

I'm holding a cigarette, I haven't smoked in years and I never will. I'm just rotating the cig above my hand kinetically... I do know a couple people who are active smokers, which would count the man right in front of me. He's conventionally beautiful, not that that has any reflection on his mind. Looking at things superficially never helps anyone, though I myself am a hypocrite at times when it comes to these things. He's wearing a shirt, which I assume is merch corresponding to some band, Multicolored letters spelling out 'PARAMORE'. I'll search that name up online later. Over said shirt is a simple jacket. Apart from that he has some light jeans on.

"What do you expect to get out of this?"

"I'm hoping for a chat, but I can leave if you don't want to talk"

He takes his time answering as my mind wanders regarding the room. The ceiling fan spins repeatedly, it's not too loud but the sound is an unpleasant eternal whirling. I wish for maintenance to be granted to that fan, not that our surroundings give too much care for being comforting. A solitary blueish gray covers the wall, the floors are just a darker gray while the ceiling is the same. Apart from the chairs we're sitting on and the table accompanying them, there's not anything else here. Personally I'd like to see some flowers here, it would liven up the room a little bit. At least I hope so.

"Just to chat? I don't trust that."

Oh, I forgot I was talking to someone for a moment... let's see, keep a calm demeanor, shoulders straight, full confidence.

"I'm aware you don't really have a reason to trust me... Alright, how about this, I'll give you something you want, just ask of me. Do keep things rational though."

His mind seems to be spinning right now. Back to thinking to myself I suppose. Maybe I can pick more comforting colors, is going for a homely feel too much? Maybe cream walls? I'd have to pick a pattern though...

"Okay, give me two things, first, your name, and second, that cigarette"

And so the reason for me holding the cig presents itself, a means of communication. I don't feel particularly pleasant having to resort to this but it's what I've felt would work. The means justify the ends. Actually, I hate that phrase, nevermind. I just pass him the cigarette.

"My name is Storm."

"Full name."

He pulls the cigarette to his mouth as I pull a lighter out of my coat, lighting it up for him.

“Storm Holiday.”

“Oh... Holiday? isn't that funny?”

I don't particularly like whenever this happens, so I avoid bringing up my surname as much as I can. I suppose I don't have much to complain about though. The Holiday family is incredibly wealthy. I honestly don't have to work a day in my life. Any job I take is effectively a hobby of mine. Is it fair for me to prevent myself from mentioning the family name despite it being the whole reason for my success? Likely not, but it feels like I'm a racing car wearing my sponsor. I don't like using up too much money anyways but undoubtedly many of my activities would not be doable if I were not a Holiday. Were I never taken in by Winter I'd likely still have gotten to my career one way or another I imagine. But then speaking we-

“So are you just gonna stare at me or?”

“Oh sorry, something came to mind... anyhow yes, I do belong to that Holiday family. I wish to say it's not too relevant to our convo though.”

“Damn, should have asked for a hundred thousand over this cig, that's like spare change to people like you.”

“Ha, yeah.” I don't find much humor in this.

He lets out a puff of smoke. I never liked the smell of smoking very much, using wind magic though it never has to reach me, instead going around me.

“Anyways, I was just wondering a couple things about you, mind if I ask you some questions?”

“Ask as many questions as you want.”

His colder demeanor has faded away, at least partly. A different persona now, just as fake as the last one I imagine.

“Have you been managing well?” A pointless question to ask, but filler questions have to be present.

“Yeah, I've gotten used to this life, not perfect but what can you do about it? Now how about you?” Isn't he charming?

“More free to do what I want than you but... much the same I suppose, I'm just living.”

“Good, good.” He smiles, is it sincere or not? Hard to tell really.

“Next question, what do you most miss? Not just from before being here but in general”

“It’s hard for me to say what exactly but what comes to mind first... rain... The feeling of rain splashing down onto me, I miss it sincerely, the sky, the atmosphere, the way the ground beneath me would drown out. The people would clear the streets, hide away, and I would walk around, as free as I can.”

