

The Wielder of Death Magic #Chapter 26 - Read The Wielder of Death Magic Chapter 26

Encounter with a beast

Klock, Klock, Klock, A class filled with the gossips and normal chatter of students to one another came to a sudden halt. The rather annoying sound of high heels approaching the Class 2A got everyone's attention. The bell hadn't rung, without the fear of breaking any rules, everyone resumed their conversations.

Briiiiing, Briiiiing, The door opened as soon as the start of class was announced.

"Morning students,"

"Morning teacher," It was Sophie Mirabelle, after losing her crest, she was but a mere teacher and

the wife of some nobleman. Everyone at the academy slowly grew to hate her, they didn't show it but the anger was there. Among the students of class 2A sat Julius Garnet, the strongest out of the second year. His anger towards Sophie was palpable.

"If I may have your attention, today we'll welcome a new transfer student coming from the west Claireville academy."

Blonde hair, a petite body, cute and underage, "Hello everyone, my name is Autumn Garnet." She introduced herself in a dignified manner.

"I hope you guys take good care of her," Sophie tried being friendly, but everyone shrugged her off. *Sigh,* "Autumn, go take the seat at the back next to Julius there."

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"Now that is settled, today, by the order of Director Josiah, I will brief you about the situation growing in the north. As you know, conflicts between Dorchester and Kreston has grown more imminent. If you have any questions, please speak up this instant, no question will be allowed during

the lecture."

"Teacher, would you spare me a moment of your attention," Julius spoke, frustration kept hidden.

"Go ahead,"

"Will students be drafted?"

"If the situation demands it then yes, it is all in the hand of the order, anyways I shall begin."

"As you know, we live in the age of magic and magical equipment. The thirst and fight for power are always present even if we live in Hidros. A continent which is supposed to be ruled under a single monarch. However, with its sheer size, trying to control everything proves to be difficult. So, the six provinces are divided and ruled separately from one another by a council of nobles. If war arises, in fear of a coup, the royal army keeps to the sidelines while the provinces go to war. The king has the right to forcefully stop the war but that will do nothing. When war breaks out, its war, none can stop it unless a victor is declared. Some of you may fly overseas which is completely fine. Now this is where mages come into the mix, we as you know are directly controlled by the order. However, we are free to pick sides and fight, the strength of one sorcerer of A-rank, for example, is enough to rival thirty fully armed soldiers in a platoon. During war, you can be drafted to fight, it all depends on the provinces which will do anything to get the upper hand. You can also freely join their camp; us mages are completely free to choose sides. For S rank and above, that is different, they are bound by the order. Too strong to partake, they are assigned to guard the royal family and palace, nevertheless that doesn't stop them from fighting. Now I'll take a real example, Autumn and Julius Garnet here as you know are already full-fledged battle mages of C-rank. If war does break out, if you've signed a contract with the duke or duchess ruling a province, then you'll fight for said noble. When defeated, all mages are sent back to the order's headquarter situated in Vlaiwia which is under the rule of the emperor."

Briiiiing, Briiiiing, The lecture ended, Sophie left faster than anyone.

"Good morning big brother," Autumn spoke.

"Good morning to you little sister, I'm very proud you made it into my class, Staxius would be very happy." He replied.

"Staxius who?"

"Don't worry about it," He smiled.

"Staxius Haggard, hmm, a forgotten name, a student who managed to topple over the hierarchy of this academy, the one who showed me how to be a better person," Lucy spoke, she sat directly in front of Julius.

"Lucy, I'd refrain from using that name if I were you," Julius's aura got denser.

"Julius calm down, he's dead. Nothing will change that, he was a great guy, but isn't it time to move on and find your own ideals?" She spoke monotonously.

"Move on and find my own ideals, ha-ha. Never, I've seen how the world works, without power your nothing, people are but tools waiting for a craftsman to use." He spoke to himself.

"No matter, have fun with your brother and sister time, I'm off to have some lunch."

"Brother who is this Staxius Haggard?" Autumn asked.

"No one important, don't worry, just think of him as a brother you never had."

On the roof of the main building, a place restricted to students but allowed to instructors. Sophie sat, on a bench and stared towards the north.

"The warmth from the sun feels nice," Josiah spoke.

"Morning uncle, yes, it feels nice."

"What's troubling you?"

"Nothing much, I just feel empty. Even though I'm married to an awesome man, I can't get rid of this coldness. My heart feels like it has already been taken by someone, sadly, I don't know what or who did that to me, I'm just confused."

"Coldness, don't worry about it, maybe it's just premonition of things to happen. I heard from Piers that you'll be fighting in the frontlines if war breaks out.

"That's true, I want to go out there and reawake my past, it's the only thing that may calm this feeling of regret.

Two days went by, Staxius's party were on the way down from the mountain. *Achoo,*
"Bless you Annet, not very ladylike but who am I to complain." Staxius teased the already bright red Annet.

"Adelana, how long till we arrive on solid ground again? This cold is slowly driving me insane."

"In a few hours, we should reach the foot. I'll advise us to camp and set out early in the morning."

"Very well,"

Rrrrr A deep and menacing groan slowly got closer. "Adelana..."

"Yes master, something is approaching, the horses are feeling it's murderous intent."

“Quick, Viola, I want you to protect Eira, Annet, I want you on over-watch duty, get up high. Alyson,

I want you to watch our back’s just in case. Adelana, stay with Viola, I’ll be the decoy and investigate.”

Orders were given, without losing time, Annet vanished into thin air. She was atop the carriage, bow fully drawn and waiting. Alyson and Adelana both got off and stayed close to the rear, sword fully unsheathed, everyone was ready for the attack.

WOOF, A pack of wolves, jumped out of the snowy tree lines simultaneously.

Lightning element, Flash-step. A spell which increases the wielder’s pace, it was Alyson, using her rapier, she cleanly stabbed every single one who threatened the back.

Fire element, infernal heat, A support spell which increased the user’s defensive as well as offensive prowess. With one swing, Adelana struck down enemies coming from the left.

Wind element, Vacuum, A spell which grants the user the power to make anything he desires impervious to air, a barrage of arrows unaffected by air resistance soon rained down the right side.

Everything happened so quickly that Staxius’s focus changed from left to right without knowing what to do. He was so mesmerized by the teamwork shown by the silver guardians that he forgot to cover his area.

“Master watch out,” Annet screamed to no avail, Staxius got scratched by claws so massive it put even a sword to shame. Bleeding profusely from his left arm, he retreated. Staring him down, a wolf, so massive it sent shivers down his back. The silver guardians rushed down to help, “STAY BACK,” He shouted. Staxius was smiling, even the giant beast got confused for a second.

“FENRIR, THE DEVOURER OF THE SUN, HA-HA-HA-HA.”

Hearing his name called out, the giant wolf groaned even louder and unleashed his true nature, an aura so sticky and vile it made the snowy pure white ground turn dark black.

“So, you understand me,” Staxius’s eyes grew wider, he stared the giant monster in the eye, both of them seemed as if conversing with one another.

“I understand, if it’s a fight you want, a fight you will get, PREPARE YOURSELF.”

The wolf howled, so powerful it shook the entire ground around them.

Death element activate; Unleash aura, Daemonum Gladio, Shadow Step and finally Undrar’s blessing.

