

The Wielder of Death Magic #Chapter 8 - Read The Wielder of Death Magic Chapter 8

Class D

The luxurious black car went around a majestic fountain situated in the middle of the C-shape building and stopped. Before exiting, “Big sis, what should I address you by when we are at school?” He inquired. A quick pause after, she replied nonchalantly with, “I guess we shall find out at the office, get ready, uncle is waiting for us.”

“Is that a car? This is the first time I’ve seen one of those fabled vehicles, apparently, they run on mana. Here I thought only royalty owned them, this is a bit belittling.” Whispers and gossips went around the campus. “I know right, I wonder who’s in it, maybe a cute princess or some ambassador from the other district.” The chatter grew as the car came into view, all were curious, except the nobles. Seeing something so extravagant lowered their ego considerably.

Inhale, ‘My revenge can finally start, I’ve been planning this for ages now. Father, I’m sorry I relinquished your name for my own selfish needs, but you always told me to never let an opportunity slip by however small it may be.’ *Click.* The door opened, he stepped out as if he were a prince. As an act of courtesy, Staxius opened the door for his sister. He followed by taking her hand and walked towards the office building.

“Guys look, the guy who stepped out isn’t a student here, he’s not wearing a uniform. For god sakes, look at that show-off, golden buttons, it’s probably pure gold too.” A group of mid-tier trainee subtly got vocal. The girls, on the other hand, told another story, instead of complimenting the guy, they were very verbal to Sophie.

“Staxius, it looks like we’ve turned heads after our not so grand entrance,” Sophie said while they walked. “What did you expect, flowers, and someone asking you out right away?” He replied with a little giggle. “Don’t mock me, you should be happy that you’re walking with a bombshell like me.” She smirked. “Well no arguments from me there, I’d have married you if you didn’t make me your brother. No matter, director Josiah’s office is right here.” He was being sarcastic, in reality, the thought of that ever happening made him on edge. “Marry me, you stupi...” her face flushed and she remained quiet. Obviously, Staxius jested about the whole marrying her thing, but that thought made her joyous a little.

Knock, Knock. “Enter.” A loud voice seeped through. “A very good and pleasant morning to you director Josiah.” Staxius entered with a smile. “Good morning uncle,” Sophie’s tone felt monotonous. “Why is she so gloomy in the morning?” Josiah asked playfully. The stern pose he sat in, relaxed into one more casual and befitting family. ‘That man Josiah is not to be trusted.’ Though Staxius joked around and acted friendly – the way Josiah stared at him felt unnatural. It was the same as the people he met while fighting with his father. They always had a stare that felt somewhat different. He had

learned that behind those stares – something of a rather unsavory nature hid: a conspiracy, a plot, a scheme. Despite these red-flags, Staxius decided to play along. Without losing an instant, though his mind thought about how Josiah could take advantage of him. Staxius replied with, “I guess she just realized that instead of making such a handsome boy like me her brother wasn’t the smartest choice. I told her that I would have married her if she asked.” He ended with a gentle smile.

“Ha-ha-ha.” Josiah laughed uncontrollably; his stomach began to hurt. “It’s not funny uncle, my only chance to get a husband is gone forever.” She added sarcastically. “Well, the nobility does marry into their own family to keep the bloodline pure.” He winked. “Let me step in now, this conversation has gone overboard already.” Staxius regained control of the room as it went into a dark alley. “Any way you put it, I haven’t laughed this much in forever. Let me formally welcome both you Staxius and Sophie into Claireville Academy.” Josiah wiped his eyes. “Both me and Sophie, wasn’t sis already employed here?” Staxius asked. “Keen ear, you’re right, Sophie is officially beginning her job as a combat instructor starting today.” Josiah took a quick pause, his stance changed back to the serious director. “Seeing that you are an apprentice who is training directly under an SSS mage.” His tone grew serious, “-Staxius, you will spend the afternoons in her company to train except on Wednesdays. Sophie will teach all low-tier trainee classes from A to D. This is because we want these future mages to grow under the same roof as equals.” He ended and awaited their response.

