

The Wielder of Death Magic #Chapter 15 - Read The Wielder of Death Magic Chapter 15

Hall Of Rebirth

Briiiiiiiing, Briiiiiiiing, The bell rang, at last, the torturous combat lessons taught by Sophie ended. Most begged for their lives. Trainee battle mages said to be the best out of the Academy could not keep up with her pace. No one, from the strongest martial artist to the most powerful mage in the final year couldn't even dare to compare. Despite the constant arguments brought forth by the student council to lower the difficulty; the Director did naught but laugh. The supposed would-be elite sorcerers had to beg for mercy in face of true talent.

Huff, Puff, "I-instructor, classes are o-over," The student council president spoke, Sophie was lost in thought.

"Over already?" she snapped back to reality, "-very well, you may leave after running around the gymnasium for five laps."

"As you wish ma'am," everyone simultaneously shouted.

"Piers, don't you think Instructor Sophie is acting a bit strange today?" the class ran in formation, "-her training isn't that hard compared to yesterday," a girl asked. She wore glasses and had her hair in a ponytail.

"I think you're right," casually, he replied, "-thanks for pointing that out, now let's get back to running." Piers Clyfford, the student council president, an above-average student in both academics as well as combat. People refer to him as the Thunder of the South or the unnamed prodigy. His mastery over the wind and fire elements easily made him a B-rank. To top it off, over the years of special training as a child, said elements were forced to combine – thus making the first artificial hybrid.

Within three minutes, Piers completed the laps faster than his comrades. Girls loved him, ?boys admired him, the perfect student. "Instructor, I'll be leaving now," he was ignored by the day-dreaming Sophie.

BANG, back in the changing room, frustrated, he punched a locker. 'Why do you keep on ignoring me Sophie Mirabelle, am I that insignificant to you?' A mirror reflected the president, a wolf in sheep's clothing – the anger and frustration were shown in bold.

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Soon, murmurs gradually increased in intensity. In fear of compromising the well-established reputation, Piers pulled out the perfect boy persona. With a smile, he greeted everyone and began to converse as if nothing happened.

'This feeling, my heart pains, the symbol burns, I-I have a bad feeling.' Anxious, she headed to Josiah's office. A conversation with her uncle always brought back things into perspective. Earlier, after class was dismissed, she walked into town in search of food. At the foot of the gentle hill where the academy stood, the hospital rested.

'Isn't that Staxius?' she caught a glimpse and walked closer, 'thank god he's here. I need to apologize for the way I've acted,' the face smiled again. Without a care in the world, the walking turned into a full out sprint.

*Crack,*the sound of bones breaking, organs tearing itself apart, blood spraying, turned everyone's stomach upside down. It was Staxius, he self-destructed. Everything happened so fast yet in her mind, it felt like an eternity. She witnessed the possible last moment of her brother. Graciously, as if a petal falling onto the ground with the wind carrying most of the burden, her apprentice fell.

Her eyes opened wide, she stood as Jona took him inside without delay. Outside, amidst a pool of blood, Autumn stood. The clothes bloodied and smelt of iron, the eyes remained blank.

"I-it c-can be, t-this is all my fault, S-Staxius..." Confused, Sophie decided to check up on Autumn.

"Don't cry," she spoke, "-he winked at me before his body broke... he w-winked." The voice monotonous and soft. Her face showed no emotions yet she cried. The sound refused to come out, her throat fought with itself to keep her calm. A single tear shed, her mind broke.

"Don't hold back, I'm here," scared for many reasons, Sophie hugged the traumatized girl.

"Staxius Haggard, why do you wish to leave such amazing people behind. Is it for the sole purpose of seeing the death reaper?" the sight of Autumn and Sophie crying, Undrar was left perplexed.

"Why waste breath and tears over one such as myself?" he sighed in disappointment, the body hovered in spirit form. "-haven't I told them that I'm not human: emotions, fear, sadness, such worthless waste of energy. I can't bear to see this farce any longer, Undrar please take me to the hall of rebirth," the tone neutral, he didn't care.

"As you wish, young master," a snap of the fingers later, a portal with a devilishly red and black color opened. Flames darker than the abyss, close to invisible to the naked eye. It looked breathtaking. Overjoyed by the idea of meeting the one who called him a prodigy, Staxius stepped through without fear.

"Most people who see the Void Flame often try to run away. It pains me to forcefully snatch their soul," Undrar followed behind.

"Isn't that portal supposed to have had us teleported inside the hall of rebirth?" he asked after two hours of walking.

"Why do you ask, that portal was but a mere door with artistic flair. Not to brag but it was I who designed it," Undrar chuckled.

"..." Annoyed, the only response he gave was the death stare.

