

# **The Bookkeeper**

## **#Chapter 1: Unknown Call - Read The Bookkeeper**

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"Please... don't kill me. I'll do anything. Anything at all. Just spare me and my family... I'm begging you."

The man sobbed, protecting his wife and child as tears streamed down all their faces. They sat huddled on the floor, backs pressed against the sofa.

The child cried uncontrollably, clutching tightly to her mother.

The fear in their eyes said it all — there was no doubt the man meant every word. They were the Miles family after all, one of the worthiest in their country.

However, Jack wasn't fazed. He stood before them, finger resting on the trigger of his red handgun, aimed directly at their trembling forms — without a hint of empathy or fear.

He sneered, annoyed by their pitiful faces.

"Succeed, and you'll run your own organization—live the life you've always dreamed of." He recalled his father's exact words, and smirked.

And without so much as a flinch, he pulled the trigger... ending all three lives in an instant.

What followed was laughter — sharp, breathless, and echoing through the mansion. It was the sound of relief, of excitement.

Jack's eyes sparkled as he ran a hand through his dark hair, standing tall over the corpses.

"Finally..." he yelled, the thrill in his voice undeniable.

Just as Jack stood there, a sudden tap on his shoulder made him tense. His expression shifted instantly, and he moved on instinct, creating distance between himself and the figure.

It was an elderly woman, dressed in a maid's uniform, her eyes filled with tears as she stared at him.

*How did she get this close without me noticing?*—Jack thought, confused.

"What did you do...? Why did you kill them?"

the woman asked, her voice low and heavy with sorrow.

Jack tilted his head slightly to the right, staring directly into the woman's eyes.

*"I thought I killed you all. Where did you come from?"*

He didn't spare her another second. Before she could speak again with that trembling voice, he fired a bullet straight through her forehead.

Jack turned back to the family's corpses, took a picture, and sent it to his parents with the caption: "Done!"

Almost instantly, a reply came through—a location, followed by: "Be there in 15!"

As he stared at the message, a warm smile slowly crept onto his face — one he hadn't worn in years... maybe ever.

With a careful glance at his surroundings, he slipped into the shadows and vanished from the scene.

"You're late... you know fifteen means seven," his father, Jake Grim, voice was deep and daunting.

Jack's expression stayed unreadable as he met his father's steely grey eyes.

Both stood there—cold, composed... gentle, yet fiercely dangerous.

Jack's father tossed him a key and nodded toward the mansion ahead.

"This is yours now..."

They stood at the entrance of a grand, elegant estate nestled among tall trees and dense nature. The mansion rose several stories high, with dark slate roofs and pristine white walls.

Balconies lined its upper floors, and large windows reflected the fading light — silent witnesses to the legacy now passed on.

Where they stood, wide stone steps stretched out before them, flanked by manicured gardens and two reflecting pools — all gently leading down to a calm body of water.

Jack's expression didn't change. He stood still, unreadable, without a hint of excitement as he stared at the mansion.

"You have everything you need now — money, an army, and government protection."

He paused, his expression darkening, his voice dropping into something far more threatening.

"Run the organization however you see fit... but if you ever disgrace the Grim family—"

he leaned in slightly, eyes sharp,

"—I'll put a bullet through your skull myself."

Without another word, his father turned and got into the car, driving off without hesitation.

Jack stood motionless, still staring at the mansion — never once glancing back, not even at his mother, Jane Grim, who remained seated in the car alone.

But they didn't care. Neither of them did.

They weren't a family. Just broken pieces pretending to function.

The moment their car pulled away, Jack smirked and began walking toward the mansion. Every step was careful and calculated.

As he neared the main door, he paused—then his grin deepened.

*"Those bastards... what do they take me for?"*

He turned to the first balcony on his left and climbed it with practiced ease. With the same precision, he scaled the next one, slipping through an open window.

Once inside, he made his way down to the living room and quickly disabled the grenades rigged to the first-floor windows—and the main entrance.

