

The Wielder of Death Magic #Chapter 19 - Read The Wielder of Death Magic Chapter 19

The Adventure Begins

The blue and warm sky retired as the sun felt tired and headed to sleep. Like a wheel that spun, not long after, the forgotten yet present moon made its grand appearance. In the company of his comrades, the stars, they sparkle with a thousand flame. Unlike the sun who radiated light and heat upon this vast land, the moon, weak and feeble, could but borrow the power of the sun and enlighten the night for all to see. None praised the moon, all were bewitched by the all mighty sun, revered as a god in some beliefs. The moon, deemed unholy, was cast off as an exile. Such cruelty towards an entity as magnanimous as the moon. Not a chance against the collective thoughts of thousands and even millions, exiled, the moon seemed woeful. Under said night laid Staxius, cold and shivering from the wind that blew off the fire.

The babe, once unknown but now family, was held tightly. Close to his chest where all the heat was generated. The once tender breeze turned into needles that pierced through clothes and flesh – straight to the bones. Painful, he but grit his teeth for he didn't want the babe to feel uncomfortable. Impressed, Undrar decided to help her newfound companions. Millenniums stuck in the Hall of Rebirth had made her weak in physical form as opposed to the spiritual form where she reigned as a demi-goddess.

"Can you stop shivering, it's getting annoying," she voiced her frustration.

"Shut the hell up," the mouth shivered, "-you can't feel this cold. It's so bad I'm practically dying here," he sighed. "-Talk about impulsive, I had to go and take this babe with me," to which she gently giggled, "-seeing her sleep so peacefully in my arms does heat from within," he gave a comforting smile, "-Is this why father didn't let me leave his side despite the countless battlefields we visited."

"Fine," she added in reluctance, "-I'll help you. Just a heads-up, your mannerism has changed. It's friendlier compared to when we met." *Snap* An effortless motion later, blue flames, considered to be the purest, were conjured.

"Could you not have done that from the start?" the heat gave a sense of relief, "-I am grateful. It will get us through the night. I hope Eira sleeps peacefully as well," he gazed little Undrar with squinted eyes, "-I know not about what you're implying. My manner of speech won't simply change over two weeks. I did grow accustomed to thy company, hence my familiarity," he paused, the tone grew formal, "-thou art a mighty demi-goddess whomst I can't but feel obliged to lower mine?head. A glance up at thine flawless face is as if staring at perfection," the voice seemed more sarcastic than respectful.

“Glad to see you’re the same,” she fired back with a subtly angered voice, “-I didn’t imply that I disliked the change. Just startled that’s all,?a side that I’d never thought of seeing.”

“Very well,” he stared the stars, “-I shall be the way I was a few seconds ago,” he breathed with the babe resting as still as an image, “-so, when is the physical form going to be ready?”

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“In about a year or so,”

“A YEAR?”

“I’m pulling your leg,” she chuckled, “-in a month or so, do you wish to see me that badly?” she smirked.

“I’ve seen more than enough,” *foo,* he blew, it triggered memories. It was as if a piece of meat was thrown onto a ground surrounded by starved rats. Her first defeat without getting physically or magically attacked.

Gulp, “I...”

“No need to fret, I’ve promised not to do that anymore. I only asked since Eira might need someone else besides her during this crucial phase. Those pair of breasts might come in handy for once, feed my child with your divine nectar,” he laughed.

Instantly, Undrar covered her chest with her arm’s crossed in embarrassment. Staxius managed to render her speechless once again.

“I was only joking,” the eyes felt heavy, “-I’ve taken this responsibility on my own. Using Dark-Arts, I’ll train her mana link from the outside. If she ever wants to be acknowledged by her real parents, she’ll need to be strong, very strong. I just need someone as a mother figure beside her. I don’t want her to grow up as someone who’s never experienced the motherly bond. You’ll be traveling with me from now on, so why not be a big sister or something. Forget the mother part, thinking about it now, you’re not cut out for it,” he pulled out his tongue.

“Don’t mock me,” she pouted, “-I may only be suited for combat, however, that doesn’t discard my credibility to love and care for someone.”

“Ha-ha-ha, thanks for being such a good sport, *Yawn,* it’s getting lat...”

‘I wonder if he was being honest about me being Eira’s mother. Knowing him, tis probably hollow words. Perhaps being sarcastic, though it’s said to be the lowest form

of wit. Where will our adventures guide us I wonder,” she reflected and gradually dozed off.