The malicious aura coming from Fenrir was blocked by an aura as murderous and vile as him. Staxius was giving every ounce of power he had, in this fight, holding back wasn't an option. Daemonum Gladio, the demonic sword materialized fully instead of only being a black and dull blade, it was shiny and covered with blood. Shadow-step is a variation of flash-step, which increases mobility. Finally, Undrar's blessing, a spell unique to Staxius, it's the protection of the bringer of death, his magical defense goes up to one hundred percent, however it's one element only. For example, if he chooses protection against fire, then every other element becomes potentially lethal if he's not careful. Undrar's spell can be very useful, it doesn't take much mana and the casting time is almost instant for recasting. Changing protections on the fly is possible but very hard to master.

"Viola, you've known him far longer than us, who truly is this man we call master?" Adelana asked.

"He's a mystery, this is the first time I've seen him being so impulsive."

"FENRIR, let's dance." Both opponents rushed each other at full speed, the wolf was far bigger and had a longer reach compared to Staxius's sword. Still injured, he dodged the first horizontal strike from Fenrir by lowering his head and jumped straight up aiming for his head. *Clang,* The beast stopped his attack by using the massive teeth it had. Useless, he left the sword inside, went under the beast and stabbed it with the poison darts. Feeling the sting, the wolf jumped backward and left the sword. Blood still pouring down like a waterfall, the bleeding got worse. He began to feel lightheaded. *Whoosh,* He dashed forward, grab his sword and fell back.

Both Fenrir and Staxius finished their evaluation of one another. Without time to recover nor breathe, ice beam spear came out of the wolf's mouth. Using shadow step, Staxius managed to dodge most of the attack, a few hit him but his ice protection was a hundred percent. Unscathed,

Dark Arts, Mana cancellation, With the mana flow blocked, Fenrir rushed Staxius, sword against claws. Every block he made sent shock-waves throughout the body, blood unwillingly starting dripping out of his mouth.

"The power of this beast is so intense I can barely keep up. Look at that death stare, he's toying with me. I'm but a distraction for his strength. I have a trump card, but if I use that spell, Fenrir will die instantly, I can't let that happen, the stare, the sheer vigor, the courage, the power, I love it, so beautiful."

POOF, Smoke bombs, no longer able to defend, Staxius retreated. Sword inside the ground, he rested on the handle. *Huff, Puff,*

Healing element activate; FULL-BODY RECOVERY. Ancret screamed as she joined back up with his party.

"Welcome back and thanks for the help Ancret," He shouted and rushed into battle once more with his strength back to normal.

"Adelana, what is happening here?" Ancret asked after healing her master.

"It's a battle between entities with strength far beyond our comprehension." Soon after she explained in detail the whole situation.

The more hit Staxius took, the happier he got. The sword's ruby eyes began to glow, a red vapor surrounded Staxius. The aura he emitted changed from dark black to crimson black. The power of a demon sword who slowly fed off the dark aura created by the death element. The longer the battle got, despite getting injured even after successfully blocking, Staxius pressed on. *ROAR,* Getting pushed back, Fenrir got serious at last, the presence he emitted got ten times stronger. Staxius's presence also grew to match Fenrir. None expect Undrar felt it, Staxius had already died several times. Each strike he took from Fenrir shattered his internal organs. The death element's immortality was working without rest to stop his body from shutting down.

With every lethal blow he took, he pressed on like a berserker, the only thing focused on was to defeat Fenrir. Strike after strike, rebirth after rebirth, the aura slowly matched the god-slayer, devourer of Odin. Minutes turned to hours; the battle raged on. Bored, Undrar set up camp and played with Eira, as the silver guardians slowly gathered one by one around the fire and watched with amusement. The epic battle had turned into a drama, everyone laughed, ate good food that Ayleth brought. Millicent, still silent and lifeless, watched the battle unfold. Her heart began beating once again.

The expression was faint but even Fenrir was having fun, both of them fought over and over until night finally came. Exhaustion and mana depletion finally caught up to both adversaries, the demonic sword was on the verge of shattering. A quick nod from both parties signaled the end, the last strike. A fierce battle cry from Fenrir and Staxius was heard. Undrar who fell asleep awoke. *Whoosh,* They rushed each other, *Clang.* The sword shattered, Fenrir's claws broke, the left-over momentum had nowhere to escape. Instead, both the legendary wolf and wielder of death magic collided. Fur so thick and smooth, Staxius fell asleep at the same time as Fenrir fell onto the ground. The massive wolf laid with Staxius sleeping on its belly, anger vanished, the beast finally gave in. Such tenacity from him was godly. After a quick lick, Fenrir gave in and slept.

The Wielder of Death Magic #Chapter 27 - Read The Wielder of Death Magic Chapter 27

Journey to Dundee

Drip, Drip, Drip, The sound of water echoed throughout the dimly lit room. In the middle, a pentagram in which laid a dead body drowning in its own blood. A sacrificed had been made, ancient symbols burnt onto the poor victim. Fingers sliced off, scars

signifying torture before death. Cold and heartless gaze fell upon the young man, "The ritual was a failure," A man, body, and face shrouded with a dark black hood spoke out in disappointment. A beheaded head insignia, deep red in color revealed itself as the leader faced away and stared further inside. "This isn't a failure my brother's; we've summoned a beast from another realm. Trying to control such a powerful entity was simply unforeseen."

An awkward silence followed afterward, burning as lazily as humanly possible were the candles. Deeper inside where he stared, the smell of rotting flesh became more obvious. None spared, from adults to infants, all were used up as a sacrifice. "But maste..."

Touch of decay, Out of spite, the leader unleashed the pent-up hidden frustration onto the poor apprentice. "AHHHHHHHH," The lower half turned into a sludgy substance, it was as if the body had melted. The scream got louder. Annoyed, with a move so fast the brain could not process, the boy's head separated from its body in a heartbeat. "Tsk, ts, decay touch is still not perfect, what a shame. Now, my brothers, we have to prepare for in four-months we shall summon a beast so powerful it will turn the kingdom upside down."

"Yes sire," After repetitively disposing of the used-up bodies, the members of the cult got to cleaning all the messy blood. No emotion, no remorse, some seemed happy by the sight of blood. The path leading out was as dark as the abyss, a stairway which only a few knew about led into an orphanage. Emerging from the stairs to hell were two men, one well-built and an elder. Clothes changed from black to white, they were in charge of said orphanage. A secret passage marked by two statues of nude women holding pots, they walked slowly towards the playground.

"Elder, was it wise for me to slay that young one?"

"No need to repent on your previous actions, what is done cannot be undone," He spoke slowly as he pronounced each word and syllable with the utmost care.

"I only asked as a form of courtesy for your wisdom, I don't regret my actions, I'd have slain more given the chance."

Thump, Thump, For an old man, this elder had the strength of a young warrior. Back practically red from pain, the young man slowly turned to face his assailant. Smiling with only his gum's shown was the old man.

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"Elder, elder," A crowd of young kids soon surrounded both of them. Cheers, nonsensical sentences and laughter were heard, "Good morning everyone. I hope you slept well."

"We did elder, thanks for asking," Everyone replied.

Clap, clap, "Scram everyone, don't tire the elder." He shouted; the children around here called him a big oaf. Cheerfully shouting big oaf, big oaf in a jingle, they left. The sun rose two hours ago, it was time for breakfast.

"Big oaf, sure befits you." The elder pointed out.