Once he was done, Jack stood in the living room, the stark whiteness of the space pressing in on him like a spotlight.

He pulled out his phone and saw a message from his parents — an ID list of the people who would be working under him.

He smirked and sank onto the sofa, rubbing his forehead.

*"At long last... I get to be a professional assassin."*

His expression darkened.

*"I must strike them—exactly one week from now."* He wore a grin of relief. *"Finally, I can avenge him."*

Jack remained calm on the sofa, still massaging his forehead. As sudden jolts of pain were shooting through his skull, his temperature was steadily rising.

He brushed it off, thinking it was just his body reacting to the thrill — after all, for the first time in seventeen years, he was finally a professional assassin.

But the pain kept intensifying, growing rapidly.

With an annoyed sigh, he rose to his feet, grabbed a glass of water, and took a few painkillers.

He began exploring the mansion, but the pain only worsened—as if someone were drilling holes into his skull.

A sharp wave hit him, and Jack realized he needed to deal with it properly before it became unbearable.

He took another painkiller and headed upstairs to his room to rest.

*"What the hell is going on? Did those bastards poison me?"*

He stayed in bed as the pain grew more and more unbearable.

Jack had endured torture, extreme cold and heat, bullet wounds, fights with wild animals—even being beaten to the brink of death by his own parents and a select few.

And yet... he had never felt pain like this.

He lay there with his teeth gritted, eyes tightly shut, clutching the sheets in agony.

Then, without warning, his body began to sink—slowly.

The pain seemed to ease, fading into a strange calm. He took solace in the sensation, however unnatural it felt.

And before he knew it... his whole body was at peace.

It felt like it lasted forever—yet it was over in a blink.

Jack jolted upright as if the very air had been ripped from his lungs. Gasping, he clutched his neck, struggling to breathe.

That's when he noticed it — a book pressed tightly against his chest, his shirt soaked in blood.

His eyes darted around, and his breath caught again. He was no longer in his room.

He was in an ancient library. Towering shelves loomed around him, packed with books — all of them eerily similar to the one in his hands.

Jack's eyes danced in confusion as he rose to his feet, his hand resting on his neck.

If there was one thing he knew as an assassin, it was the feeling of a slit throat. And that's exactly what it was.

Yet, despite the closed wound... he was alive.

What truly pulled his attention, however, was the strange sensation the library gave him. The room felt off. Unnatural. And there was a heaviness in his body he couldn't explain.

He began to spin around, confused. The room was dark, and the endless illusion of the towering shelves loomed over him. The only light came from three windows, with the middle one casting a narrow beam onto a desk and table below.

On the desk sat a black ink pen with a golden tip, a stack of white papers, and a lantern that flickered faintly.

He glanced back at the book clutched in his hands. It was black, with the image of a heart imprinted in red—shards of dried blood scattered across its cover.

Yet the blood didn't seem fresh... so it couldn't be his.

What unsettled him more, though, was that every book on the shelves bore the same title as the one he held.

*"What is going on?"* he struggled to say, clutching his throat once more.

*What's this language? And why does it make sense?*—he thought, his expression remaining grim. Yet, he was in too much pain to dwell on that.

He'd already toured the mansion—there was no library like this, certainly nothing so magical. And now, the clothes he wore felt strange. He was dressed in a black suit with tailored trousers, as if he belonged to some medieval or fantasy world.

The environment only deepened his confusion. He took a few cautious steps toward the window.

Beyond the glass lay vast lawns, a paved path cutting through it, and in the distance, a massive cityscape. It looked elegant yet strangely modest—even from afar.

And none of it... was familiar.

Just as he stood before the window, his grey eyes pierced through the golden glass embedded in the frame—reflecting back at him. What followed was the sight of his own sharp and confident face, framed by his dark hair.

Jack immediately stepped back on instinct, reaching for his gun.

But it wasn't there.

And that's when it hit him—the strange figure before him was him.

His body began to tremble as he leaned closer, examining the reflection more carefully. Something was off. The face was his, but it didn't feel like him. It felt distant, foreign... wrong.