I can fully understand where he’s coming from. There’s a certain rhythm to the rain falling over the city, a shield of wind and kinesis stops any drops of water from getting to me, so I can walk around the city with no umbrella. A surreal yet beautiful experience.

“I like a good rain myself too. Though I don’t particularly like getting wet, at least not nowadays.”

“Oh really? Personally getting wet was one of the most fun parts for me, I’d go out no matter how rough the rain. From little drops to heavy rain, hell, I’ve even gone out for a storm...”

“I’ve actually been out in storms before, they’re not too bad, but that’s just because of my magic y’know?”

He laughs as if I just said something with comical merit. It sounds like a legit laugh but I know it has to be a fake, it just has to be. I fake laugh back much the same way even if I don’t find the joke, I’m fairly good at faking laughter but I’m still sure he knows mine was false. Oh I get the joke, because of “storm”, that’s my name...

“Really Storm? A whole storm? A storm, Storm? Like a-”

I decide to look at the ceiling while he gets this off his chest, the ceiling fan’s whirl is not helping the situation. Using Kinesis I shut off the fan, deciding to just circulate the air myself. Much better.

“You’re not paying attention to me are you?” Seems he caught me, I’ve been getting worse at this.

“I apologize, something came to mind.”

“Don’t worry about it. I know your type. The ones that think and think and think. If you look at every minor detail you might miss the big picture you know?”

He changed his intonation... on to his third persona, he’s either speaking words of advice or being demeaning towards me. Currently leaning towards the second personally but he’s being intentionally vague about these things.

"Yeah, I've been told. But that's enough of that, next question. What do you regret most? Apart from ending up here that is. You don't have to answer this one if it's too much for you." He sighs deeply.

"I guess... when I lashed out at my brother that thanksgiving. Things were never the same after that, both between us and in my life in general." This isn't his biggest regret, of that I'm sure.

"That was what set your life in motion toward this wasn't it? Fairly stupid starting point now that you look at it." Based on who he is, making fun of him might be the best way to get to the point.

"Ha, yeah... that's an understatement... say, you think I'd have ended up the same way... living life in a cell?" Should I offer hopefulness or helplessness, which works best? Actually, maybe looking at it through another angle would work best.

"Well, I guess the actual fault is keeping a written record of people you're killing. It was even written down to vigorously accurate details, without that I doubt you'd have ever gotten caught." A slip up would have occurred eventually but I'm just trying to lead the conversation.

"Yeah I guess you're right, that was pretty fucking stupid of me. The second that was found it was straight to jail for me." He stays in silence for a couple moments, I'm sure he's right about to continue however so I myself stay quiet too. He smiles.

"Well, it ain't too bad here anyways, got food and water and that's enough for me." Back to more usual demeanor, this seems to be his default personality. He's almost trustable like this.

"Good to hear, mind going to the next question now?"

"Not at all, though can I ask for something to eat? You kinda interrupted my meal of the day." I didn't interrupt anything, I made sure to check, but I know where this is leading. I'll allow it.

"Oh sure, just hold on a moment. Usually I'd ask through the camera but you requested those to be off." He also requested for those clothes of his but that's not worth mentioning.

He gives me a thumbs up as I hold the keycard to the door and leave. He's a fairly smart one all things considered but that's besides the point. Just a hallway ahead is a woman. I never quite learned her name but it's been years and I can't really go asking her it now without seeming rude.

"Well, are you finished with your little chat already?"

"Not exactly, he wished for something to eat, do grant him that request."

"Really? Oh well, I'll have them prepare something quick. Anything else, Holiday?" She uses Holiday specifically to upset me, though when it's used as an insult I don't care all too much, it's

just a sign she doesn't like me, which is something people are allowed to think.

"Make sure the new guy is the one who brings the food, nothing else." There's use in his inexperience.

"Very specific... but sure."

