

The Wielder of Death Magic #Chapter 21 - Read The Wielder of Death Magic Chapter 21

Sten Parcyvell

Somewhere inside the thick and dense Rotten Thicket, lay Staxius Haggard, defeated and gone. The rain-clouds who once helped him conceal his movement began to pour down. The gusts picked up in intensity, the forest seemed as if it were crying or rejoicing. The once bodied face slowly cleaned up with the help of water coming down from the heavens, the body was still warm. Feeling betrayed, Undrar, and Eira who's gaze wandering all round got closer to their companion.

"My body, it so warm and weightless I feel like I'm floating. My heart, it's beating, the heavy burden I once had feels as if it has been lifted. I hope everything can stay like this."

Staxius Haggard, beaten, was now floating inside a massive tunnel with countless other peoples and souls who had also died. It was the gateway which led to the hall of rebirth, a slow and peaceful journey as you reflected onto your past life, the decisions you made and regrets, everything was being played back. The one constant in those dreams were the familiar face of someone he knew for little but admired a lot, Sophie Mirabelle. The shortly lived days with her company was something he could not part even in death.

"My, my, how sad, my heir, my prodigy, what happened to you?"

The death reaper still dressed casually appeared from out of nowhere. Stunned, Staxius spoke,

"Greetings lord death, I apologize if I've cause unnecessary concern. As you see full well, I was defeated by the hands of a paladin whom strength I can't imagine surpassing."

"No need for all that my dear, what is done can't be undone, so tell me, child, do you have any regrets?"

"Regrets, E-Eira..." A tear faded into dust the moment it flowed, instantly told what the god of death needed to know.

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"Eira Haggard, a child who was destined to die on the day you took her in. You've effectively altered her life, sadly, without you by her side, she may die at any given point."

"I know that... But I-I had to, f-facing that paladin was the obvious choice, instead of thinking of myself I wanted to save her more than anything. THIS SUCKS." All the pent-up frustration finally let loose.

"Now, now, this isn't the time to blow a blood vessel. Look me in the eye and tell me who you really are." The god of death's tone intensified; he was serious for the first time since meeting his heir.

"That's obvious, I'm Staxius Haggard, wielder of the death element and next god of death." He shouted.

"That's the spirit, I might have forgotten to tell you this, but, you're immortal, oops." He pulled out his tongue.

"Unfathomable, this isn't time for your jests, lord death, I'm clearly dead. I mean, I'm floating with souls for gods' sake, look, an old geezer is even waving at me." He pointed behind the death reaper.

Witnessing something so stupid, he began to laugh loudly, the old geezer had the dumbest smile on his face, it was hilarious.

"Man, oh man, I haven't laughed this much since ages now, very well. Staxius Haggard, remember this well, death isn't an option for you, your soul has already passed the test for being called a divine entity. The journey in the mortal realm will last for centuries, you're going to train and get used to all the powers of a divine being until you've matched all adequate requirements for your ascension.

Therefore, go back there and live your life as recklessly as you want, the body will always repair itself. Also, when you die, the death element gets doubled, tripled and quadrupled so on and so forth its strength. Borderline is, the more you die, the stronger you get, exploit this if you want, that's up to you. In spite of that, I advise you to take life more seriously, being immortal doesn't give you the right to hurt the people closest to you. If you really want to gain power that badly, then go inside a secluded room and take your life for how many times you want. You're free to do whatever, Undrar isn't aware of that fact so pester her as much as you want. See you later, my prodigy."

"..." Confused, Staxius crossed his arms and blinked his eyes so many times it nearly cramped up. Realizing how much of a fool he had been up to this point, he laughed, the sad souls who died went through and around him. Everyone stared with envy in their eyes.

Knock, Knock, "Duke Sten Parcyvell, I apologize for my rudeness, but Commander Gareth has asked for your presence at once in the strategy room." A young squire shouted from the outside of the luxurious bedchamber.

"You may leave, your message has been received, I'll head down shortly." Duke Sten replied as a muffled moan made its way out of the room.

"Leaving so soon my dear," the lady lord Parcyvell was in bed with asked as she bit her lips while rocking back and forth. Angry, Sten tightened his grips around her gentle arms. *Slap,* "I care not if you're the princess of some fallen kingdom, no one has the right to call me my dear except for my wife who's currently tied up. Just look at her bloodied face, isn't she pretty."

The screams got louder and louder until it all stopped, the duke was done with his daily lustful and torturous desires. *Spit,* The big crimson-colored door closed behind his imposing figure, "Guards, throw that worthless piece of trash in the dungeon, get my dear wife some medical attention as well, a woman as resistant as her can't be found anywhere anymore." *Slurp*

The descent from the central tower, where both the study and alchemist lab as well as Duke Sten's personal chambers into the main hall was a long one. Garsley castle, a fortress which hasn't been breached since its construction was completed. It's one of the five guardians who protect the royal capital as anyone coming from Dorchester has to pass through a bridge next to it. The defenses are so tight even the smartest strategist in the last war couldn't complete their conquest into Oxshield.

"Gareth what is the matter, you've ruined my research."

"Research on how to make your next victim squirm even more?" He fired back instantly.

"Come on, old friend, this is for the sake of alchemy, now, what is the matter?"

"A question first, have you perhaps taken hostage a young girl with bright red hair and freckled cheeks?"

"Oh, you mean Suzanne, yes, I've just finished playing with her, what's the matter?"

"..." Gareth quietly gazed at Sten with disappointment.

"Don't stare at me like tha..."

"YOU FOOL, Suzanne, or so you call her your plaything, is the daughter of Duke Hawkin

Normannus, the one overseeing Kreston."

"So, what's the matter?"

"Idiot, Duke Hawkin is out for revenge, with the help of the holy army under the rule of Pope

Michael, they plan to conquer Dorchester and then march to Oxshield, this is a crusade because of your foolishness.”

“Is that so, a crusade, what does the king have to say about this?”

“No answers have come back so far, sadly, we can’t wait any longer, the paladin has been spotted wandering the border.”

“King Blaine is but an old man now, he shan’t do anything in fear of losing this fake peace presiding over Hidros.”

“What’s our next move? We can’t launch an attack just yet, facing the paladin without any good excuse for our men to rally under is plainly inviting death to our doorsteps.”

“If it is a good reason to fight, then leave that to me, I’ll leave the battle for you to plan, old friend.”

“What are you going to do?”

“What simpler way to get men’s heart to flutter than an abused lady, especially if that is my wife.”