"Well big oaf or not, these kids are going to be a serious help for our plan to flourish. Why not let them live a little," With that, their conversation ended.

Snore so loud it resembled a train, from three till sunrise, Staxius ruined everyone's night. Adelana being the responsible big sister, stayed behind and watched over the carriage. Meanwhile, everyone excluding Eira headed deeper into the forest. Close to a lake, on a semi snowy and semi grassy small plain, they set up another mini-camp. Hating the soft ground, Ancret and Annet slept on the massive trees overlooking the faint and distant Oxshield.

"So soft and comfortable, I don't want to wake. Am I sleeping on a cloud, this is pure bliss, I can get use to this. My chest, it feels heavy, Eira. Wait, our battle..." By force, he woke, trying to get his bearings back. The moment he turned right as his eyes adjusted to the surroundings, a pair of eyes so blue it put the sky to shame stared back at him. Fur as white as snow with spots of blue resembling ice and lightning. *Gulp,* Being as subtle as he could, Staxius tightened his grip around Eira, slowly. Almost like an explosion, Eira woke and sobbed.

Fearing the worst, Eira in arms like a cradle, without any incantation, Staxius used Shadow step and retreated. Cries sounding like an alarm, the silver guardians as well as Undrar rushed to the carriage. Weapons unsheathed, bow drawn and spell ready to cast, everyone was on guard. Lost deep inside the ocean colored eyes, Staxius felt a connection with Fenrir.

"Lower your weapon child, I mean no harm." They began speaking telepathically.

"Am I correct to assume that you're Fenrir?"

"I'm astonished that you know my name, however, speaking in this form is rather inconvenient. Do you have any particular form you wish for me to take?"

"You asked so politely, even though I'm but a mere human. Your generosity knows no bounds, however, are you certain you wish to assign such a task to me?"

"Such a task is but a mild quandary for I, now speak."

"Very well," Using the mental image sent by Staxius, Fenrir began to transform. A blinding blue light

dazzled, and it was done. Standing before them was not the image Staxius had envisioned but rather Fenrir's human form. Naked, she stood, deep blue long hair which reached her hips, paired with the same ocean colored eyes. Her facial figure was as pretty as the queen herself, even more so. It was on par with Undrar's divine beauty. Fenrir looked human for the most part, except she had wolf ear and tail. Her transformation wasn't fully complete. Her physical body was curvy and filled at all the right places, truly exquisite. With a new source of food presented before her, Eira threw a tantrum and pointed at her massive breasts.

"Fenrir, what was the point of asking me how I wanted you to look?" He continued using telepathy.

"Very simple, your version was simply too gross, making me look like a rabbit, what is wrong with you?"

"FFFF, another mouth to feed, and Fenrir is a girl as well, man this sucks." Staxius was fuming with anger, the snow beneath him began to melt.

"Excuse me, did you say something?"

"I was just wondering if you would be so kind as to feed my young daughter here."

"Excuse you, who do you think you are to ask such a question," Knowing the answer, Staxius turned away. "Let me finish, hand that angel here, and if you please, do you have any clothes I can use, I may be a legendary wolf but this body is rather lacking."

"Adelana, do we have any spare clothes, never mind, do we have anything this lady can use to cover herself up?" He shouted.

"I'm afraid not master,"

"Thanks for checking," Walking towards the naked Fenrir, with no lust and no indecent thought going through his mind, he confidently handed over his permanently blood-stained grey suit's jacket along with Eira who began breakfast. Fenrir's cheek flushed, but Staxius just ignored it, asking about it would be a pointless waste of breath. Finished, he turned around to head for the carriage.

Everyone stared at him, confused, he spoke, "What's the matter ladies, do I have something stuck to my face?" Disappointed, everyone sighed and climbed aboard the carriage.

"Viola, your brother really doesn't feel anything does he?" Ancret asked. Undrar replied with a nod, deep inside she knew Staxius felt that. Behind the cover of his cavalier behavior, a subtle movement of his little finger told it all. Onboard, everyone sat at their usual location, Fenrir was still breastfeeding Eira who sat on Staxius's right side.

"Alright master, we are heading out."

Finally regaining even ground, Staxius having noticed Millicent's faint presence from the start asked,

"Ayleth and Annet, who is this person you've brought along?"

"..." Shy, Ayleth quickly glanced away.

"Let me explain," Seconds turned into minutes which turned into an hour, with all the unnecessary detail such as; when they peed or took a shit. She finally concluded with, "Basically, they were about to **** this young woman here so we took her in and tada, she might be important on a later date."

"I did leave it all to your discretion, however, her constantly eyeing me is rather fatiguing but no matter. A quick smile directed to Millicent who confused began to cough, the infamous intellect began working once again.

"Five S-rank and above combatants, Undrar my companion, and finally Fenrir who I don't know is on my side or not. In total, I have seven people who can fight, and a meat shield who is named Millicent. Why did those men try to get her into Kreston, I know it's a plot to instigate war but what were the holy army doing so far inside Rotten Thicket. If I know the paladin, they are still wandering around the border, waiting for the higher-ups to declare war. Abduction... Soldiers... Hold up, this is stupid, why would the holy army abduct a nobody like her. Unless she's a nobleman's daughter or wife, she's of no use. Kidnapping someone is out of reach, they haven't even entered the province of Dorchester much less the chance of some rich girl walking aimlessly around the forest. Alyson said she saw men entering the forest, THAT'S IT. I get it now; the plot was made not by Kreston but Dorchester. Which means, this Millicent must be someone important, finding her identity is the next plan of action as well as lodging and food, not to forget money."

Mind working at full-blast, the party headed for Savaview Bridge. The cold mountain air got replaced by the warm scent of dust and leaves raising from the flattened trail. The famed battlefield was closer to Krigi. On this path leading into the capital, it was taken care of and the evidence of war was erased in this part alone. It seemed peaceful, grassy plains, trees, fields of flowers, it was like a masterpiece of a painting. As the journey continued, tired, Staxius, as well as Eira, dozed off. Sat on his lap, her body posture was identical to him. In front of such a heartwarming sight, everyone could not but smile. Deep in their slumber, subconsciously, Undrar's frail girlish lap became their pillow. Not knowing what to do, Viola followed suit. Joining her was Fenrir who rested her head onto Staxius's hip. Following their master's example, everyone, including Millicent had a little nap.

In the front, Adelana began to doze off as well. Her eyes were fighting to keep her awake. Paired with Garsley Castle, Savaview bridge came into view, massive and imposing, the pace dropped.

"Master, Master, we've arrived."

"Mhmmm," Half awake, Staxius woke. "Where are we?"

"Near Savaview Bridge, however getting past that checkpoint is going to be hard. Look, if you stare at the castle you can see guns mounted and waiting for anyone to try and force their way through. Not to forget its army which has a response time of about two minutes. This is why I need your assistance."

"You're right, this place is well guarded. We only need to pass, cover-up Millicent and Fenrir, I'll figure something out."

The carriage slowly approached, using his right hand to signal stop, a guardsman came forth. Before he could have a clear view of the carriage's inside, Staxius jumped off and met the unsuspecting guardsman.

"State your business," He replied using a stern face in a deep sluggish voice.

Dark arts, Emotional Control.

