***Succession to the Scythe***

When Gilbert receives a distress call from his dead sister, he has no choice but to respond straight away! From Hell she is calling, begging for help and to be liberated from this place. So, Gilbert finds himself confronting the fearful Ferrier of Souls Luvenia... Meanwhile The House of the Hereafter is very busy as of late; but the question is, why? Death is dealt with daily there and is nothing for them to become too excited over. That is, until it is heard that Grim is going to have to pass his position onto another! After being greeted by the first glimpses of Oblivion, Grim knows that it is time for him to pass his scythe onto another – the question is, who, in the House of the Hereafter, is worthy?

*In the House of the Hereafter*

Grim

Ferrier – Luvenia

Bone-Collector – Laurelle

Cause and Time (of Death) – Charissa and Lianne

Beckoner – Diot

The Seven Deadly Punishers

Fate – Boniface

***Humans – Living/Dead***

Gilbert

Jillian

**Prologue**

Everything came out of focus as she stared at the bustling city ground below her. To her, it all became nothing more than a messy child’s painting, a cocktail of bright colours placed in random areas upon a grey canvas. But, like in the mind’s *eye* of a child, the colours shifted and passed one another – creating the busy effect of the city.

She was certain that people below would consider her *`suicidal`,* standing on the edge of the building. It was freezing up there; possibly no colder than death itself, she pondered. Jet black locks whipped at her face and invaded her olive eyes. A thought came to her mind as she stared into the vibrant abyss - *`How long would it take till impact?`*

“There you are!” a strong, masculine voice came from behind her. She tensed up and angled her head to look back over her shoulder. Anyone watching would certainly get the wrong idea, she knew. They would all assume that she was going to jump and ignore the protests of her saviours, trying to convince her otherwise. In such an assumption, they would be wrong.

There were two of them stood behind her, each in grey suits with black glasses on. In their hands were pistols. Her brows furrowed. “Thought you could get away, eh?” one of them spat with a grin. Soon she heard the pitter-patter of feet and turned. Another pair of men were standing on the building across from her, weapons pointed at her, ready to fire.

Slowly, she turned to fully face the men on the same building as her. Although it appeared that she was staring at the men, truthfully she was looking past them at the metallic door they entered through, where she caught her own reflection. She was tall and confident with fairly broad shoulders, a typically good and healthy build for a seventeen year old. Her skin, however, was sickeningly pale, contrasting to her structure and making her seem almost ill. Thick, shoulder length locks spiralled around her as she stood on the edge, random plats tied into her hair fluttered about, and colourful beads attached to the end catching the little light they had. She stood, dressed in a dark grey blazer, fastened tightly against her with a black skirt, stockings and brown leather shoes; making it appear that she just came from school.

“Now,” one of them men addressed her, taking a dangerous step toward her, “hand it over!”

She merely blinked at him and held her hand out, a black sack about the size of her palm sitting in it. The man licked his lips greedily and went to tuck his weapon away, ready to retrieve the item, when the girl stuck her hand out over the edge. Instantly, he froze. “H-Hey!” he barked, then cleared his throat. Harsh words would get him nowhere with a child, he knew; he had to be kindly – besides, he wasn’t too keen about having a woman’s blood on his hands, let alone a *girl’s*.

With his arms up, inoffensive, he took slow strides toward her. “Now, now, we don’t want to be doing anything drastic no, do we?” he drawled, holding his hand out to her, “Just give it to me and then we won’t have to hurt you, sweetie”

The girl huffed and turned her hand over, dropping the sack into the canvas below. Then, she turned with her back facing the men as they cried out. A proud smirk crossed her lips, when a blast filled the air and she felt an incredible force push her off the rooftop. She grunted and spun around in midair, finding that the man who was still armed had shot her, right in the back – how she was still alive she wasn’t sure, normally people died on impact, right?

Quickly, her hand shot out and she snagged the edge of the building, her body dangling haphazardly. She swore. Her muscles tightened as she began to try and haul herself up, her other arm bending and ready to join its partner in the heave, when another blast filled the air. She gasped as something punched her in the shoulder blade. Then, her grip faltered and she fell.