

## MY SOUL CARD IS A REAPER

### Chapter 3 Leaving The Home

The next day, his grandfather disappeared and the clinic was closed.

Since he was neither attending the school nor helping out at the clinic, boredom took over Azrael.

Lying on his bed, he started to think about the events that occurred earlier.

"Looks like I indeed have a surname. Perhaps the Death clan is one of the noble clans in some kingdom?"

Everyone knew that only nobles are allowed to have surnames in the continent to distinguish among themselves. If anyone dares to have a surname without any proof, the only thing that awaits them is death.

Considering how rich they are, Azrael started to wonder whether they are fallen nobles, hiding from their kingdom in this small town. That can also explain why his grandfather is a four-star healer.

To fulfill his curiosity, he went upstairs to his grandfather's room and checked the desk.

'Third drawer, is it?'

As he pulled out the drawer, he found the book was placed in it.

Without touching anything else, he took the book to his room and started reading it.

'The Death Clan is one of the nine hidden clans that exist for a hundred thousand years founded by a noble family of the Empire of Arcana.

Azrael Garcia, also known as the Angel of the Death is the founder of the clan'

"Oh! I have the same name as the founder. Cool..."

The starting pages of the book told about the origins of the clan, and how it started.

Then, it tells about the story of the youngest child of the noble family Garcia, who slowly paved his path from a weak kid to one of the Angels.

Then, it mentions the ten-year war with the demons and Elves that brought the ancient Empire of Arcana to ruins and led the nine noble families, starting a clan to stay hidden for the sake of mankind while new Empires started to rise.

Because he was still a child, Azrael wasn't able to understand the meaning behind a lot of words. So, he skipped a lot of things and searched for the information of Hourglass.

While turning the pages, he stumbled on the scythe's info.

"So, my weapon isn't a simple scythe but a death scythe, huh. Let's see..."

As he proceeds to read the abilities of the death scythe that their founder has, Azrael was taken aback, "this... No wonder it is called the death scythe. If my weapon is the same one, then, my soul skills will be also the same, right?"

For an eight-year-old bright kid, who learned that his weapon isn't used for protecting but solely based on killing, it should be a heavy shock that can shake his heart.

On the contrary, Azrael was calm and collected. He frowned as he felt it was normal.

"Ever since the awakening ceremony, something changed in me."

Only then did he realize the changes in him must have been because of the awakening ceremony.

But, he still didn't realize how he was changed though.

Putting aside those thoughts, for now, he continued to read the book.

The next page has information about the Death skull, which was used by one of the clan heads.

Then, it has the Death Note, which was used by another clan head. Then, a Sword of Death, Cerberus, Ghostly and skeleton version of beasts like Ghostly horse, skeletal dragon, etc...

The series of pages contains various Arcana used by the past clan heads.

Azrael found one more peculiar thing. Many Arcana weapons are repeated with the same set of soul skills, which kinda confused him a bit as they weren't supposed to be.

One more thing that surprised the boy is that many clan heads also have humanoid creatures like the Lich, Death Knight, Skeleton, all of which have necromancy skills.

But, strangely, they were stopped after the Hourglass. Suddenly, Arcana like healing plants like Ginseng, and healing beasts like Unicorn, etc... started to show up in the book. Several generations of clan heads possessed healing Arcana instead of the dark-type.

As he proceed to turn the pages, he finally stumbled on the Arcana of the Grim Reaper, which has an identical appearance as his' Arcana.

Azrael was stunned as he saw it. After reading its info, he can't help but let out a comment, "Am I the incarnation of the founder or something?"

Three weeks went by. His grandfather never returned. Azrael, who was forbidden to go outside, let alone school, spent his time at home.

Because the clinic is closed for a while, a lot of townsmen come to the house and inquire about it.

Azrael doesn't have any idea what to explain while the servants are silent as usual.

Since his friends from the school are never allowed into the compound, Azrael also began to feel bored after watching a few episodes of cartoons.

This is one another change he discovered after the awakening. He no longer felt interested in television except for the news channel.

So, he started to read books available in the house, in the hopes of finding a way to train his soul card. Unfortunately, none of those books he read have those things.

It was only after he asked Ethar to buy a guidebook; he understood that such things aren't permitted to sell outside. They are monopolized by the recognized schools in the cities or the nobles.

The only option for a commoner to train is either by hiring an Arcana master, learning from his/her parents, or by attending a recognized school.

Azrael then tried his luck, asking their butler, Ethar, who himself is a 6-star Arcana Master but he faced with a rejection stating that he wasn't qualified to teach young master.

\*Sigh\* "Do I need to wait just like this. There's only a little over 3 months left till the academy starts." Little Azzy stared outside from the window in boredom, not knowing how to spend his time while missing his grandpa.

It was at that time, a voice was heard from downstairs.

"Azzy..."

Upon hearing grandfather's voice, Azrael's eyes lit up and he quickly ran downstairs.

"Eh?"

There are a couple of new faces who were standing with his grandfather. But it wasn't because of that, he was stunned.

What made him shocked that all of the white hairs of his grandfather turned black while his body is brimming with vitality. He no longer looked like an old man but a middle-aged person.

"Grandpa, your hair..." As Azrael pointed it out, the latter just laughed, "some fortuitous encounter. Don't mind it. Do you miss your grandpa?"

Just as he raised his arms, intending to hug his grandson, who ran towards him, one of his arms was suddenly grabbed by the lady and muttered in a cold tone, "Don't you dare, father. Remember your position..."

Upon hearing her words, his expression dimmed and he put down his hands, making Azrael stop and stare at the lady in a suit who stood beside him and addressed his grandpa as her father and even belittled him a little bit.

Staring back at him, she bowed like a servant, "Avia of the Night clan greets the young master."

The man on the left of his grandpa also did the same, "Aspen of the Night clan greets the young master."

'Night clan of the Freyles nation; It was mentioned in the book of death. They are one of the subordinate clans of the noble Garcia family, and are a key figure in the Death clan.'

Azrael greeted in response, getting the hang of everything. "Hello, nice to meet you." But, the lack of respect is evident in his greeting while maintaining a frown on his face.

Both of them didn't mind it and stayed silent and let Oakley talk.

"I need to tell you something. I..." Oakley stopped all of a sudden and then let out a deep sigh, "you are leaving with them, right now."

"Huh! Where?" The boy asked in confusion, despite feeling something wrong inside of his heart from the moment he heard his grandpa was addressed as a father by a member of the Night clan.

"Everything will be explained by those two on the way," Oakley replied while looking elsewhere, holding back his emotions.

As Azrael turned his head towards those two, meanwhile, Ethar suddenly appeared beside him as the old man called out his name.

"Did you prepare everything I asked?" Oakley said to Ethar.

The servant took out a storage card and handed it to him.

Azrael was surprised upon seeing this card.

Unlike the other storage cards, this one is gold in color, which indicates the portable storage room inside of it is at least 100 sq.m in area and 5 meters in height.

Closing his eyes, Oakley then concentrated on the items that were placed inside of it.

Nodding with satisfaction, he then handed it to the boy, "this has everything that you need."

As Azrael took it, he felt like this might be a sudden goodbye. He looked at his grandpa and asked, "Are you not going with me?"

At that moment, Oakley saw the sadness in the boy's eyes despite his words doesn't carry a shred of emotion.

Looking at the grandson he raised for the past eight years, he sighed again, "No."

"Young master, we're leaving." The lady spoke before leading him into a car.

If it was Azrael before the awakening, he might have cried for his grandpa but now, as the vehicle started to drive, he wasn't able to express such a thing and simply stared at his grandpa, who let out a deep sigh once again.