

MY SCYTHE-WIELDING HUSBAND

Prologue

“My Lord, everything is in order, ” informed the spindly butler who had his head hung low whilst standing behind the Master’s back. Part of him wanted not to interrupt the man, another part of him wanted to fulfill his job. The Master of the Rantzen Clan was after all doing some...important stuff. No one would dare interrupt this moment including him, but on this occasion, he just had to.

The one addressed didn’t so much as flinch a brow as he continued his work. He stood at the balcony of his chamber dressed in a full robe as black as obsidian with the night sky and the sea of stars accompanying him.

A few feet away, swirls of what looked like feathery clouds rose up on command of his hands. It almost looked like it would disappear with the darkness of the sky, but then it swooshed down to a long staff that housed the sharpest curved blade.

On command of his hands again, the feathery clouds entered inside the blade like a genie to its lamp. Not one feather was left midair and when all was sucked by the weapon, an eerie sound of the dying was heard clearly by the butler. It was almost as if a parting gift to the world.

“The...the Basilica de Santa Ana is already booked, Sire, ” the butler started again shakily. “The...the caterers are reserved, the vicar has confirmed his attendance, and the...flowers—”

“Flowers?” the Master cut in and arched a refined brow. The word definitely delivered a sharp sting to his ears.

The butler took a step back and cleared his throat.

“Y—yes, my Lord, flo—wers. All one hundred thousand of fresh red roses. They will be shipped before—”

“I’m sure you already know I hate flowers, Norman, ” the Master reminded and then just before he turned to face the butler, his obsidian robe evaporated like black smoke and in its place yoga pants and a shirt the color of black appeared.

“Yes, uhm, but it’s in your list, my Lord, ” the butler named Norman dared to look up and meet the icy-cold gaze of his master. “Should—should I cancel them?”

Bare feet hit the marbled flooring of the balcony when the Master neared his butler. He chewed on his words, weighed the consequences and reminded himself it was for a certain special someone. After a few seconds past a low uninhibited groan from deep within his throat, he replied.

“No, go ahead.”

The butler felt as if a thorn was pulled out of his gut. He smiled, although it was just a small one, and then went on just as the Master walked past him and into the inner room.

“Oh, well then, I’ll continue, my Lord. The band had confirmed the date, the Rantzen Estate will be decorated according to your specifications, the five-tier cake design is already finalized exactly as you want it, and your ticket going to the City of Germaine is on your desk, my Lord.”

The Master stopped just in front of the hearth and stared at the thinning embers.

“Good, ” he said. “Anything else to report?”

“Nothing, my Lord, ” the butler replied, his eyes cast downward again.

“Then you are dismissed.”

“Well, uhm, may...may I speak my Lord?”

What, in Hades name, encouraged the butler to ask such was beyond the Master. He knew he was intimidating without even trying—it came with the job after all—and he knew the butler was too obedient to want to speak for himself.

It was a mystery and certainly a change, but he admired the courage of the butler.

“Go ahead, ” he said in the end.

“You see, I am, well...”

A tick on the Master’s jaw appeared, disliking the clumsiness of his butler’s words.

“Spill it Norman, ” he barked, now looking at him.

Norman paled but knowing his Master, he braved himself after hauling a good amount of air in his lungs.

“I speak on behalf of the whole clan, my Lord.”

Ah, there it was. The answer.

Nobody could actually brainwash his most trusted butler into questioning him except the family members themselves.

“Your orders seem to look like there will be a wedding, my Lord. Well, uhm, the clan wishes to know who...is...getting mar...ried?” Norman asked, his voice thinning to a whisper, still unsure whether his audacity to ask the question was wise. But it was too late to back out now. The Master of the Rantzen Clan had his undivided attention on him.

“You said my ticket going to Germaine is ready?” he asked, a little tingle in his chest surfacing.

“Yes, my Lord, ” the butler nodded.

“Then prepare the plane. I shall leave immediately. It is time for me to pick up my bride.”