

Master of Time 93

Chapter 93 The Death Mage POV

They are everywhere!

Their eyes are everywhere!

Glowing, taunting and laughing madly in the darkness!

Get away from me! Get away! Get the fuck away!

Their claws! Their filthy claws!

How dare they!? How dare they touch me? How dare they!?

No! No! Stop! Don't push that thing in there! It is not for you!

No! Noooooooooooo! Nooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!

I will kill them! I will kill all of them! All of them! Every single one of them!

Shadow swirls. Nightmare whispers. What is this place? Power? Yes, power. I need more powers. Yes, more powers. More powers to kill them all. All of them.

How dare they kill my family!? How dare they defiled Lavender? She is mine! Mine!

I am...

I am...

I am...

I am... weak...

Power. I need more power. Give me more power. Please. I will give you my soul. Just give me power. Power to kill them all. Kill them all! Especially it. It has defiled everyone I love most! Especially it! Yes, yes, give me power. I don't care what happen to me. Give me more power!

The shadow accepts. Nightmare grows.

And my consciousness is fading away.

What did I just do?

No... this is... no...!

"Then you shall have power –

Someone interrupts the soothing whisper.

A familiar voice? A soft voice. It pulls me back from the darkness.

The shadow realm fades away.

"Sapphire? Wake up. Hey! Wake up?"

I slowly open my eyes and see her.

Lavender! She is still alive. She hasn't been defiled by that monster and torn apart.

I can see? Of course, I can see. Why did I think I couldn't anymore?

"Lavender!"

I call out. I want to hug her, but... but Eric will not allow that. She loves him, not me. She has been with him longer than me.

Huh? My hands...? They are back? Wait. How am I here with Lavender?

The last thing I remember is seeing her unblinking face after she was tossed onto the floor like a piece of garbage. Her body utterly defiled, convulsing and oozing out the monster's filthy seeds. Then those goblins have their ways with her.

I couldn't even save her corpse. It was not spared! I curse myself. My weakness. Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click for visiting.

If I was stronger, none of that would have happened.

Wait. It didn't happen, right?

The village didn't get destroyed. My father didn't get murdered and eaten. My mother didn't get taken along with my little sister. They are still fine? Tell me! They are still fine!

I rush pass Lavender and Eric, finding the village just like how I had found it last. Bloodstain covers the street. Homes are broken into. Body parts are littered the ground.

They are dead. Killed by monsters.

"Sapphire?"

Lavender touches my shoulder. When did I collapse on the floor? When did I start crying? She is crying too. Her family are also dead. She embraces me, hugging me tight. I could feel her warmness. At least, we have each other.

"What happen? How did we return here? I thought we were heading in the dungeon?"

Eric questions. He ruins the mood with his confusion.

I am confused too.

So is Lavender.

All three of us recall that we have traced the monster tracks all the way to a small dungeon. Powerful magic emanating from within, far exceeded my own, telling me to stay away but... but I couldn't wait for the suppression force from the nearby Kingdom.

By the time the suppression force arrives, my mother and sister would be long dead, raped and killed like so many others before them, so I lied about the power level of the monsters within. My little sister has never outside the village before, and for this to be her fate, I just can't allow it.

I needed to find my sister, and I saw her being corpse being dragged away. Her head on the far side of the room. I couldn't stop myself, so I attacked mindlessly.

I shouldn't have attacked. I shouldn't have alert the monsters.

That titanic goblin's magical aura is off the chart. It can kill all of us without trying, yet I attacked. Why did I attack? We could have escape then before we were surrounded.

All the villagers are dead, killed and eaten. Defiled beyond recognition.

I couldn't save anyone again.

I am so weak.

I'm sorry Lavender. I have lied to you, and I have got you killed.

But you're not dead. Neither Eric is. I wish he was. No. I shouldn't think like that even if he is stealing Lavender from me.

What happen after he was killed? After Lavender was raped. After I was raped. After...

A voice. A calming voice tells me that my destiny is not to die there and then. I couldn't see that person in the darkness. I couldn't see that person without my eyes, but I feel him, only him.

His power. It was weak...?

No, that couldn't be. How could he be weak?

Yet it was. Yet he was alone. Everything within the dungeon was killed by him. If that is his true magical power, then there is no way he could have defeated the dungeon by himself. He must have suppressed his magic.

That is the only explanation.

Where is he? Did he resurrect me and Lavender... oh and Eric too? Why did he do such a thing? I mean why did he resurrect us all? It must have cost him a lot of his lifeforces.

Resurrection is a sacrificial rune, belonging to the element of death. Not only an enormous amount of magical energy is required, the lifeforce and essence of the caster is also required.