With that said I head to walk back into the room. I do stop by to look at the Becker Room, named after an old hero... or at least an ally of a hero, my history knowledge on that is vague. Was it a name or a surname? Probably a surname, can't remember the initials though, was it Y.B, M.B or T.B? No no, T.B is someone else. Maybe related or maybe-

"Storm, can you get back to work already" Oh, it happened again, alright I'll be heading back to the room then, take a second, open up the keypad and enter again. Entering here there's only two things of notice. First, the chairs have been moved ever so slightly closer to one another, and second, he seems to have smoked a hell of a lot since I was gone, cigarette is on the ground.

The chairs have been moved ever so slightly closer to one another but overall it's the same, I decide to just not mention the change.

"Alright then, your food is on its way." I say, sitting down on my chair. There's a pure silence between us, count the seconds. 1, two, 3, four, 5, six.

"So, I owe you a question don't I?"

"Yes, so go on, I've only heard rumors about this but is it true that you were an illegitimate child? Once more, this isn't a mandatory question to answer." I already know the answer, but I only wish to see how he reacts to such a statement.

"I..." He seems to go into consideration very shortly, before changing back to his relaxed self once more.

"Yeah... parents were never all too faithful to one another. But we kids were raised out of the same household y'know. It was kind of an open secret, there were four of us kids, probably only one was from the both of them. Might explain why I'm so fucked." An excuse.

"And yet all your living siblings ended up fine, I actually met your sister the other day. Fairly charming woman, upper middle class. Got married not too long ago." I try to sound compassionate but I know my words hurt.

"I was unaware she even got married actually, uh...how was the groom? Does he uh... treat her well?" His sister isn't married, I made that up just to see his reaction... from what I know of her

though...

"Bride, actually." He makes an 'ever so slightly surprised' expression, I suppose he had a hunch.

"Oh, seems I missed something, apart from the wedding that is ha...ha. Anyways, does the lucky lady treat my sis well?" At least he's consistent.

"Yes, yes don't worry. She's a jovial one." He lets out a sigh of relief, I could almost believe it's real. A shift in the air.... Food must be on its way.

"Good to know... Y'know Stormy, you're a good man." Stormy... last person to call me that was my now ex, and this man is definitely not... hmmm well I suppose.... I'll just stop thinking about it. Food's coming up soon, should be interrupting my next sentence.

"Thanks, thanks. I try to be. Now, I'm sure tha-" The door gets knocked on, the man in front of me recoils instinctively. Seconds later the door opens and in comes the guard, as always with him, his gun is by his hip, a lightweight pistol.

I should let things play out from here, the door closes behind the guard as I look around... not anything worth staring at is there... Maybe I should have brought in my phone today... ah, there's a crack there. How did I miss that, it's very minor but right by the floor, a bit to the side of the man is a crack on the floor. Must be from a past altercation. Fixing such a minor problem might be more hassle than it's worth but I'd personally at least carpet over it. What color should the carpet be however? Oh, I hear chewing.

I fix my gaze back on the man, the guard is leaving now, he no longer has a pistol by his hip, oh well. The man is casually eating a burger, as if he doesn't have a gun on his person currently. It is probably by his back but I can't tell from here. The new guard is not gonna notice till his shift is over, I know him, the man knows this.

"Y'know Stormy... this burger's kinda shitty. I think I'll leave it be for now." Only took a couple bites, what a waste.

"Fair enough, prison food is not the best I've heard, perhaps accommodations might be best... anyhow, mind if we move onto the next topic?"

"Oh, the food here sucks but don't worry about it, and yea, feel free to take a shot at me.

This man believes he's funny, a smile across his face. Actually nevermind that is pretty funny, not that I'm going to give away a laugh or anything, hold it in and talk back to him. He should be more open to telling me things, being armed does make one feel both safer and in control. Both things that loosen lips.

"I believe you knew a certain woman, mind telling me how close you two were?" This is a cutting question, he knows what I mean by asking this. He looks at me, eyes like daggers for just a second before returning to normal. He'll act like it's a regular question.

