

## The Wielder of Death Magic #Chapter 18 - Read The Wielder of Death Magic Chapter 18

Betrayal, The return [2]

"Thanks for agreeing to come with me, Undrar, I appreciate it," they stood before the portal.

"Once we cross over," she paused and stared, "-I want you to give me a true girl's name. Undrar is a bit uncommon."

"With pleasure," he said with a smile.

In a dimly lit room, the foul smell of rotting corpses, urine, and stale food. He awoke to only suffocate. The ice-cold and slippery surface was none other than a pile of bodies that had aged forever. The hands shook, fear settled, it took control over the mind.

"Staxius," a soft voice broke the inquietude, "-it's me Undrar, I'm currently inside thy mind. My physical body can't manifest just yet, so I'm taking refuge inside your subconscious. Listen closely, the world isn't how it use to be when you left. Everyone you knew has betrayed you. I've followed everything; Julius Garnet is the only one who stayed true to thy friendship even after your death. Your supposed sister betrayed and abandoned you. The Haggard name has been sullied by the Royal family of Hidros. The world down here is truly dreadful. Since the death element and dark arts merged, you're currently only an S-rank mage at best. The raw potential exceeds even me. Thus, I'll ask for a little restraint from fighting unless necessary. Sadly, the only way for that to work is to let your human emotions influence their growth, I know how much you hate that burden but this is a must."

"Betrayed... Do you have proof?" the lingering smell continued to ail the nostrils.

"Yes," a confident response, "-I'll show part of my memories, it's grim but there you go."

As he caught up with the time missed on the mortal realm, his fist slowly clenched, the heart began to throb. Pure anger, the unrefined berserker ingredient. A deep breath later, everything stopped, the only thing on the mind was the village of Krigi burning down.

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"I'm impressed," voiced Undrar, "-suppressing that amount of anger, guess the years of using dark arts didn't go to waste, young master."

The only reply was a chuckle, he walked down the same path his father took so many years ago.

“Undrar, thank you for proving that my ideals of this world still stand true,” a smirk later, he stood from the foul dungeon where his body was thrown in last year. Covered in blood and entrails from head to toe, the intense smell could but burn the eyes.

“S-Staxius, y-your m-mind is too complex for me to r-read and comprehend...” Undrar called out in anguish.

“Don’t worry about that,” he said in a nonchalant tone, “-take spirit form and sit on my shoulder if it becomes a burden, I have to think about our next move.”

“Good idea,”

\*Poof\*, In front, a miniature version of Undrar appeared. About the length of his hands, a cuter version. A quick flick later, he checked if he could interact with her body. A question that got answered very easily since her body slammed into the bloodied corpse-filled floor.

“WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?” she shouted.

“Soundcheck?” he laughed.

On the outside, he seemed calm and composed, yet on the inside, he was fuming. The two days he spent with the supposed big sister was only but history now. Troubled, he swam across the countless corpses: male, female, kids, none were spared. Rats squeaked and hissed. So many bodies felt as if he drowned in the ocean. Not in the sublime blue Empress but this disgusting swamp of illness and rotting organs.

The exit came in sight. The aroma of the sea finally cleansed the foul stench of death. One in which he had bathed in for the past half an hour. The warm sun shone from the heavens and gave life to his cold body. Stood atop a not so high cliff, where below rested the undisturbed sea, he jumped to get rid of the slimy and disgusting feeling of blood.

\*Splash,\* Bliss, life wasn’t that bad after all, blurry yet distinguishable, the eyes opened under the profound and deep ocean. Seeing the sheer magnitude and scale of the blue Empress, all the worries vanished. Tired, the lungs screamed to resurface. Soon, a beach came in view. Muddied by the river which had brought forth dirt from the higher plains – he swam ashore.

The once magnificent suit, now ruined by dark-black stains, had a sliver of hope. The river came as a good opportunity to clean up. The bloodstains over the body and clothes faded away with the flow of current. Normally, getting rid of blood wasn’t easy. Thanks to Undrar who was very adept at elemental magic, the washing grew simpler. Naked with a pair of underwear, he took a nap under a tree whilst waiting for the torn suit to dry.

“What’s our plan of attack?” she asked out of curiosity.

“Nothing really,” the eyes remained shut, “-no information whatsoever. Our priority is food and for shelter, we can just sleep under the starry night sky. It’s no different from childhood. Tis the return to said lifestyle I suppose. The long-time goal is to overthrow this kingdom or something along those lines. We’ll see along the way. There’s no possibility to try and save my father’s name. Not when the man has been forgotten by all, it’s as if he never existed,” he sat upright for sleep didn’t come, “-look at our right,” he pointed, “-you’ll see people begging and treated as if livestock. Being sold off as pleasure girls and even forced into cannibalism. A common practice here in Dorchester,” he sighed and stared up, “-I’ve figured out where we are. A battlefield for commoners and hunting grounds for young nobles. They who want to try and shoot an arrow or just plainly kill anyone they desire. Also, if you’re wondering about how I can see that far, it’s simple. When my father was still alive, we went face to face against an SSS ranked mage. The strongest fire wielder I had seen. During the fight, my eyes were burnt badly. Left blind for three months until my dad operated and repaired the nerves. As a bonus, he made them better than normal sight. My reaction time went up from normal to superhuman. Pretty advanced technology for our time but my body has been altered to be the perfect anti-sorcerer weapon.”

