

The Wielder of Death Magic #Chapter 17 - Read The Wielder of Death Magic Chapter 17

Betrayal, The return [1]

'The same disaster again; black flames engulfing my home, my town, Jessica, everyone, father Ashford, where are you? This heat, it burns, my heart, it throbs, please send h-hel...AHHHH.' *Huff, Puff,* Sweat dripped like droplets off flower petals after heavy rainfall. Staxius, at last, woke from a deep slumber that seemed to have lasted an eternity. The light that emanated from the room felt too bright; thus the eyes squinted in an attempt to make head or tails about what happened. There she was, Undrar, the bringer of death, so beautiful yet deadly, how can one be so perfect, he wondered.

Time passed was fifteen days, the death element now fully awakened, the chest felt heavy. A hefty burden to bear, the change was imminent. He could no longer feel dark arts, the artificial magical element, instead, combined. Confused as well as excited, he called out, "UNDRAR!"

The scream was misinterpreted as a cry for help. Instantly, the bringer of death jumped into her battle stance. Wings grew bigger, horns appeared, her aura intensified tenfold – a demi-god in all her glory.

"Young master," she spoke with urgency, "-get behind me right this instant. We are under attack," she backed herself against the still half-awake Staxius. Her ears practically inches away from his mouth, *Foo,*

Explosion, the once darkish brown door, turned to dust, her reaction was unexpected to say the least.

"Calm down," he chuckled, "-we aren't under attack," a whisper to which he wrapped his arms around her neck as if she gave a piggyback.

Gulp, "S-Staxius... w-what are y-you doing," cheeks flushed, having someone hug her from behind was a new and awkward experience. She didn't know what to do nor say, her mind went blank.

"Hey," mischievousness filled the soft voice, "-your body feels a little tight, why not let me help you ease the painnn..." the last syllable was prolonged so that she'd freak more.

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"W-what d-do you m-mean," *gulp,* her ever beating heart sped up, body temperature raised as well, a dragon being manhandled by a boy. Having seen her suffered enough, Staxius added the cherry on top by biting her right ear a little then stepped away. The

instant her brain recognized what happened, she jumped. Her body was a wreck, not even another sorcerer could have done so much damage using magic or pure combat. In three minutes, he practically brought a demi-god to her knees with only his talent of breaking someone's mind and to exploit said weakness. It was done just to mess with her sternness, a way to get the mind off the vivid nightmare from whence he'd just awoke.

Swiftly and loudly, Undrar fell onto her knees whilst panting. Body strength now somehow lacking, "come on get up," Staxius offered a helping hand. "I was merely messing around," a satisfied grin was portrait across his face. "Despite being a godly entity, you still have feelings that truly makes my heart glisten. I promise I won't do it again," with no ulterior motives, the hell he witnessed whilst being unconscious had changed him a little. A smile of her own later, she accepted the help and got up.

"Thanks for defeating me without lifting a finger," she added in jest then pouted.

"Don't be that way, you had such a lonely and sad expression on thy face I could not help it. Someone as pretty as you deserve to smile more. I'm sure that said smile which sparkles a thousand flames, fiercer than any gem, would enlighten this sad world if given the chance. You're like the light to my abyss. All I want is to reach out and touch that flame, however, fate has bound us to never meet," he said in a poetic and flirtatious way.

"Cut it out with all the flattery, stealing my heart isn't such an easy feat you know," she smirked

"Wonderful," he laughed, "-seriously, thanks for watching over me, I appreciate it," the gratitude reflected in the otherwise emotionless eyes.

"Tis part of my job, no need to fret over such details, I'd watch over you till death do us part," she pulled out her tongue.

"That's going too far, we aren't getting married," he facepalmed. Ashamed, her already flushed cheeks began to boil, Staxius did a U-turn with the conversation and sent her into a loop. "... she hid behind her hands.

"Come on," he sighed out of disbelief, "-I was only kidding, no need to be embarrassed. Lady whomst stole my heart, I shall wait for thy till death do us part, I shan't leave till I've received the unrequited love due," the posture and voice melodramatic.

"Delay as long as you may," she joined in as if a dramatic play, "-my flare shall soon be quenched, if thou wishes for mine heart, thou needeth prove your worthiness," a wink followed by her looking away as if facing an audience.

"How cruel must thy be to ask for one such as myself to proveth my vigor?" he reached for her hand.

"Vigor shan't be proven for thou art a lesser soul compared to I whomst am a demi-god," she took her hand by force and coyly stared away.

"..." After a long silence, the conversation stopped, they stared one another earnestly to which it cracked into a room filled with laughter. The little scene they performed had relieved their minds, a state of hysteria engulfed both.

