

## MY SOUL CARD IS A REAPER

### Chapter 17 27 Years To The Past Part-1

1993, Northern Qudour Nation, Lusha Province;

Oakley Night was driving a car with the Princess of Snieca and their 7-year-old daughter Avia sat behind.

"Dad, that movie is really good. Does that hero really exist?" A cute and naïve looking Avia asked her father.

"Of course, Avia. Those kinds of powerful heroes exist everywhere in the world. As long as you can reach rank-7, you can become as strong as him." Her mother replied, caressing her hair.

"Oh! Then, can Dad become as strong as him once he made a breakthrough?"

"Uhh... That's..." As the princess was troubled to answer the question, Oakley, who was driving the car, turned his head around and answered with a smile, "of course, sweetie..."

"Look out..." Widening her eyes, Affea shouted, as she saw a kid suddenly appeared in front of their vehicle.

Before he turns his head, the car hit him and got itself knocked back more than five meters as if it hit the wall.

Oakley hit his head to the steering while Affea was in time to catch Avia.

He opens the door and gets out of the car to see a 12-year-old kid, unconscious on the road with no injuries. Meanwhile, the car's bumper was damaged smoke rose from the engine.

"A four-star Arcana Master?" Oakley mumbled as he crouched to check the boy to check his condition.

Just then, suddenly, a crimson-colored soul card appeared in between them. Within a fraction of a second, it glowed and a black wolf jumped from it.

\*Grrr\*

It growled as it bares its fangs against Oakley while releasing sparks of lightning from all over its body.

Oakley tried to communicate with it, "easy there. I'm not an enemy. Let me help the boy."

"What happened, Honey?" Affea spoke, stepping out of the car.

As the wolf growled once again, looking at her, Oakley released his soul card and summoned a Unicorn. "You can recognize it, right? I'm a healer. I won't harm him, okay?"

The wolf glared at the unicorn which replied with a soft neigh.

It stepped aside since the spirits of unicorns are one of the most peaceful beings in the spirit world.

Avia, who saw the unicorn through the glass, exclaimed as she too gets out of the car. "Wow... Is this your Arcana, Dad? Cool."

"Yes, sweetie. But, stay here." Affea replied to her while grabbing near to her, looking warily at the wolf that was giving off intensity far greater than a gold grade Arcana.

Meanwhile, Oakley checked the boy's pulse and eyes. He didn't find anything unusual. His soul also seems to be in good condition.

Then, he looked at the wolf and spoke, "He's fainted. Let me take him to my home."

\*Wow\*

It barked in a low tone towards the Unicorn, who then translated it to Oakley.

Upon hearing it, Oakley nodded, "fine. Get it."

He picked up the boy and then said, "Afeea, you and Avia sit in the front."

She nodded.

Meanwhile, he put the boy in the back seat and the wolf jumped on top of the car.

The unicorn then released a thread made of energy and attached it to the car before pulling it in the middle of the night.

Back to the present;

After the Protos energy overwhelmed him with the feelings of darkness, Azzy's vision went blank followed by his consciousness.

And when he regained his consciousness, he found Vajra, who was erased by the Reaper is now guarding in the form of a black wolf.

He remembered the final gift he was given. Azzy thought it was a soul skill but the reality is quite different.

Vajra now has a separate body as if he was reborn as a soul beast but Azzy isn't a condition to care about it.

Why?

It's because he saw his grandpa who looks like he is in his early forties, surely younger than when he left him, four years ago, and a beautiful unfamiliar woman was holding his arm.

The problem is, Oakley responded with, "Who?" instead of any greetings and looked at him like a stranger.

"Grandpa, it's me, Azzy..." Azzy called out to him once again, making both of them confused.

Affea turned her head towards her husband and asked, "Honey, do you have a grandson this big or is he just became crazy?"

Feeling her glare as if she was interrogating him whether he lied about her being his first love, Oakley defended himself, "I'm just 45. How can I be a grandpa to a kid who's older than my daughter?"

"If you have a child in your teenage and he/she gives birth to this kid in their teenage..." She quickly countered him with an unreasonable theory.

"Don't be ridiculous, alright," Oakley replied before turning towards Azzy, "who are you, kid? Why are you calling me, grandpa? I'm not even that old..."

Azzy felt pain in his heart for a moment before he realized something's wrong.

'That woman called him as his husband. But I remember Grandpa said his wife died 20 years ago... He's a lookalike.

The book of genetics says there is a possibility of lookalikes in the world as long as they share the same ancestry even if it's a one in a million chance.

Moreover, grandpa is a four-star too but this guy looks far stronger, although weaker than Master. That means, around early-mid rank-6.'

"I'm sorry. I must have mistaken you for my grandfather. He kinda looks similar to you. He's a rank-4 by the way," Azzy quickly apologized to him to sort out the situation. "By the way, my name is Azrael."

He left out his family name on purpose as he doesn't know whether he's an enemy or friend.

According to his Master, the Death clan does have a lot of enemies. So, they shouldn't reveal their surname unnecessarily in the modern world.

Upon hearing Azzy's apology, Oakley sighed in relief. If Azzy would have insisted, then he would really get fallen in trouble with his unreasonable wife.

"It's okay, kid. Sometimes, it happens. By the way, I'm Oakley and this is my wife, Affea. Last night, we found you teleported right in the front of her vehicle. So, we brought you here."

Azzy was stunned this time. Now he was sure that this is his grandpa. A crazy thought appeared in his mind.

"Can I ask what year this is..." Azzy asked to confirm his suspicions.

Hearing the unusual question, they were taken aback at first, but misunderstand that the kid might have teleported from Arcana World, Oakley answered, "1993."

"93?"

Azzy's eyes are widened, "27 years..." "27 years..."

He kept on mumbling the word a few times while thinking about how it happened.

Meanwhile, Oakley frowned, "27 years? What's he mumbling about?"

Affea made him realize the kid might be mentally unstable due to some reason and let him be alone for a while to sort out his thoughts. After he has enough rest, they will ask the necessary questions.

As they left the room, Azzy then asked the wolf, "Vajra, what happened to me? Did I unknowingly reverse 27 years? No, that's not possible since I won't be alive, then... Did I create a time paradox?"

"I don't know," The wolf shook its head, "I only remember about the Reaper releasing..."

Right then, a familiar voice disturbed their telepathic conversation.

"You didn't reverse the time, Azrael. You time-traveled to 1993. It must be the fate for you to be discovered by Oakley of all the people."

Followed by the voice, the wolf disappeared from the spot and Azzy also found himself in his mindscape.

This time, there is no lightning from the clouds, there are only corpses left on the ground.

And in front of him, the Reaper stood there as usual but in his right hand, there was a chain that's linked to the neck of a black wolf.