Waaaa, waaaaah, The moment the sun reappeared from its daily sleep, Eira woke all with cries. The tone so high it pierced the unsuspecting Staxius’s ears into deafness.

“Mhmmm,” he rubbed his eyes as the babe laid on the ground, naked, the sand and rocks might have pricked her once or twice when he let go in the morning.

“Shit,” he panicked, “-Eira are you ok,” quick, he picked her up, “-I’m so sorry for being careless, please forgive me,” she continued to sob, with a smile, he cleaned her pale skin. The latter turned red from the rough ground. Luckily uninjured, in an act of revenge or plain insolence, after she was picked up, the young lady urinated onto him.

Meanwhile, Undrar also woke, the sight of him getting pissed on, sent her into hysteric laughter. She nearly passed out; the babe giggled as if proud. Angry, he eyed her in an adorable yet deadly stare off. A few hours later, after the trousers were cleaned, the bloodied coat was wrapped around the babe. Cozy and warm, the babe continued to nap.

“Staxius, listen,” voiced Undrar, “-we can’t stand on this beach for much longer, it’s suicide.”

“Didn’t you say being in my mind makes your head explode?” he asked as her voice came from within.

“I’m resting, so it’s fine.”

“How much rest does one need,” ready to move, he stared inland, “-we are leaving soon, I’ve figured out where we are. Poseidon Strand, we are all the way to the northeast of Dorchester. From where we stand, facing south, if we walked towards the east, we’ll reach the border of Kreston. Sadly, that place is filled with people from the church and other not so virtuous cults. From what I got told by father, it’s somewhere you never want to venture alone. Deadlier than the darkest streets of the capital. As it stands now, we need to head for Krigi, to my old home. That is if the nobles have decided to leave it alone, it’s a long walk,” he thought, “-a carriage would be... oh shit, I completely forgot about the nobles we killed yesterday, HOW CAN I BE SO CARELESS.”

Sprinted through the sand which flew with every step taken, the bloodied battlefield came in sight – closer than expected. The young boy’s corpse, still present, none had looted the body. As reward, a blade that once shone laid dull with the blood of its former master. A glance later, all valuables were spotted. Clothes which looked nice. In the carriage, an expensive, rigid looking backpack. More stuff, they had food, bread, some pie, and apple juice. ‘Is this a picnic or did they come to kill people,’ Staxius wondered

as the search for valuables continued. More sellable weapons, arrows, and finally a crest. Gold and genuine, the thing that represented a family in this day and age.

Without a noble crest, a family was naught but a lie. Tis what separated noble blood from commoners. There was also a special rule about these golden commodities, anyone who held any crest from any family whether killed or stolen is immediately the head of said family. The more of these trinkets a person had, the more powerful he was considered. Even the Royal family possessed one. Before being officially recognized by the kingdom, one must form a blood contract with the ornament, thus entering the person's name into an archive which was rarely checked by anyone.

"The hunt was good I'm guessing?" Undrar spoke, still in his mind.

"Yes..." realization hit, "-what are you doing here? I told you to watch over EIRA, you stupid DRAGON," he ran as if his life depended on it. He ran, faster than ever, he ran, out of breath, the babe came in sight, peacefully sleeping. A heart, once-troubled, now calmed, he ran for Eira was someone he swore to watch over.

"Phew," he sighed, "-Undrar I told you... wait never mind, I didn't say anything did I?"

"..." She just shook her head in disappointment.

"No matter," the topic changed, "-I've found something interesting. A noble family's crest. How could a boy have possession of something so important, a coup d'état, the necromancer's doing, I'm sure of it."

"So, what family is it?"

"No clue and I don't care. All noble factions in Dorchester live near the border to Oxshield in, you guessed it, noble district... Hold up, what happens if one acquires the royal crest? Don't I effectively become the king... I say that as if it's easy. Waging war against Hidros with another kingdom is probably easier than stealin... That's not such a bad idea now, what do you think Undrar?"

"I don't know, either by force or using your wit, I'm here for better or for worse. Nonetheless, I need to remind you that you have Eira to worry about. Maybe slowly infiltrate noble homes and steal their crests, build power that way and ascend until you can lead a revolution. From what I've seen, the populous here in Dorchester isn't happy."