"My business is only trading my dear friend," Arm wrapped around the guard's shoulder he continued, "Listen, I'm going to sell some of my merchandise, you see the ladies there, a nobleman from the capital asked me to deliver them." A quick glance over his shoulder, the guardsman spotted the silver guardians. "Listen up pal, I've got a duty to abide by, I'm afraid I can't let you pass without proof." He continued denying.

"Alright, here," Held on his hand, a pocket watch so beautifully and masterfully crafted it sent shivers down the guard's back. You could see every individual piece move in perfect harmony, on top, Hamon Boyard's insignia.

Cough, cough, "You should have said you work for Hamon, alright go on."

"OPEN THE GATES,"

"Let's go Adelana, quick."

After a sigh of relief, the hardest part was behind them. The scenery didn't change that much from the path they came from. That being said, Oxshield as a whole felt more refine and dignified. The trees happily swayed from left to right as well as the lovely green plains which seemed to stretch on forever. Facing the south, Dundee was on the right, a town mainly used for trading amongst commoners. The place was fairly cheap

compared to the capital. Thieves and thugs were a common threat there but with luck and some punches here and there, getting by was easy.

The Wielder of Death Magic #Chapter 28 - Read The Wielder of Death Magic Chapter 28

The Fated Birthday

"The sky, so blue so vast, oh how I wish this day never ends. Being romantic does take some effort wouldn't you say? Hey... wake up...I'm not finished yet." A chair sat before him, bloodied and filthy. With a big sigh, he spoke, "How I wish Millicent was here, I regret my actions. Her screams, her futile resistance, her will to survive, and her beauty when I slowly cut her, *Slurp,* I miss it."

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, Three quick and loud punch against the chamber's door ruined

Parcyvell's heartwarming monologue. Still frustrated from not enjoying the new toys sent by the barons working under him, with a snap, he conjured a fireball which blasted the whole entrance.

"Who dares disturb my moment's peace."

The debris and smoke caused by the wall and door breaking down cleared away. A bright blue shield in spirit form protected whoever was on the receiving end of the fireball blast.

"Parcyvell," Gareth spoke while gritting his teeth, "I know it's your birthday but calm down." His anger continued boiling. Seeing the only person he was afraid of, Parcyvell stumbled backward and laughed frantically. Next to the commander stood a lovely maiden, white hair, wearing a very expensive but masterfully tailored crimson dress. It clicked, her face seemed familiar, out of shame, Parcyvell, a proud and egocentric guy got onto his knees and begged for forgiveness like a commoner. Staring the ground, he spoke using a very polite tone, "Princess Gallienne, I apologize gravely for this unforgivable transgression. If I'd know you were present for my birthday, I'd have made this castle much more enjoyable." The breathing got tighter and faster; the anxiety was breaking him from the inside. Last year, this innocent-looking Princess has been given the nickname of destructor. Everywhere she goes, a shadow almost like a curse follows her around, death and genocide. Rumor has it that she actually loves seeing people suffer and die, torturing other nobles is one of her many not so charming traits.

"No need to threat, Duke Parcyvell. I apologize for interrupting your fun. If I may point out, however, that lady in the chair is still breathing. Hand me your dagger at once, I'll show you how much longer you can prolong this girl's suffering."

Eyes sparkling with anticipation and joy, Parcyvell closely watched a master at work. The girl who was practically on the verge of death somehow got her will to live rejuvenated. The princess started with her feet, slowly cutting her nails, taking all the time she wanted. The scream intensified; the pain got so dense that she passed out. Out of spite, using water Parcyvell held, she froze it and woke the peasant once again. Finger by finger, she cut everything off and froze the wound so the blood didn't escape. Slowly caressing the girl's leg with the ice-cold dagger, Gallienne's eyes changed into someone whose craving for something more than torture. Meanwhile, witnessing this unfold, Parcyvell was getting aroused, this was the best thing he had ever seen. Ripping what little clothes the girl had, using the dagger's handle, the chair she was sat on slowly rocked back and forth. She screamed, the victim despite being abused was having fun.

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Two hours went by, Gallienne's lust was fulfilled. Gareth was nowhere to be found, the duke drooled over how masterfully the princess ended the job.

"Parcyvell, you truly are lucky to have so much fun whenever you desire." She stood up from the bloodied lap. "I hope this demonstration will suffice as a birthday present."

Gulp, "Words can't describe how grateful I am for this private lesson. I deeply apologize for your dress has been stained by lowly blood."

"You needn't worry about such superficial things duke; I've brought along several spares. Also, a message came from my lady mother, she seeks an audience with you at your earliest convenience. "

"Thank you very much."

With a graceful bow, she left. "How tiring," Back from the duke's bedroom, the princess headed outside and climbed atop the tower facing Savaview bridge. "Castle Garsley truly is an amazing fortress, I can see who and what goes across that bridge. Wait, isn't that a nobleman's carriage? How did it get so beaten up, I see a boy, wearing something in grey, well no matter, I need to get ready for tonight's party."

The evening grew close, banners with different insignias slowly entered the main gate. Noblemen from all around Dorchester, as well as a select few from Oxshield all gathered for the grand feast.

An orchestra, a fountain in which wine flowed. For a simple birthday, Parcyvell was going overboard. The main hall was fully decorated and sparkled in white and golden color, "If I may have a moment of your attention, I'd personally like to thank you all for making such a long trip to my humble castle. Without any further delay, please enjoy yourselves." Subconsciously, everyone rose their glasses and wished him happy birthday.

"Gareth, please call all the lords presiding over Dorchester," Parcyvell whispered.

"Very well my lord." Inconspicuously, using his presence concealment, Gareth called everyone. One by one, they headed further inside.

"Greetings my lords, it's a pleasure to see you find gentlemen again."

"Greetings to you too duke Parcyvell," Boron Jocus Moses replied. For someone whose body looked frail and short, his tone was one of a fighter.

"Surely you haven't called us here to have a chat," Marquess Aymer Ragenald spoke out. A noble hailing from overseas, tanned skin with brown hair.

"Another one of your conspiracies I'm guessing," Count Charle Geurin sighed. One of the youngest out of the bunch aged twenty-two.

"A conspiracy which involves every one of us, I'm weirdly intrigued." Count Alane Ernold added. Old but wise, hair turned grey.

"..." Viscount Hewelet Rawlin just nodded.

"Now, now, my lords, please calm yourselves. Indeed, as cleverly stated by Count Charle, I've devised something that will finally give us the chance to wage war against Kreston and its religious fanatics, with the presence of Princess Gallienne, this plan of mine is flawless."

"Please do tell," Marquess Aymer spoke.

With a brief overview of the current state of things, everyone was on board with the plan. Everything got tenser when Boron Jocus Moses spoke, "Duke Parcyvell, I've got dire news, Boron Hamon Bayard has been reported dead by one of my men whose been traveling around Dorchester. Also, due to a coup from the servants rallying under the young lord, Gregory Wyne was slain by his own son, parricide."

"Boron Jocus, I admire your honesty towards serving me however, I don't need you to speak unless spoken too. You may be a noble but boron such as yourself has no real power compared to Hamon and Gregory, I know full well that those two have been deceased. Why don't you shut your lowly mouth and leave this room at once." Parcyvell humiliated the boron. Ashamed, he left.

"Duke, that isn't the way to speak to a fellow lord, however, I agree with your decision of making him leave our presence. A commoner turned noble doesn't have the right to stand before much less beside us." Aymer added.

