

Death... And Me - Chapter 1 - Don't Wanna

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Rean Faran had never been anything special. Born into a typical family, with ordinary parents, ordinary siblings, etc. He pretty much had a going-with-the-flow life. If there is something different about him, it is the fact that he doesn't care much about anything. Everyone always has something that they desire to have or accomplish, but Rean didn't have anything like that.

Because of this, he always looked at everything with a bored face. From the start to the end of his education, he just got by with average scores. As soon as a specific knowledge wasn't necessary, he would forget it as if he had never learned it in the first place.

He knew that he was a little different. Thanks to that, he always had the same thought. 'Born unimpressively, living unimpressively, fated to die unimpressively...' He believed that this is how it would be until the end of his life, and made no effort whatsoever to change it.

Unfortunately, when he was thirty-one years old, he tried to save a boy from being hit by a truck. The boy didn't look to the sides before crossing a road and ended running right in front of it. It was not like Rean wanted to save the boy. It was just that as a going-with-the-flow man, he thought it was the right thing to do. Rean jumped and pushed the boy out of the way. Of course, the one who was hit by the truck after that was him.

Rean was sent flying and crashed on the ground several meters away. His body was so damaged that Rean couldn't even feel pain. He immediately understood that perhaps, he shouldn't have done that. In the end, he could only think while laughing in self-deprecation.

"Hehe... Even my Death will turn out to be this Cliche. Something that you can see in any low rated book or film. As I thought, born unimpressively, lived unimpressively, fated to die unimpressively... a fitting end for someone who never desired anything."

Almost instantly, Rean already came to terms with his outcome... or so he thought.

But it was at this moment that Rean's Soul woke up! Suddenly, a feeling of unwillingness started to spread through his mind.

"No...!"

Rean was taken aback. Was it him who just said that? Why would he say no? He should have no reason to refuse something, even Death. That made no sense! However, that sentiment was just too strong! But at the same time, it was also too foreign for him! For a few moments, Rean couldn't even understand what he was feeling at all. He couldn't be blamed, though. He had never felt something like unwillingness before.

Perhaps, due to never having felt like that, that feeling was bottled up until this moment. And now, during Rean's last moments, the bottleneck was finally broken! Rean clenched his fists. For the first time, he felt like he didn't want something.

"I don't want to die!"

Or better, it could also be said that he wanted something.

"I want to live!"

But it was too late, his body functions were shutting down. His mind was starting to get fussy. The last sounds he could hear were sob of the boy's mother, who was crying by his side with guilt-filled expression. But that didn't matter, his entire Soul was screaming! He wanted to live! He didn't want to die! Finally, Rean lost his consciousness... and died.

Later on that same day, on the table of the morgue, Rean's mutilated body had finally ended to be cleaned by the employee of that place. It would be passed to his family later, who would then proceed with the funeral. The employee sighed after seeing this early thirties man dead body. He had read the report and knew that he died to save a boy he didn't even know.

"Life is such a bitch, don't you think, my friend?"

The employee then put his tools down and left the room. His part was finished, so he had to take care of other things.

The room was quiet, all one could hear was the sounds at other places in the distance where the employees of the morgue were working.

But it was at that moment that suddenly, a Gate appeared out of nowhere right beside Rean's body! From inside, a figure holding a Scythe came out. The guy's body was covered in faint black energy while he was using a black robe. Not to mention that the robe had a hood that also covered his head.

He then looked at Rean for a second and ignored him. Instead, he looked at his attire and sighed.

"Why the hell humans picture Death like this? Even my weapon became a Scythe for no reason. I really can't understand why humans think about me with this appearance."

He was obviously Death. As for his appearance, it was the general concept of how most of the humans around this place thought that Death looked like. Depending on where he goes, his appearance would change according to the natives' beliefs.

"I liked the past when humans didn't think about me. I could take any shape I wanted. But, since a few thousand years ago, my appearance began to become more and more bizarre."

In the end, Death sighed and returned his attention to the body on the table.

Death then extended his hand, and some kind of black energy started to come out. It entered Rean's body and soon, someone that looked precisely like Rean, but had an ethereal appearance, came out. Obviously, that was none other than Rean Faran's Soul!

Death looked at Rean's Soul and said.

"Well, it's time to die."

Death just said that on a whim, Souls of dead people or any other life form would never answer to start with... at least, that was how it was supposed to be.

However...

"Don't wanna!"

For a second, Death thought that he was hallucinating. As far as he knows, no soul had ever talked back after the body died. Once someone dies, their Soul was not supposed to be able to think. After all, the process of thinking was done by the brain, which is already not working anymore.

"I must have been working too much recently. I could swear that the Soul just talked. When I'm back, I will take a few hundred years off to relax a little."

But it was then that Death noticed Rean looking directly at him with an ugly expression.