“I got most of that, but in what class do I belong to?” Staxius asked eager to study. “This is where I’m at a loss for words, should I put you in the D-rank and let you battle it out to A or should I just promote you to mid-tier?” Josiah was out of ideas; the entrance exams Staxius took part in; weighed heavily on the director’s mind. The boy was talented and powerful to boot, however, was it wise to promote him right when he transferred? People, especially nobles would not sit idly by if that were to happen.

.....

“Uncle there is a simple fix to that,” Sophie jumped in, “-even if we are related, Staxius doesn’t need any help. Put him in the lowest class and let him prove himself to us. He’s not my little brother for nothing and seeing that Julius is in D-rank too, this may prove to be interesting.” Sophie spoke with a subtle hint of pride. “Very well, seeing as it’s already nine-thirty, the courses have already begun. I shall introduce you both to your new class.” ?Josiah got up, seeing him stand for the first time sent shivers down Staxius’s spine. The man was massive, his body was very well built, he looked more like a wrestler than anything. “Both of you follow me,” he led them out of the room.

Class D, the lowest and weakest bunch of students in the entire academy. People who end up here are usually untalented or slackers. Luckily, anyone who enrolls at Claireville academy is special so even though they are weak, people are wise not to go against them. This year, the class’s student count was the lowest the Academy had seen with only five girls and four boys.

"If I may have your attention students, the director has personally come here to announce something." The teacher for the course on logistical appliances of magic stopped her lecture. Even after hearing the teacher, everyone ignored her. This class was the lowest because most of the students who enrolled here prior had dropped out for some unknown reason.

"Morning students, I hope that your studies are going well." Josiah walked in, the aura around him made all silent. The thunderous voice he spoke in echoed around the classroom, the director was to be feared for a lot of reasons.

"What's his problem, just leave us the fuck alone, old geezer." A group at the back whispered their discontent to one another. Despite being angry, they made sure not to raise their voice, the aura they felt was of a man who had his hand stained with blood. "I'd like to introduce you to your new combat instructor; you might have heard of her from the countless history courses we teach you."

"Hello everyone," she entered in turn, "-I'm Sophie Mirabelle, starting today I will be your new instructor, I hope we can get along."

"Damn you're hot, yeah we'll get along or alone, depends on your mood." The three presumably delinquents in the class voiced their opinion loudly, everyone laughed. Hearing the disgusting comment about his sister, Staxius fumed, though he stayed outside the class.

"Silence, I shan't allow such insolence in my presence, you shall all be severely reprimanded after school." The director grew mad. "Director, there's nothing to be angry about, they're just playful that's all." She replied with a menacing aura forming behind her.

Cough, Cough, "If we are done with the pleasantries, can I introduce myself, director?" Staxius entered. "Excuse me, go ahead." He nodded.

"Hello everyone, I'm Staxius Haggard Mirabelle, and yes I'm related to this

hot

lady here. I'll be frank with you since we're going to be classmates, I'll kill anyone who dares disrespect her. Disgrace her once again and I shall end you in a heartbeat." Staxius was dead serious, he immediately turned the class against him. The way he spoke had the same impact as Josiah's menacing aura. "Director, won't you punish this guy for insulting and threatening us? He's not even wearing a uniform." The leader of the group of guys spoke out.

"Here in Claireville Academy we believe in equality and that everything should be paid back in full. Seeing as you people insulted Instructor Sophie first, I shall stand behind him. To answer your remark about his attire, Staxius here is an apprentice who is

studying under an SSS-rank mage. What have you been doing all this time? This is common knowledge, hit the books before you hit on someone who you don't even measure up to." Josiah replied and left the tense room. "Goodbye everyone, we shall speak later." Sophie ran away.

Staxius was left alone to fend for himself in this new environment, adapt and survive. "Staxius please take a seat where ever you want. "The teacher resumed her class. "Thank you very much, ma'am." He slowly walked by everyone. They all glared at him with either envy or hate. Finally, he sat behind, close to a young boy bearing blonde hair. He was left alone by the entire class; a reject.

"Long time no see Julius, I hope you've been doing great." Staxius shook his hands and smiled cheerfully. A familiar face in unknown territory. "Long time no see indeed, Staxius." He smiled though his gaze remained on the table.

Hearing the quiet blond boy speak for the first time sent jolts across the entire room. Since the semester started, everyone immediately got away from him. No one made an attempt to befriend him. The typical loner, however, this guy wearing a grey and black suit instantly got a reply.