"Trash will remain trash," Count Charle continued the onslaught. Being gone for long, the hall slowly got silent. Using that as their cue to reenter the scene, everyone left one

by one. Once empty, Parcyvell spoke, "Gareth, what's the status on our men patrolling the border? Aren't they supposed to meet us, it's getting rather late."

"Sten, I think they've been killed or captured, maybe the holy army marched before we could react, how do you wish to solve this?"

"Millicent is a lost cause now, find boron Jocus, kill him and hire some of our guards to act out the part of being attacked by Kreston. They needn't speak, letting them inside the hall will suffice for me to manipulate the noble's from Oxshield. Now that I've gathered everyone ruling the council of Dorchester, we wage war at last."

Just like the duke foretold, seeing injured soldiers entering the feast was out of the ordinary. Not knowing how to act at that instant, most of them froze up. Like a hero rescuing a princess, Parcyvell swooped in, played the part of a caring master and cried crocodile tears. He spoke lie after lie until everyone was convinced that Kreston was the real enemy. With the additional help from the council, the lords and ladies from Oxshield could naught but follow suit. After the feast was shortly interrupted and called off, Gallienne, unimpressed by such a weak ploy spoke.

"What is the meaning of this Parcyvell?"

"Princess, I think you know full well what my actions have envisaged."

"So, you seek war against Kreston? Give me a reason."

"Simple, I want Kreston for myself, ruling over two provinces will give me more authority than those pesky SSS-ranked mages. With this much power at the tip of my fingers, I'll crush them. Not to mention the amount of resource that area holds. Wasted on holy prayers and churches while it could be used to crush the other provinces, what a shame."

"Lord Parcyvell, I thought you were smarter than this. No matter, I'll only aide you in waging war against Kreston and not the other regions. However, such favor will cost you."

"Name your desire princess,"

"I only want but one thing, living humans, age isn't an issue. I want to slowly cut and rip them apart, hand over your private torture chamber and constantly supply me with fresh humans, it will be your payment."

"I knew I was right about you princess; your wish is my command. However, what about Claireville Academy?"

"We sadly can't do anything to them, they are protected by a decree issued by the emperor himself." She continued with, "I'll return to the capital at once, convincing dad will take some work, however, you will have your war."

"Thank you very much, your highness."

Percyvell's birthday came to an end, the conspiracy he devised didn't go as planned. Nonetheless, the outcome was far better than anything he anticipated. All he waited now for was the royal decree announcing Kreston as a traitorous nation.

Clap, Clap, "Wake up master," Adelana spoke.

"I apologize, did I doze off? So, what's the situation."

"Nothing to report, you spaced out and dropped your guard. It was the first time I saw an opening

in your aura. Is something troubling you?"

Sat around a campfire, Staxius and Adelana stood as guards. Everyone else slept, Ancret and Annet made a run for it towards the nearest tree. They hated sleeping on the floor, Undrar on the other hand, began to snore. Millicent cried in her sleep; it was muffled by the piece of cloth Staxius found

while answering mother nature's call.

Few deep breaths after, Staxius calmed down, "Sorry about that Adelana. Passing Savaview bridge my instincts began to scream, it was as if a premonition to things to come and it doesn't look any good. We must head to Dundee as fast as possible."

"Master, I may not look like it but I can read people like a book. Before now, when I first met you, your presence was unpredictable, it was as if staring into a mirror. When I tried to get inside your mind, my brain started to falter as if consumed by the void itself. Sadly, now it's different, I can actually feel your emotions, something deeply ails you."

Calm and composed turned into anger and frustration, once again without an incantation. Staxius disappeared, "Adelana, I'll advise you to shut your mouth this instant, even if something ails me, I'll never trouble someone else with my petty worries. Also drop the mind-control magic, it will never work on me," An ice-cold tip poked her neck, Staxius was behind her and breathing into her ears.

Cough, cough, Cute and soft, it was Eira, she woke. Not seeing her father beside her, she cried,

"Eira," Dropping the dagger, he rushed to her side.

“Master Staxius, I’ll feel like as hard as I may try, you will never open up to anyone of us. I’m sure in your eyes, we are only but tools to do your bidding which is fine. I just wish I could have known the real you, at least Eira has a great father by her side.” She sighed. Everyone in the silver guardian felt the same way as her, no one was willing to go against him because of the blood pact.

“Adelana, Ayleth, Ancret, Alyson and Annet, I know you all can hear me. Let’s go to the river and have a little chat, bring your weapons too.”

The river crashing against the rocks with the wind blowing at full speed. The occasional sprinkle of ice-cold water carried on by the gust and hitting your body made it even colder. The night sky covered by clouds, holding a piece of burning wood, Staxius patiently awaited the Geua sisters.

The sound of armor clanging together slowly got louder, the silver guardians stood in front of him. They even wore the helmet. “Just like I thought, I was foolish to trust you girls from the start, who do you work for and what do you wish to get out of this.” He spoke.

“We are the silver guardians, we work for the head of the Haggard family, our business is the safeguarding of Eira and her father.”

“Stop lying, I’ve sensed your aura already, you harbor doubts against me. I don’t wish to prolong this farce any longer. If you’re displeased, then, by all means, leave this instant.”

“ ... ”

“I see, the silent treatment.” *Snap,* A blue and white mist soon appeared by his side. Emerging from it, Fenrir in her wolf form. “Do you wish to slay us the silver guardians? Us who have fully pledge ourselves to you?”

“Nothing would make me any happier, if you truly serve under the Haggard name, then as the head of said family I order you to die by my hands. Drop your swords and face away from me.”

“If our deaths will truly make you happy, then by all means master, please slay us and smile once again.” The five sisters dropped their swords and faced away.

“Fenrir, change into your human form and take care of Eira if you would.” He whispered.

“As you wish Master,” *Poof,* Naked but human, the usual.

Death element activate; Daemonum Gladio.

"Master before you behead us, we all want to say that we truly love you as a person. Serving under you even though you are dirt broke, we saw you go hunt and even steal just so every one of us could have a meal every day and night. We are grateful, thanks for everything." Adelana spoke, "Isn't that right girls?" She asked. "Yes, Thank you, MASTER." They all shouted.

"Nonsense, this talk will get you nowhere, NOW DIE." *Slash.*

Crack, Every helmet broke, tears ran down from every single member's face. "But why..." In front of them he stood, laughing, "You idiots," Spreading his arms as far out as he could, a hug followed afterward. "Do you really think I'll kill my own family; you girls are stupid." The wind continued blowing, the tears swept away by the strong gust, every one of them cried in arms with him. All their doubts about Staxius seeing them as tools vanished.

"Human emotions, what easy prey to manipulate." Hidden by the clouds covering the moonlight, he smirked.

The Wielder of Death Magic #Chapter 29 - Read The Wielder of Death Magic Chapter 29

My Nights

"Staxius," A whisper, "Who is it," He asked. Undrar spoke from within. "What are you doing inside my mind so late at night?"

"I sensed your murderous intent, decided to come to check up on you. Guess I was worried for nothing, good for you Staxius, making them cry tears instead of blood."

"Don't mock me,"

Oblivious to how to make someone stop crying, he used the long and dirty sleeve to wipe away their tears which sparkled with the help of the moonlight as it pierced through the clouds. Calm and emotionally stable, he spoke, "I'm sorry I made you cry but it was necessary. I hope you can forgive your foolish master. Now Fenrir, please escort them back to the camp, I'll stay here for a while with Eira."

