

## MY SOUL CARD IS A REAPER

### Chapter 4 Entering The Clan Compound

Somewhere in the mountains of Helenus range;

A helicopter landed on flat ground.

Little Azzy and the two members of the night clan stepped down from the helicopter.

Stepping down on the ground, the boy saw a couple of middle-aged men, waiting for them.

"Is this him?" One of them asked the lady for confirmation.

As the lady nodded, the two of them bowed to the boy, "welcome home, young master."

Azzy, who was explained on the way, calmly nodded before following them.

Even though he was able to understand the situation the moment the lady addressed his grandpa as her father and then, she introduced herself as one of the members of the Night clan, but still, it pained him a little bit, knowing that his only relative that was alive isn't actually his.

And the actual relative isn't interested to care about his well-being.

His grandpa was nothing more than a caretaker his late parents entrusted him to, before they went on a journey to the Cursed Forest of Death, which is located in Arcana World, and got themselves killed by a monster.

When he asked for what reason they have to go on a dangerous journey, leaving behind their newborn child, Avia and Aspen went silent, not intending to answer.

Azzy has other doubts like why his parents trusted someone who was exiled from the clan rather than someone inside, when the clan head, his great-great-great-grandfather is still alive. And why no one thought of picking him up until his soul card is revealed.

A clever kid like Azzy realized that he wouldn't get his answer from the two of them.

So, he didn't bother to ask further and just concentrated on the items his grandpa prepared for him in the storage card.

Back to the present;

Azzy looked around. There's no trace of the so-called clan village. All he was able to see were the clouds in the sky and a small lake before him.

Remembering that the Death clan is one of the hidden clans, he thought the village must be hidden somewhere.

"Let's get going." Upon hearing the tone of Avia, the two Elders nodded and walked for a hundred meters before reaching the lake.

"Is the village located under the lake or something?" Azzy muttered under his breath.

As powerful Arcana Masters, they were able to hear his words clearly, and Aspen Night answered him, "No, it isn't, Young master. Our clan doesn't exist in this world."

"Huh?" Azzy turned his head to look at him in confusion.

Right then, one of the Elders took out a mysterious card and thrust it as if he was stabbing someone with it. It began to glow. Then, he turned it counter-clockwise until the card is horizontal.

All of a sudden, a massive door appeared out of nowhere, engraved with several complicated ancient runes and symbols.

As the card on the Elder's hand disappeared, the door opened to reveal the clan village.

Azzy widened his eyes, looking at the view before him.

"Are you surprised?" asked Aspen.

Azzy replied, "When you say the clan village, I didn't expect it to be this big."

That's right, unlike what he expected, it looked too big for a village.

Two years ago, when Azzy went on a school trip, he saw his town from the edge of a cliff.

But, now, the place before him looked more than a hundred times bigger than his town. How this is called a village. It must be called a Province.

There are lakes around everywhere. Forests can be seen. The architecture of the buildings looked ancient just like those tourist attractions.

'Well, the clan is said to have existed for a hundred thousand years. So, I guess it's normal.' Azzy thought before he realized it was impossible such a big place coexisted with these chilling mountains.

He asked the lady beside him, "Ms. Night, is this some kind of bigger version of a storage room." While his words might sound a bit rude, everyone quickly understood that the boy doesn't exactly mean that but he doesn't have any other words to describe it.

She replied, "not exactly. This is a pocket world. You can say this is a mini version of Arcana World, where all of our clans live. The only difference other than space, this one needs a key to enter."

Azzy didn't ask further as he knew he will learn it eventually.

Using a gold-grade flying card that was able to carry even fifty people, they took off from the cliff and traveled to the compound that's located right in the middle of the world.

As the flying card is descending, Azzy saw there are a lot of kids, standing on the side with their parents. Meanwhile, four more old men stood together to welcome him.

"Greetings, Young master." All four of them greeted him with a bow.

As Azzy returned their greeting with a nod, one of them pointed his hand towards the road, "Follow us. The clan-head is awaiting your presence."

The two elders who accompanied them joined the four of them who followed the trio.

"Those four are the Elders of Indigo, Green, Blue, and Orange pavilion respectively," Aspen whispered into Azzy's ears, inputting him the information before he even asked.

Azzy turned his head towards him, and asked, "On our way, you said the Elders of Red, and Yellow pavilion will pick us up at the mountain. Then, there must be a Violet Pavilion, right?"

As he heard of certain colors, Azzy quickly realized they divided the parts according to the spectrum, which he just learned the names of them, a couple of months ago.

Aspen nodded, "It's the strongest Pavilion. All the members of the Violet Pavilion are Elites."

"But the Elder is missing here," Azzy commented, wondering whether the Elder of Violet Pavilion has the higher authority or maybe, he was busy.

"The Elder is right here." Aspen slowly whispered, pointing to the lady beside him.

Azzy stopped in his tracks for a second, "Ms. Avia is the Elder of the Violet Pavilion?"

"Shh! Here in the clan village, you should address her as the Elder. She's also the head of the discipline hall. So, everyone is afraid of her." Aspen whispered once again, making Avia twitching her eyebrows.

'Wow, she must be very strong, I guess.' Inwardly, even though Azzy was amazed but on the outside, he appeared rather indifferent.

So, everyone who was keeping an eye on him misunderstood that their young master is mentally strong, and became impressed.

"Then, what about you, Mr. Aspen?" asked Azzy, feeling that this man must also be someone important to walk with the Elders.

"He isn't that important. Don't need to care..." All of a sudden, Avia replied in her usual cold tone, making his face darken.

"I'm the next head of the Night clan, sister." A small growl escaped Aspen in response.

Azzy felt this was the first time, he saw a mixture of frustration and rage in this man's words from the moment they picked him at his house.

It led him to believe that it's not that these fellow clan members are devoid of emotion. They just suppress it for some reason.

This realization made him sigh in relief as he thought he will lose all the emotions, later, training with people like them.

After all, he was experiencing the changes inside of him from the moment of awakening. A few things like not being able to show a smile despite feeling happy inside. Not being able to cry despite feeling sadness because of missing his grandpa, etc...

Not being able to express his emotions like before made him despair a little bit but after looking at this one moment, hope generated in his heart once again.

"We are here." Avia ignored Aspen and spoke as they reached a house that looked like a large palace from ancient times.

"Clan-head" Everyone except Azzy kneeled on one leg as they reached the middle of a dim-lit hall, where Azzy wasn't able to even see the person, who was sitting on a throne, at the other end of the hall.

\*Thud\*Thud\*

Footsteps were heard from the front and revealed a thin old man with a long beard that's even touching the ground. His eyes were barely open. He walked slowly as if there's no energy left in him.

One look at him, anyone will think that he was a sickly old man who was near his death door.

No one would believe this ancestor is a peak 9-star Arcana master with nearly 9 Billion soul power. He is a mighty figure that almost touched Immortal/Demigod's realm, just short of another billion soul power.

As he stopped a meter before the boy, Azzy stared back at this ancestor of the Garcia family and bowed, "Greetings, Ancestor."

He didn't greet him as the clan-head like others, indicating that he won't recognize himself as a part of the Death clan. At least, not yet.

And just as he expected from the head of the Death clan, the first thing the ancestor said, the moment he met his direct relative is, "show me the Death scythe and the hourglass."