No life can be given without huge sacrifice.

That is what I have been warned when I was first initiated at the Academy.

Death magic is taboo, and any student found practicing it will be greatly punished. As death drains the lifeforce and essence of the caster, those who practice it does not live for very long, thus robbing the Academy of a talented mage.

The only exception to the rule is those who have natural affinity to death. But they tend to become evil Necromancer, who plunges the land into darkness, so any new born who found to have affinity to death will be killed without hesitation.

It is for the best.

That person couldn't be a Necromancer. None are allowed to exist since the inception of the Academy several thousands of years ago, governing magic throughout every human Kingdoms, Queendoms and Dukedoms.

So, he must have practice death magic at the expense of his own lifeforce and essence. That is a taboo, so he must have been hunted by other mages all his life. It is a risk for him to be in the open like this.

Yet that person not only resurrect me, but Lavender and Eric too?

Why?

I can understand if he only resurrected me. He might wish me to be his direct pupil since my potential is rank sapphire, hence my father given me the name. Sapphire potential candidates have the ability to reach 4th and maybe even 5th circle of magic.

People who has the potential to become mages of the 4th circle is extremely rare.

Why –

"Sapphire!"

A small person tackles me. Arms wrap around my neck tightly.

I look at my little sister before blinking in surprise.

She is alive? She is alive!

"Sapphire? You're back? You got a robe now!? Wow you got initiated! Congratulation!"

Someone familiar from the village shouts. It is that nice uncle from next door. His teenage daughter is with him, looking confused. Behind them are my father and mother along with hundreds of people.

They are heading from the direction of the dungeon.

I am not dreaming, am I?

Even Lavender and Eric are utterly speechless. Tears pour down their faces as they run and jump and hug their parents.

I do too.

If this is a dream, please don't let me wake up. Please!

It is then that I felt it. His magical power radiating from a distant. Everyone's magic feels different since everyone train differently.

"Sapphire?"

My parent question when I slip pass them and the villagers. No one has felt the aura, so he is obviously directing at me, calling for me.

I have to go. If he could resurrect this many people at once, he is at least a mage of 5th circle. I cannot escape if he wishes me to be his student.

And life that have been given can be taken away – or worst, become twisted.

"I have to go to. Master is calling for me."

I response and look at Lavender, who is older than me by one year.

Her potential in magic is too low to be accepted into the Arcane Academy.

Instead, Lavender aims to become a Swordmaster to be with Eric, who is training to be Spearmaster, so she was initiated at a sword school in the capital.

"Sapphire? Do you have to...?"

I look at Lavender and smile faintly. I left without saying a word since she understands.

None follows me because a master mage is not someone who they can offend so casually. Not even my parents dare to stop me. In fact, they are happy for me to follow my master.

My future will be far brighter if I did. That is the main reason why I apply to the Academy – it is to get the attention of a powerful mage and become their student, even if not their direct student.

Sadly, no one accepts me due to my poor background. Even sapphire potential is meaningless without a proper connection in the capital. I can only study on my own, paying for my tuition by working part time for the seniors.

I continue onwards, towards the magical aura.

It becomes stronger and stronger as I get closer and closer. Each step feels incredibly heavy, but even so, this magical aura is so weak.

It is weaker than even me. That shouldn't be, right?

Wouldn't a master mage show his might and demonstrate his power? Perhaps –

I froze up when I saw countless knights stand erected on each side of the pathway, leading all the way up the mountain. There must be hundreds here. No, thousands!

They are soulless construct – golem. No, metal golem. Their red eyes focus upon me. And their weapon glow eerily.

Is that a sword aura!? Only Swordmaster can have sword auras.

Are all these golems Swordmaster level? That is impossible.

There are not this many Swordmaster in the entire continent!

I step backwards out of awe and fear, mostly fear, but the metal golems behind me slash down on the ground. Their glowing blade embedded deep into the earth, liquifying stones.

There is no going back. Only forwards. I would be instantly killed otherwise, and so will everyone else in the village.

"Nothing in life is truly free, even death."

The mage speaks up. His robe flusters in the wind. He is standing at the edge of a cliff, overlooking the village and villagers. His back is facing me. A hood covers his face, shrouding his appearance in mystery.

His powers are not, however, as demonstrated by the numerous goblins with glowing red eyes.

They have all been killed and resurrected as his minion. Even that monstrous one, standing in absolute silent. Its mind and individually are stripped away.

I am thankful that he allows me to keep my sense of self. I could as easily become a puppet along with the rest of the villagers and Lavender if he chooses.

I kneel before him and kowtow.

This is my master, a Death Mage.

With his might, he can drown this continent in blood and death.