“...” Confused, Gareth just stood around the circular table facing his lord.

“Guards, bring my lady wife,” With the aid of two guardsmen, Millicent Parcyvell, once the prettiest lady in the whole kingdom stumbled inside the room. Her face was filled with scars, her arms were limp, her legs were barely moving, her whole body had lost weight.

“What is that poor thing going to accomplish, selling her body won’t bring you anything now,” Gareth spoke out, still confused.

“Guards, you may leave,”

“Now then, we’re alone, what’s the plan?”

“Simple, we’ll ask l’ombre to take my lady wife into Kreston’s territory. We’ll send soldiers to go patrol around the border. The moment our soldiers will see a group of people wearing the holy army’s armor, carrying my fair lady, they will fight. I’ll instruct the actors to leave without getting involved, the magnificent Millicent, battered and beaten will be brought into our castle. She might get raped by our own men on the way here but who cares, once inside, we’ll have the perfect reason to launch an attack.” He smirked, with a quick glance at his pitiful looking wife, her eyes grew bigger, she tried to run away but her legs didn’t allow such luxury.

“You wicked man, I’ll ask the other nobles to attend a ceremony in the name of your birthday.”

“That’s right, you understood my intention pretty well, old friend, let’s bring Kreston down.” They both laughed and drank until midnight.

“The sound of rain hitting the ground, the wind blowing across the midnight sky, I’m cold, everything is so peaceful, am I back in Hidros? My body, it feels so heavy, why can’t I move, tiny arms hugging me amidst this downpour, it can’t be, EIRA.”

Staxius woke, reincarnated, he woke once again, on top of him laid the freezing Eira Haggard, her skin felt tender, her face flushed, everything went south. Undrar was nowhere to be found, the rain kept on intensifying. With what little strength he had left, the young father dashed babe in hand for cover. The rigid looking backpack was still there, it was dry but empty, all the provision stored had been stolen. Deep inside, Staxius knew Eira was in trouble, no other options left, he slid the now naked Eira Haggard into the uncomfortable looking interior. She was sound asleep or past out, no one knew the answer.

For the next six hours, Staxius alternated between running and walking, the exit was in sight, the light at the end of a nightmarish tunnel, he made it, all the way out, without a care for his own safety, still bloodied and injured, he rushed into town as the sun slowly rose from its slumber.

“Sir, please help me, I’ve got a child who desperately needs medical attention,”

Ignored by the peasants, Staxius asked everyone until eventually, he reached a strange-looking cabin with skulls on sticks overlooking the village.

Knock, Knock, “Please hel…”

“Shut up already you loudmouth, you’ve disturbed everyone’s early routine by shouting help me to their face. I know your desperate kid, but what’s the matter.” An old-sounding man asked.

“I’ll apologize later, I need you to check on my daughter, she hasn’t woken up for a long time now.”

The elder finally came in sight, bald with spots of black, a grey beard as long as his hand, a body as frail as glass, he reached out to Staxius, “Show me the babe.”

Without skipping a beat, he took Eira out of the backpack and laid her at the elder’s feet. After closely examining her, the elder took his walking stick and, *BAM,*

“What’s the problem?” He asked unfazed.

“This girl has been blessed with water and cold protection, she’s completely fine, she only has a slight fever, nothing major.”

“Phew, that’s a relief, thanks Undra...” With Eira safe and secure, the life-threatening injuries Staxius sustained earlier still not fully healed, caught up with him, he fell soon after, blood began to flow onto the polished floor as he reopened his wounds.

“Sorry,” With a smile, he passed out.

The Wielder of Death Magic #Chapter 22 - Read The Wielder of Death Magic Chapter 22

Frostrest

The rain-clouds, out of energy, left and gave way to the sun once again who shined as brightly as ever. Staxius woke inside the same cabin he passed out yesterday, the floor was cold, the sun made it hot while the wind blew away the excess heat, this hut was a perfect balance. Chest heavy, body aching from all over, head in pain, he woke once again.

“My chest, it’s so heavy, Eira... get off already.” He mumbled while the struggle to lift himself up continued.

“Hihihhi,” Only responds he got was a peaceful giggle, his babe, the snow angel. With all his might he sat, upright with her in arms, the once-troubled and aching heart finally left to rest, this moment was pure bliss.

“Man, this has been a journey. It all began with that faithful entrance exam, then Sophie Mirabelle made me her brother. I entered a prestigious magic school known as Claireville Academy. Wait... after that, my memory, it’s lacking... the meeting with Death reaper and finally Eira Haggard, look at her, so cheerful, her smiles sent waves throughout my body. Hold up, she has clothes for once.”

“I see that you’ve woken up,” *Cough, Cough.* The elder who took them in entered the hut by lifting a long and large piece of cloth hanging on the door. It took a while for Staxius’s eyes to adjust to the light coming from the outside.

“Thanks a lot, sir, you’ve saved my only daughter, I owe you my life if that is what you desire.” Grateful, he smiled. Ignored by everyone except his grandchildren, the old man found himself strangely attached to the uncommon duo.

“Don’t worry about that son, I must ask though, is she really your daughter? Her facial figure is nothing like yours.” He inhaled loudly after every long sentence; the geezer was weak.

“Yes, she is my lovely daughter, I agree she doesn’t look anything like me, that is because she took after her mother, sadly she died shortly after giving birth. We were young and foolish, playing around at night resulted in this youngling here, our future, my only hope, Eira Haggard.” He replied, a voice close to crying, eyes dim and sad, his ability to alter his emotions was in full effect.

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Cough, cough, “Playing around, ha-ha, youth is such a great thing, anyways I came to give you back your stuff, Boron Staxius Haggard, I’ve personally washed your battered up and still bloodstained suit, time to change.”

“So, you know,” With a quick smile he asked, “Where are we exactly?”

“Frostrest, look behind you, our guardian mountain, one of the tallest in the kingdom, Brisnet Heights. Anyhow, just get ready and dress that babe up properly, I’ve given both you and her winter clothing for when you eventually head to the capital, winter is fast approaching.” Stumbling out of the hut, the old geezer headed into the village.

“Frostrest, lovely, I’ve made it someday yesterday, we need to reach Krigi within five months.” *Growl,* “Eira, your hungry aren’t you, alright let’s go look for food.” Every time Staxius spoke to her, she gave him her full attention, it was as if she understood what he was saying, purely coincidental or just that the babe was smart, she nodded.

