

## MY SOUL CARD IS A REAPER

### Chapter 2 A Scythe And A Hourglass

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

The boy was stunned upon hearing the words of the specter.

There's a blinding flash before him.

Coming back to reality, Azrael closed his eyes, instinctively covering them with his right hand, felt a heaviness in his left hand, followed by hearing a sound as if something metal struck the floor.

Meanwhile, he also felt he grabbed something with his right hand.

Opening his eyes, the boy saw the scythe in his left hand, which looks identical to the weapon that was carried by the strange creature he saw during his awakening.

Meanwhile, in his right hand, there's an hourglass, which contains white sand.

Looking at the two weapons in each hand, the examiner was stupefied in a shock, 'a twin Arcana?'

But, as his attention was placed on the white soul card, he immediately shook his head and dispelled such a thought.

'No, there's only one soul card. Both of them must be a set. Then, again, this intensity...'

He stared at the scythe in Azrael's left hand and thought, 'that weapon must be atleast of purple-grade quality. On the other hand...'

Then, he turned towards the Hourglass, 'this one emits nothing. Strong should smell like strong and weak should smell like weak.'

But, this one smells like nothing. Strange, indeed. I should ask the Master about it.'

After inspecting the weapons, he then looked at the boy, 'Can't believe I was able to find a gem in such a small town.'

At the same time, Azrael is also stunned, although for a different reason.

As he caught the floating soul card, he saw the ghoulish humanoid creature's picture on the card, instead of the scythe and the hourglass.

'A beast type? I thought I awakened an Arcana weapon. No, this isn't a beast type. It resembles a human, except that it's a skeleton. Necromancy? No, it isn't...'

Then, remembering the words of the specter, the boy fell into deep thoughts, 'Wait a second. The skeleton addressed me as Azrael Garcia. I have a last name?'

"Congratulations, Azrael. You have awakened a strong tool-set type Arcana in your soul card." A voice resounded across the chamber, bringing him back to reality.

"Thank you." Azrael bowed in response and both of the weapons disappeared from his hands along with the soul card with just a thought, surprising the examiner even more.

The examiner then took a form out of nowhere and handed it to him, "You can go and sit in the corner and fill this form."

"Next"

Despite being a first-grade student, he filled the form without any external help and quickly handed it to the examiner after another awakening ceremony is finished.

The examiner, who was brimming with happiness, started thinking of how he will be rewarded for scouting a high potential candidate, spoke, "the letter from the academy will reach your house in a week."

Azrael gave a simple nod in response, starting to get uncomfortable for some reason, suddenly.

Meanwhile, the Arcana Master continued after sending away another failure, "The academy of Larnwick starts in the first week of April. So, you can't write final exams at your school.

It's better for you to drop out of school and focus on training for the next four months.

Let me tell you something important. Assigning of the classes will be decided by test results on the first day.

So, you should atleast become a 1-star master to get into the top class."

Azrael nodded, "I understand."

The Arcana Master was taken aback by his change in tone before calling the next person to enter.

As he left the chamber, he deeply frowned while feeling extremely uncomfortable as if his body whole body is itching for something but it is unknown what it is craving for...

Leaving the hall, he quickly found his grandfather who was busy chatting with fellow townsmen.

"Grandpa." A cold voice resounded across the hall, scaring a few children of the same age.

His Grandfather, Oakley frowned at first but then, misunderstanding that his grandson might have turned out to be a blank, he quickly left the group and left the hall amid gazes of everyone who shake their heads with a sigh.

As Azrael sit in the back seat in silence, the grandpa started to drive towards his home.

It wasn't until they reach the home did Oakley asked the boy about his awakening.

"No, I didn't awaken a blank soul card," replied the boy.

"Then, did you get a weak plant-type Arcana?"

Azrael shook his head, "No. The examiner said mine is a strong one. See..."

With just a single thought in mind, a scythe with a long handle appeared in his left hand while an hourglass appeared in his right.

All of a sudden, a strange silence enveloped the house of four-star Arcana master Oakley as he stared at the scythe and the hourglass in the hands of his precious grandson.

When he saw the scythe, his expression changed to that of serious but when his eyes landed on the hourglass, the old man almost lost his balance for a second.

"Grandpa, Are you alright?" Little Azrael asked in worry but his eyes and his tone appeared rather indifferent.

"I'm fine." Oakley then knelt to the boy's height and inspected carefully the hourglass after asking him, especially the pure white sand inside of it.

"Sands of time. No way..." whispered Oakley before he shouted, "Ethar."

"Yes, milord." As soon as his name was heard, he appeared beside them.

"Quickly, bring the book of Death from my room. It is located in the third drawer of my desk." Oakley ordered as if he was in a hurry leaving the boy in confusion.

'Book of Death? Why does it so sound familiar?' Then, he remembered the second part of the sentence that the specter spouted. 'That's right. It called me the Child of the Death clan. Do both of them have any connection?'

"Milord." The servant reappeared quickly as if he was teleporting to and fro before handing a thick book to the old man.

Azrael glanced over the book.

The surface and the pages of the book appeared rather old but the most distinctive feature of the book is the 3D drawing of a skull on its cover.

The old man continuously turned the pages and stopped at one.

Then, he started to stare back and forth between the book and the hourglass as if he was comparing the pictures.

The boy found the smile on his grandfather becoming wider each second as he is reading something and then, closing the book, he saw Oakley close his eyes and mumble, "Yes. It's the sands of time. That means the other one is the Scythe of Death. Finally, after several millennia, it reappeared..."

"What reappeared, grandpa?" Azrael asked him curiously, bringing him back to reality. "What does 'Sands of time' mean?"

Instead of answering, Oakley grabbed his grandson's shoulders and stared into his eyes, "I'll tell you later. I'm going to visit a place, tomorrow. Until I return, you should stay here."

"Where?" asked Azrael.

"Home," answered the old man.

"Huh?"