

The Wielder of Death Magic #Chapter 2 - Read The Wielder of Death Magic Chapter 2

The start of a new life[1]

Baffled by the birth of a monster, the director and instructor stood in complete silence. Meanwhile, in the arena, the sustained injuries caught up to the burst of power. 'My heart is throbbing, my chest is on fire, there's a weird scythe on my palm, my body feels like it's about to fall apart. Is adrenaline the only thing keeping me from passing out? Where is the robot, why do I smell dust, something is off, my eyelids are getting heave...' *BAM,* he dropped.

The fall snapped the moment of uncertainty. "Bring in the medical team this instant, "ordered the instructor, "-we have an applicant who's gravely injured." The message blasted across the general communication channel, a network linking every department around the school.

A few minutes later, doctors accompanied by their assistants rushed the entrance. An ambulance waited on standby. Fortunately, the academy was very strict about the safety of its students. Having one of the best hospitals among the province at arms reach was a must if one wanted to achieve greatness.

The broken-down wreck of bones and limbs hoisted onto the stretcher. They rolled out, the bleeding didn't stop. Soon, he was admitted.

Sophie and director Josiah had a private meeting about the fate of said monster.

"Instructor Sophie," they waited inside the booth, "-you've always had the gift of distinguishing the talented from boasters. Tis one of the main reasons for the recent transfer. I fear, this time, you've uncovered something of which must have remained dormant. Do you realize the magnitude of the problem we are to face?" said he in anguish.

"Director," she calmly returned his unwavering glare, "-I was stunned. Telling a person's motives and personality is often very simple. One but has to watch their eyes and mannerism. I was left speechless. The boy didn't have any opening to exploit. Those eyes were emotionless, and the way he moved was mechanical. The speech felt somewhat soothing; a? gentle and calm voice. It put me at ease, so I went with my gut and decided to give a chance." Josiah's reaction didn't seem much keen. She followed with, "-from a logical perspective, what could a guy who barely scored a D-rank in the exam accomplish?" her actions were clarified, the director's face tightened.

"I see your point," he exhaled, "-awakening an element is something sacred. Not many people have the luxury to get access to such extravagance. If left unchecked, a wild sorcerer could wipe out an entire city, they're walking bombs. Hence why we don't

randomly awaken elements.” His frustration came from the repercussion as great chaos would befall the central branch. The supervising committee would be furious, such a blunder shall never be allowed to happen.

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“Director Josiah,” said she tired of the constant? bickering, “-I’ll take full responsibility for correctly educating this so-called monster.” Tensed to baffled, he couldn’t believe what was said. “I have faith the boy has nothing malicious planned.” A deep inhale set her eyes ablaze,

“-as from now, I, Sophie Mirabelle, an SSS-ranked mage, hereby takes Staxius Haggard as my apprentice.”

Out of guilt, she placed forth something unexpected; an idea, a goal to teach the young man.

“What are you doing,” he interjected, “-Sophie, this will ruin your entire life,” the voice turned serious, “-taking in an apprentice means to become their parent for four years. Said apprentice will be under your care until he graduates. Any mistakes or financial trouble will be covered by the master. Are you sure you want to pledge four years to that freak of nature?” The initial doubt subsided; Josiah’s face eased, a hint of excitement wrote across his firm lips. The youngest and most talented SSS-rank sorcerer finally took on a student. The air within the booth remained static. He wasn’t convinced though the face said otherwise.

“I fully comprehend my actions, sir,” her sincere tone slashed the veil of prejudice, “-I’ve also ruined that boy’s life. Cowardice shan’t be accepted,” she looked to the side, “-I’ve fully thought about my personal life, seeing marriage is not going to happen, why not take on an apprentice. Let me be a mentor,” she smiled and meant every word said.

“Sophie, you’ve always been such a rash and spontaneous niece. I hope you don’t come to regret the decision. Form a blood contract as soon as he wakes. We’ll decide about lodging and where he will study afterward,” a feeble half-smile escaped.

“Thank you, uncle, you will witness the birth of a god among men. I hope you’re ready.” She left with a quick wave. Josiah turned and faced the blood-stained arena; a feeling of nostalgia whelmed within.

‘A monster trained by a demon; this should be interesting. Tempest Haggard, it seems your stories held merit. I may be persuaded to change my thoughts about what kind of person you are.’

‘The beginning of March. After a month of preparation, all the magical academies around the continent are ready to welcome their new students. Tis customary for apprentices to enjoy at least a month with their family and recover from injuries

sustained during the exams. For many, it was an opportunity at a new life; away from their old self as trainee sorcerers. Maybe find love, deep bonds with new friends, or just glide through the four years and secure the future. Alas, here I am, a boy who's remained in a coma for two weeks. My jawline was wrecked by a robot I didn't even see,' he sighed, the eyes opened to a white ceiling, '-the sad part is I don't even know if I have a home, much less a future.' He turned to the right, '- the only entertainment is staring out of the window and making shapes out of the clouds. At night, stargazing. I'd see shooting stars and occasionally hear couples being cute outside. Who comes to a hospital to flirt?' he chuckled and sat, 'I'll miss this place. I'm able to stand thanks to the staff. I ought to say goodbye. Probably going to have to get a part-time job. One month inside a hospital does take it out of you' He ambled to the door with a plastic bag containing clothes provided by the hospital. The normal attire, an oversized brown shirt, and dirty old ruined pants. The bloodstains didn't wash off either, only the pants were wearable. Opposed to the oversized shirt, he wore a plain white V-neck that reeked of alcohol.

Thus, he left after thanking the many who had helped. None was spared, from doctors to nurses, cleaners, and helpers, he thanked everyone personally. The staff grew attached to his personality during his recovery. A strange feeling compelled them to like him; something unnatural.

Inhale. 'The smell of fresh air,' the arms stretched, '-the sun feels nice, the warm breeze caressing my cheeks, its heaven. I should leave Claireville Academy, was a good dream while it lasted. Time to face reality – food is the priority. My brain doesn't work on an empty stomach.' Staff members rushed to give a warm farewell. He walked without looking back, drawn to the fragrance of the trees scattered around the premises. None informed about the recovery, from the institute's point of view, an empty bed was a priority. Commoners didn't hold much interest, they come and go without record.

Central Claireville Academy in itself was a town. One could get access to anything desired or sought after. In addition, being somewhat close to Rosespire, the capital of Oxshield, due south of Dorchester, made it simpler to acquire supplies. The inhabitants were wealthy. The academy made sure life wasn't hard. Hydros being a massive continent divided into six provinces. One larger than the other. Vastness was sure to lit the fire of discrimination. Nevertheless, the equality brought by the Order lowered the risk of civil war.

The sun shone; the scorching heat balanced against the strong wind. The walking pace slowed; he left the academy grounds and wondered, 'Should I stay in here or move to Rosespire. Life in the academy will be expensive as is common to nobility. A shady lodging in the darkest corner of the capital might perhaps be the best choice. The distance to the capital is hefty, can't take the train nor the airship. On foot, maybe weeks. It's already noon, I'll snoop around town and do odd jobs, get some food and sleep under the night sky.' He headed on to the town square, finding a job where merchants did business wasn't hard. Hope was of someone needing of a pair of hands to unload merchandise.

Something poked his back on the way to town. The sensation slowly grew annoying. Thinking the wind was responsible, he turned to be left speechless.