

MY SOUL CARD IS A REAPER

Chapter 1 Azrael Garcia

"Soul Card. An existence that's present in all human beings living in the world of Gaia.

The major functionality of the card is to gather the power of one's soul that's hidden inside of it, and with its help, the user can bring out his strength to the world.

While everyone is born with a soul card, but only a few special individuals, one out of a thousand can awaken their power. Such beings are known as Arcana Masters.

And the representation of their power is known as Arcana.

Arcana is divided into three categories, namely, the tool type Arcana, beast type Arcana, and plant type Arcana. For the past hundred thousand years of civilization, there's never a human who was able to awaken any other type other than those three.

Yet, there exists a clan that hid itself from society for thousands of years and possesses such type of exception in the form of their clan leader. It's the Death clan, a clan that existed solely to maintain the balance between life and death."

"Teacher, how is it possible for such a clan was able to stay hidden even to date?" A kid asked a young man, who looks like he's in his late 20s but in truth, he's more than 1000 years old.

The teacher shook his head with a sigh, "No, it no longer exists. The clan collapsed after their clan leader went missing, five hundred years ago."

An eight-year-old girl raised her hand, and asked, "Teacher, I heard that Death clan's last clan leader, the legendary Azrael Garcia is one of our alumni. Can you tell us about him?"

"Azrael?" A lot of scenes appeared in his head.

Looking at the students who seemed very interested as soon as the name up by the Moon clan's princess, the teacher nodded in agreement. "Yes, he was a student at this school, a thousand years ago. He is..."

Tring

The bell rang, reminding him that the class is over.

As soon as he heard it, the young man stopped his lesson and started to take the books before leaving away. Suddenly remembering something, he turned towards the students and spoke, "By the way, the school trip to the Arcana world is decided in the first week of the next month."

The class erupted in cheers with excitement, hearing the good news.

Leaving the class, the teacher glanced in a certain direction and mumbled, "When are you going to return, Azzy? Are you even alive?"

1000 years ago;

>31st Dec, Year 2015, 11th Epoch;

Southern Qudour Nation, Luzurian Province;

Town of Sliya. A small town located at the banks of a river with a population of little over fifty thousand, filled with common people who aren't blessed with enough soul power.

And yet, there's a hall of Arcana, constructed in the town to test everyone's soul power only because of the fact that a living seven-star Arcana Master once hailed from this town, several centuries ago.

Even though, a couple of talented kids appear every year, alas, none of them were able to break past the four-star and increase their lifespan. As a result, they just disappear in history.

It was the last day of the year.

People of the town are decorating their houses and the town administration is busy cleaning the snow on the streets just like every year.

On the west side of the town, where most residences are located, there's a large house built with even a courtyard, which seemed a bit out of place when compared to the surrounding residences.

One look at it, anyone can figure out that the people living in the house are very rich.

All people in the town respect the family not because they are rich but because of another reason.

The family that resides in the house belongs to the only 4-star healer in the town, who heals every patient without taking a single copper coin as a fee.

"Grandpa, look. I did it." An eight-year-old boy spoke with excitement, wiping off his sweat.

His skin was a healthy wheat color, his black short hair appeared very neat, and his clothes, though simple, were clean.

"Good job, Azzy. You are progressing very well." The grandfather smiled widely, feeling proud of his grandson.

"I don't think I'm talented as you, grandpa," replied the boy. He took out a recovery card from the basket beside him and recovered his soul power.

"Next."

Filling his soul power, the boy took out a basic healing card from the basket and placed it on the forehead of the next patient who seemed to be suffering from high fever.

"Heal." The boy spoke without taking any rest.

Visible green energy erupted from the card and started flowing into the girl's body while the boy is concentrating on directing the energy to remove the illness.

As the card disappeared, her body's temperature became normal while his soul power became empty once again.

A few hours later;

"Phew" The boy wiped his sweat once again. His hands started to shake a bit.

"Take rest, Azzy." The four-star healer said, after realizing his grandson's condition.

The boy lies on the floor, mumbled as he stared at the ceiling. "I wonder what will awaken on my soul card."

"What are you wishing for?" The grandpa asked, hoping to hear something pleasant like a Unicorn, the beast that'll be helpful for a healer or maybe, something like a Ginseng that'll increase healing efficiency.

It was known that once, a seven-star healer with a unicorn as his Arcana can revive the dead within a certain time limit. That's why Arcana masters with Unicorn beast type Arcana will be sought out by the Empire.

The boy replies, "maybe, a tool-type Arcana."

"Huh!" His grandfather was taken aback by his response, remembering something.

Meanwhile, the next patient entered the room and the boy's attention shifted to him for a second.

A dark aura surrounded the old man, who was carried by his two sons.

"There's no use in saving him," a mumble escape from the boy.

"Hmm, what did you say?" asked the grandfather.

"Nothing." The boy turned his body to the side and mumbled to himself again as he closed his eyes, "not again."

The day went by with everyone celebrating the last day of the year and getting ready to welcome the New Year.

As the first day of the New Year arrived, the streets were once again bustling with crowds. Parents are accompanying their kids to the Hall of Arcana, where

a three-star Arcana Master appointed by the Mayor of the nearby city will arrive and test them with an Awakening scroll.

It's also called the 'Awakening ceremony'. Children ranging from eight to twelve years of age from nearby villages and towns will come here every year on this day, to awaken their soul card.

Those who were able to acquire Arcana will be recommended to Larnwick academy and those who only get a blank soul card will be returning to their ordinary lives.

"State your name and age." The Three-star Arcana Master asked the boy.

"Azrael, eight years old"

Upon hearing the name without any surname for the nth time, the Arcana Master sighed, 'another commoner... I thought this kid is noble judging by how everyone outside is respecting his grandfather and gave their spot to the kid. I was a fool to even think that a noble is living in his shabby town. Or maybe, this kid isn't his real grandson...'

"Mister..." Reaching his hand, Azrael called out, to bring him back to reality.

The Arcana Master told the boy to place his hands on the scroll.

As he made an incantation, Azrael heard his heartbeat loud and clear at once before feeling something warm in his chest.

His surroundings were replaced by the scenery. The boy was standing at the edge of a cliff, staring at the barren land filled with countless corpses while dozens of black lightning struck continuously with clouds covering all over the sky.

Slowly, a dark aura started releasing from them and formed a Giant specter with a skull and skeleton body.

It has a long, black cloak. The cloak wraps all the way around the specter's body and shrouds his face beneath a deep hood, loose and tattered.

The creature carries a strange weapon in its right hand. It's a long pole with a curved blade fixed to the top, almost like a scythe the farmer used to harvest the crops but only that this seems bigger, not as curvy as them.

An hourglass is hanging around his waist with the help of a rope.

Looking at the specter before him, fear enveloped Azrael and his whole body started shivering.

Then, the creature spouted a few words.

"Azrael Garcia, Child of the Death Clan, receive my power."