

The Wielder of Death Magic #Chapter 9 - Read The Wielder of Death Magic Chapter 9

The Dark Arts [1]

Having finished his mundane meal, Staxius thanks to his old habit of acknowledging anyone who puts their blood and sweat into something, visited the cafeteria's staff. "Young master, what are you doing in such a place?" One of the cooks spoke out astonished, "excuse me if I've disturbed or interrupted you in any way." He quickly bowed his head as an act of forgiveness and greeting at the same time.

"Look who we have here," a loud voice spoke amidst the crowd. "-a boy in a grey suit, this is rare. Last time I've seen anyone wear that suit was when the Lord of Wind graduated." The dinner lady spoke. "What is the meaning of this visit, or is it just that you wanted to grace our kitchen with your presence or have you come to complain about the food." She sarcastically added. "Forgive me if I gave the wrong impression, I just wanted to say that even the very mundane meal you serve for students who can't afford food is very delicious. As you've probably guessed I've not come here to exchange pleasantries, I want a job." He sternly faced the dinner lady who seemed in charge. "A noble like you wants to

work

in the kitchen with us commoners? Don't joke around, boy." She dismissed his plea.

'She's a tougher nut to crack, didn't expect to use this but here we go.' He stood and kindly looked at the lady. Confused, she stared back.

*As the one whom you're contracted to, I order thee to reveal this woman's weakness and how to exploit it. Dark Arts, Emotional control.

* He internally recited an incantation. Instantly, an image popped up inside his mind, it was the spell's completion. It had all the data on the dinner lady, and most importantly, her weakness.

"Sorry ma'am," his attitude changed subtly. "-I've been a burden to you, I really wanted to learn how to make such delicious meals for my little sister. I guess you guys really hate nobles even though I'm just a castaway." He made it seem as if he was the victim. "Thank you very much for the food." He spoke with sadness overwhelming his tone, the dinner lady's weakness was the guilt of making someone feel unwelcome and uncomfortable. It clearly showed on her face.

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The clear mastery of using the mind of someone to get what he wanted was pure skill. No magic was involved. It got physically inserted within him as he traveled the battlefield of Dorchester. Tempest Haggard, an unfamed genius in magical inventions of this century. His wisdom surpassed even the greatest master sorcerers. Young Staxius spent fourteen years studying under his father, from how to utilize magic correctly to proper military training and ways to defeat even the strongest battle mages with only a needle – he learned it all. Despite that fact, Staxius had a weakness that even his strongest battle posture or weapon could not defeat, he was unable to use magic until he tried applying for Claireville Academy.

“Don’t leave, fine I’ll give you a job. I’m guessing you want money; how much do you wish to gain?” Her face changed, it was one of someone who cared – her tone reflected it too. “I don’t care about money,” he smiled. “-I just wish to study the art of cooking under you guys. It would be my honor to learn from the best; man sister is going to be so happy.” Staxius slowly faded the heavy sadness in his tone. “That is very admirable of you, but it’s academy policy to return any favor with something of equal value.” One of the cooks added. “If that’s the case, pay me with food. I can’t really afford the high-class meals but I’d like to taste them, my mouth is watering just thinking about it.” He replied while licking his upper lip. “You’re an interesting guy, consider you hired, I’ll pay you with food. Starting tomorrow come early, we start cooking at eight o’clock, be here at seven-thirty.” The lady patted his back and gave a thumbs up. “Thank you very much, I’ll never forget this act of kindness.” He smiled and left. The whole thing about having a little sister was but a lie to get him what he wanted.

‘Man, people are so easy to read. Like my dad always said, people are frivolous creatures, never get jumbled up with their words. They more often don’t mean what they say. The secret to unlocking someone’s soul lies in their eyes. Guess that’s the bell, time to see if my provocation changed anything within the class.’ He headed back and held onto a tiny bottle.

“Julius, have you met this grey suit fellow? You seemed awfully close.” Silvio asked with his feet on Staxius’s table. They had a long conversation which now reached its conclusion. Lucy remained adamant about getting payback. “We met once, that’s about it. Word of advice, trying to make him leave this class like the other’s won’t be easy. He hasn’t even taken you guys seriously.” Julius chuckled.

“Are you mocking me, BLOND BOY?” Silvio tried to start a fight but was stopped, “calm down Silvio, leave the pretty boy alone. He’s only here because he defeated you in a duel, so know your place.” Lucy added while polishing her nails. “Fine, screw you Luc...”

BANG. Silvio hit the ground, it looked painful, probably got some broken bones after that. With a faint glimmer, Staxius walked inside. The reason he fell remained a mystery but all assumed he was responsible.