"Undrar you're amazing," he cradled the babe, "-Hidros is divided into six provinces each ruled by a Duke in a council of nobles. There are eight to ten nobles in each region, what if I overthrew one of said district, for example, Dorchester. The population will fight under the cause of a peaceful life, we've had enough of our home being treated as a battlefield. After the revolution, we can be self-sustained by our lands, declare independence, and take Hidros out from the inside. Such a task will be as if breaking a

mountain with only a pebble, but it's plausible. Though it's a shot in a dark, that might be something worth considering."

"You spout nonsense so nonchalantly it's unbelievable," Undrar voiced with bafflement, "-the dream you speak of isn't that far as you think, it can be pulled off, if not, just kill everyone, I mean, it will be your job in the near future," she chuckled.

"Funny, very funny, look I'm laughing out loud," the face expressionless.

"Stop it with the sarcasm," she had enough, "-form the blood pact already."

"Fine," a small cut, the golden crest in form of a sunflower changed into the face of a dragon, the family name Haggard was burnt into the pages of the archive. The current title was Baron, beside his family name, Haggard, his strength as a mage was also inscribed. A-ranked mage, common but powerful. Breaking into the S-rank was a task people took years to accomplish. All the information transferred over to the backside of the crest, a record book for strengths, accomplishments, and status. The reason why he trusted the crest system was that it originated from the stars. Ancient Magic none could decipher much less alter its basic structure, the starting point where mages of now learned.

"Staxius..." she materialized into spirit form, "-why's the crest my face of a thousand of years ago?" she shouted.

"Don't speak so loudly, you'll wake Eira," after the warning, "-alright," he turned from the sea, "-the time is about ten o'clock. We are heading out; I've got provisions to last us a few days."

Not looking back, the walk inside the profound, shadowy, and the ominous forest began. Eira close to his chest, still cradled, she was held tightly. A massive backpack, a makeshift necklace with the dragon crest hanging, a sword on his belt, and Undrar on his shoulder continually pestering.

No money and nothing to his name, not even clothes for his daughter who now wore her father's bloodied coat. Neither did he feel pain nor felt as if it was a burden, with a smile on his face, the adventure commenced.

The Wielder of Death Magic #Chapter 20 - Read The Wielder of Death Magic Chapter 20

The Holy Knight, A Paladin

"Staxius, I've been meaning to ask this for a long time now, why did you pick the name Eira?" Undrar asked as she stared at the young babe still sleeping from the morning.

“Is that all? Here I was wondering if you’d ask me to marry you or something along those lines, well it’s pretty simple. Remember my time in the library, at my future home? Well, I came across some ancient text depicting various other gods and civilizations, it’s then that I found the name Eir, a goddess from Norse mythology associated with healing. Eira just popped in my head, her white hair and pale skin were what gave me that inspiration, I’ve said it earlier but she looks like a snow angel, Eira in my mind feels cold and mysterious. I may be spouting nonsense by this point so let’s drop the subject.”

“I see, it’s rather fitting actually, in the near future this innocent babe may become the one who saves you in the end.”

“Like that’s ever going to happen, once she’s seven, I’ll sit down and ask what she wants to do, of course, I’ll be using dark arts, even though it’s combined with my death element now. The moment I feel any resistance because she oppresses her true feelings I’m letting her go, but that will be decided in seven years, I’m still eighteen. By the way, I lied about being twenty, I mean I look the part, so why not make it official.” He pulled out his tongue.

“Did you falsify your credential in the capital?”

“Do you really have to ask?”

The further our hero went into the forest conveniently named the Rotten Thicket, a place so devoid of human interaction it feels as if God himself resided here the more the imposing it got. Setting his fear aside, the walk continued, it had been one day so far, camping in the middle of nowhere with no clue on the time of day was hard, Eira continually pestered him, food, crying and her private business became the norm. It was difficult for a couple to take care of a baby whose only a few months old, now imagine an eighteen-year-old in their place.

“Judging by the surroundings we are now about a fourth of the way out, if my mind remembers correctly, just exiting Rotten Thicket, lays a small village. Undrar, I have a favor to ask.” He spoke softly.

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“You need but ask young master, I’m at your disposal.”

“Drop the servant act, listen to me closely, I’ve sensed numerous people stalking us since we’ve entered here. My guess is that they are bandits or soldiers from one of the noble factions, if they have a uniform, I want you to check their insignia. Just teleport inside my mind once you’re done, I’ll lose them somehow, after all, erasing my presence is what I’m good at.”

