

Magi - Shortstories

Von -Arulithia-

Kapitel 8: Fading to dust

The possibility of seeing Judal die was something Kouen always tried to shove away in the most distant corner of his mind. The boy ways reckless, bad tempered and therefore it was just a matter of time until he would get killed. But now, that the redhead witnessed how Sinbad ran his sword through the black mage's body like it was the easiest thing he had ever done, all of this seemed so abstract. From one second to another while Kouen turned his back towards the two of them because his siblings, who were about to get struck down by Baal's thunderbolt, it must have happened. The three of them focused on the alliance members and weren't involved into the fight between Kouen, Judal and Sinbad at all, nonetheless the purple-haired king attacked. Koumei's transfer circle luckily brought them out of reach from Sinbad's violent attack, but meanwhile the ravenette suffered a direct hit. It seemed Sinbad really enjoyed this, maybe he already reached the state of being completely fallen. If so, it meant that Judal made a choice and decided against the singularity for the sake of Kouen and his family. Kouen did not know and he did not care at that moment.

Kouen had to watch how Sinbad shoved the dead boy off his sword and how it fell to the ground. It was a second that passed like an eternity. A moment filled by regrets, anger and blaming himself for not watching over that beloved brat. Why didn't he keep Judal away from that man in the first place? It did not have had to end like that. And now there was another decision to make. Going after that falling body of the person Kouen adored and loved so much, while risking an attack that would endanger his own life or that of his siblings for a second time or letting it smash to the ground. It would most likely only leave a disgusting piece of bloody flesh behind that once resembled Judal.

It was a mere second that passed before Kouen furiously attacked the other. He earned nothing more than a smug grin from Sinbad, who seemed pretty pleased about what he had done. But in the end, with Aladdin's support, Kouen struck Sindria's king down who already planned in secret to become the one and only king. Waiting for everyone to play their cards and then devouring the very rest of the already weakened parties. Aladdin noticed it for long and once Sinbad made his move, the blue-haired magi chose the Kou empire because he deemed the purple-haired uncle, how Aladdin called him, had turned out to be as bad as Al-Tharmen.

The fight at the lines with the seven sea alliance was still ongoing, but near to an end with victory for Kou. The prince sank down to pay the ravenette the last respect. It

was indeed a disgusting sight. "

At least Kougyoku and Kouha don't have to see this..." he muttered lowly with a cracked voice. "If you want to, I can call for him from the great flow of rukh and you can say goodbye, uncle." Aladdin said as he put his hand onto the kneeling man's shoulder. He had this bright

attitude

even though something really bad happened. A lot of people died. Maybe that boy was gifted. Kouen felt tempted to give in to the desire to see that black-haired magi once more, but it would never take that weight and guilt off his shoulders, nor would it erase the picture he

witnessed

just now.

"Step back young magi." was all the prince uttered as he raised and pushed Aladdin back. He called for the hot flames of Astaroth to burn what was left and once the fire calmed down, only the jewelry Judal worn all the time lay there on the dark shaded ground. The red gem was cracked, but it did not matter. His siblings would ask their older brother a painful question soon enough and Kouen was not sure if he would be able to talk about what happened. This would at least explain

everything

they needed to know.