“STAXIUS YOU LITTLE FU...” Lucy threw her nail polish. Before it reached him, he threw back something which deflected the nail polish and returned it to the sender. It practically broke once it came close to her face. The deep scarlet red liquid poured all over her nonexistent chest, she fumed. One could see the vapor oozing out of her back, it was subconsciously generated by her water element mixed with lightning affinity.

‘Man, this is getting tiresome. But it’s a great opportunity to get rid of any suspicions. I did injure that guy earlier; this might affect my standing. Time to clear my name.’

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

[Victim: Lucy Villareal, age 16]

[Personality: Cold-hearted]

[Prediction: Family abandoned her]

[Weakness: Affection and someone to make her feel inferior]

[Best Approach: Threaten her and be kind later on]

Sense-personality, a skill that allowed the user to detect a person’s inner thoughts. It’s like mind reading but more accurate, this is how Staxius evaluates someone’s credibility. It’s undetected and works on absolutely anyone who he chooses to.

‘Parents abandoned her, should I feel sorry?’ he quickly glanced at her, everything felt slow. ‘-I mean since father integrated that device into my head, I’ve been sort of emotionless ever since. The emotions I show are usually calculated, thus my capability to control this wild horse and burden called the human emotion. Today was different, I felt genuinely angry when people spoke badly about Sophie, guess I’m human after all. Now then Lucy, your time has come to obey me, I know I’m a bad person, but this land is filled with deception. My foolish father died because of this thing called emotions, never will I succumb under its power.’

With all the data acquired on Lucy, Staxius changed his aura from neutral to someone powerful and ruthless. Each step he took towards Lucy’s table slightly made the floor tremble; he was a monster. “Lucy, I’m done with your childish games,” he stopped, inches away from her. “-look at your friend Silvio there, he dared to disrespect me. He will pay the price in your stead.” He said with killing intent surging out of his speech and headed for Silvio.

“Staxius calm down, no need to kill him.” Julius got in his way, he tried to stop a murder from happening. The killing intent Staxius released was felt by only him. As he gazed upon the would-be killer’s face, Staxius winked; signaling that everything was going to

be alright. It was just an act to scare off unwanted disturbance. Understanding his true intent, Julius played along and was shoved aside.

'You truly are someone amazing.' He laughed internally; the school had grown far more entertaining. "Silvio, who gave you permission to put your filthy shoe on my table? I'd have forgiven you if not for this girl you call a friend." He purposefully spoke loudly; he was trying to get a reaction out of Lucy. Angry, he grabbed Silvio's collar and pushed him against the wall at the back using his left arm.

Boff, Boff, Boff. Staxius repeatedly punched him in the stomach, he knew exactly where would be the least harmful yet produce great results. The repeated assault made him cough blood, it was grim. Satisfied, Staxius slammed the now unconscious Silvio onto Lucy's table. Blood only scattered near the unsuspecting Lucy. The broken nail polish made her look like she was the perpetrator.

The strongest female mage in class D seeing her childhood friend get brutally beaten by this newcomer made her ice-cold heart crumble into pieces. She was angry, scared, and petrified, so many emotions being released at once, overwhelming the poor girl. With his job completed, he faced the entire class. Everyone was silent, the sole rule-class D followed was survival of the fittest.

"Julius, come with me right this instant." Staxius finally said after a painful minute of silence. "Very well," he followed him as they left the room with Lucy crying,

"Was it necessary to go overboard, I mean him coughing blood was a bit unconventional don't you think?" Julius spoke, both ran, Staxius led the way. "Well it was only fake blood, so don't worry about it, look at this," he quickly showed him the tiny bottle, "-every time I punched him it created the illusion of him coughing blood. His only unconscious thanks to a pin I threw once I entered the class."

"Where are we headed in such a hurry?" Julius asked once more, "oh, I thought you were smarter than this. We are headed to fetch Miss Rosie, the logistical teacher. From what I've seen this morning, she's very gullible. Convincing her that Lucy was the one who assaulted Silvio will be a piece of cake, just act with me." He smiled. 'From the nail polish to the fake blood, this guy is truly a demon at deception, Staxius, what truly is your story?' Julius remained close behind.

"Run, RUN JULIUS, RUN." Staxius yelled jokingly.

Near the door to the teacher's lounge, both students arrived. Staxius changed his aura into one of a frightened kid. "Miss Rosie, we need your help this instant," Staxius cried out once he saw the teacher casually having tea. "W-what's the m-matter." She was taken by surprise and nearly dropped her cup. "It's Lucy, she assaulted Silvio and he coughed blood," he acted as if he panted, "-Julius go get the nurse." Staxius signaled him to leave and bring a stretcher.

Hearing that one of her students was in danger, Rosie rushed out of the door, both she and Staxius ran towards their classroom.