"I meant no disrespect," she explained, "-the true reason we are walking is that you haven't died yet. People who are instantly transported had to have died first. But in your case, I've only extracted the soul and not taken any lifeforce. The body should recover just fine in three months," she replied nonchalantly.

"THREE MONTHS?"

"Ahh, don't worry about it. One day in this realm is like a month for yours. We must wait for the body to be healed before sending you back. Three days in the hall of rebirth doesn't sound that bad does it?" Undrar asked rhetorically.

"Let say if I train here for a full day, will all the accumulated experience and training get transferred to my body?" Staxius asked; the mind worked at a rapid pace.

"Hypothetically, yes it should work," she thought then exclaimed, "-screw hypothetically. I say it will work, so train as long as you want here, the aging process won't start until your soul returns home."

"Staxius Haggard," another hour went by, another portal came in view. "We have arrived at the hall of rebirth," it opened, "-home to the Death reaper otherwise known as the God of death. Take it all in, ?young master, one day this all will be yours to govern." The glimmering golden shine practically blinded the heir. The place's size was immense. In the middle, a big globe which lit every few seconds. Otherworldly creatures ran around performing chores and delivering messages. A golden bird flew above head. The sky was blue, just like home though artificial.

"Close your mouth," she spoke, "-you didn't expect this place to be so beautiful, did you," she stood in front and smirked. "Let me guess, you were expecting skulls, fire, and blood?" she teased.

Embarrassed, Staxius vigorously shook his head in an attempt to deny Undrar's accusation.

"Hold up a second, I've only heard your name but who are yo..." Brown hair ending in a beach blonde color. A face as perfect and flawless as a diamond. A smile that could topple over the whole population. The bringer of death was resplendent. Her figure felt so graceful it seemed divine. On her back, a pair of wings that complemented her black dress – a vampire.

"I've fallen in love," he added in jest.

"Me too," she pulled out her tongue.

"It's finally great to see you Undrar, the bringer of death, a name which doesn't suit your look at all. Put a halo on your head and I'd have been convinced that you are an angel."

"Are you trying to flatter me?" she asked trying to act coy.

"Not really," the reply direct, "-I'm only speaking my mind. Sadly, something gravely troubles me."

"Speak your mind."

"Aren't you supposed to be a dragon, like the one on my neck?" he pointed at the symbol.

"About that," it took a few seconds before getting a reply, "-aren't you ashamed to ask such a pretty lady as me to reveal her secrets," in the end, she didn't answer.

"If you're talking about shame then try someone else," the voice neutral, "-I called you pretty once but don't let that go through your head," he admired a bird that flew in the top right corner.

"Must you be serious all the time?" she stepped closer.

"Yes," he replied, Undrar stood inches away from his face, " -if allowed the slightest opportunity, I might fall in love despite having no emotions," not impressed, he winked.

"Surely you jest." Her cheeks went from white to red.

"I only speak the truth for a lie would be but an insult to thy beauty."

"Keep this up and you might make a demi-god fall in love with you, young master." Her tail, hidden by her legs, began to wiggle.

"Let's keep the pleasantries and trifling for another time," the idle chitchat ended, "-why don't you show me around?"

"Very well, follow me," she led the way, "-I shall give you a grand tour of my master's domain."

'Hook, line, and sinker, emotional control works with demi-gods too, father you truly were a genius.'

Little did he know that dark arts didn't work in the hall of rebirth. From the years of manipulating and controlling others and himself, the skill was acquired and became second nature. He truly was a genius at the art of controlling others, the best the world had yet seen.

The tour lasted about four hours: from the judgment room, as the name implied. Where the dead were judged before getting reincarnated either as humans or animals. There laid another option, to have the soul travel from dimensions to dimensions as different beings to finally end up as Eternals. The last journey a soul had to undergo before having the ultimate choice to whether start again as a human or try and attain divinity.

It is said that countless numbers of great figures in history had tried attaining said rank. Ultimately many failed and had to transfer all their knowledge before disappearing into the Void.

Then came the hall of fame, a place where every person who has served their purpose in the betterment or destruction of humanity was listed.

"Souls have only two options after being reborn so many times. Either start over or try and attain divinity, both choices force them to forgo their lifetime's work and mastery," Staxius spoke as they headed for his bedchambers.

"This is the way it works since creation itself. We can't bend the rules even if we wanted to. The things previously mastered in a past life are transferred as talents to their current host. The soul is like a memory bank, after gathering so much knowledge, one has to wipe it or destroy it. A filled memory bank isn't useful for anyone." Undrar filled the missing piece of information.