"As you wish, Master,"

Fenrir, a legendary wolf who only brings chaos and suffering entered a contract with the wielder of death. Taming such a beast took many tries but he succeeded. Hidden from unwanted stares, at night, both of them sneaked out and completed the ritual. As per the instructions he got from his visit to the hall of rebirth, making a pact with something inhuman and possibly divine, the one playing the role of Master had to give up his life or rather his soul. With the goal of getting stronger in mind, Staxius died over and over

again until the three claw marks appeared under his neck. Fenrir swore her allegiance to his soul rather than Staxius's blood.

"Fenrir," He called. *Poof,* She emerged once again, still naked. "Woof," out of habit her primitive side sneaked out. "I'm so sorry about that." Her attempt to clear up the atmosphere fell on deaf ears, Staxius stared further into the abyss called night. "Fenrir," He called out once again. "I'm here," She replied as her tail wiggled.

"Is my way of life that bad?" He asked rhetorically.

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"..." Confused, she just stared. Few violent slaps to himself, he got out of the trance. *Pat,* He caressed her head and started up a conversation. "Fenrir tell me, how did you come here?"

"I'm afraid I don't remember much about how I got here. Last, I recall I was bound by chains. Then out of nowhere as I contemplated life, a strange purple light appeared in front of me. (Do you wish to be free); it asked, to wish I said yes. After that, I got transported here, I was weak, some people tried to tame me but I escaped. On the way out I heard murmurs about summoning other beasts from other realms. After that, you know the rest."

"I see, thanks for indulging my curiosity. Seeing as Eira is still sleeping, please take her to the camp, I'll go find breakfast."

"If you're going hunting then I can help master," Fenrir offered politely.

"Hunting, yeah for humans," He whispered.

"Sorry?"

"Pay it no mind. Please head to the camp with Eira, I'll be back before daybreak." He smiled. Denied, she headed back.

"Phew, finally alone, Undrar you still in there?"

"What is it?"

"Can you feel anyone's presence? Any living being or creatures."

"Not again, are you going human hunting, whatever, I don't feel anything at the moment. Remember the castle we passed by earlier, use shadow step and go there, maybe you'll get some

good loot."

"Damn that's far away but I can make it I think, thanks for the help."

Death element activate; Shadow step, A trip which took them three hours was completed in just five minutes. Savaview bridge was in sight, there were more guards than earlier. The Castle seemed to light up faintly, a feast was ongoing. "What perfect timing, feeding eight people isn't that easy, however, it's my duty as their leader. Can't believe I've been doing this ever since I met up with the Geua sisters. It all began with the village, then travelers and then bandits. Now I'm about to rob a castle." He sighed.

Spell, Augment mana output activate, Eyes turn deep black, body shrouded in a mist so black he became night itself, Staxius was now in overdrive. The time limit was fifteen minutes, all the mana he had stored up was being used more than it could be recovered.

"I feel lighter, thanks Undrar for gradually teaching me all the skills and spells required to fully master the death element. Now then, let's go." Like a gust of wind, he crossed the bridge and entered the castle without anyone noticing. The layout was too confusing to explore, using instinct, he randomly opened doors quietly and searched everywhere for supplies. People passed by him constantly, but he was hidden. *Time remaining ten minutes,* "I've got enough food to last us three days. However, the aura coming from that middle tower is more than ominous, I may be biting more than I can chew." Two guards stood in front of the door, using blunt darts, they were knocked out. Inside, he discovered the torture chamber as well as the main bedroom. (To my lovely husband, Sten Parcyvell.) A letter stood out, framed by the owner it was the centerpiece of various other work of arts. The bedchamber was very big and spacious; however, the door was blown open. Next to the bed, a chair with a corpse rested, flies circled around it. Despite having a torture chamber a floor below, why would anyone choose to do something so disgusting in a bedroom? Staxius wondered.

He continued going through the lord's stuff, a chest hidden behind the bed was spotted. Locked, he broke it open. Inside, countless letters all signed by a single person, Millicent. So many clues before him, Staxius began connecting the dots, having a picture of the one he was carrying around like dead weight did help. *Time remaining Five minutes,*

"Who stands there," Someone asked sternly behind him. White hair, skin as fair as snow, red eyes, Princess Gallienne waited. "Eira... It can't be," Anger, as well as doubt, began to build up. Both were now staring into each other's eyes, one filled with pride and murderous intent while the other empty. Dart in hand, he vanished and reappeared behind her. "I don't care who or what you are, using magic against me isn't going to work. Judging from how you present yourself you think that you're better than anyone else, however, if I ever cross your path once again. That belittling gaze of yours will turn blank. Before I leave, I'll leave you with a present," V I L E was engraved onto her chest by Staxius. "I see you can resist pain, no matter, I'll be taking everything you own." With a snap of his finger, gone, as well as her clothes, everything disappeared.

Gallienne stood, naked and bleeding from the words inscribed onto her. Her mind was thrown into a loop, it was the first time someone ever treated her so poorly. Instead of feeling angry, she laughed. "I felt powerless, who was that man, I want him." She smiled as she slowly licked her own blood using her finger.

Time remaining three minutes, Staxius made it unscathed outside. In the distance, the sound of sword clashing could be heard. Having gotten everything he came for; he ran back to camp. *Time remaining ten seconds.* "Come on, the camp is right there, just a little more." Fearing that time will run out on him, he leaped. The last drop of mana disappeared, still in midair, entering the carriage, he left all the goods and went crashing down on the opposite side. *Bam,* Boned shattered, the momentum from the jump injured him gravely, however, before feeling the pain, the body was already dead. All the mana was used up beyond normal levels.

Feeling Staxius's presence reappear and disappear, Undrar woke. "That idiot never listens does he, dead once more. What is wrong with him, well he'll wake in an hour or so, I'll sleep." She nonchalantly went back to sleep.

Moon replace by his companion the sun, the day finally started. Birds chirping, the trees dancing with the wind as their partner, Staxius woke after two hours. "I died again; this is stupid but I love it." Every time he died, the inscription on the pentagram got more complicated, which meant more power.

"Guess I'll prepare breakfast before everyone wakes, maybe a stew." Using the same fire, the food was ready in forty-five minutes.

Clap, Clap, "Adelana, Ayleth, Ancret, Alyson, Annet, Fenrir, Undrar and Millicent. WAKE UP." He shouted. Halfheartedly, they replied with yes.

"Morning master," Adelana woke, it was unusual for her to oversleep hence today being the first time ever.

"M-morning m-master," Ayleth, still shy hid behind Adelana.

"A good morning to you," Ancret whispered slowly into his ears. "It's too early for your jokes now

go wash up," Staxius softly kicked her away.

"..." Alyson just nodded.

"Morning Staxius," Annet gave him a quick hug.

Still naked, Fenrir rushed him for a big embrace. "Morning to you too Fenrir," He patted her head as if it were normal. "Also, I've gotten some clothes for you, check the carriage when you're ready."

Undrar softly tugged onto his shirt, she was enjoying the role of little sister a bit too much. Once he greeted everyone, the persona changed from cool leader to a caring dad instantly when Eira woke. "Everyone, I've made some stew for breakfast, get yourselves ready. We are going to Dundee today, Adelana, I'm leaving you in charge of the preparations, also wake Millicent up, she's still asleep."

