

From Hell: Reaper Lady

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*First part of the two parter. 8D
(Not proof read)*

Everything (c) me (Amy)

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1 - Yet Another Last Minute Reaping

"You missed one. Again." Death said casually.

"What?" I blinked.

I couldn't have missed one. I'd successfully reaped all twenty nine souls on my list.

"Armen Tasmal." He handed me a piece of parchment.

"He's got three hours left, so that gives me enough time to put my feet up and have a rest." I sighed as I finished reading it.

"Um, no. I have some people coming over to inspect the business, and since you're one of my highest ranking reapers, I want you on the job." He chirped.

"Wait... You mean there's an Ofsted report done on the afterlife too?" I chuckled.

"Kind of..." He said slowly and bleakly.

I could tell he was looking forward to this whole experience as much as a pheasant looked forward to the start of the shooting season, which wasn't alot.

"Oh, and beware of Armen. He'll try and get any female into bed with him. Or anywhere else for that matter..."

He waved boney fingers as a word was about to slip from my mouth and sent me to my last minute destination in a flurry of black flames.

I reappeared in the middle of a park. Everyone around me was looking at me strangely.

Wait... Looking at me...? That's not right. If I can be seen, it's usually just by one or two people who then quickly get bumped off with the nearest object to hand, if not by my scythe. Or, in a more recent case, they get sectioned for 'talking to themselves' and then violently explode in their padded cell...

I looked about myself at my surroundings and came to a swift conclusion that this was a human environment. A group of young men were sat on a bench, grinning and pointing at me, murmuring and laughing, obviously thinking that they were being inconspicuous. I instantly recognised the one in the horribly tight blue jeans, white tee-shirt and Burberry hat with it's peak pointing toward the sky as Armen Tasmal. One could say that he was a follower of a quickly dying fashion. I myself, along with many others, referre to this breed as 'Chav'. Or in this case, the plural: Chavs.

He swaggered over to me, his friends following him like a small herd of Burberry patterned sheep with gold chains around their necks thick enough to anchor a large ship and with enough rings and bracelets to possibly sink the ship, hanging off them.

" 'ey sweetheart! Bit early fer 'allo'ween, innit?" Armen said, looking amused as he eyed up my robes, hour glasses, keys and skeletal scythe.

Him and his childish mates had me backed up against a tree.

I'm guessing this is some kind of test to see how long I can cope being around a group of morons who think they're " 'ard as nails" because they go about with knives and in some cases, guns, picking on people weaker than them. Pricks....

I just stared blankly at him.

"Is that the best you can come up with?" I eventually said, emotionless.

His brows furrowed, obviously deep in thought. Or as deep as he could get anyway.

" 'ere, what's all dees keys for?" One of his mates said, fingering one of my large keys hanging from my

fraying belt.

"If you carry on, you'll find out. And it won't be very a pleasant experience." I grunted.

There was a definitive childish "Oooh" from the group.

"Before you continue your lame attempts at insulting me, Armen, Lemme tell you this: You have three hours left to do a good, selfless deed. Otherwise, I'll be personally introducing you to a friend of mine, who will take great pleasure in annoying the shoot out of you." I fixed my cold, dead gaze on him, smiling twistedly as he shivered in the warm afternoon sun, secretly thinking "Oh god that sounded unbelievably lame..."

He looked me up and down again before smiling slightly and sidling up to my left, placing his hand on my right hip, pulling my hood back a bit.

"Oh don't worry. I can do good." He murmured cheekily, so that his friends could hear.

I kicked his feet out from under him and they all roared with laughter as he landed firmly on the ground, his eyes wide, gaping like a stranded Guppy.

I smiled down at him sweetly, boot on his chest and the blade of my scythe to his groin, pinning him to the floor.

"One," I chirped pleasantly as if nothing had happened. " don't call me sweetheart, darling, sweetie, hottie, love or anything like that. Two. Any physical contact will either result having your arms torn from their sockets or immediate death." That part was true. Well, only if he tried grabbing my hands... "Three, If you don't manage to something nice, I will quite happily escort you to the worst place in existence." Oh man, that was lame. "Think your small brain can handle all that?"

His eyes glazed over again as he processed all that I'd just said.

"I know!!" Armen said, pulling himself to his feet. "'To the off licence!" He shouted, striking a heroic pose. Or what he assumed to be a heroic pose. To me it looked like he was doing a bad impression of a constipated Meerkat.