"At last, we have arrived," she proclaimed, "-you'll be staying here until time has come to leave. Feel free to roam around, as I said, this place will be yours one day, make yourself at home."

"One question before you leave."

"Make it quick."

"Are you included in that package?" he chuckled and entered the room.

"Work hard and who knows, maybe one day," she laughed in turn.

'The hall of rebirth, what an interesting place. I've solved the mystery about what comes after death. She said souls are eternal, divini... Wait, what about me? Did my soul somehow pass the test of attaining divinity?' the bed felt too comfortable to be left alone. 'I wonder who I was in the past,' he leaped and laid. 'Maybe a hero or a demon lord,' he laughed and stared at the ceiling. 'Who am I kidding anyway, I was probably an

assassin who got killed. Some questions are better left unanswered. I better enjoy my last and final life.'

A few hours went by, 'time sure goes by slowly. As hard as I may try, I can't fall asleep. I did see a library, stocking up on random facts is a good way to learn,' bored, he headed out.

After getting some books about forgotten and ancient magic, Staxius spent most of the time learning and practicing the old techniques. There were also teachings about how the very fabric of the universe functioned. Knowledge was the greatest riches that a man could ever hope for. He knew that fact better than anyone, hence the obsession with learning.

"Instructor, wake up, it's time for class," a gentle voice broke Sophie's nap.

"Hey there Piers, or should I say, brother-in-law," her smile genuine.

Three months past, Staxius's body remained in a deep coma. Everything inside slowly healed. Sadly, Doctor Jona had no hopes of seeing him waking ever again. A meeting was called in to pronounce him as dead. The guy who only spent an at school and toppled over the ranking system. Schemed against people who had too big of an ego, and went face to face with an SSS rank sorcerer. The same guy was ordered to be removed or killed.

It came as a surprise when knights from the Hidros army read the royal decree. One issued by her majesty the queen herself. Why would royalty want an orphan dead? That question raised many eyebrows. The princess heavily influenced and backed the decision. Thus, fate sealed without another word. Even a duchess such as Sophie could not but standstill.

Just like his father, Staxius Haggard was erased from history. In the following month, Piers and his family manipulated Sophie into betraying her pact with Staxius. She ended her contract with no remorse. At heart, without knowing, hatred was directed to the one who bested her. Staxius felt it, on the day the supposed sister got angry at Autumn.

The day the news about his death arrived. Autumn fell into depression. Julius was hell-bent on exacting revenge for such cruelty. A friend betrayed by the only ones deemed as comrades. Then and there, Julius Garnet fully embraced Staxius Haggard's philosophy.

"Autumn," he stood, the eyes bloodshot red, "-Staxius once told me that you would make a great sorcerer. He was confident that you would be the one who could stand face to face against him. To that end, I'm enrolling you in the West Claireville Academy," the anger still throbbed within.

"Brother... you're scaring me,"

"Autumn listen," he knelt, "-for the sake of the short and best friendship I've ever experienced. I will live for one purpose only. To inherit the will of a friend who I dearly miss."

Far away from the Garnet mansion, in Claireville Academy on the same day, ?"-uncle, we can't let them kill Staxius, there's a chance he will wake. Believe in him, please," she begged for a chance at stopping the knights...

"I had high hopes for that boy, but this diary was found and brought in by Piers. It's Staxius's. Details about how he would overthrow the kingdom starting with you were written on it. I can't let this go by. He's a traitor to the crown, I don't care what feelings you have, I've decided that you are to wed Pier's older brother; Silvester Clyfford. A fellow SSS-rank mage who's also the next head of the prestigious Clyfford family," the voice serious, the director sat. "Listen to me closely, that boy was a master at manipulation, it's better to forget about him."

"NO," she dashed and slammed the table, "-he swore to never leave my side, I can't let this pass," the eyes grew angry.

"Guess I have no choice in the matter," the drawer opened, "High-tier magic: Memory Alteration," he placed a scroll onto her head and conjured a spell. "You may be SSS-ranked, but I've got the advantage. In this entire kingdom, I, Josiah, I'm the only mage who's skilled in dealing with people on a psychological level. I'm sorry dear niece, but you have to forget."

She tried to fight back, however; the eyes grew heavy. "Uncle... one day, h-he'll b-be back."

Since that faithful day, everyone forgot about the boy in grey suit. The time passed was five months.

"Mother, you see, I've eradicated the threat known as Staxius Haggard. Aren't you going to wed me?" Princess Gallienne asked.

"Worry not child, I've found the perfect groom, Piers Clyfford, your co-conspirator and childhood friend worthy of being called your betrothed," Queen Sely answered.

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From being one of the most promising students in Hidros's history to being ousted like his father, Staxius's fate took a turn for the worse.