

MY SOUL CARD IS A REAPER

Chapter 11 Training At Violet Pavilion Part-3

Ten months passed away in the blink of an eye.

In these past ten months, Avia did nothing but teach him the theoretical lessons while in the meantime, Azzy broke through the 1000 soul power barrier and reached rank 3.

He took more or less 4 years just to break through the rank 3. It was nowhere near the level of genius.

For several millennia, the Garcia family doesn't have an heir with dark attributes. No one thought Azzy would have one either. All of them just hoped that he will turn out to be someone talented.

Their hopes further increased when they saw Azzy's rank increase to 2 overnight but his slow progression made everyone lose their interest.

In the end, the clan leaders no longer paid attention to his progress.

The only ones who still believe him are the Clan Elders who knew what type of Arcana he awakened and what the Clan head wants for him.

No one has the courage to talk to the clan head, and neither they have the strength to go against two of the most powerful women in the clan. So, all they can do is ignore him.

But if one observes carefully, they would realize he broke through three ranks without hunting the monsters, using the rare soul energy cards, or any sparring. There was no secret training involved.

All of this was achieved purely just by climbing up the steps and living in a place where the gravity is 44 times that of the original.

Avia calls it the tempering phase.

People who were recruited into the Violet Pavilion are all above 5-star. So, its effect on their soul power is too little for them to consider.

But, for Azzy, it turned out to be a blessing.

And after ten months, Azzy finally finished with this phase.

"Azzy, follow me." A busty and long-legged woman spoke as she opened the room without knocking.

Strangely, this devilishly beautiful woman has a smile on her face, contrary to what was seen on other clan members who hardly show any emotions.

"Elder Crescent," Azzy greeted her as he continues to read the book, maintaining a blank face as if he is a robot.

"I told you to call me Big sister many times..." the woman replied as she walked toward him.

"You are 400 years old. You aren't that young to be called Big Sister. Please act like your age will you," Azzy replied, not paying attention to her as he continues to read the book.

"Oh! Really?" Suddenly, he heard a whisper in his ears. It's a husky tone and at the same time, it's a bit sexy. She unknowingly uses her power.

For a person, who's started going through puberty, the effect multiplied a bit and he started losing his concentration on the book.

Just as he was about to get dragged into a lucid dream before a powerful smack landed on his head. "You cheeky brat, you dare call me old. I'm not half old as those geezers."

Somewhere in the clan villages, a few people sneezed at the same time.

"Ouch" Azzy grabbed his head, "Now that I think about it, I should actually start calling you, Grandma Crescent, instead. You are even older than my grandpa."

As Azzy spoke back at her, she pulled his cheeks, "you don't have any respect for elders, do you..."

"Sister Evelyn, back off." A voice with so much coldness resounded in the room.

Azzy's eyes lit up, "Master, help me. Elder Crescent is bullying me."

"You..."

"Elder Crescent, leave the Young Master, now," Avia replied, this time she called her in a formal way, indicating her position.

"Tch... No fun..." Evelyn freed Azzy and then said, "Anyway, follow me to Training Hall 3. Today, you'll start learning how to spar with your Arcana."

Azrael closed the book and followed her to Training hall-3.

After staying in this place for ten months, Azzy no longer felt any discomfort as he was walking without the use of an Anti-gravity card.

Since he never stepped outside of that cliff, he wondered how strong he will be if he is on the ground.

On the way, he encountered ten or so disciples who simply bowed as a greeting and left on their way. They seem disappointed for reason.

But, the strange thing is that he felt they didn't bow to him but to the person beside him, Evelyn Crescent, the actual Elder of Violet Pavilion.

He didn't know about that until she showed up, a year ago. It seems she handed her duties to Avia who is the head of the disciplinary hall and went on for a four-star rated mission. It took her five years to complete it.

He once asked his master about the mission but she answered him that he wasn't strong enough to know. So, Azzy just concluded it as a very dangerous one.

Entering the training hall, Azzy saw it was empty.

He quickly realized why he was able to see disciples outside other than in the dining hall.

Evelyn confirmed his thoughts, "I'm allotting this training hall for you until you will be enrolled in the academy."

Azzy thought they were probably kicked out or transferred to another training hall for the sake of him.

She looked at him and smiled, "See, this big sister is generous, isn't she?"

'Yeah, right...!' Azzy didn't feel happy that others were harmed in the process for his sake. It's not a problem for him to share this whole space.

He simply nodded.

Evelyn then summoned her Arcana, a giant silver kangaroo. But, unlike the ones he sees in the comics and on television, this one didn't have any pouch on its belly and also its entire body seemed to be made of metal.

She looked at the beast in affection and introduced it to Azrael, "this is Aether."

"Aether, meet my nephew, Azrael Garcia." She introduced him to her Arcana. It looked at him and greeted him with a gentle tut-tut sound.

Azzy returned her greetings with a slight bow, "nice to meet you."

"It's time to say goodbye." As she raised her hands, the beast disappears and her hands are covered with gauntlets that were made of some kind of metal, and lightning energy is running all over it.

"Well, summon yours."

Closing his eyes, Azrael concentrates and summons the soul card.

Apart from the picture of the specter, Azrael observes the number on the top left of the card, which says 1935.

'Oh! It's been a while since I last saw it. My soul power almost reached 2000. Just need 65 more...'

"What are you thinking? Hurry up and summon it." Evelyn's voice brought him back to reality and he summons the death scythe in his hand while the soul card continued to hover around him.

"Pfft... Hahaha...." Evelyn suddenly started laughing as she started to point at him, "shorty, you are almost half of your weapon..."

Azzy countered her teasing with, "those also look so dull to me. Are they rusted? Like owner like weapon..."

Evelyn loves to tease Azzy whenever she has the time as he always has this aloof expression on his face. Unlike others, his expression was natural.

What she doesn't know is that Azzy was just incapable of showing it even though he feels all kinds of emotions. And getting teased by her, he always picks on her sore spot. Her age.

Because Evelyn is the youngest Elder of the Death clan, her marriage went into crisis. As the eldest daughter of the Crescent clan's head, she can't marry a weakling or a person with low background.

People who have the same status and strength as hers are just way older than her and people who are of the same age have less status than her.

Not to mention, even the people older than her address her with respect adding Elder as a Prefix.

So, one can understand her frustration whenever she heard the words she was old or the world marriage.

"You brat really asking for beatings..." Evelyn forced herself to calm down, looking fiercely at this distant nephew of hers.

Azzy grabbed the weapon with his two hands and swung it around to get a feel. 'Cool, this isn't heavy as I thought it was, even though it looks bigger than when I first awakened it. Hmm, looks like its growth is proportionate with my height...'

"Are you chickening out, kid? C'mon, give it a try." She provoked him with her finger. "Try to land a hit on me."

Azzy pushed his right leg towards the floor and dashed towards his trainer before swinging at her.

Both the weapons clashed and ignited a spark. Azrael got pushed back a dozen meters but on the other hand, Evelyn didn't move an inch.

"You are too slow. Put more strength in your swing, will ya. Now, try again."

A couple of hours later, Azrael continued to swing the scythe at his trainer while the latter just stood on the spot without moving an inch while blocking all of his attacks with her gauntlets.

"How many times I should tell you. Use the force of your entire arm, not your hand." Unlike her usual behavior, she was now in her Evil trainer mode.

Meanwhile, Azzy's arms started to bleed.

'Bring out my power, child. You can do it...!' A voice suddenly whispered in his head.

As if something took over him, Azzy's eyes turned black. His pupils are no longer visible. And he raised the death scythe over his head.

A dark aura started to envelop the scythe.