“I didn’t k-know...” ashamed, she tried to apologize but failed as he fell asleep. ‘To survive and grow up in such an environment is amazing... Adapt to survive, an evolution to normal human beings.’

The sun overhead slowly went from right to left. Now around 14:00, the heat grew unforgiving. Despite the sweat and sand stuck to the naked skin, he slept without care.

Muffled, distant, yet closing in, loud cries made way across the river to Undrar’s ears. Worried, she woke him who slept profoundly.

“Wake up,” she jumped on his face, “-someone is crying near the river,” her voice seemed anxious. The current picked up in speed. The source of the loud sobs came in view. A raft came afloat with a babe on board fighting for survival.

“It’s a human child,” she voiced loudly, “-go save her.”

“Leave the babe alone,” he faced away from the ruckus, “-two mouths to feed is harder than one. Besides, she was probably abandoned by her parents after they enjoyed their lustful evenings. Why should I care about someone else’s mistake? Welcome to Dorchester, if the babe is a girl, she’ll be brought up to be a slave or used as a toy. If tis a boy, then no luck, it’s death unless his handsome enough to catch a lady’s attention. It’s all fate, leave it be,” he spoke what he felt in a monotonous tone.

“Staxius... I thought you were better than this,” her head shook slowly, “-you’ve disappointed me. I can’t fathom the trash coming out of thine mouth. Mistake or no,

everyone has the right to live. Look at you, for example, rejected by everyone, betrayed, and having nowhere else to go. Put yourself in that innocent babe's shoe."

"Preach to me all you want Undrar, I'm not budging from this spot," he voiced his frustrations.

Powerless, the sobbing innocent babe floated by. It headed towards the horde of people of which were monsters in human clothing. Cannibalism was the least of their worries, a young nobleman began to shoot indiscriminately at commoners. They could but hiss and shout at the massacre taking place. Disgusted by how the world worked, she sat idly and watched. To her surprise, the boat made it all the way to the firing zone. Hearing the cries of a low-born, the young nobleman grew angry. Everyone soon was slaughtered. Arrows embedded inside their heads, half-naked and some fully naked. In no way could one described they who were killed as humans, they felt more like animals.

Curious, the noble walked with a sword in hand. The blade shone as it reflected sunlight. Contrasting against the golden color, a ruby with an insignia engraved inside. The boy was an apprentice of a necromancer, the worst kind of sorcerer whom even the Order rejected, lifted the longsword. Ready to strike down at an innocent child with no remorse in his eyes, the sobbing babe stopped the moment the boy swung down his sword.

\*SLASH.\* Blood splattered everywhere, disgusting, horrific, and immoral. Baffled, Undrar stared, the babe was alive. Staxius changed his mind at the last minute. What unfolded was the head of the nobleman's son slowly rolling off the beach.

"HOW DARE A COMMONER LIKE YOU KILL MY APPRENTICE," the mage who accompanied the noble, yelled.

\*With the power bestowed upon me by the god of death, I order thy to heed my call and raise from thy eternal slumber. Spell: Raise Undead.\*

\*Slash,\* Another head rolled down the beach. 'I'm sorry but the god of death will never bestow such power onto a foolish human,' Staxius mumbled as the mage fell to the floor.

The beach, now but another battlefield: corpses, blood, and another two kills under his belt. The cries from the child intensified yet again. Annoyed, he rushed. The sight of a bloodied face peering down made the babe quieter – she giggled. It wasn't a one-way reaction for his heart also grew louder. A reflection of himself was seen in her eyes.

"Guess you've been abandoned by your parents," he reached out and grabbed the light body, "-emotions are a pain." He sighed, "-fine, I'll take care of you till you grow to be independent." Her ruby-colored eyes lightened, she smiled. Her skin, pale as snow, the little hair on her head was of a whitened color.

"I, Staxius Haggard, betrayed and exiled by my kind, hereby pledge to take care of you, little babe. As a father, a mother, a brother, and a sister, from today forth I'll be thy family. In the near future even if thou choose to leave mine own side, you'll always have a place to return and escape this hell called life. As from this instant, you will be known as Eira Haggard, my daughter, my sister, my friend, and my family."

"Are you sure about taking care of this child?" Undrar asked, "-It will be very difficult; I hope you're ready."

"You told me to save her and now are warning me about the hardship?" he laughed, "-I've made up my mind to take care of her." In his arms, the babe stared off into the distance as she followed his gaze, "-just like my dad took care of me so many years ago," they faced one another and laughed. Her rosy-colored cheeks and nose grew red for it was cold.