"Undrar," the laughter subsided, "-I think playtime is over for today. It's time to return home, care to kindly guide me back?"

"Very well young master," she accepted, "-do you know how long you've been here in the hall of rebirth?"

"Four days I guess."

"Fifteen days," she added

"FIFTEEN DAYS?" he snapped.

"Yes, you heard me correctly, you've been gone from your world for one and a half years now."

"Is my body still alive though?" he asked without much care.

"Yes, you may leave at any time, master," a gentle smile ended the conversation.

"..." Staxius wanted to ask something, however, his traitorous mouth didn't wish to speak.

"If you have something to say then go ahead," she caught onto the reluctance, "-I'm here at your disposal."

"After I'm gone," the gaze lowered, "-what shall become of you?"

"Probably nothing," she stated without care, "-I'll go back to sleep I presume. My job of protecting and making you meet the death reaper is complete," her expression didn't reveal much but her eyes spoke volumes, she wanted a chance. Staxius instantly picked up on it.

"Undrar, I have a favor to ask,"

"Speak your mind,"

"Why not accompany me to my world. It's messy, filled with disasters and hatred, finding peace there is only but an illusion. Nevertheless, I'll be happy for you to be my friend. As an individual, I like you a lot, our personalities click. You know full well how vile of a

human I am, yet, you put up and even give me the taste of my own medicine at times. If it isn't much to ask, why not come along with me on my final journey before the ascension to being the true god of death."

"..." Baffled, she averted her gaze and stared at the ground as guilt overtook her mind.

"No matter," he sighed, "-I'm sorry if I've offended in any way," he stood, "-I shall take my leave," the hand reached for the door handle.

"WAIT," she shouted, "-I'm not that great of a person. I don't understand other people very well, I'm really only fit for combat. You think too highly of me, in a social setting or anything related to that, I'm just a burden. I can't talk my way into someone's good graces, in the end, even being a demi-god, I only bring death and suffering," ashamed, her face grew less vivid; tears began to form.

"Great person?" he stopped just shy of leaving the room, "-don't make me laugh," he turned and stared with a gaze that could freeze over a lake, "-I'm the worse of the worst. I hate it but tis who I am. It's a shame to see you view me as someone who'd do anything for an advantage. My purpose in bringing you to my world could not be any simpler, I just want a friend who will never betray me, an ally who trusts me, is that too much to ask?" the voice sincere.

"Are you s-sure..."

Without reply, he held out his hand as if waiting for someone, a step-through the door later, Undrar reached out and accepted the offer.

"Welcome home big brother," far, far away, "-or should I say, Duke Julius Garnet," A young Autumn stood before a massive golden door. Everything changed ever since the day Staxius disappeared. Julius turned into someone who sought after power. All this was done in hopes of clearing his best friend's name. Autumn Garnet forgot about the guy named Staxius, she sunk herself so much into her studies that she's now considered the best student throughout all of Claireville academies.

Five months prior to Staxius's return, Sophie Mirabelle, married into the Clyfford family. Hearing that news, Julius was so enraged that he overthrew Sophie's status as a Duchess and lowered her rank to S-rank. With their pride on the line, the Clyfford family asked for a duel with each family's prosperity as a reward. Seeing that Julius was now the head of the Garnet family, he accepted. The duel ended with him as the victor, a demon supposedly possessed the boy, tis was the gossip that reached the castle.

After countless negotiations, Julius settled on taking half of Sophie Mirabelle's fortune and legally erasing the Mirabelle name from Staxius's name. On top of it all, he went ahead and cleared the Haggard name from being a traitor to the crown. Left without a cause to fight, Julius continued his studies and made a fortune thus becoming the youngest self-made Duke in history. Even though the name Staxius Haggard was

cleared, Princess Gallienne didn't take that lightly. Her vengeful nature took charge and falsified Staxius's name and turned it into something far worse than a traitor; a sex-crazed fiend who forced his way onto her. To that end, she bore a child from Piers, the young girl was named Elise.

News of Princess Gallienne's virtue being defiled by her fiancé loomed as a risk. One that had the potential to turn the country upside down. To stop it all, the king schemed to place all the blame onto a dead man. In the end, despite Elise being their legitimate child, the young couple abandoned her after a few months from when she was born. Placed onto a small boat, the babe was sent into the wild river.

"Thanks, Autumn," Julius patted her head, "-I hope the studies have been going well?" he used a formal tone as he entered the ex-Mirabelle's home.

"Yes," she replied with a smile, "-you seem tired, brother, why not rest?"

"Time stops for no one, my dear little sister," he replied courteously then called out, "Emily, come here this instant."