“Be right back,”

Instantly, Undrar vanished. Now alone in the middle of an unfamiliar and possibly deadly

surrounding stood Staxius, leaves brushing against each other, the wind whistling by as it caressed the trees whom, ashamed, hid their emotions by covering the makeshift trail with the aid of the foliage who stood unwavering from the scorching sunlight.

Slowly easing his way away from the commonly used trail, our hero hid, ever so patiently waiting for Undrar's return. Without information, Staxius's intellect and genius are wasted, in a dire situation where the sake of someone special is on the line, the subconscious takes over pretty quickly. The necessary action needed to ensure his survival is thrown into his line of thoughts without him lifting a finger.

"My heart, it's beating so fast, my brain is jumbled with nonsensical scenarios, I can't do anything.

There are so many possible outcomes I can't rationally make a decision, coming back from the hall of rebirth has changed me for the worse. I feel so weak and useless, it's not funny. I act strongly on the outside but the only thing that has kept me from faltering is the ability to not feel anything. Now that it's gone, I'm back to being how I was, useless, unworthy to protect anyone, the sad little me who only relied on his father, I'm scared, it's so pathetic I want to cry..."

The fight against the urge to give up and just run away was a constant battle Staxius went through on a daily basis since his return. The footsteps grew closer, mumbling, whispers and the sound of swords unsheathing. Bows being drawn, the forest got darker, it was the rain-clouds, covering the sun's rays. The fear of losing Eira got the better of Staxius, he unwillingly tightened his grip. Having her ears right against his beating heart, the long and profound nap broke. Her eyes slowly opened, in front of her a boy, breathing heavily, she sensed his fear. Instead of crying in face of the unknown, Eira, smart for a babe, used her tiny hands to pinch his cheeks and wiggle it back and forth. With a smile as big as heaven's gate, Staxius's fear vanished, with a kiss on her forehead, he put her down inside a bush while patting her head. Using the blazer he got from the foolish nobleman's boy, he covered Eira even tighter. Her eyes began to water, her expression changed to sad, she was about to burst out crying.

"What am I thinking, running away, crying? I've got a child to take care of, I can't be weak anymore,

I need to become the hero she will grow up to admire and respect, Eira, I've vowed to protect you, thanks for reminding me of the things that matter. I'm sorry but," *Dark Arts, emotional control.*

Her eyes got heavier by the second, Eira fell asleep.

“Staxius, you were right about them being soldiers, the crest they have is a cross, I think they are from the church you were going on about yesterday. I’ve got bad news, among them is someone wielding two golden swords, it’s the paladin from Kreston, I felt his power, it’s over SSS-rank, his no ordinary fighter, I counted five of them in total, including this holy knight.”

“A paladin, what is the meaning of this, is this the church planning to take over Dorchester? Don’t tell me this is going to be a repeat from ten years ago, a crusade, Undrar, this is bad, very bad. If the paladin is here it means that they’ve already crossed the border. Undrar I need your help, this is urgent, do you think you can take care of Eira?”

“If you want me to carry her away from the forest, then it’s possible, I can semi-materialize and take her with me if you want.”

“Grea...”

“That is to say I will not oblige such a foolish request from you master, I’ve sworn to protect you.”

“Don’t cut me off while I’m speaking. For your information, I’ve sworn to protect Eira, I need you to do this for me, I’m begging you, please.” His face said it all, the seriousness in his eyes, the will to protect someone, a true hero.

“...Fine, this will be the last time we meet, before you go jumping into the battle, remember you can’t die, Eira is waiting for you.” With a kiss on her forehead, Staxius left both Undrar and Eira.

Stumbling out of the forest, the plan Staxius came up with was to act clueless,

“Who goes there,” A deep voice asked, it was the paladin, someone in their late twenties, blonde hair, white and blue armor with a cross in the middle of the chest plate.

“Tis only me, I went for a piss in the forest, after I heard footsteps I decided to investigate.”

As the one whom you’re contracted to, I order thy to reveal this man’s weakness and how to exploit it. Dark Arts, Sense personality.

[Victim: Bryant Tiebaut, age 25]

[Personality: Bloodthirsty]

[Prediction: Brainwashed by the church]

[Weakness: Error, barrier detected]

[Best Approach: Kill him]

“Went for a piss now did we, answering mother nature’s call is something everyone has to do. Sadly, you should have chosen to keep in the shadows with your other comrade who’s currently running away, pretty nimble if you ask me.”