"Oh Amelia, good old Mel. She was a very funny woman, anyone tell you that? People really didn't bring that up as much as they should, one of her best traits." He stays quiet just long enough to be awkward, or perhaps his dull stare towards me is supposed to be intimidating? Irrelevant either way, stay calm and sympathetic. "After she was gone no one brought that up, not a single person."

"I asked about her to quite a few people who knew her, they mentioned she was quiet, and at times quote unquote a bit of an ass, but they never really mentioned her being funny." His eyes perk up, he's figuring things out.

"Well, her being an ass was how she was funny, her little way of talking... no one else really knew her like I did, we knew each other since we were toddlers." I could advance the situation to where I need to but I'm curious, let me inquire more.

"Oh really? You two must have been pretty close" I talk in a jovial, almost naive tone. He seems partly happy to hear this from me, I suppose that's a positive, he'll talk.

"Yep, the both of us were pretty much inseparable, we went around everywhere together, she sorta followed me around to everything I'd do, we'd play together, play pranks on others together, watch shows together, we'd do all our homework together too..." This sounds about right with what I've heard over my questioning, still makes it-

"Oh that reminds me of a fun thing, we'd sometimes do the other's homework, out of kindness or out of a lost bet or whatever. I ended up doing her work a lot more than she did mine."

"Wouldn't that be really easy for a professor to spot the difference on though? Guess you were caught on that."

"Oh no no no, we write... wrote exactly the same, impossible to take apart who was writing what, not even I could when I was looking back at old stuff. Only tell I could find was that usually my stuff scored higher" Same exact writing style? Curious.

"So you were the smarter of the duo?" Not such thing as born intelligence but I'm not speaking my beliefs here today.

"Eh, she wasn't ever interested in stuff like education or whatever, if she did she'd probably have scored full A's. She was smarter than me really, just very particular in what she cared about."

"I see... what'd she devote herself to then?"

"Just messing with people really, and the occasional animal." He really loves talking doesn't he? I'm curious, I feel like he let the animal part slip out.

"I'm sorry but what exactly do you mean by messing with animals?" He seemed annoyed at this question.

"I uh... she wasn't ever an animal lover you know, that's all I have to say about that." It seems that's all the information I can get there, back to continuing the overall conversation.

"Moving on, from all I've heard and from talking to you I get it, you two were very close. Which is the whole reason I went to visit you. I would have come sooner but..." let him continue it.

"It's a bit hard to visit a man in jail on a whim I imagine, even if you are filthy rich... did those people you talked with mention anything about me?" I have his interest, gun or not he's willing to respond, at least until I push him too far.

"Well... at first no one really thought anything of you after she disappeared, they felt bad for you even. But you know how people are, rumors fly."

Silence, countdown the seconds, 5,4,3,2,1. I'll continue talking. Be very careful with the wording and enunciation.

"After people learnt about your actions they started blaming you for her disappearance, nothing conclusive though, but most of the town thinks so."

"Well they can burn in hell, she was my best friend, and I was hers. That will forever be the case." He is pushy about that subject I see. Go further, set him off.

"People are painting a worse and worse image of events."

"What's worse than the idea of me killing her? As disgusting as that is already."

"Some people allegedly saw that she had gotten certain... injuries, been getting them for a bit before disappearing, this is being blamed on you."

"They're calling me an abuser now? Oh, that's rancid." He seems more upset at being called an abuser than being called a murderer, I'll just let him keep talking.

"I actually was the first to notice all those injuries you know, I uh... went to check up on her, quite often... she never told me a thing though." His voice faltered ever so slightly, but I feel there's nothing else to gain down that line of questioning.

"Sorry for bringing all of that up, I shouldn't have." I needed to.

"No, no... it's fine, god, fuck those people. Who said that? Honestly."

"I'm sorry but due to agreements I can't go around saying their names. For what it's worth, I don't believe you're capable of doing that." One lie, but I wish to drop this subject, I regret even bringing it up in the first place. His expression betrays anger for a split second before returning back to normal, air is tense.

