leave thy mortal vessel and follow me to the afterlife: Soul extraction.

Staxius winked at Autumn, the body collapsed as soon as the spell was completed. It dropped as if lifeless. Blood rushed out profusely from not only the thumb but the whole body. Everything except the main organs necessary for survival exploded. Blood sprayed across the vehicle; Autumn's lovely blond hair turned into one of a crimson color. Blood all over her face and clothes, the eyes turned emotionless. The face resembled Staxius's moment before the collapse.