Briiiiiiiiiing. Lunchtime finally arrived, "Julius, want to have lunch together?" He asked in the same cheerful way. Seeing Staxius behave so friendly towards him made his blood boil, he got angry about the fact that he was forgotten by the only man who showed him his shortcomings. In a fit of rage, he slammed both hands on the desk and stood up, "why are you not mad at me? After all I've done, you should hate me." He shouted while gritting his teeth. 'I get it, people are so easy to read it's humiliating.' Staxius knew exactly what went on inside Julius's head. Reading emotions and thought-process was his specialty after all.

"Fine," the cheerfulness vanished without a second thought. "You want me to be mad at you, I'll oblige your request. Is there an arena here? Let's settle the score there." His voice grew to be fearsome, the killing intent stood true. A duel between two rejects, the class thought it to be a joke, thus they laughed instead.

"Hey grey suit dumbass, you can't get access to the arena, we are just low-tier mages, prick." A girl with black hair in a ponytail spoke out, her tone was high-pitched and annoying, you could feel the enormous ego she had. "I could care no less," he faced her, "-just show me the way to the arena, I'll show you all that I can do." He glanced over at the back, "Let's make this interesting, you three pricks at the back who disrespected Sophie, let's have a go too, four versus one. " Staxius replied with a cocky and confident tone.

Furious, the leader dashed toward him in hopes of punching him. The attack felt too slow, using his intellect, Staxius already had eight different possible attack patterns and counters ready to go. With a quick sidestep, he used his left hand to catch the attack which was the foe's right hand and slammed down the leader's head against the table

using his dominant arm. The counter was so fast no one even registered what happened, the only thing left was some guy unconscious and bleeding on Julius's table.

"I guess it's three versus one, shall we go to the arena now?" His eyes felt no remorse, he made a student bleed out. Normally, that would have made a normal person scared, hurting another human was morally wrong. Staxius didn't care, anyone who stood in his way had to die. He cared not if a man or woman died by his hands, he had already slain far than he could count.

"Don't get cocky kid," the girl stood up, "-we may be D-rank but we are still mages," The pony-tailed girl began her incantation. She was a wielder of lightning magic, one of the strongest in the class. "Julius, listen to me," Staxius quickly spoke, her incantation was nearly over. "-I'm not mad at you. Let's be friends, I see that you've been taking care of Autumn. Water under the bridge, want to know how to counter a mage without a magical element? Watch closely." He finished, meanwhile the long incantation got louder and more obnoxious.*Whoosh,* a projectile faintly lit, the incantation got canceled, she fell onto her knee. None knew what happened.

"W-what d-did you do, my mana, it's draining." She slowly asked. "You mages are all the same," he walked over to her, "-all talk no bite," He reached his hand near her chest and pulled out a needle. "Staxius," Julius gulped, "-did you just cut her mana flow using a needle?" Julius stood baffled. "He did what?" The whole class went insane about how strong this guy was. "Did I or was it luck? Who knows, I'm off to have lunch." He walked out,

Cough, Cough. "Where is that grey suit freak," the boy who got his face smashed in awoke. "Drop the tough guy act, Silvio. That guy is a monster, he just beat the strongest pair in our class like nothing." She spoke with a saddened tone. "Lucy, what happened to you, I've never seen you lose a fight before." Silvio stumbled his way over to her. She sat on the floor, and so did he.

"Guys, do you know the crimson princess?" Julius spoke to all. "Of course, we know, she's our idol," Lucy got up. "I'll let you in on a secret," he lowered his voice. "The crimson family name is Mirabelle. It's not just that, all apprentices must wear their master's crest. Guess what, his golden buttons were engraved with, a thorny rose. I'm sure I don't have to say anymore."

Shocked they all looked at each other, "are you telling me that Staxius Haggard Mirabelle is related and studies under the crimson princess; arguably the strongest mage in Oxshield?" Silvio inquired. 'Staxius, you truly are amazing. I hope I can be your friend.' Julius thought; he admired the man who once showed him that the way he thought was faulty. Nobles and commoners weren't that different, all were born the same just in different circumstances – the bell rang.