Babe in hand, a backpack nearly empty on his shoulder, no weapons, no food, only a few copper coins he found while looting the dead peasants he found on the beach, he headed deeper into the village. The hut he spent the night at was on a small hill, it overlooked the whole village, you could see up to the forest he came out of. The scenery was picturesque, he could even see the beach if he tried hard enough.

Inhale, “The fresh morning breeze, what a luxury, I feel refreshed, now where is Undrar.” Having had enough of the waiting, annoyed, Staxius screamed, “Undrar,” at top of his lungs. Startled, Eira cried, he momentarily forgot Eira was with him, in a desperate attempt to calm her fury, he swayed her back and forth while softly caressing her whiteish hair which reflected as it bathed in the sunlight.

“... That shout, it can’t be... Master?” Undrar, shocked, dropped all the potions she was gathering in hopes of saving Staxius, “He’s alive,” Nervous, she called back the blackish white portal and jumped, straight for the unsuspecting Staxius who stood atop a greenish hill with only a dirt path leading down.

“MASTER,” She shouted, the portal appeared few meters away from the hut, in front of Staxius who stood unfazed. She rushed, not wanting to get himself dirty again, he dodged and kicked her butt which changed her trajectory, she ended up crashing into a bolder. Stopped, she turned around and smiled while tears filled her face as well as blood.

Chuckle, He smirked, "Undrar, you're bleeding..." The realization hit, "YOU'RE BLEEDING." Still not feeling any remorse, he slowly eased his way into a safe distance, he crouched down and checked her forehead by lifting her blonde hair, it began to disappear, the scar, it vanished as it left a speckle of dust. Conscious, she hugged Staxius's left side which wasn't occupied.

"I'm sorry for abandoning you and Eira in that hellish forest, I was scared, I didn't know what to do so I ran for the hall of rebirth." Following that, she explained everything that happened.

"It's fine, don't worry about it, you did cast protection onto Eira here so I forgive you, I'll apologize as well, I rushed into battle without even considering your feelings and intentions, I promise it won't happen again, now care to tell me why you shirked in size?"

"Oh, simple, I materialized using the power I had left, at the moment I look like a teenager, but in a month or so I'll grow to be at my full strength."

"And why did you materialize?" The frustration increased in intensity.

"... I thought b-being real w-would h-help you..." She was on the verge of crying.

"Undrar, aren't you supposed to be a demi-god, so why the heck are you close to crying."

"B-because you're m-mean."

"Sigh, listen, I'm not mad or anything, it's just that I'll have two more mouths to feed. Well no matter, don't worry about that."

"Staxius, I'm so sorry, I didn't think me being real was going to be such a burden on you, I apologize, I'll head for the hall of rebirth this instant." Her tone got sadder.

"Wait," Staxius caught her hand before she could summon another portal, "don't leave, let's be together." A grin appeared from the usual stoic face he had.

"B-but, you s-said it y-yourself, I'm a b-burden." She argued even more.

"Trust me, I'll have you repay me somehow," *Foo*

Gulp, "O-okay..."

Her mind now at ease, the conversation continued.

"Now then Undrar, you look like a kid, I'd say probably fifteen years old. Calling you Undrar all the

time is a pain; don't you have any other name I can use?"

"Well, bringer of death or dragon of the void are my other names, I understand that said names aren't so subtle. You've promised to give me a normal name once we enter your realm, so get to it."

"A name, how about Viola Undrar Haggard? You're going to be traveling with me, I'll just tell people you're my kid sister or something."

"Viola Undrar Haggard, hmm, so we're officially family?"

"Well yeah, is that a problem?"

"Not really, just took me by surprise, here I was thinking you never trusted people."

"It's true, but an infant and a demi-god aren't classified as people, trusting you both is something I can get by."

"Undrar, or should I say, Viola, I have a question."

"Speak your mind,"

"Why are you dressed like a vampire?"

"Oh, tis the only bit of clothing that fit my... you know, everything else was larger than expected."

"Let's head into the village, I need to apologize to everyone before we leave, I can't be ungrateful to them, I have to get rid of the misunderstanding I caused thanks to the dilemma of me asking for help, don't you agree, Eira?"

Cute Eira replied with a giggle, the party now consisting of Staxius, Eira and Undrar slowly descended the not so steep hill. With the exception of the old geezer's hut, everything in this village was poorly designed, wooden homes on the brink of collapse, the villagers were either working hard in the fields situated not so far or making cheap clothes and accessories. Further inside, the village hall, the only building with an upper floor stood like a flower admits weeds.

The elder stood near the door, he seemed troubled, looking for someone or something, his head went from left to right until the gaze fell onto the clueless party. Using his hands, he signaled Staxius to approach,

"What's the matter, sir?" Staxius asked politely.

"Just enter already," He demanded.

Inside, he recognized most of the villagers, they were the one who ignored him the night before, without any complaints against their action, Haggard quickly apologized. This, in turn, turned all the gloomy faces into one of surprise and astonishment.

"I apologize for the trouble I caused yesterday, my daughter was very ill, the thought of losing her made me desperate, I thank you for letting me stay the night."

"D-don't apologize, it's us who needs to apologize to you, burdened by our own lord who constantly exploits us, we could not see nor help someone who truly needed it." A unanimous yes reverberated throughout the hall.

"I understand, Viola, come here," he ordered, "can you please take care of your niece for a while, big brother has stuff to attend to," he asked, face void of any emotion. Reluctant to let go, Eira threw a tantrum. *Emotional control, sleep.* Eyes feeling heavy, she slept, with a quick nod, Undrar left babe in hand.

"Now then gentlemen, how may I be of service, I haven't been called here only to be apologized to.

The look on the geezer's face says it all, I'm guessing you know that I'm a Boron, however, before we start, I'd like to put this out there, I'm poor, I'm not from noble birth, I've killed people to get this status, now then, let's start." Staxius was back to his prior self, serious, intelligent and cynical.

The truth coming out of his mouth was so bitter everyone could not meet his gaze much less stare at him. Everyone was guilty, they hadn't got the courage to speak until the rescuer spoke out,

"I'll be frank with you young one, I've saved you and now you're in my debt."

"I know that, what do you need?"

"I want you or rather we want you to overthrow Boron Hamon Bayard since he took command, each day has been peril. We get taxed far heavier that we barely have food to get by, most of the strong men and pretty ladies in our humble village has been either abducted or killed. The one in charge of such cruelty is Sten Parcyvell, he's a full-blown sadist with no care for his people. We've lived through this oppression for so long now, I don't think we'll last till next year at this rate."