"Not capable of that but of murder eh? Is that what you're giving away?" He caught it, bright man he is. One last sentence to go before the next part.

"Well, it's not exactly too hard of a pinpoint, the murders, which you've admitted to were all exactly 19 days apart. The timeframe was only missed once, the exact day she disappeared. On that same day, you visited her didn't you? Putting two and two together isn't too hard is it now?" I wonder if he can catch how inconsistently I'm acting towards him, probably... no, definitely.

Really casually he reaches into his back, I could still stop him, but I won't. At an impressively fast speed he brought out his gun, a nice little thing really. Its safety is off and it's pressed against my head. I remain calm, here's the harder part. Don't mess it up.

"Storm, sTorm, stOrm, stoRm, storM. Man, you're just trying to get a rise out of me aren't you? I mean... you seem nice overall but come on."

"Can you particularly blame me for believing that? I have sympathy for you but still..."

"Gun on you and your first concern is your character? Eh, fair enough really, pride over steel and all that." Pride over steel is not a real phrase but I'm not in the position to argue that, still, he's not going to shoot me, not immediately.

"Alright enough chit-chat. See Storm, I like you, really do, but you gotta understand that I'm a trapped man with only one way out."

"As a Holiday I naturally have control over the prison, effectively over the warden. By holding me hostage, you're forcing me to let you out of the prison." I have to control the conversation, it can deviate but...

"Smart man, how about we go for a little walk out of here eh?"

"Now while I can tell people not to shoot at you, someone might see your gun and just take a proactive shot you know." Were he to get shot he'd likely shoot at me immediately after, I doubt he'd die immediately.

"Ah, fast triggers on them. How about this, you try any funny business, I'll shoot you. Let's just walk off together. I'll keep the gun concealed. I'd really rather not shoot you man but you know. It's already a life sentence, killing you ain't gonna get me any worse."

"Fair enough, keep it in your jacket. Let's go, just follow me out." I wonder, just how fast would I have to go to knock him down before he can shoot me. I'm a bit unsure... not worth it I suppose. In sight of him I very slowly pull out the keycard while making sure he can see me before I open the door. There's some guards not too far out. "Just going for a walk, everybody. Don't worry about the man..." They're all hesitant but he doesn't care all too much. Maybe I should have made that a code for something at some point, oh well.

I take a right turn, better time than any to make some talk. "So... what kind of life are you seeking out there, out of prison. Just curious." I make sure to ask the question as sincerely as possible.

"Honestly, I've got no fucking idea, I just don't want to stay here. Anywhere but here." Fair enough I suppose, I wouldn't at all wish to stay locked up myself, though there's prisoners and guards to talk to, shouldn't be too bad.

"And here you told me you were managing fine, there's more to it isn't there? Any worries on your mind?" Feeling the wind I can tell that his hand is trembling, not a very confident man.

"Well Storm, recently I've been getting really anxious about something. Something in the air you know?" There isn't anything major in the air.

"13 years ago, which isn't too much in the grand scale of things, there was a little incident here, you should know about it." Oh, didn't expect him to mention this. Well this is...

"The mist. What is believed to be a chemical weapon was released all through the prison, killing all inmates and guards inside. All records made throughout that day were also deleted."

"You're missing a couple details here, When the police went to check the body count, they found a certain arsonist was missing"

"You must be talking about Abidda, there was a whole manhunt after him. I was a fair bit young when all that went down but I can remember that... later on though, it was found that Abbida had apparently been murdered."

"By a child, self-defense if the kid was to be believed, and from there, nothing was found. No one knows at all what happened, and so nothing is stopping it from happening again" These are unreasonable things to worry about.

"Fairly reasonable worries I'd say." A silence permeates the air, I believe we're almost out of the prison, I keep having to wave at guards here and there.

"Yknow, that kid's ought to be an adult nowadays eh, what happened to him anyways?"

"Disappeared a week or so after being questioned by authorities, Charis Retsa was his name."

