

## MY SCYTHER-WIELDING HUSBAND

### Chapter 3 - Death by Reading

#### **(Fifteen years later...)**

Death had always fascinated humans around the world. It holds a certain kind of mystery nobody could describe. What does one experience when one dies? What happens when the soul leaves the body? Will there be an unknown universe waiting for the soul? Or a messenger perhaps? An angel who would guide the soul in the Afterlife?

Death may most always tie-up with sadness and agony but yes, people still regard it as a fascinating phenomenon.

Be it in whatever religion, gender, age, social status, and race, a person most likely welcomes the thought of death and dying at least once in their lifetime. Fear it, accept it, or ignore it, death is the one thing that is...

“... constant in the ever-changing world, ” Solene finished and then twisted her lips. She stared at the sentence longer than any geek would and munched on the lesson it was trying to relay.

The fact that she'll have to make a reaction about this article didn't bother her much. After all, she was studying Psychology with special attention to Thanatology because she liked it and because of her family traditions.

Her family had always been a unique kind. A little known fact about her father was that he could see spirits of the dead since childhood. Ghosts if you may. And her mother, married to him for forty-five years, greatly believed and supported him. She saw it as a gift rather than a curse.

Solene's grandparents on the father's side were a very superstitious duo too. They had specifics on where to place trinkets that they claimed would act as a barrier and discourage any lost souls into their household.

They also had traditions and beliefs about the dead, the life beyond, and how to communicate with them. Their house was built under the Feng shui principle too, specifically to repel bad spirits.

All in all, Solene's life was surrounded by death, or specifically, it's principles, ideology, and material representations. Joking around, Solene once called her family, the Adam's Family, with all the death-inspired life they were living. And hey, what better way for her to top it all off other than to get a special degree in Thanatology, right?

But deep inside her, Solene knew why she wanted to study the uncommon discipline.

It was because when she was at the tender age of six, she saw her father die with her own eyes. Her mother was there too, crying silently while he was gasping for breath, trying to explain something to his wife with which Solene didn't understand.

Her father's death had affected her life thereafter. Her mother said it was a case of a heart attack, but she didn't accept it. She believed he was killed. Killed by a man with long dark blue hair and piercing red-green eyes.

He was there when Solene saw her father lie frail on the ground. He held a weapon that was unusual for her, almost like a staff with the top surrounded by a cloud of smoke. A tip of a blade was noticeable at the far end of the smoke, somewhat curved and sharp. Very sharp.

Solene kept that discovery to herself, cocooned safely by her young heart until the present.

Over five years of studying, she had tried to research about the entity and the one information that came close to it was a Grim Reaper, or the Angel of Death. For her, it somehow clicked, but there was a problem. As per the books, Grim Reapers don't kill humans. They collect souls.

How accurate these books were, she didn't know, but she aimed to study more on this aspect, and maybe even find a way on how to kill a Grim Reaper. After all, she wanted to avenge her father's death.

“Shit, it's almost seven!” she cried out just as she caught a glimpse of a wall clock above her head. Hastily, she scooped out all of the books that had scattered on her table—a total of four books that were thickly bound, stacked them up, and brought them to the library counter.

On the way there, she noticed a man walk past her. He caught her attention not only because he wore chic clothes but also because he was taller than her. She had been one of the three tallest women in her university and she was sure she hadn't met a man who could contend with them, not until now that is, and it seemed he was handsome too judging by the fine-shape of his jaw and facial features.

“Hi Dally, I'd like to bring these books home please, ” she stated when the librarian looked up past her counter.

“For your thesis again?” the woman named Dally asked.

Solene shook her head. She adjusted her red asymmetrical blouse as well as her sneakers and then smiled, but her eyes were actually looking elsewhere.

“Ah, no, just a weekly task instructed by my professor, ” she answered whilst trying to find the tall man who had disappeared into a bookshelf.

The librarian shrugged. “Okay, library card then.”

“Here, ” Solene placed the card on the counter and then went back to look. This time, she saw the man sit in an area where there weren't any students. He opened a leather-bound book and flipped the pages, instantly engrossed on whatever the contents were. He was even oblivious of the many college women ogling him from the other tables.

Meanwhile, the librarian did her routine work that consisted of stamping, typing the details on the computer, and asking for Solene's signature before all of the four books were released to her.

"There. The due date is two weeks from now," Dally said with a pleased grin. She couldn't even tell that Solene was partly out of herself when she handed the book. "I deliberately extended it for you because you're a frequent visitor here."

'Frequent' was an understatement though when Solene knew she had been coming to the library almost daily for the past six months.

Solene awarded the librarian a smile anyway and nodded, putting the inviting presence of the man at the back of her head.

"Thanks Dally. You're the best."

"Say hi to your grandmother for me," the librarian chimed just as Solene placed the books on her recyclable bag.

"I will," she said and then walked away.

Unconsciously, her eyes shifted back to the man still sitting on his seat. He was still reading and judging from his furrowed brows, clearly quite invested with it instead of the women obviously fawning over him some meters away.

She gave herself a shrug.

"It looks like the library is going to be full this day."