"Look at these people, being oppressed, it's not my problem but whatever, I want to let off some steam as well."

"Very well, how do you plan on overthrowing this Hamon Bayard?"

“Our only hope is contacting the order, luckily, we’ve already established connections with one of their mages a long time ago, all he asks is for us to get rid of Hamon. So many men have tried but

all died in the end.”

“The Order, mages, I forgot we lived in a world where magic plays a big part, these people are so clueless, that sorcerer isn’t going to save them, he probably wants Hamon off the list so that he can raise in rank by ruling over a small village, nothing will change, still better than getting treated like slaves. I’m not that arrogant to think I can rule a small village like this into prosperity, my own livelihood comes first. Like father said, people are tools for someone to use, they are born to be ruled over by someone superior, nothing can be done for them at this point, killing the noble and leaving is smarter than getting involved into a power struggle, Dorchester is about to turn into a war-zone, I have to prepare.”

“Very well, I’ve heard your plea, tell me when and where said noble is and I shall dispose of him.”

“Excellent, I was right to ask you this favor, your eyes speak volume and your aura even more so,

Hamon Bayard is currently patrolling the border, he will stop by Frostrest to resupply later in the evening, he’s been stationed there for a week now, his lust is probably overflowing, we’ve been ordered to gather all the ladies of the village to welcome him once he’s back. You know what that means don’t you?”

Excited, Staxius’s aura got more sinister than usual, the face blank, unreadable, the resolve to kill anyone who got in his way was incredible. He left soon after, blood-lust overflowing.

Back at the hut, Undrar and Eira patiently waited for his arrival, the cloth hanging over the door lifted up, killing intent faded into the void, seeing Eira, the heart, once angry slowly calmed down.

“Let me guess, you’ve been asked to kill someone haven’t you Staxius?”

“Don’t tell me you do fortune-telling now,”

“Stop hiding your true intention, I’m here to listen.”

“Staying in a coma for more than a year has truly messed my mind up, I forgot all about the order and mages, the sheer agony people live through to get by every day, it brings me shame to have forgotten the governing principles of my ideals, however, now, I’m back.” Hidden behind a smile so fake it looked genuine, lurked the true god of death, a cold-blooded killer who’s sleeping thanks to Eira Haggard, his limiter.

The Wielder of Death Magic #Chapter 23 - Read The Wielder of Death Magic Chapter 23

Silver Guardian [1]

The evening soon approached, the light grew colder, everything became dim. The long-awaited arrival was here. In front of a large mist of dust caused by horses emerged Boron Hamon Bayard, his eyes screamed danger, the aura he slowly let seep out was very powerful.

"I guess that's your cue to go," Undrar spoke as she swayed Eira back and forth.

"Yeah, nothing ever changes, I'll always be a killer at heart, maybe I need to find a profession as an assassin. No matter, please take care of Eira, compared to the paladin, these guys are small fries."

He left the wooden cabin, "Not to mention the fact I get stronger when I die, immortal sure feels awesome." He thought as he sneaked deeper into the village with the cover of the night sky, which began overwhelming the surroundings. Using the farthest away house, observing as patiently as a wolf who's waiting to pounce, he waited. Led from the hut down, the same dirt path separated the village in two separate areas. It was like a border whom none cared about.

Powerless, the villages in fear of the boron's wrath obeyed his prior order. Ladies, teenagers and even married women were made to stand in line. Soldier's bearing a leaf insignia marched into the village. Swords on their belt, guns resting in their backpacks, each one of those men had murderous intent flowing through their veins. Without Undrar's help, gauging their strength was close to impossible, reading their aura wasn't enough. After a number of soldiers entered, boron Hamon Bayard made his grand entrance. Atop a horse he sat, overlooking everyone, searching for the next girl who could satisfy his lustful desires.

"Bring the elder this instant." He ordered.

"Yes, sire," Without skipping a beat, members of the platoon brought back the old geezer. Too tired to even stand, he fell onto his knees. Instead of getting off the horse as any other normal human would, the boron jumped. The landing was indeed impressive, however, all that was just scare tactics. Briskly, Hamon grabbed the geezer's neck and lifted his head up without a care for his health.

"I said, bring me women so I can live my life as a lustful noble. You instead chose to bring me the worst of the bunch. Elder, you've deeply hurt my heart, for this, you shall pay with the blood of your own comrades." The grip over the elder lessened, "Men, we've been through hell to end up here alive. The war is fast approaching, Duke Parcyvell will guide both you and me to victory, so tonight, I order you men to find

anyone you like, age matters not, gender matters not, find anyone and let loose your bestial instincts. Killing one or two just to fill your lust is fine, don't hold back men,

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ENJOY.”

“YEAHHHH.” Everyone in the platoon screamed, they all rejoiced. Once the speech was over and done with, members of the boron's army forced their way onto the villagers. It was just like he said, age didn't matter, they spared no one, even the young girls were prey to them.

“Disgusting, these men are animals, I wish I could help, but fighting them all at once is foolish. I apologize elder, your people will have to act like bait before I rush in. Man thinking about them getting raped is unsettling, people are but tools for my own gains, so why bother. This is why emotions are a pain with my line of thinking.”

Without care for ethics, they began ripping clothes out on the dusty path, some already began, the torturous night was set ablaze. They cried out for help, it all fell on deaf ears, Staxius watched, waiting for the perfect moment to kill Hamon. The boron was surrounded by five loyal guardians who appeared to be girls. Each of them watched with contempt in their eyes, behind, the boron began to feel them up. Putting hands inside their chest plates, this got so bad Staxius tried to look away.

Everything changed when a girl who appeared as old as Undrar bearing the same blonde hair was forced onto the ground. Her parents cried, begging for the girl to be spared, the mother offered herself, the father was shot. On the ground, she stared directly at Staxius who was still in the shadows, “Help us,” she whispered while a tear ran onto the ground.

“This is wrong, even if humans are tools to be used, they can't be treated this way, her father was just shot. My heart, it's throbbing, I feel it, the anger, the pain, their suffering, the whole village is crying out, I can feel it.” The gaze slowly faded into nothingness, the pentagram on the right palm began to burn, the ancient text glowed.

“Hamon Bayard, you truly are a vile human being, STOP ALL THIS NONSENSE AT ONCE.” He shouted, the power in his voice startled everyone.