"That seems about right, say... gone into hiding or disappeared for knowing something? What do you think?" We're getting this conversation off-topic, let me get back into it.

"Not much I can tell you there honestly. But people disappearing reminds me... Do you have any idea what happened to your friend, or at least where she is..." We're getting to the exit now... a guard, who's name probably starts with a J is watching us over, a curious expression fills his face.

"Hey, Storm, is it me or are you bringing out an inmate?" Based on the air... the man behind me is breathing slightly faster, worrying I suppose.

"Oh you know, one of those days." The J guy should be fine with that response, not too much of a serious worker.

"This isn't the first time... fine, not dealing with the hassle of this again, have a good day."

"Oh, one more thing, can you open up the Writing room?"

"Really?... eh sure, though you'll owe me a favor for this one."

"Yeah, yeah, be seeing ya buddy"

With that conversation dealt with, the man and I keep going together.

"Say, your whole accent and personality seemed pretty different around that guy. What's the deal with that?" Oh, he caught on to that. Oh well. I thought he'd mention the writing room instead but... unimportant I suppose.

"People have different dynamics with different people, just the way things sort themselves out"

"I see... still seems a bit extreme to me though..." His expression belies a slight awkwardness.

"It's the way things are, nothing else to it." I stop by an odd looking door, white and red colored. I go through it, expecting the man to follow me. The Writing room is a fairly nice looking place all around, keeps its white and red aesthetic quite well, even if I prefer pink over red. Books and documents are organized neatly in bookshelves and drawers. A pen and paper are neatly placed on a table, other pieces of writing equipment are present here too, though not in the open. Only odd points here are a couple gas masks and a place that previously stored canisters.

"This isn't the main way is it? Where are you leading me now?" An expected question.

"This is The Writing room, the normal way out would be through metal detectors and other security measures, something I'm sure you wouldn't like to go through. Secret way out through here." I open a door in the back of the room, heading through a beautifully carpeted floor, lights automatically turn on, the man follows me.

"Why would a prison even have something like this? I saw those gas masks, is this..." The way out is far too cold, I don't have to worry about that myself but I wonder how the man is taking it.

"Don't worry about it, not at all. As you may know this prison originally started as a fortress, though it has ship of theseus'd itself into a full prison now. This was intended to be a secret exit when facing an attack but now serves more as a memento than anything.

"Okay but why all the writing shit? That seems awfully random."

This room was renovated 13 years ago, I was just a kid back then, I wouldn't know.

"Before or after" He's referring to the incident, he caught the timeframe.

"Couple weeks before actually, likely related to the event. Though unsure on the specifics." I always forget how long this hallway is, not much that can be done there however, maybe something like a minecart?

"And you didn't feel like mentioning this before, tell me everything, for real this time Storm." He finally takes the gun out again, pointing it straight at the back of my head, his finger is off the trigger, good gun safety on his end I suppose. It's amazing what the wind can tell you, it's almost like I don't need my eyes. Though then I couldn't see colors and the like so nevermind. I fake a deep breath.

"Not much else I can tell you, the only detail I haven't told you is that they did find a white and red suit in here. Had a capital W on it." That's why the Writing room's W is capitalized, probably, I'm unsure.

"That's fucking weird, another dead end?"

"Correct, speaking of..." We arrive at a wall, giving the man a moment to take in the nothingness. I proceed to tap a specific spot in the left wall to the rhythm of all I want for Christmas is you. I hate doing it but this is what Winter decided.

"For a second I thought you were just fucking with me honestly" The door starts to open, letting us out at the prison's side. We walk and the secret door closes back up.

"Well isn't that nice, looking like it's going to rain soon too." Ought to be freeing. We silently walk to a more grassy area. Seems I messed up aiming the conversation the right way, I'll just have to be up front about it then. I turn around, facing him. Gun aimed at my forehead.

"Can you tell me where you hid her body already?" He seems surprised at my bluntness. "You killed her, just tell me already, no harm, no foul." His hand shakes, anxious is he?