Fresh and ready, the party set off to Dundee, nothing interesting happened on the way there. The conversations were idle and made to pass the time. Fenrir finally had some clothes on, tight pants with a button-up shirt which barely held her massive chest. It looked as if they were about to explode at any minute. Fearing the worst, Staxius kindly proposed that Fenrir used some bandages to help support her breast. She quickly agreed and the button-up shirt was saved. Everyone played around with Eira, they all had fun.

"Master, we've arrived at our destination." Just like she predicted, the trip took five days in total.

"Alright, take some of this and go find us a good place to stay at, I'll get off here, and I'm taking Eira with me." He threw a sack of gold he stole off earlier. "Yes master, see you later." The carriage rode further into town. Saying Dundee was a small town was an understatement, the place was massive, thriving with people. Everyone here was up to something, looking from left to right, traders shouting, people having the time of their lives as well as bargaining turned south. It was if not bigger than Claireville academy's town. The buildings were massive, two to three-story high which went on till it reached the town square. Staxius was standing in the middle of the commercial district.

Dundee was divided into four areas. Commercial district, where Staxius was now. Residential, located in the southern end of the town. You also had a district for guilds, merchant associations and other establishments relating to the kingdom. Lastly, the slums, far away but close enough. The town square was the center point of this place. Head there and you're guaranteed to get anywhere you wished.

"People, there are so many people in this commercial district, maybe I'll do some window shopping. You got merchants on the streets as well as big shops, this place truly is a trader's town."

"AYE Mister, come here, we've got supplies for all the daily necessities, why not have a look." Everyone ignored his bloodstained clothes which turned brownish red.

Disregarding everybody, he continued browsing until he came across a shady looking shop.

"Excuse me, I'd like to do some business," He entered, Eira in arms with his backpack filled with stolen goods.

"Welcome traveler, how may I help you." The owner asked, a man small in stature with a crooked nose. He wore an expensive-looking coat, on his fingers countless golden rings as well as other expensive looking accessories.

"For a shop this small you sure are rich," Staxius hinted at backhanded business.

"We here sell everything you desire, for the correct price we'll get you anything." He replied. After making Eira sit on the counter, he unloaded everything he had. From jewels to precious stones and family heirlooms as well as armor, Staxius showed it all off. His nights of preying on unsuspecting travelers. "How much will this fetch me; I only accept gold coins."

"My, my, you've been busy my dear sir. Sadly, I can't give you a correct estimate of these valuables you brought me. Most of them are unknown and rare."

"Cut the crap merchant, I don't care for bargaining, take it or leave it, my price is ten thousand gold pieces."

"TEN THOUSAND GOLD PIECE, ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?" The merchant shouted, "Do you know how much money that is? Let me put it into perspective, you can buy a mansion and live happily ever after." He added.

"Listen to me, I said I don't care for petty bargaining, you in or not?" The merchant began trembling, "Five thousand," He replied. "I'm basically selling him shit, how did he take my offer seriously, let me milk this guy even more," *Dark Arts, Emotional Control.*

"Eight point five thousand and a car." He replied.

"A CAR? THOSE GO FOR A FORTUNE, come to think of it, I do have one which some people brought back. Want to go check it out?" Picking Eira up, he followed the shady guy further into the building. *Foup, Foup, Foup,* "Did you really think setting an ambush would kill me? I'll have you know I'm an A-rank sorcerer, now if you don't agree with our terms, I'm afraid I'll have to close down shop for you." Using his left hand, he conjured a black fireball.

"I APOLOGIZE, PLEASE FORGIVE ME, here I'll give you ten thousand, just leave me alone."

"I'm glad we could come to an agreement, by the way, I'll be staying here for the next week or so. If you got any job I'll happily help." Using the signature hand gesture, he left.

“Who the fuck was that psycho, he just took out three of the best-known assassins in the Thunderstain. Boss isn’t going to be happy, sorry boy, your death is assured.” The merchant spoke out loud.

“Now that was money well earned wouldn’t you say Eira,” Staxius casually walked towards the residential district where his party awaited.

The Wielder of Death Magic #Chapter 30 - Read The Wielder of Death Magic Chapter 30

Dundee

The walk from the shady merchant to the residential district was a long one. Along the way, Eira began to act up. It was the first time she had seen so many people, clueless, Staxius hummed. A song he remembered from a childhood spent on a warzone. Neither did he nor his father knew where that soothing song came from, today was the first time he sang it.

Casually strolling through the street, a bag heavy with ten thousand gold, he watched. Under the guise of a caring father, he stared, checking all the inhabitants, all their movements and all their facial expressions. Filled with energy from a good morning’s breakfast, time came for lunch. Peckish, after reaching the town square he sat down at a quiet lonely bakery. In the middle of town square, a statue as tall as the surrounding buildings oversaw the whole area. It was the statue of Lord Dundee, the ruler, and conqueror who hailed from the motherland; the main continent whose name is yet to be revealed.

Eira being as cute as she was, always brought attention to Staxius. He didn’t dislike it but the gazes sometimes were malicious and filled with hate. Was it find to stroll around town with a babe? He wondered as he took the last sip of coffee. “Thanks for everything,” Placing a few changes on the table, he left. “Now then, time is noon. I’ve had my fair share of food, what about the others?” Unwillingly, he headed towards the south; to the residential area. Walking further away from the heart of town, the buildings got less and less impressive. Manor changed into normal-looking homes. At regular intervals, you had taverns, as well as brothels scattered around. The latter was hard to spot compared to the former which was in plain sight.

“Hmm?” Staxius quickly shifted his gaze upwards and behind him, “Probably my imagination,” the search continued.

Humming changed to whistling, he walked. “Master, over here,” Fenrir shouted, with half of her chest fully exposed. Every single guy had their eyes on her and the members of his party. Lust and jealousy were in the air, he felt it, the pressure was present.

“Hey Fenrir, thanks for calling out,” He spoke.

"No problem master," Her voice changed from adult to childish. Following a recomforting smile, he asked, "Adelana may I ask why you chose this out of all the places to stay?" Staring him in the face stood a one-story high apartment. The woodwork was beginning to decay, the sign was broken.

Some of the windows on the top floor were broke with stains which he guessed to be blood. Without any effort, the door slowly creaked and opened. Before he stood the owner, who headed inside prior to Staxius's visit.

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"Hello," She spoke with a broken-down voice that resembled one of a drunken alcoholic.

"Hello," He returned the greetings. "If you will, please follow me inside," She requested. Sadly, the payment for one night was completed. "Brother, stop gazing and take the stuff inside," Undrar spoke jokingly. Speechless he stood, Alyson placed all their luggage down near his feet and headed inside. One after the other, they entered.

"Master, I'll take the carriage somewhere safe," A quick, *Heya,* Adelana left. Eira seeing Staxius expression began to laugh frantically. "Here I was thinking of staying in a nice comfortable room." No further was contemplating his situation going to bring him any good, with a big inhale, he entered.

"Master, our room is number five," Fenrir shouted as she climbed the stairs. The bottom floor was filled with thugs and bandits. Without realizing it, Adelana had accidentally walked into one of the unofficial hangout spots. All-round tough looking guys stared him down with murderous intent.

Every single one had battle scars; even the owner had a small one. For a lady, her complexion was white, but that wasn't very apparent. Her hair was all oily, her stature as one of someone overweight. Her height made her look like a rather short snowman. She returned to her counter which was both used as the reception and bar.

