

## MY SCYTHE-WIELDING HUSBAND

### Chapter 2 - Death by Marriage

“He...y, ” Jacob groaned through his blood-soaked mouth. He watched as the Grim Reaper paused from his tracks seemingly listening to his voice.

“Hey! He...re! Look...here!”

The Grim Reaper looked down into the poor state of his caller and arched a brow feeling genuinely surprised.

“You can see me, human?” he asked.

“You’re a grim rea...per, ” Jacob stated, disregarding his question. “You...you mu...st be from that clan.”

The sentence definitely hit a nerve. ‘How?’ the Grim Reaper thought. How could a normal man know of a clan of grim reapers? It was supposed to be a well-guarded secret, unless...

Unless this man wasn’t that normal as he thought at first.

Halpas—the half-baked demon man—tried to kill him after all. Maybe, there was more to this story than just random killing.

And for this, his interest rose.

“Plea...se, I be...g you, ” Jacob groaned, his blood-soaked teeth gnashing. “Protect...my daughter. She doesn’t deser...ve to live a life of fe...ar.”

Jacob's state was pitiful, but the Grim Reaper wasn’t affected at all. He had seen so many deaths countless of times, some gruesome, some quick and he had entirely become immune to it: an incentive for a job that entailed a lifelong contract.

“I’m not a babysitter human, if that’s what you suggest, ” the Grim Reaper lashed out, but Jacob, close to dying, was undaunted.

“Plea...se. I want her...to be protected. Let her mar...ry into the Rantz...en Fam...ily. I’ll die...in peace if she’ll be safe.”

With this, the Grim Reaper scoffed.

“You are one gutsy human, I’ll give you that. Who do you think you are asking something from me?”

“Pleas...e, I nee...d her to...be sa...fe, ” Jacob pleaded again. This time, he could feel his eyesight blurring.

“Papa?” a soft voice of a child suddenly appeared from the backyard deck. She had a ponytail braid, wearing a cute yellow tutu dress and a pair of ballet flats. Her eyes were doe-like, tantalizing, with a color the Grim Reaper hadn’t seen much on humans. They were a pale violet and blue. It matched perfectly with her platinum white hair that didn’t seem out of place in a child her age.

“Is that her?” he stated to Jacob but his attention was still glued to her.

“Papa!”

Despite the slippery ground, the girl ran as fast as she could to her father’s side.

Summoning the last of his strength, Jacob pushed himself to the side to meet his daughter’s embrace.

“Sol...ene, swe...ety, ” he rasped, taking her into his laceration-riddled arms. He broke into sobs, tears tainted the top of the child’s head.

It wasn’t long when another person stepped out of the house.

“Solene dear?” the child’s mother called. “What are you- oh God, Jacob! No!”

Dread filled her upon seeing her husband bathed in blood. Like her daughter, she ran to his side and embraced him.

“How? How?! Who did this to you?!” she cried out, shook his shoulders and then hastily checked the whole backyard just to see if there was anyone—someone--who could be the culprit.

She didn't saw anyone despite the Grim Reaper standing a couple of feet away from them.

He was invisible of course, well except for Jacob, and it seemed his daughter too, for he saw her doe eyes transfixed at his entire form, taking all of him in. It was both unsettling and intriguing.

“Meri...dith, it's okay. Don't...cry, ” Jacob rasped again as he saw, despite his blurry vision, the river of tears she released. “Solene, she's...”

“Jacob, we need to get you in the hospital fast!” she cried out, cutting him.

“No, no...time, ” he managed to slowly shake his head. “List...en to me. Solene. She...she will...be married...into the Rantzen...fam...family, promise...me.”

The Grim Reaper's brow arched. The audacity of the man. He hasn't even said yes yet here he was, already expected to fulfill the man's dying wish.

To the wife however, Jacob's words were not met with seriousness.

“What are you talking about?!” she palmed his face and met his half-lidded eyes. “Why are you talking about...marriage at a time like...this?!”

Jacob squeezed her wrist with his right hand and pulled his daughter's hand with the other.

“Prom...ise me, Hon...ey, ” he said just as he placed the hands of his wife and daughter together. “To...keep her safe, she needs...their prote...ction. They will...protec...t her.”

This time, the gravity of the situation filled the wife. She could see it in his eyes. This was the day he had been dreading these past few years.

“Oh God, Jacob. No, ” she relented and her shoulders sank thereafter. “Why does this have to happen?!”

“I lo...ve both of you...always and forever, ” Jacob announced just before he took his last breath.

“Papa!” the little girl cried out when his head hung low. She embraced him tighter and disregarded the Grim Reaper now standing close to them.

“Don’t worry, Little One. I’ll make sure his soul will be sent to the Afterlife, ” he stated and then the blade of his scythe glowed.

Family, friends and neighbors attended the three days wake of the well-known History professor of Germaine town. Jacob was a caring man with a gentle voice and infectious laughter. He was highly regarded by his university colleagues for his wisdom and philosophy of the world.

His death came as a tragedy for everyone who knew him. Nobody could really tell what the cause of his death was. The doctors said it was a case of heart attack, but the other skeptics in the University said it was a bear attack based on the lacerations on his forearms, leg, and torso.

To the Little Solene however, it was neither. So innocent and young as she was, in her eyes, it was simple. The blue-haired man took her father away.

“Blue, ” she always said whenever a friend of her father greets her in the wake.

All adults, thinking that it was just a mere child's play, would only shake their heads and smile.

It was the last night of the wake when Little Solene's mother frantically looked for her all over the house. She finally found her under the table of her father's study with a large book next to her turned to page three.

"Solene?" Meridith perched her head at the edge of the table and looked down. "Sweety, why are you in there?"

The little girl looked up and gave her mother a smile. "Book, mama."

"Oh?" Meridith furrowed her brows. She straightened up and rounded the table to join her daughter under it. "What's that book?"

She crouched down and flipped the cover.

"Book of Dead, " Little Solene said innocently.

An immediate gasp escaped from Meridith's lips then.

"Oh my. You shouldn't hold this, Sweety. This book is dangerous."

She quickly closed the book and took it away out of her daughter's reach.

"That papa's book, Mama. I want keep it." Little Solene reached for the book but Meridith swung her arms up.

"NO!" she yelled, a feeling of horror coming over her. But then, she realized she had acted harshly. "No...no, Honey, " she recollected herself and gave her daughter a soft smile. "I'll give this to you when you get older, okay? But not now. It's...it's not time yet."

Little Solene pressed her lips together and nodded. "Okay, mama."