"Did you... just say that you 'don't wanna'?"

Rean nodded.

"I still want to live, so just put me back."

Death looked at Rean as if he had seen the most unbelievable thing of his life. Still, he is Death, so he didn't take long to recover for his stupor. So what if he can speak? His job won't change anyway. He can simply ask others later after he is done with everything.

"What don't wanna? Just come with me, it is your time."

Death then made a grabbing motion and the same kind of energy shot towards Rean once more as if wanting to grab him. But to his surprise, Rean dodged!

"Who the hell will accept that? I haven't lived enough yet! Or better, I haven't lived at all!"

Rean's Soul then jumped directly into his dead body again... or so he tried. But his body was already dead, so how could he possibly go back to it? Rean's Spiritual Form passed right through, and he fell under the table of his dead body.

Death saw that and snorted.

"You are dead, so what makes you think you can return?"

Death then raised his Scythe and slashed it down at Rean's Soul. Even though his weapon took this weird shape, his Scythe had the power to turn a Soul back to its purest form. Simply put, Rean would turn into pure Soul

Energy and nothing more. Death could then grab it and throw inside the Path of Reincarnation. A new soul would then be formed from the Soul Energy and be reincarnated into a new body, just like it has always been.

But to his surprise... Rean's Soul rolled to the side, dodging the Scythe by a hair! Right after, Rean used all the strength he had to kick Death away!

Death didn't expect that at all! It was not like Death was weak or anything. It was just that such a situation had never happened before, so he was unprepared. Death fell on the ground after that kick and could only see the ceiling above. For a few seconds, Death didn't move at all. What happened just now was so inconceivable that Death had a hard time believing it!

In its countless years of life (or maybe Death), Death had never been kicked before. To be more specific, Death had never suffered any kind of attack ever since it came into existence. Obviously, that action made it enraged! He is Death! Created by God himself to guide all the Souls into Reincarnation. A vital existence in this world! Even between the other celestial existences, Death was one of the most important ones!

But just as Death got up and was about to teach that Soul a lesson...

"Where is he?!"

Rean's Soul was nowhere to be seen... Yes, Rean has fled!

Rean sighed in relief when he confirmed that he could really cross through walls in that form of his.

"Who the hell would stay put waiting for a creepy guy to cut you in half? Go to hell! No, wait! If he is Death, then he came from hell to start with. Errr... whatever, go to Heavens then!"

Rean still thought that it didn't sound quite right, either. However, it was not time to ponder whether he is properly cursing Death or not. He had to flee!

Nevertheless, that was useless. In the next second, a gate appeared right in front of Rean's Soul and Death came out from it. Rean tried to turn around and run once more, but Death was already prepared for it. The black energy precisely wrapped around Rean's waist before being pulled back.

"Hmph! Making me waste my time. Usually, I would go around collecting a few Souls before sending them all into the Path of Reincarnation at once. But since you are this eager to be first, I will fulfill your wish."

Before Rean could even reply that comment, another Gate, this time bigger, opened right in front of him. As soon as the Gate opened, Rean's Soul felt like he was being pulled by an enormous pressure! The more he struggled, the higher the attractive force seemed to be.

Death saw that and snorted. Once the Gate to the Path of Reincarnation is opened, any soul that stopped to be part of the living world would be dragged inside. It was impossible to escape! He didn't even need to transform Rean's Soul into Soul Energy, the Path would do that automatically.

Death then turned around and opened another Gate. He still had several Souls to pull out of their dead bodies today, so he wouldn't stay here just to watch Rean's Soul falling inside. After all, he had seen this scene countless times already.

A new gate appeared in front of him, and Death Stepped forward.

But it was at this moment that Death noticed something strange.

"Weird... How come I'm walking forward, but the Gate is getting further away?"

Of course, such a train of thought only lasted for a second. That is because Death suddenly fell with his face on the ground. He then looked back and saw Rean holding one of his lower legs. Immediately, Death's expression changed paled! Well, it was already pale to start with.

"LET GO!"

Death must be dreaming if he thinks that Rean would do as he asked.

"THEN CLOSE THAT GATE!"

Death then started to struggle and kick Rean's head with his other leg. But Rean seemed just like a maggot. It didn't matter how much he kicked, Rean kept holding him tightly!

"I can't close it until the dead soul has passed through, so let go!"

Rean immediately answered.

"I Don't wanna die!"

Death felt like crying.

"You are already dead, idiot! Just go and pass away peacefully!"

Rean couldn't help but snort.

"Then come with me, and let's peacefully pass away together. Hahaha!"

"Don't drag me down with you!"

"It was you who put me in this situation to start with!"

"I'm only doing my job!"

"And what does that have to do with me?!"

Between screams, struggles, kicks, and curses, Rean and Death were sent into the Path of Reincarnation... together...

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