

The Wielder of Death Magic #Chapter 16 - Read The Wielder of Death Magic Chapter 16

Audience with Death

In the middle of a pile of books sat Staxius – lonely, sleeping, and waiting for someone to reach out. The hunt for a place call home was always a dream. Returning to a place where someone who patiently awaits. The dream; good yet evil, a familiar yet foreign face, stood in the middle of a grandiose stairwell that seemed to stretch into the heavens. Sophie Mirabelle, a person he could both call a sister and a teacher. The blissful yet agonizing dream came to a sudden halt. Undrar jokingly toppled over the carefully balanced literature whomst only a god had access too.

“Staxius,” she called, “-wake up young master. You’ve been held up in here for four days now,” her melodic and gentle voice effortlessly severed the chains binding reality and dream.

“Ouch... my head, it hurts,” he replied still half-asleep.

“This will definitely wake you my dear young master, the god of death has returned from Draebala. A world he created with Lord Kronos, the god of time. Your worries shall be wasted on godly matters, master has requested your presence at once.”

The long-awaited meeting closed in; he awoke with the thought of returning to that foreign place. Impatient, he rushed, with all the knowledge gathered. Guilt had begun to consume his conscience from the inside. Little by little, it bit off every single ounce of pride held. Speaking ill about the one who took him in was not polite, it was an insult to him as well as the teachings of his father, Tempest.

“Undrar, I’ve something bugging my mind since I’ve entered the hall of rebirth,” he asked whilst walking down a rather large hallway. The dream about Sophie had caused quite a troublesome mess. Feelings that were but myths, felt real. ‘Why...’ was the only thing in mind, ”

why

,” he asked to no avail.

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“Speak your mind,” ignorant to how he felt, Undrar led the way. “-but be quick, we’ll be meeting with the death reaper soon,” her tone felt erratic.

“Why does it feel like my mind is about to break. I’m positive that I can no longer feel emotions, yet, why does it eat me from the inside?” he asked, the pace slowed so the lady could have time to respond.

“Dark-Arts,” her pace grew to match his, “-something Tempest Haggard devised. The instant you stepped foot into the hall of rebirth, it stopped. You see, only true magic is allowed to exist here, that sham you call Dark-Arts isn’t worthy to be in our presence,” a bit harsh on the reply, it didn’t sit right. Their walk, one short but which felt like an eternity – brutally stopped. He couldn’t bear such insolence and unnecessary affront towards his father. Now able to feel emotions fully, as if a real human – he snapped.

“Undrar,” the voice cold and filled with anger, “-hold your tongue this instant,” the gaze filled with animosity, “-my blood, it boils, is this anger?” despite the fury, a smile was seen. “Who knew the true power of hate could push a human’s body and instincts to a bestial, almost berserker stage. I feel as if I could defeat even the strongest foe. Everything is bloodshot red,” he commented, “-help me,” the stance slumped, “-I can’t control this pain resonating with every heartbeat. Please, Undrar, let me forgo this burden called emotions, I beg,” the tone varied from angry to calm, it was a conflict of both the calm and rational persona against the inhuman and destructive state of being.

“Your request has been heard, my dear young master,” she stood with a smile, “-sadly, tis a wish I cannot fulfill. Why not grit thy teeth and shout like any normal humans? Said vile and uncivilized actions won’t be judged since thou art but a human,” a piece of good advice that helped more than she thought.

Bam, Bam, Bam. Three loud punches reverberated throughout the hall. The latter led to the study where the Master waited. Now calmed, the walk towards a new future, resumed.

“Before we enter the study,” Staxius spoke sternly, “-retract the previous statements about my father’s invention being vile and unworthy. I care not if you are a demi-god. My father is my father, none has the right to judge that great man. I dare not say I can defeat you. Nevertheless, I’ll never let such disrespectful words tarnish his image,” he demanded.

“Fine,” she gave in, “-your father was a great man. I apologize for sending out the wrong message,” the door opened, “-step in, the time has come.”

The pressure of a Godly entity was overwhelming. He dared not stare into the being’s eyes for fear of repercussion. The description of him wearing a black robe and carrying a scythe was completely false. The god of death had normal clothes, shocked by this development, Staxius chuckled.

“Why does that man laugh?” the voice deep, “-and at a god who has been deemed the most powerful being since creation itself no less.” he turned his gaze towards Undrar who in turn chuckled. “SUCH DISRESPECT, I SHALL person-ALLY BURN YOU BOTH

INTO THE VOID FLAME,” he screamed but the forced deep voice cracked. It was hilarious, no longer able to keep a straight face, both the young master and Undrar broke into hysteria.

“Excuse me master, but can you kindly return to your old self already, this farce has lost all its humor,” Undrar spoke monotonously after a few seconds.

“What are you doing,” hearing her tone, “-isn’t this guy supposed to be the strongest, does thou not feel fear?” Staxius whispered.

“Drop the old dialect already, old geezer death isn’t that scary, he’s just playing around,” she winked.

“Undrar, my dear dragon,” the god of death spoke, “-you who once was so majestic and powerful now stoop so low as to try and vex mine poor self?” he sighed, “-can’t an old man have some fun, isn’t death too grim – for your taste, Staxius?” he asked in a friendly tone.

Mentioned verbally by a god practically made him jumped. Neither did he expect to be acknowledged nor be known by name. “Ahh…” Clueless, Staxius weirdly nodded and shook his head in an attempt to say both yes and no at the same time.