He slapped himself across the face, hard, hoping to wake up from whatever dream—or nightmare—this was.

*"What kind of prank is this? What's going on?"* he muttered, pacing backward slowly, his fingers tangled in his hair. His heart pounded, each beat louder than the last as confusion and frustration closed in on him like a tightening noose.

He spun around. He had to get out. He needed answers.

His eyes dropped once more to the book in his hand. With an irritated scoff, he attempted to toss it aside.

But the moment it could leave his fingers—

A blinding pain shot through his skull.

He cried out, stumbling as he clutched his head, agony ripping through him like a blade.

*"What is happening?"* he muttered through gritted teeth, his voice laced with agony.

Fragments—memories that weren't his—began to flood his mind. Faces, voices, emotions. A past he never lived forced its way into him. Each fragment pierced deeper than the last, like shards of glass slicing through his skull.

He dropped to his knees, hands trembling as he clutched his head, unable to stop the onslaught.

*"Who is Raiden? And why am I in his body?"*

The pain slowly faded, leaving behind a heavy silence. Jack sat there, breathless, drenched in sweat, his hands still trembling.

For the first time in over a decade... he was scared.

Not of his parents.

Not of death.

But of something far more terrifying. The unknown.

He now possessed the body of Raiden Night, the keeper of the Book of Ashes—the very book clutched tightly in his hand. Raiden had died protecting that book, just as his father, Tiago Night, had before him. As the only heir of the Night family, it had been Raiden's sacred duty to guard the book at all costs.

Jack remained on the floor, his mouth slightly parted in a mix of confusion... and sadness.

His expression immediately shifted—laced with sarcasm.

*"This has to be a joke... this can't be my hell. I can't die now, not before I kill them."*

He reached for his face, on the verge of tears.

In that instant, he heard footsteps approaching the room. Instinct took over—he rose to his feet and slipped behind the door, melting perfectly into the shadows.

As the door creaked open, three figures stepped inside. They were dressed in black suits with red waist ties, their limbs covered in sleek armor.

The moment they entered, Jack moved like a shadow, swift and silent, grabbing one by the neck and locking him in place before the others could react.

*"Back off..."* he shouted.

A figure entered at once; his presence was commanding, yet calm—it was the King. His crown sat firmly on his grey hair, yellow crest with number 7 glowed on his neck and his luxurious cloaks draped over his shoulders.

"What are you doing, Raiden?" he said, before turning to the others, his dark eyes piercing into theirs. "But I thought you said he was killed?"

"Yes, Your Honor. He clutched the book so tightly the assassin couldn't pry it from his hands. They had to sever his hands, but we were fortunate to arrive in time, and the assassin fled."

One of the knights said as they all watched Jack, confused. Jack slowly let go of the one he held in his hands.

"Yes, Your Honor. We even tried to take it from his hands, but we couldn't," one of them added.

Jack simply stood there, his face twitching with irritation as each of their words confirmed his memories—memories he refused to believe. There was no way he had somehow been transmigrated.

Another figure walked into the room, dressed like the knights but without armor. Seven golden badges lined his chest, and his red hair flicked in the wind—clearly, he was their captain.

"King Hannes, do you truly believe the Night family can protect the Book of Ashes? His father died on duty, and he—despite numerous rounds of training—is still a number 9 and nearly lost the book." He shot Jack a disgusted look.

"I believe it's time we placed it in the hands of a more capable family, Your Honor."

King Hannes didn't respond. Instead, he gave Jack an unreadable look. Jack, in turn, locked eyes with the captain—his irritation at the entire conundrum narrowing into pure resentment for the man's disgusting words.

After a moment the king finally spoke up. "Meet me in the court room, Raiden." He turned to the captain also.

"Captain Kai, call on the Elders as well."

They all turned and left the room, while Jack remained, his face flickering with emotion more than before.

*"I can't accept this. This can't be true,"* he muttered, his grip tightening around the book.