"I already told you, I'm not the one behind her death."

"So you're the one behind all the others then? Is that what you're trying to say?" Lead him on

"Yes, I killed all the others myself, but I could never kill her." His breathing fastens, eyes shakily on me, hand unsure.

"Then shoot me, shoot me dead, point blank. You're a killer aren't you? Stop hesitating." He backs up slightly, his eyes meet mine for a second before looking away.

"What the fuck is wrong with you, do you have a death wish or something?" I had a feeling, nice to get confirmation. The wind speeds up around us, hair moves wildly. I simply stare at him without responding. I put my left hand inside my coat, grabbing onto the lighter. I slightly step forward

"One more step and I'll—" With the wind I move forward, he quickly readjusts his aim towards my legs as I flip on the lighter, transferring the force with kinesis to move the gun's safety switch on, his gun unable to fire even as he presses it in panic.

Before he can rectify this I'm already too close to him, I grab his wrist, inflicting force into it until he drops the gun. I look back into his eyes, they're afraid. Using wind I snuff out the lighter's fire.

"You aren't a serial killer, you're just a sentimental idiot" Fire surges out of his left hand, as he tries to blast me, however the wind simply makes it harmlessly go around me. I'm too close for him to use protection magic by now, he has no options.

"No, no, I—" I stop holding onto him. Technically letting him attack me again but what does he even have to gain.

"Let's go over the story, for real this time. Every 19 days someone would end up getting killed, on one of these days, or just after one of these days, you found your good friend injured." He tries to get away from me but I'm far too fast for him, he casts protection magic around himself.

"You were wondering, what the deal was, what exactly happened to her to get hurt, so you invited yourself into her home, you probably had a key, wouldn't be too hard. You were so worried for her that you looked around for any clues, and what did you find? A neat little diary." I forcefully move my hand into the barrier, simply grabbing and pulling at it, cracks start to show.

"What you read there... was shocking, what your good friend was doing... no, it couldn't be right? You didn't confront her about this until the next 19 day date, where you confronted her about it and-"

"Shut up shut up shut up shut up" The protection around him shatters as he falters back, almost tripping into the ground. I continue

"She tried to kill you, didn't she? She went to hurt you, you were scared and one thing led to another... bang. I shoot a burst of wind out of my finger straight at his forehead to illustrate, shouldn't do any non psychological damage, apart from making him falter again.

"It was self defense though, you had all the evidence you needed, hell I'm sure there were some alibis you could have picked up if you worried about it, but instead... you stuck to it. You stuck to your friend, the same one who tried murdering you." The wind grows in intensity, the man could barely walk without falling in the wind, were he to try fire it might just reflect back to himself.

"You'd thought her sins would die with you, so you just hid her body somewhere, likely in the local woods and went on horribly with your life, people started noticing you were off, and then someone found that book, because you decided to keep it with you, as a memento I imagine" I flick my finger knocking him down into the ground.

"I was just trying to-"

"Figure out why? Doesn't matter, it was found, and even then you could still make the case, you could have still defended yourself, pin it on her for her actions, for her crimes, for her depravity. But instead, you took it, *why* in the world would you do such a thing?"

"She won't be remembered for it, that's why." I walk closer to him, staring him straight in the eyes... he is... afraid? Terrified even.

"Your friend is revealed to be a murderer, they try to kill you, And you still stand by them? You had a life, a career in the future, friends and family who loved you, and you'd throw it all away just to preserve the memory of one!?" Blades of grass start flying off, a nearby tree is bending strongly, his gaze is unbroken, looking straight at me, a comfort in his own horror.

"Y-your eyes, Storm... they're just like hers, before I... before I shot..." His eyes are tearing up.

"..."

"Storm, there are certain people that you care for, more than anything, a friend you'd give anything to, or a partner you swore yourself to forever, can you understand that?" The wind starts to subside as I calm down, sitting down with him on the ground

“...sorry about the eyes, I got carried away.”

