

MY SOUL CARD IS A REAPER

Chapter 5 Successive Breakthroughs

As soon as the words escaped from his mouth, the elders were stuck on the ground.

Following the request/order of the old man, who lived for nearly eight thousand years, Azzy summoned the weapons of his Arcana.

Just like his grandpa, this ancestor's attention was stolen by the Hourglass, which might seem rather ordinary but truly a terrifying item.

His eyes widened in response, 'What Oakley mentioned is true after all. The Sands of Time once again emerged within the clan after my younger brother.'

Then, his attention turned towards the scythe and with one look, he inspected it and gave a nod of appreciation, 'that is indeed a death scythe. Hmm?'

All of a sudden, a frown appeared on his face, causing a panic among the Elders who are still kneeling.

"Tell me, boy, what's your Arcana?" Even though he only spoke in a whisper, the voice reverberated in everyone's ears and the Elders felt a huge pressure on them, once again.

The power of a nine-star Master is something not to be trifled with...

Meanwhile, because his soul power is too low, Azzy didn't feel its effects and he humbly took out his soul card and handed it to the ancestor instead of telling it.

Taken aback by his descendant's actions, the ancestor still took the soul card.

Once his eyes laid on the picture on the soul card, a small laugh escaped from him, "Haha..."

The Elders felt a huge pressure once again...

"Hahahaha... Finally, the founder has blessed us..."

Meanwhile, the ancestor's laugh increased its intensity, and this time, the pressure was felt across the surroundings.

While the people with low soul power didn't feel the effect, the Elites with high soul power, especially the members of Violet Pavilion faced extreme pressure on them, which forced them to kneel on the floor.

On the other hand, the Elders who were kneeling before the clan head thought whether this old man finally went crazy or something.

But then, again, for several generations, since the clan heirs are only awakening a healing type, the appearance of Azrael is indeed a blessing for the Garcia family.

What they don't know is that the clan head is happy because of the image of Grim Reaper on the card.

While the Death Scythe and Hourglass are something that was repeated throughout the time, the reaper never appeared in the clan for a hundred thousand years.

"Boy, your parents did a good job, naming you after the founder." The old man commented while returning it to him.

"Avia Night, you may stand up."

"Yes." Suddenly, the young Elder of the Violet Pavilion felt the pressure disappeared around her.

As she stood up, the clan head spoke, "I'm leaving my successor in your hands."

"Eh? But, there are other candidates. Deciding like that..."

"Hmm?"

She suddenly stopped as she saw a frown on the old man and she became stifled for a few seconds before she bowed, "Yes, I'll try my best to groom him as the next clan head."

"Now, that's the way it should be." He bared his teeth as if he was happy, then, he turned his head towards Azrael and spoke, "before you leave, let me give you a piece of simple advice. Strength and Authority are like the different sides of the same coin. In the eyes of the world, neither will be worth much without the other. Never forget it."

"Yes, I will remember it," Azzy replied while giving him a deep bow.

"All of you may leave." The old man then returned to the darkness and sat on his throne.

Meanwhile, the remaining Elders stood up after the pressure disappeared and left the palace while Avia brought him to his room that was prepared long ago.

Even for a person who enjoyed being rich in his grandpa's house, the new room overwhelmed him, although on the surface he displayed no such expression.

It is not that he doesn't want to, but he wasn't able to.

"Rest for today. Your lessons will start in the morning." She went back to her aloof self, looking high and mighty.

After she left the room, Azzy looked at the maids, "I need to be alone for some time."

"Sigh... Even if I'm an understanding person, why no one cared to ask my opinion. These adults are really unfair..." Little Azzy collapsed on the bed, resigning to his fate.

A few moments later, the surroundings around him once again turned dark and he found himself at the same place as during awakening.

Once again, down below the cliff, the entire land is filled with countless amount corpses while the black lightning still raining onto them.

At the edge of the cliff, floating in the air, the giant reaper once again appeared before him.

This time, Azzy didn't feel scared. On the contrary, he somehow felt a kinship with it, maybe because of the bond they have, because of the soul card.

"Hello." Azzy greeted it with a bow, not knowing what to call it.

The Reaper who understood his thoughts, right away, answered, "I'm called Chronos, and I'm also called the Grim Reaper. I'm the personification of time and the reaper of death."

"Eh?" Azzy was taken aback after realizing that it wasn't simply some specter he was talking to. It was none other than a deity, who was standing before him.

Azzy stayed silent and let it talk.

The Reaper continued, "Child of the Death Clan, this is but a simple part of my power that I'm bestowing upon you. How you utilize it, is upon you.

Goodbye..."

After saying the words, the world crumbled around him.

Meanwhile, on the outside, Azzy was floating in the air while he was still asleep.

A dark aura enveloped him along with the soul card that's hovering around him without his permission.

Before him, An old man stood there in silence. He was neither the clan head nor he is one of the elders. He's nothing but a tomb keeper of the clan. But, right now, he is in the palace, staring at the boy as he was going through the baptism/purification.

Every Arcana Master goes through it once in their lives when they were acknowledged by their Arcana.

The later the acknowledgment, the less his/her potential.

Although there are geniuses around the world who went through baptism within a week, still three weeks are also considered good.

Slowly, the number on the soul card increased and it changed to pale yellow, indicating he breakthrough and became a One-star Arcana Master.

But, it didn't stop there. Slowly, the pale yellow turned to bright yellow and further deepened as his soul power rose rapidly before it changed to pale green in color and stopped.

The dark aura was gone and Azzy slowly landed on the bed.

Looking at the sleeping figure, the old man mumbled, "this is the first time I'm seeing the purification ceremony to bring such an extraordinary result. Interesting."

Azzy didn't wake up for several hours, skipping dinner.

In the early morning, he finally woke up from his sleep with a yawn and was taken aback to see unfamiliar surroundings.

"Ah! That's right. I'm at the clan compound, right now."

He sprung up from his bed and stretched his body to go to the bathroom, first.

As he walked a couple of steps, Azzy then felt something different in his body, a pleasant feeling as if his soul was drastically strengthened, overnight.

Finishing his activities, Azzy sat on his bed in a meditative position and concentrated on the changes inside his body.

Somewhere in the middle of the chest, the soul power which is as tiny as a flame on the candle now appeared as big as a football.

"This... Did I breakthrough, last night?" Azzy mumbled, experiencing a shock as he summoned his soul card.

Instead of white, now his soul card changed its color to pale green while the number on the top-left edge of the card changed to 105.

"Soul power 105?" His eyes widened and rubbed his eyes, not believing whether it's really true. Pinching his cheek once again, as he saw the number same, Azzy became excited. "I'm a 2-star Arcana Master."

"Hmm? Wait a second. What about soul skills?"

Every time an Arcana Master breakthrough the ranks, he/she will receive a soul skill but little Azzy who doesn't have any prior education about it didn't know how he would get his soul skill.

After all, it is different from games where a player would automatically receive a skill as soon as he crossed the level.

Suddenly, something lit up in his mind, and he quickly searched his pockets to took the storage card and took out the Book of Death from it.

*Knock*Knock*

Someone knocked on the door at that moment.

Azzy quickly put the book back into the storage card and answered, "Yes. Please, come in."