Upon hearing the angelic voice of Fenrir, everyone's gaze shifted from her breast to Staxius; the man she called master.

"Hey you, the boy with the girly hair, are you a slave broker or something?" A man, bald with an impressive beard, shouted. Chugging down a massive beer mug, he asked again, "Boy are you a slave trader?" His tone got louder. Everyone around got agitated, subtly, they whispered. "AH FUCK IT," Taking his giant battle-ax which rested against the counter, he swung and stopped just near Staxius's neck. Indifferent, using the index finger, he lazily removed the once sharp blade. "If you'll excuse me, sir, I have business to attend to." With a courteous bow, he headed upstairs.

"AHAHAH," everyone began to laugh, "That kid is something, isn't he Jimmy." The bearded man laughed as well, "LET'S GET BACK TO DRINKING." He ordered.

Knock, knock, “It’s open,”

Seeing everyone in such a cramped space, Staxius turned around and stepped out. “Stop right there,” Ancret playfully spoke. “Did you expect us to be naked,” She teased him.

“As if I have the envy and audacity to do something so perverse, it truly ails me that you see me, Staxius Haggard, as a lowly peeper.” He fired back.

“Come on brother, don’t tease her.” Undrar stepped in.

“Ok, can someone please explain to me how eight people are going to spend the night in such a cramped two-bedded room.” He sighed.

Knock, knock, “May I come in?” Adelana asked.

“Please do,” Staxius’s frustration grew.

The moment the door opened; her master began to assault her with countless questions without taking the time to breathe. Overwhelmed, she covered her ears. “Bottom line is, I want every one of you to take this and head further into town and get a better place to live at,” Muted, she was still able to understand Staxius’s words thanks to lip reading.

“What do you mean head further into town?” Confused her eyes turned blank.

“Listen up, you’ve walked into the hideout for thieves and bandits. So, I want you and your sisters to take Millicent and maybe Fenrir further into town and stay there for five days.”

“But sir, that will cost up to more than we can afford, a night here is only one gold and two silver which comes with food.”

“Adelana, I’m your master, no need to worry about the financial issue, here.” Using a pouch he bought earlier, he handed her one hundred gold pieces. “Take this and get a good place to live. I don’t care if you share or stay in separate rooms, just get out of here.”

“But master, we can’t possibly accept such...”

“QUIET, stop this insolence at once, I’ve made up my mind. Tis not my will to remind you that I’m your master, hence you shall obey my order.”

“I apologize for speaking out of terms.”

“I apologize as well for speaking so loudly, please I want you girls to be safe and to rest comfortably until our journey guides us away.”

"Thank you for your generosity." The conversation ended; the rest of the silver guardians just stared in awe at the sight of two-person bickering. "Undrar, please take care of Eira for me, I know it's a lot of responsibility. I'll pick her up in the morning and you can watch over her at night, she's an angel when she sleeps." No problem, her eyes sparkled. Over the course of time, Undrar got attached to Eira, and so was she to her.

"M-master, w-what a-about you?" Ayleth quietly asked.

"Oh, simple, I'll stay here." He replied nonchalantly. "WHAT?" Adelana spoke out. "Didn't you make a big speech about this place being a hangout for bandits," Undrar added.

"No need to worry, I'm used to places like this, furthermore, this room is luxurious enough for me." Checking his pocket watch as he laid on the bed, time past was now two hours. "Phew, I'm finally alone, the way I like it. I was able to convince them to leave." *KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK,* "Open up thief," The door rattled from each punch.

"They finally showed themselves, the bandits."

Boaw, The door broke open. Staring him down were three armored swordsmen face hidden by a scarf. From head to toe, their clothes were black for the exception of the silver chest plate. Neither did they have leggings nor gauntlets, probably to reduce the sound it made.

"Question, are you lovely gentlemen from Thunderstain?"

"Boss, he knows about our identity," One of the boys whispered unknowingly.

"Shut up," The leader gritted. "And what if we are?" he continued.

Then it's simple, I surrender. Effortlessly, he got onto his knees and raised his arms. "See Boss, anyone who hears our name can't but cower in front of us." They boasted.

"We'll accept your surrender, follow us and don't make a scene." The evening drew close, with the help of the setting sun, handcuffed. Staxius followed the men to their hideout. The walk was long and before they knew it, the little journey took him outside of Dundee. Heading towards the northwest, a small outpost came into view. The walk all together took three hours. Cutting through the forest, crossing a ravine, zig-zagging here and there, despite the attempts to hide their tracks,

Staxius remembered everything. Hidden on the other side of the dense forest small yet thick, the outpost was spotted. It was built on a small plain which is then followed by another forest. We could have said that it was hidden inside a big forest, however, they were indeed two different woodlands.

The place they used was an old broken-down garrison abandoned thanks to the forest who began to fight back against humans. Separate yet one, in a few years, if nature had its way, both forests would surely meet as proven by small saplings growing. A dirt path led them into the base, unimpressed Staxius carefully studied the infrastructure. A banner with a big thunder insignia was atop the northern facing tower. For a band of bandits, the henchmen were well mannered, neither did they swore at the passing Staxius nor did they try and intimidate him. Tents, a blacksmith, a merchant, and even a baker were present inside that garrison. A small town in of its own, the place looked pitiful but people were moving about. They all wore black clothes with a thunder insignia on the right side of their chest. Some even bow politely as they marched onwards to the leader's tent.

"Sir, we've brought the person you requested," One of the men shouted.

"Is he dead or alive," A woman replied, her voice was hardened.

"He's very much alive,"

"Let him in and leave at once," Still handcuffed, they pushed him inside. The tent was dimly lit. While the eyes got its bearing back, a familiar voice spoke. "That's him, the man who stole YOUR money," The emphasis was put onto the 'your' part. Adjusted, "Now, now merchant, that isn't the way to speak to a fellow customer," Cockiness filled his tone.

"Customer, more like a thief," He stood firm. "The pot has no right to call the kettle black," He smirked. The insults went to and fro until she spoke out, "Stop this nonsense, both of you." Staxius got the last laugh as he pulled out his tongue at the last instant.

"Mister Staxius, is it true that you stole money off this man here?" She asked tone turned serious.

"But of course not, I will never hope to deceive a witty person such as him, I've only but told him my price for the goods I brought were exquisite and rarer."

"Exquisite and rare you say, HERALD BRING IT." Thrown onto the ground, all the stuff Staxius stole laid to rest. "Are you saying that this junk is worth ten thousand gold?"

"If you put it that way then no, this is probably worth fifty gold pieces at most, however, what I asked ten thousand gold pieces wasn't for the goods but for his life." Seriousness seeped into his speech.

"Is that so, you really think this crooked nose man's life is worth that much? Surely you jest."

"Tis was my estimate at first, from the way he presented himself to all the accessories he wore, most of them were pure gold whose price I dare not speak."

"You're quite the observer, my dear Staxius, this man indeed is useful to me as well as the name Thunderstain. As you see, in my hands I hold this crest, passed down from generations to generations. Said crest holds the power of a Viscount."

"How amusing, are you implying that your activities aren't in the least immoral thanks to that crest, now my lady, you're the one who jests."

"Staxius, he who holds power holds the law,"

"I couldn't have agreed more, hence you'll excuse my rudeness."

Death element Activate: UNLEASH AURA