“Hold at once men, we have a visitor.”

“Yes, sir,” Like robots, the soldiers formed a defensive line in front of their commander.

Staxius slowly closed in on the little girl who forced him to act, “Don't worry, everything is fine now, I'm sorry for not coming sooner.” He whispered.

“Who stands there, state your name and business,” Hamon spoke.

“My name... ha-ha-ha-ha, how can someone so abhorrent as you dare to speak to me in such a manner, know your place.” Staxius fired back with anger in his tone.

“K-know my p-place? You’ve been mistaken traveler, I’m the ruler of this village, I do as I see fit.”

“I see that clearly, no need to elaborate any further. To answer your previous question about my business, well tis very simple. I’ve been asked to kill you, sadly wiping out your men wasn’t in the deal. Nevertheless, I feel generous, *Whoosh,* Four poison darts ended inside the heads of the spear-men who stood in the front.

“ELIMINATE HIM,” Hamon shouted as fear began to grow.

A group of twenty-four men soon rushed Staxius who didn’t budge, instead, he gave a smile, one

which signaled death. *Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, from when you were born and till you die, I, the god of death, hold in my hands the strings which binds you to this world, by my authority, I order

thy to sever said chain, spell, Tactus Interitus.* With a snap the attackers all fell onto the floor like a bag of sand.

Bewildered, Hamon ordered the guardians to strike, forced, they dashed.

Death element activate, unleash aura, Before they reached Staxius, the five guardians felt the strength oozing from him and stopped. A longsword, the hilt bearing similarities to a dragon, two scarlet red eyes, on the guard and one on the blade itself which was as dark as the void, it burnt with a white flame, he conjured a weapon.

“Guardians, listen to me closely, if anyone of you has the desire to die a senseless death please step forward. My only target is your master, however, if you want to be free from him, you’ll have to point your swords at him instead of me.”

Hesitant, having had enough of Hamon’s abuse despite the blood contract they formed, the sword pointed towards the boron. The insignia burnt into their neck began to turn black, turning against one’s master resulted in death.

“You’ve shown enough resolve.”

Dark Arts, use spell, Mana cancellation. The only spell which could rival any mage was finally shown. The true purpose of dark arts was the slaying of mages by cutting off their mana supply.

“Now then guardians, if you want to be free, slay that man in front of you, go,” Staxius ordered.

Simultaneously they pounced, five swords embedded in the stomach, Hamon died, the golden leaf crest fell onto the ground. One of the guardians picked it up, Staxius was afraid of them running away with the trinket he used practically all the mana he had left to get. Keeping a serious face slowly became a burden, but he stood fast, unfaltering, like a bolder in a windstorm.

The foolish boron was dead, the villages all let out a sigh of relief. Staxius had completed the request, with the help of the men around the village, everyone was taken inside. Some were fully defiled, but it was a necessary sacrifice.

“Nothing ever changes, just like so many years ago, I stand once again in the middle of corpses. Phew, it’s finally over, have to keep a straight face however, I don’t know their intentions, I’ll stay on guard.”

Crest in hand, the guardians approached menacingly towards Staxius. Sword sheathed, they knelt,

“Thanks for saving and giving us the chance to act our revenge. This may be speaking out of terms but my sisters and I have decided to swear allegiance to you. Take this crest as a sign of said allegiance.”

“I don’t want any more mouths to feed, what the fuck, this isn’t no harem business, I’ll take the crest and leave.”

“I’m flattered you think so highly of me to pledge your undying loyalty, however, I’m but a mere traveler, I can’t possibly accept such an honor. Speaking of honors, I’ll take this crest thank you.” He snatched it and left.

“Sister, this man is worthy to be called our master, don’t waver now, force him to decide.”

“Very well,”

Throwing the golden crest up and down, Staxius climbed the hill unaware that he was being followed. Halfway, the cries of Eira got louder. Worried, he ran.

“What’s the matter,” He asked out of breath.

In front of him sat the helpless Undrar who was being assaulted by Eira, cheeks getting pinched, she was throwing a tantrum.

Chuckle, “Is that the demonstration of your affection.” He laughed.

Embarrassed, she blushed, “N-no...”

“Eira, daddy’s home,” He spoke softly.

Hearing a familiar voice, the cries soothed. Curious about where the sound came from, she frantically looked everywhere until she saw him, not bloodied for once. Cries swapped in for laughter, she was happy.

“Master what’s the matter.” Five fully armed and armored soldiers rushed in the little hut.

An awkward silence set in, everyone stared at each other, even Eira participated.

“So sorry master,” they left.

“Who were they?” Undrar asked curiously.

“Some people I rescued I guess?”

“SOME PEOPLE, ARE YOU SERIOUS? That group is filled with S, SS AND SSS ranked combat specialists, what are you thinking? Don’t tell me you refused their allegiance, go fix it at once, you want to overthrow Dorchester right, this is your chance.”

Reluctant, Staxius left. Eira still in arms, he approached as she playfully pinched his cheeks and giggled. Sat around a fire they just made, the five maidens, ready and waiting for orders.

“Glad to s-see you haven’t lefthh,” the struggle to speak was real, Eira was the sole reason.

“If I may ask, is that your child?”

“Yes, this is my daughter Eira Haggard,” Tired she fell asleep.

The Wielder of Death Magic #Chapter 24 - Read The Wielder of Death Magic Chapter 24

Silver Guardian [2]

“Listen up, the reason I can’t take you in is that I’m dirt poor. I can barely afford to get by with two mouths to feed, add you to the mix and its hell. I may be a Boron by title but I’m not rich. Also, my reason for fighting isn’t noble in the least, I plan to overthrow this kingdom, my path is filled with blood. Having heard all that, do you wish to still follow me?”

“Overthrowing the kingdom, ha-ha,” She laughed, the girl whose been speaking instead of the four others.

“Glad to see we are not on the same page, so refrain from following me, goodnight”

“Listen up master, who said we weren’t on the same page. I’ll have you know we are known as the Silver Guardians. As a disguise, we are seen as knights but deep inside we are full-blown assassins who’ve been sent to spy on boron Hamon by the order. Our orders were to kill him but that mission failed when he forced us into a blood contract. Following that, all our ties to the order were erased, we were abandoned. Serving such a master for half a year has been hell. All of that is in the past now, you are the master we sought for so long, please let us accompany you.”

All five of them got up, face covered with a helm with wings atop, they all revealed their true identity

and slowly took off the expensive-looking armor.