“...” Speechless, he stood, flabbergasted.

Sniff, Sniff, “Oh the smell of blood, aging, and pure, did you recently kill someone? What a stupid question, you’ve got the eyes of a cold-blooded killer.”

“Guess you truly are the strongest man in the holy army, my dear Bryant Tiebaut.”

“... How does one so unworthy as you dare to speak my name so casually.” He screamed.

“Now, now, where are your manners mister holy knight, tell your men to back off, surrounding me while I converse with you is rude.”

Doup, doup, doup, doup. Armor hitting each other while it fell onto the ground, using poison darts, with limited vision, Staxius took out the paladin’s bodyguards in a matter of seconds.

“I deeply apologize for my subordinate’s foolishness, I was going to personally take their heads but you did that for me, so thank you. Now then, I guess you know what this means.” He smirked, the psycho residing inside his mind woke.

“A fight to the death, come at me holy knight, in this world, its kill or be killed.”

Two pairs of eyes met, one bloodthirsty with no remorse for slaughtering innocent lives and one with a stare so cold it could freeze water. *Whoosh,* Dirt, and pebbles were thrown backward the moment both opponents rushed each other sword in hand, *Bam,* The collision of aura, as well as the strength put into that first strike, sent gusts of wind throughout the forest. They were at a deadlock, it was a pure battle of strength, only option for both of them was to agree and fall back so that they could fight again. With a quick nod of the head, after gauging the strength each one possessed. They returned to their original position.

“I must admit, you’re strong...”

“It’s Staxius Haggard, likewise, sadly, for both of us to hold back like that is a bit disgraceful to the god of war, don’t you think?”

“I agree, sadly, I only follow the church, I care not about offending gods who are only but fiction.”

“Talk about being delusional.”

The cacophony of two skilled swordsmen fighting each other soon covered the whole forest, Staxius was matching the paladin blow for blow, sadly the weapon he wielded was weak and frail, using reinforcement magic, large amounts of his mana drained with each parry and block. The fight reached the fifteen-minute margin, both parties got exhausted, however, instead of retreating, this was a fight between men. A duel to the death, the best thing someone could have hoped for in this unforgiving land.

“Eira, stay here, I’ll go get your father, his strength is slowly diminishing, I can feel it.” With a snap of her finger, Undrar teleported from her house, located inside the hall of rebirth to the mortal realm. Bringing a mortal into the hall was foolish, no one can say it can’t be done, but this was the only option Undrar had. The side effects of doing something so unforeseen was unknown to even the gods themselves.

“Keep fighting young master, I’ll be by your side soon.” Undrar, still in spirit form flew as fast as she could through the dense forest.

Huff, Puff, “Man this fight has been delicious, your blood tastes so divine I’d have mistaken you for a god if not for this fight of ours.” He smiled as he licked the tip of the blade.

Out of breath, Staxius was at the limit of his strength, he had nothing else left inside his bag of tricks, the final move had lastly come, with a smile he rushed paladin Bryant with all his might.

Bam, Two thrusts, both aimed at his heart, our hero fell, defeated, his consciousness faded away, the death element began to activate, sadly, another stab as he laid on the ground face down completely destroyed his mana link. He could naught but cough and finally rest.

“Pathetic, you were a good adversary until that last move, you knew I was going to kill you no matter what, so you chose to rush into death head first. You foolish yet brave warrior, I applaud your efforts.”

With a quick pull, the paladin placed both of Staxius’s arms onto his chest like someone in a coffin. Honoring the worthy was something everyone practiced in Hidros, the dragon crest shined and caught his attention.

“A boron, this insignia, the bringer of death, you’ve been blessed by a dragon, I’m amazed, it’s a shame to leave such a trinket in your company, nevertheless, it looks important to you, farewell, Staxius Haggard.” With a quick nod, the paladin disappeared

In the middle of her sprint towards the battlefield, Eira’s mana began to go out of control, the effects of the hall of rebirth manifested, having no choice in the matter, she teleported back and took her with. Undrar ran, body partially see-through with Eira in

hand. There he laid, peacefully and with a smile on his face, Staxius Haggard, pierced through the heart, he bled, thanks to gravity's handy work as the wind blew painlessly over his lifeless corpse, defeated and unworthy to protect someone, he died.

"You promised..."