“Fear not my child. I’ve had my meal already, however, if you insist on remaining silent, I still have a place for dessert,” an attempt at intimidation.

“Master, please let the boy gather his thoughts,” Undrar interjected, “-you know full well how immense your presence is. Despite that, you still endeavor to further confuse and bring fear into his young heart.”

A hand gesture signaling Undrar to stop her pointless argument later, after a big inhale, he finally spoke or rather, laughed.

“Ha-ha-ha-ha,” tears formed, “-oh boy, is this what you call a godly aura?” he commented. “I was scared for nothing. I do acknowledge the immense power in thy voice alone. I’d probably not even stand a second against you in combat,” the voice now composed, “-though, trying to intimidate won’t bring anything but silence,” he smirked.

“Excellent,” pleased, the voice changed into one joyful, “-just what I expected from my heir,” a quick pause to scan the young boy later, “-Now what is the reason for this almost unexpected visit. Notice that I say unexpected, this is because I knew that we would meet sooner or later. However, even I didn’t know that it would arrive so early,” he smiled.

With enough courage gathered, Staxius took a good look at the god of death’s face. Black hair, grey eyes, a pointy nose, sharp jawline, a handsome man, but something

was off, said face felt familiar. The answer clicked as if someone had snapped their fingers, it was the face of Tempest Haggard.

“F-father?” Staxius asked.

“Yes, Stax, it’s me, your father. Yet, I’m no longer the dad you once revered. I’m only but a face and memory. That is to say, I, the god of death, am not your father. I’ve got all the memories from when he passed. The days as a soldier to the day he became a dad and until he died, a truly noble man with good convictions.”

“If your only but using his face and memories then why not allow me to refer you as father? Saying death reaper is a waste of breath,” Staxius continued the conversation.

“Call me what you want, now, what is the purpose of your visit, my prodigy.”

“I’ve had the dream of the world ending for a long time now. It continually ails, thus my quest to find the one who calls me an heir. The one who awoke inside when I nearly died, my true master, otherwise known as the Death Reaper. I wish to study under you, please teach me the way to master the death element.”

“What about Sophie Mirabelle?” confused, the god asked, “-she stood against my constant attacks and proved to be quite powerful herself, why the sudden decision to leave?”

“To answer frankly,” nonchalant, he spoke, “-she served her purpose into getting me admitted into Claireville Academy. From the first day we met, I schemed my way into her good graces. Yes, she was but a tool for my own benefit. Sadly, all the effort I saw for her trying to accept me did leave an impression. Though I’d rather not get involved with her personally, our ideals would never workout – a fact that I found rather quickly. People have always been an instrument for me to use as I see fit. That side of me will probably never change. I’m a failure as a human but I want to try and protect something for once. Hence my plea to get stronger by learning from someone whomst I can’t hope to ever defeat.”

“You manipulate people, use them how you see fit, then dispose of them either by killing or ruining their mental state. Staxius Haggard, you’re the definition of despicable, that is why you’re fit to take my crown as the Lord of Death. Too long have I sat on this lonesome throne, waiting, hoping, and wishing for someone as dreadful as me to be born. Then you, someone who doesn’t have a care in the world about human emotions, morality, and belief, came to exist. Your birth made my dead heart move once again. I rejoiced in the idea of you being my successor, that and thy soul passed the trial to attain divinity. Therefore, I see no reason why not to teach you the ways of mastering the death element. Come closer, my child, this will only but take a few moments,” Lord Death accepted the proposal.

Each step taken felt heavier. A sign that everything dreamed, hoped, and lived was going to be altered forever. In front, stood his true master, imposing. With the index finger placed onto Staxius's forehead, the god of death began reciting in the ancient tongue a powerful incantation. Every word spoken shook the whole study. Darkness from inside the death element began to grow, blood vessels turned black, eyes changed from dark-brown to white, tears of blood flowed down the now black cheeks, this was death, the ultimate fear. Undrar's insignia vanished, the engraving on his chest began to grow, more and more characters were added, the scythe on his right palm changed into a pentagram, similar to the one he saw during the fight against the SSS-combat robot. Drained, he fell, his lifeforce was depleted.

"Master Death, did you just kill your own heir?" Undrar asked in shock.

"Nicely spotted, this boy had to die for the death element to fully activate. I only took away the life force and transferred some of mine. Yes, momentarily he died whilst being face to face to the ultimate fear. Not to worry, I've reanimated him. That soul is truly one of the greater ones to ever walked this universe, no wonder he passed the test to attain divinity," high praises from a god.

"He's no use passed out though," Undrar complained.

"He'll be fine in a week or so, let him rest. All the knowledge acquired in the study will come in handy once the death element truly awakes. The only step required is the return to the mortal realm. With this, my job is done, I shall leave for Draebala, Kronos awaits me for our game of chess. Also, Undrar, you're free to do what you desire. I've set you free for millenniums now, why not return to the world of mortals. I've caught you spying ever since he was born. Why not experience life again? After all, you're going to be named God soon, tis only but a suggestion,"

"Maybe I will, thanks for answering the call, master. You truly are a father to me," with a smile, the death reaper vanished, leaving the unconscious Staxius drooling onto the cold marble floor.

Face to face with death, the face which popped into mind wasn't his father but Sophie Mirabelle. She truly was important, a family member he never had, a home he never had, and a life he could but dream about. Sadly, all that was but an illusion in the end.