“Let us introduce ourselves starting from the elder to the youngest.”

“Please to meet you, master, I’m Adelana Geua, the one who’s been speaking to you from the start.” Each one of them was twins, they all looked very pretty, the only thing setting them apart was the hair and eye color, for the oldest she had dark crimson hair with blue eyes.

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“P-please to m-meet you m-master, I’m Ayleth Geua,” A bit on the shy side, her hair was black with brown eyes.

“It’s a pleasure master, I’m Ancret Geua,” Judging by how she acted, she’s on the extreme side, Blonde hair paired with blue eyes.

“Alyson Geua, ” Mysterious and not so talkative persona, brown which ended in blonde with green eyes.

“Hey, I’m Annet Geua,” Friendly and easy to get along with, grey hair with grey eyes.”

“It’s nice to meet you, master,” They all shouted.

“Calm down there, I didn’t say nor agree in taking you guys in, as I’ve said, I’m broke, what part of that don’t you understand?”

“I’ll speak on the behalf of my sisters,” Adelana spoke out, “If money is the issue then sell our armor which is made with adamantite. It should fetch a good price, if that still isn’t enough, we’ll consider selling ourselves and virtue to whomever you desire, just let us be by your side.”

“I’m not an animal, ok, if I did take you in then what about traveling? I can’t move as fast, besides, I have Eira and my kid sister to take care of.” He was still adamant on not letting them come with.

“Staxius Haggard, stop your complaining at once, can’t you see the resolve in their eyes, if you wish to take over Dorchester you will need allies and what better than the silver guardians.” Undrar stepped out and approached the campfire.

Bam, “Ouch my head,” She pouted.

“Don’t speak that way to your big brother, fine, I’ll take you guys in with one condition, you are tasked to find an adequate means of transport. Without a carriage or even a car, the Geua sisters can forget the part about accompanying me.”

“That should take them off guard, man I can’t take those girls in, gathering an army this soon is not possible, I’m dead broke, Eira isn’t that grown up yet and not to mention Krigi is in danger.

Think about this rationally, I’m playing hard to get so I can exploit them more, judging by their emotions right now, every single one of them is clueless. It’s in my advantage to have those girls by my side, assassins sent to be spy’s, with them I can gather info and kill anyone I desire. They even proposed to sell the adamantite armor, those go for like ten thousand gold coins at best. Ok I’m just being paranoid now; I’ll do the last test and see if they don’t have any ulterior motive.”

“Master,” His thoughts were interrupted by Annet, “if it’s a carriage you want, Hamon stationed his at the exit of the Rotten thicket.”

“...” Silently gazing into her grey eyes, the fear of being overly familiar forced her to hide behind Adelana.

“Viola, hold Eira for me.”

“Now then silver guardians, pick up arms and ready yourselves.”

Death element activate, spell unleash aura. Conjure weapon, Daemonum Gladio.

“Everyone, take your battle positions,” Adelana shouted.

On top of the hill, the wind grew anxious, the moon began to shine as brightly as the sun, a battle

to test each other’s worth. Adelana, Alyson and Ayleth were in front while Annet was at the back with a bow accompanied by Ancret who was the supporting mage.

“If they have the resolve and sheer will to kill me then they pass, if they falter even the slightest I’ll have no reason to keep them alive,” He thought to himself.

“Listen up girls, this is my first and only order, kill me.” He smiled.

“You heard the man, onwards,” Adelana shouted.

The clash of swords filled and echoed throughout the village, the hill lit and sparkled from the impact caused by the weapons. “If you think swordsmanship is the only thing I have going for myself then it’s wrong,” *Fouf,* Poison darts were thrown, the accuracy was inhumane. Luckily, Ayleth, the one who’s fastest in the group deflected the attack using two daggers she duel-wielded.

“HAAA,” *Slash,* It was Adelana, she wielded a great sword, the sheer force she swung that thing cut clean a massive bolder. Dodging got even harder with a constant barrage of arrows being fired by Annet. Not to forget Alyson who used a rapier and got close and personal. With an upward diagonal slash, amidst the confusing battlefield, Staxius injured Alyson who got a bit too close and personal. Ancret began healing, she fell into Staxius trap, *Dark arts, spell, mana cancellation.* With a snap, she collapsed.

“Now’s my chance to take out Annet,” *Poof,* smoke bombs, a dark mist instantly covered the summit. Emerging out of it the fully pumped up Staxius, he laughed frantically. With the pommel, he knocked her out. Using the shadows as cover, he disappeared once again. *Slash, Slash,* The mist faded as the wind picked up in speed. Everyone except Adelana was defeated, *Spit,* “Is this the best the silver guardians can do?” He mocked them.

“Of course not, now,” *CLAP* Everyone rose once again, eyes completely void of any emotions, they were like him, made for killing. “Attack,” three swords ended up inside the stomach, five arrows in the head and a curse was placed on him. *Cough,* Blood dripped from his mouth, utterly defeated. The realization that they just killed Staxius finally hit, shocked, everyone fell onto their

knees.

“M-master...”

Snap, The body disappeared, it was a decoy, he appeared once again behind the girls and *Bouf, bouf, bouf, bouf, bouf,* Five darts with dull edges hit everyone in their necks.

“Tsk, tsk, tsk, is this the best the silver guardians can do? I’m honestly disappointed.”

The battle ended after four hours, disappointment in their eyes, all five-sisters got up and left.

“Now, now, don’t tell me you’ve given up already, remember I said to kill me and not defeat or render me useless for combat. You’ve accomplished your mission with great success, you’ve killed a dummy with eyes void of any emotions, welcome to the party girls.”

Removing the heavy armor, everyone rushed to his side, "From today forth, we, the silver guardian shall be your sword and shield, use us as you see fit, we pledge our allegiance to you."

"Calm down, Viola, can you please bring the dragon crest?"

"Alright brother,"

With both crests in hand, he merged and formed a blood contract with the newest trinket. Back in the archive, Staxius Haggard's title as boron remained the same, only thing that changed was the addition of a combat rank, B-rank.

"Impossible, how can your combat strength only be B-rank master? You defeated us all, S-rank and higher warriors." Adelana was perplexed.

"Sister, remember well, he used wits more than raw strength to do what he did, Staxius Haggard's true strength is what inside those brains compare to his muscles." Alyson calmly analyzed.

"Brilliant deduction, now everyone, stick out your index finger." *Slash,* A tiny cut which seemed to appear from nowhere forced them into a direct blood contract with the name Haggard.

