



Endless

R. J. Davies



Copyright © 2025 R. J. Davies

Visit my website at <https://rjdavies.ca>

All rights reserved.

No part of this fictional work may be used or reproduced by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping or by any information storage retrieval system without the written permission of the author except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews. This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, names, incidents, organizations, and dialogue in this novel are either the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.



R. J. Davies

Contact through <https://rjdavies.ca>

Online Edition

Endless

R. J. Davies

I've been walking among humans all my life, and I've seen humanity grow out of the ashes of the Dark Ages and into the AI Realm. I've walked among them for centuries and no one noticed. I have held the hands and hearts of men, being a support system, they needed and watching them die on their death beds. There were a couple that broke my heart when they crossed over to their deaths from this life.

My existence is an anomaly, a breach in nature, an abomination in all religions. I shouldn't exist. I should not exist even in accordance with science. It's kind of a miracle. Like a cactus that provides water and grows in the driest sands of a desolate wasteland of a desert. Yet here I am living and breathing my best life. Like a monster that roams the streets in the night, I just mingle with humans any day of the week, any hour in a day.

My mother was human, and a Reaper fell in love with her. Reapers are deeply caring individuals that guide humans from this life to their afterlife. Complete misconception that they are evil and dark. They are full of love and compassion. Not the images that humans have contrived of Reapers, with black cloaks and scythes. They do carry scythes, and they can be draped in black cloaks, but they can also look like teenagers or a mom at a PTA meeting. They can blend in with humans, they walk among us, sometimes it's a stranger that nods, smiles or gives you a wink. Reapers are everywhere.

I pose as an office administrator during the day at a local office downtown. I don't need to make money. I amassed a large fortune hidden away in various locations. You don't live centuries and do not accumulate wealth and if you do then you really should sort that out. My

current love of my life was diagnosed with rare cancer two years ago and is slipping away with each passing minute. I can't turn back time, I can't grant wishes, and I can't save the world. It's a shit existence and I fell for Marc before I found out about the cancer, I should have known. It's always the same. When I like someone, they live a long, good life. When I fall head over heels, they become sick and die. It's like my love claws away at their foundations and rips away their health and safety, tearing down walls and stripping them to bare bones and their last breath. It's part of who I am, I have come to terms with that. I'm cursed. My existence is cursed. I cannot die. I am doomed to live. I'll outlive every atom of human existence.

It's Friday night, I just visited Marc, who is now in a hospice, I would have stayed overnight, but he asked me to go home and shower. Sitting in the middle of my sofa staring at the wall. Hot tears sliding down my cheeks as I grieve for my lover. I begin to pray and beg all the gods to take me instead. Let me take Marc's place. My pleas fall on deaf ears. No one hears me. No one cares. I cry all the tears out of me, with every drop I develop a new hatred for the gods and for my own existence.

Waking up I could hear his breathing. I was no longer home alone. Someone was in my apartment. The night had settled in; my apartment was washed in darkness. I allowed my eyes to adjust to the darkness. I knew the intruder wasn't sure if I had awakened. They were standing across from me. I couldn't hear them breathing which caught my attention. Were they alive and breathing or were they something beyond this world?

"What are you doing here," I decided the straightforward stance was the way to go.

They hesitated.

"Well?"

They cleared their throat and softly replied. "I am here because you begged for help."

"Are you here to help me?"

"I am."

I leaned over and turned the lamp on. Immediately regretted it. It was my father. I haven't met him, not once over the centuries of my existence. Not once. I knew it was him because we have the same eyes. Soft sad blue eyes. I was looking at myself.

"Hi, I knew your mother well."

"I'm sure you did."

"I am sorry I haven't come see you up until now."

"Please don't play the I'm sorry card. I mean if you really felt anything I'm sure you would have popped by to say hi and checked in before this."

"I have wanted to. I just made a promise to your mother that I would stay away."

"Sure." Getting up I headed to the kitchen counter and started a pot of coffee.

"Listen Astrid," he paused. "I am here for a reason."

"And what would that be?"

"To take you to your mother."

"She's dead."

"Yes."

"So, you've come to take me to the underworld?"

"Yes."

"And if I refuse to go with you."

"It's not something you can really refuse."

“Really?”

“No, it’s not something anyone can refuse.”

“I see.”

“Astrid,” he said my name again and paused. Looking hard out the window. I hadn’t heard my name since my mother died. So long ago. I have never used that name since. It felt wrong.

“What do you want? Aside from taking me to my mother.”

“That’s it.” He looked at me. “That and I don’t want you to hate me. I can see that you do.”

“Really?”

“You have my eyes. I know hate in them when I see them.”

“Ok daddy dearest. Tell me how we can avoid this trip to the underworld. I didn’t ask for that.”

“No but you sincerely begged to be with Marc forever. He’s crossed over. He knew he was going to that’s why he sent you home.”

A hot tear slid down my cheek as the words hit me like a brick. I knew them to be true because I could feel it with every fiber of my being. It was something Marc would do to protect me from all of this. “What makes this time different?”

“I don’t know. This time we heard you.”

“I have had hundreds of husbands over the centuries whom I cared deeply for and begged to die with. Fuck! I have even tried killing myself to join them. Why is this time

different? Why?" I raised my voice, and it felt foreign to me. Like someone else was screaming at this man standing in my living room.

"I don't know," he looked so sad.

"Just great!" I got a cup and poured coffee into it.

"Please don't make this more difficult than it has to be."

"You're a Reaper."

"Yes."

"You escort people to their afterlife all the time. Why would this be difficult for you?"

"Because you're my daughter."

"A daughter that you didn't want and I shouldn't exist."

"Don't say that."

"Mom said that I was the only daughter or child from a Reaper and human."

"She's not wrong. There wasn't never one before you nor after you that existed."

"Yet, here we are."

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because I fell in love with your mother's voice and her beautiful heart."

"Yes, that's what she had told me too. How?"

"What do you mean?"

"You're not human."

"No."

"Well, you fell in love like a human to a human. How is that even possible?"

“Sometimes we go through life without knowing who we really are until we see ourselves through someone else’s eyes. She peeled back the layers, one layer at a time. Your pain has been mounting with each human you have fallen in love with and watch cross over. With each heart you love, it just builds within you. When Marc died, it was just another notch, another lost soul. It was no longer just me who could hear your pleas. We could all hear you. That is why I am here.”

Sighing, I drank back my coffee. “Ok, I won’t fight. To be honest I’m tired of watching my lovers slip through my fingers as the water of times wash over me. I am just tired.”

“We know.”

“Good.”

“Come, take my hand and let’s go home.”

Turning the pot off and putting the cup in the sink. I walked around the counter and over to my father. He held out his hand.

“Come, she’s waiting to see you.”

I took one last sweeping look at my apartment. My body was still on the sofa. Not moving, not breathing. Nodding I knew. It was time to go home. I took my father’s hand, and a doorway opened in front of us. Bright light crawled its way into my living room. It was time. I was tired. I let him lead me through the door. Stepping through the door closed and disappeared behind us.