Before I could say anything, his mates cheered in unison and they all took off at a swaggering march towards the high street. I pulled my robe off - yes I wear something underneath. A pair of black jeans and a black shirt. Naturally. - and tried to blend in with my surroundings. (Well, I have been dead for more than thirty years...)

2 - Useless Muppets...

When I caught up with them, they were sat around the back of a derelict building on the outskirts of an old industrial estate near the town centre.

" 'ow are ya darlin'? We missed ya!" Armen said, wrapping his arms around me.

As soon as I felt his hands on my arse, my knee swiftly met with his groin.

I looked down at him, grinning, as he curled into a tight ball on the floor, gasping for air as the rest of the group took a few quick steps back, cringing.

"What did I say about physical contact?"

His mouth formed the outline of some words, but only a pained squeek came out.

"Kay," I said, as the cans of lager melted in my hands. "you have to do at least one good thing within the next hour, otherwise you're screwed. Possibly quite literally." I shuddered slightly, remembering what had happened to the male Snavar, Anna May. "So get your arse back into town and do. Some. Good!" Their eyes were all fixed on the lumps of tin that had permanently melted onto the cracking concrete ground.

"Wait a min..." One of his mates burbled. "You jus' melted them cans!"

"Whut the 'ell are you? Sum kinda magician?!" Squeeked another.

I just grinned, grabbed Armen by his up-turned collar and hauled him to his feet.

"Fine! If yu' really that desp'rat, I'll do summut 'good!'" He wheezed as he tried to stand up straight, before hobbling away in the direction of the town like a little old man.

Once we got into town, I had to keep jabbing him in the ribs with my gloved fingers to stop him messing about. And the few times he made a pass at me, I did what anybody with more than one working brain cell would do. Punch him. Repeatedly.

At least he tried to help people.

He helped one of his mates polish off his ciggies.

He helped himself to a bunch of grapes on a market stall, then ended up using me, his mates and random passer bys as target practice.

His latest attempt was the typical cliché of helping the little old woman to cross the road. Which he still managed to bugged up by picking her pockets and making off with her purse. I made him give it back to her, contents included, much to his disgust, and me and his mates watched from a safe distance as she battered him with her shopping bag, which we all found hysterically funny. Then I decided to go rescue him from the 4 foot nothing blue rinse granny and gave him a good hiding of my own for being a complete muppet.

"You have ten minutes left to do something good before-- Um... Look. Just do a good deed without screwing it up, kay?" I sighed.

Ten minutes. Ten long minutes of torture left before all this was over and I could go to bed.

I could hear him and his mates behind me taking the piss, and calling me all the names under the sun. I let all the insults go. You have to die sometime, right? So the more I was insulted, the more creative their demises became... Apart from Armen's. I already had his figured out when I first saw him.

When I came to from my musings, I realised they were looking around and saying things like "Where'd

she go?".

Then I realised that Armen's time was up, and I could finally harvest his soul. I pulled my robe on and took out my scythe as they decided that they weren't going to miss me and continued bugging about as they walked down the street. I followed them for a while and listened to their inane chattering.

"What a freak." Armen chuckled.

"Woooo..... Do sumethin' good, or else something bad'll 'appen... Woooo...." Mocked one of his mates as he wiggled his fingers in the air at Armen and they all laughed.

That was it. I'd had enough. I was hungry, tired and I had had enough of these pricks.

I tripped Armen up with the length of my scythe and watched as he stumbled out into the road in front of an oncoming lorry. He stared at it like a rabbit and his bones crushed horribly under the wheels of the massive vehicle, leaving him in a bloody mess in the road. It was satisfying to say the least, especially to see the looks of disbelief and horror on his cocky mates faces.

I walked casually over to the mess in the road that was once Armen Tasmal and pulled his soul from it by the ear like an angry aunt would do to a nephew who'd just been caught with his hand in the cookie jar before tea time.

"Whut 'appened?!" He squeaked, looking at his mangled remains.

"I just killed you." I said plainly. "And since you ain't done a single good deed in your miserable life, you get to skip the Sorting Office que in Limbo and you get to take a seat on the train to Hell." I finished cheerfully, glad the day was over.

Before he could say anything, I shifted my grip from his studded ear and took hold of his up-turned collar and took him directly to the underworld and waved to him as the train chugged out of the dark, twisted station and down towards Hell, with him as one of the screaming passengers.

Ah, much better. Now I could go and put my feet up and be lazy for the rest of the day.

END!