"From today forth, I, Staxius Haggard, head of the Haggard family hereby accept the silver guardians as a part of my house, welcome to the family." He smiled.

Astonished, Annet spoke out, "Master what were you thinking about when making a direct contract with us to your crest, said honor is only for ones who bear your family blood. Us outsiders aren't worthy for such a title."

"Who cares about blood or not, you've sworn to protect and serve me, so it's befitting for you to be considered part of the family, don't you think? Also, if anything ever happens, I want you guys to always give priority to Eira, that's the only rule I'm imposing."

"With pleasure,"

"Great, now you guys are free to do whatever, go on a vacation, go on a murder spree, tis none of my business, I'll be taking the carriage and head to Krigi at dawn. Phew, I'm tired, Viola where's Eira?"

"She's in your arms..."

"Ooops, guess I'll sleep now, goodnight."

He smoothly fell onto the ground as if he were weightless. Blood began to flow from his back, all the injuries he sustained during the battle finally appeared.

"H-his h-hurt," Ayleth softly whispered.

"Ancret, heal him this instant, I'll keep watch until morning. That includes you too Viola, please

rest." Adelana voiced.

The Wielder of Death Magic #Chapter 25 - Read The Wielder of Death Magic Chapter 25

Conspiracy in the forest

"At the crack of dawn, the starry night covered by clouds faded into the void once again. Even those millions of stars and moon have a place to call home that they can return to every day. I wonder, will that ever-escaping dream be mine? Talk about pathetic, I'm laying inside the old geezer's cabin and guessing what is going on outside. I do hope having the silver guardians at my side will help in the future. Time to wake, I can feel Eira on my chest like always, one, two, no five people in total, I sense them."

After two days of being unconscious, Staxius woke. Eira in arms, everyone's gloomy and depressive mood changed for the better. None from the silver guardians had the audacity to speak after practically killing him. Instead, they chose to avert their gaze and look at the ground and some at the ceiling.

Clap, "Wake up everyone, no need to feel responsible for my health. Despite the fact I barely know you guys, I'm honored to have such pretty faces to wake up too. No need to worry sis, yours is better, when you grow some tits," He whispered the last bit.

Cough, "Thanks for the vote of confidence master, we've been eagerly awaiting your return." Adelana spoke.

"No problem Adelana, if I may ask though, where is Alyson?" He asked as he slowly got up. The body was light, no pain, nothing, he was fully healed and felt better than ever.

"You noticed, how lovely," Ancret whispered into his ears from behind as she stood on her toes.

"Ancret, nicely done, if you were a bit older then I might have considered but for now, why not grow up like sister Adelana?" He replied nonchalantly.

"Meanie," She pouted.

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"Ancret, d-don't d-do that, l-it's disrespectful," Ayleth spoke softly, none expect Staxius caught it.

With a soft and gentle gaze paired with a comforting smile, he directed his full attention to the shy Ayleth, "Tis no issue, calm down,"

"So master, what are we going to do now?" Annet asked with a smile so bright that Staxius had to physically look away.

"Hmm, l-I'll get back to that in a second." Tired from the multiple personalities, Staxius used emotional control and gave a slight aura of not wanting to talk.

"Alright girls, enough messing around, we have a carriage to take care of. Master, just give us the word and we are ready to leave at any minute." Adelana freed him.

One by one, each of them left. They still wore the expensive armor but without the helmet. "Phew, Undrar, stop hiding your presence and get out here, we need to have a little chat."

"Tsk, fine..." Annoyed she reluctantly walked towards him.

"Don't tell me a demi-god is feeling jealous? Ha-ha." He laughed.

"..."

"Silent treatment I see, anyways, did you do as I ask?"

"Yes, I've already checked those girl's past, and it's dark, not as dark as you but it's black."

"Any chance of them betraying me?"

"You could have just used dark arts to find that."

"I could but what's the point, you tell me."

"Fine, it's unlikely but nothing is completely a hundred percent in this world."

"Can I trust them at least? Never mind, don't answer that, they all have the same eyes as I do, cold-blooded killers. So how long have I been passed out for?"

"Two days."

"You know what, I'm not even mad at that, isn't that right sweetie," The focus completely changed to Eira who was being playful.

“Undrar, just for the record, I only accepted their pledges because of you, I trust your judgment.

They may be a little hard to deal with, but it’s fine, as long as Eira is safe.” He spoke seriously.

Fwoop, “Ouch,” The spying Alyson fell.

“Tis rude to spy.” To that, Alyson nodded and spoke in a monotonous voice, “In the forest, a group of soldiers carrying someone are headed to Kreston.”

“So, you were on the lookout, how far have they gotten?”

“When I left, they were halfway across.”

“Carrying someone? Okay, this may be some plot to instigate war. Silver guardians are already showing their worth, impressive.”

“Your orders?”

“Call in everyone, we have work to do, Undrar, I’ll leave Eira to you.”

Snap, “I’m I just a babysitter to you?”

“What are you doing inside my head? No matter, if Eira is safe, come along.”

The field outside was wrecked, sliced up trees, broken down boulders, ashes and poison darts scattered everywhere. Not to mention the dried-up blood splatter.

“Sorry for calling like this, however, I need a favor.” He asked as he bowed his head.

“There is no need for that master, you need but say the word and it shall be done,” Adelana spoke.

“Tis only a request, not an order, if you don’t want to do it then it’s fine. ”

“Request or not, we will follow you to the ends of the earth.”

Sigh, “Alyson has spotted some man carrying a person heading for Kreston. Now, this may only be speculation, however, I’m completely sure that it’s a plot to instigate war. I need two of you girls to follow said soldiers and watch their every move. Also, try and find out their insignia, if they are plotting something, they are probably disguised. There are two objectives here, uncover the plot, and find who’s responsible. I’ll say this clearly, if at any point you feel like your cover has been blown, then retreat. If you need to kill some people on the way there, then I don’t care. Adelana, I’ll leave the selection to you

and for the rest, we are headed to Dundee. We'll wait for your return there, earning some money first is priority before setting off to Krigi."

"If this is stealth, then every one of us has had sufficient training, however for this covert mission, I think Ayleth and Ancret are the perfect fit."

"Very well, everyone, get in the carriage, we are leaving. Good luck to both of you Ayleth and Ancret," With a small pat on both their heads, everyone left.

"Are you sure that was wise to let them go off like that?" Undrar spoke while inside his mind.

"You told me to use dark arts, so I did, I don't feel any ulterior motives just yet, let's just play along. Also, I never went into the village afterward, what happened to them?"

"The silver guardians helped out for two days in the recovery of the injured, rebuilding and other miscellaneous deeds, they took all the blame so you could have had a night's rest. If not for them, you were going to die by the hands of some angry husband, why didn't you come sooner he said, Adelana talked him out of it and got on their good side once again.

"Damn they are scary girls aren't they,"

Jumping from tree to tree, both sisters finally caught up with the soldiers, their mission began. On the other hand, not knowing how to ride a carriage, Staxius, ashamed, sat at the back with Undrar, Eira, and Alyson who just kept a blank stare.

"Master, should we go around Brisnet Heights or just climb it?"

Up close, Brisnet Heights looked even taller, her tip was white and hidden by clouds, her sheer presence was enough to send chills down anyone's back. "How long will going around take?"

"A week at most, if we go steadily and not tire the horses then we should be fine. The detour will take three days, if we got over the mountain and use the old roads up there which is rumored to be crawling with bandits then we should take off said three days and arrive in just four days."

"I see, we could play it safe but time is an issue, ok, we are going over the mountain. You said there was a path there, so can we make it all the way across?"

"Yes, it's possible but not advisable."

"With you girls here and some of the winter clothes given by the old geezer, we can go for it. Do it

Adelana, let's conquer Brisnet Heights."

"As you wish, master."

Leaves crying out as both sisters rushed inside the forest could be interpreted as a strong gust of wind. With some hand gestures, Shy Ayleth who in the lead signaled Ancret to slow down. Below them, five soldiers wearing Kreston's holy army's armor carried someone whose face was almost unrecognizable. Her body was covered with scars and dried up blood, face shrinking from lack of food and water, hair falling off, she looked pitiful.

"Parcyvell sure is fucked in the head, I mean look at this bitch, a worthless waste of space until the very end," *Spit.*

"Shh, the forest has ears don't you know, let's just complete the assignment and get this mission over and done with."

"Tsk, man, even fucking her would be bad for my dick, fine whatever, a brothel is where we are headed after this."

"Quiet the fuck down, the patrol is approaching."

Like clockwork, a platoon of fifty soldiers armed to the teeth approached.

"Who stands there," The officer in charge shouted.

"Let's get paid," One of the men wearing Kreston's outfit whispered as they ran for the border.

"Catch them men, psychopaths from Kreston shan't be allowed to live, fire."

Arrows, bullets, spears and darts, everything was fired. Three were killed by gunshots, one poisoned and one beheaded, the group comprising of Kreston soldiers was completely wiped out.

"Sir, its lady Millicent, they abducted her."

"That worthless piece of crap is our lord's betrothed? No matter, bring her with. We'll camp the night and leave tomorrow morning."

"Captain, what about Lady Millicent?"

"We have no food to spare for a sack of bones, just give her some water and tie her to a tree or something, get her out of my sight. Also, if any of you men wants to have some fun then I'll ask you to touch yourselves instead of laying a hand on her. Never mind, just bring her necklace and throw her down the lake. We only need proof that Kreston

attempted to take her away. There is no need for her to be present, do as you wish with her.”

The platoon set up camp exactly on top of where the Kreston soldiers were killed. From the shadows, the Geua sister watched, silently and boiling in anger. Later in the night, most of the men got drunk and slept, everything was quiet apart from the massive campfire they built.

“Ancret, we’ve completed our assignment, let’s leave at once.”

“Roger that,” Directly below them, Millicent was tied to a tree, half-conscious and stomach growling for food, she softly breathed. Thinking she finally had a moments peace was only but a lie, within that platoon, men who were driven by lust and alcohol, stumbled their way to her. Her eyes lit up once again, all the suffering brought in by Parcyvell flashed by, she tried to scream and run away but ultimately failed miserably by her lose in strength. The sound of pants being pulled was heard, Millicent began to cry, it was soft but distinct.

“Ayleth don’t do anything fooli...”

Whoosh, Two slices, blood spilling out like a fountain, using both her daggers she slit their throat.

Bouf, Ancret got down from her tree, “What were you thinking?”

With murderous intent and anger reflecting in her eyes, she turned, “I can’t stand the thought of

another woman being defiled, Ancret, please heal her.”

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“Fine whatever,” *Healing element, activate, full-body recovery.* A green light surging out of her hands enveloped Millicent, few seconds later she was healed.

“Who stands there? The captain saw the green glimmer coming out from where Millicent was.

“We need to leave, Ayleth, help me carry her and let’s go.”

“But I want to slaughter more people...”

“Shut up, Staxius is waiting for us, LET’S GO.”

“Master...” The bloodlust faded, with the night sky as their cover, they ran. The end of Rotten

Thicket was in sight, *Woosh,* An arrow grazed past Ancret's head and hit a tree in front.

Instinctively, Ancret took Millicent and jumped into the tree line while Ayleth threw her dagger at the same time. The timing and precision were perfect, an inch away from when Ancret got out, the dagger flew and ended its course inside a soldier's head. They were followed, or so what they thought, it was the Kreston army, the paladin stood in the middle on a horse.

"My, my, what do we have here? Some lovely pair of girls, killing one of my men wasn't that nice now was it?" He got off and slowly approached. Unimpressed by his presence, Ayleth unleashed her own.

"Bryant Tiebaut, master Staxius told us so much about you, he said you were very strong, maybe stronger than us."

"Staxius Haggard, ha-ha, a name I never thought I'd hear again, what about it, are you scared?" He got closer to her face.

"Not really, you don't seem that scary for a fanatic. Anyways if you want enemies to fight it's not us, rather the ones you're looking for are behind, drunk and asleep."

"Oh boy, Ayleth is speaking freely to him, her shy persona is gone which means that she's in full bloodlust mode, I need to stop her."

"Bryant darling, why waste your time on us girls, we are but frail petals floating as the wind guides us to the unknown," Ancret spoke in a flirtatious manner as she stepped into the open

"I've but one question to ask," He backed off slowly and got in his battle stance, "Is Staxius alive?" Everyone got on guard, "Yes, he's alive." The immense aura faded into nothingness, with a smile he spoke, "Give him my thanks, believe it or not, he saved me once. Now then, goodbye."

Speechless, they stood as the sun awoke once again. "M-master saved him?"

"Guess so, who cares, let's leave."