“Anger issues? I’d say though... you did terrify the fuck out of me, I thought you were going to kill me.”

“No, no... I uh... originally just came here to find where you hid her body but as I talked to you it became clear-”

“I really gave it away too easily didn’t I?”

“Kinda... say... can you make it worth the trouble and just, tell me, like where you put it, I won’t out you or anything.”

“I’m happier being known as a serial killer than letting others know I killed my friend, sorry.”

“I won’t tell anybody, I’m fine pinning the murder on a caught murderer I’ve got, even if it is a bit immoral.”

“Really?”

“Yep, that sound good to you? If so, just tell me, either way I won’t tell anybody... I’d offer you freedom but I already know you don’t want to out your friend”

“Thanks man, I appreciate it... fine, the body is... from her house... 286 meters west, 308 meters south. Dig there.”

“Thanks, I appreciate it, you better not be messing with me here.”

“Nah, nah Storm, I trust you, we’re good... say you’re not going to just throw me back into jail are you?”

“I promised I’d send you back, but how about this, have 19 days. Come back to the prison by then. Otherwise shit will be bad for you, trust me.”

“19 days, you’re a sarcastic fucker when it comes down to it aren’t you... well you’ve got a deal, I guess I’ll manage my days out here, have a good one Storm.”

“Have a good one.” With that said, I leave him behind. Near the tree that was bending from the wind before, I pick up a zip bag containing my phone and some earbuds that I dug slightly by this tree. It’s good to have you buddy. I put on the earbuds, turn on the phone, and go to put on some music, it’s time for-

My phone rings suddenly, I wonder who it is for a moment before seeing that it’s Winter. Of course, I’d rather not but I’ve got to pick it up, alright, here we go.

"Well hello to you Storm, are you finished playing detective for the day?" I never told her what I was up to today, but I suppose she doesn't need to ask. She definitely knew what I was doing the moment I set foot in this prison.

"I guess so, unless something comes up I'll just be heading to the local cafe now, I have a conversation to follow through on with the barista there." Swift responses are vital when talking to her.

"I see... I wonder... can you tell me the barista's name off the top of your head?"

"..."

"I wonder if you're just being forgetful with names again or just secretive, regardless I'll give you this one." It's annoying to me how she's dragging this out.

"Can you just tell me what you need?" She never calls for jovial talks.

"Oh come on, can't a mother call her son to ask about his day?" I hate that I can't immediately tell that she's lying, I know she is, but I can't instinctively tell like with others, thankfully the context makes it clear. She never really viewed our relationship as maternal.

"But yes, now that you say it, there's something you could do for me." She got to the point rather quickly, usually I've got to deal with more rambling, perhaps she's in a rush, though I doubt it.

"Sure, what do you want me to do?"

"Well Storm, I just need you to do me a favor. Since you like playing detective, there's something that'd be interesting for you to look into." She wants me to investigate something? That's rare.

"Can't you just hire a dozen of the world's best private detectives and deal with it that way, that usually works."

"I could, but I'd rather you do it, this is right up your alley you know? Just fit for you" This is never a good sign.

"Fine fine, feel free to tell me." I can never just tell her no can I?

"Alright, here we go. Almost a year ago, an interesting man died off. You have met him before, a certain Drew."

"Don't really remember anyone in particular with that name sorry." I've probably talked to a Drew before in all honesty, still don't know.

"You even forgot his name? How is someone with your attention to detail so damn useless with names? Alright how does this sound? 7ft tall electric man, Mortis."

"Oh, that Drew, yes I met him a couple times when I was handling things around, never particularly cared for him though."

Really? I've seen you talk fine with the depraved but that man was too much for you?
Interesting..."

"Just stating we weren't close, not that I hate him, I just didn't like him as a person." I wonder though... If he's drawn Winter's interest post-mortem there must be something about the situation, how did he die again?

"His cause of death is unknown, just disappeared. I'd believe he was still alive if it weren't for the book, you do know the book right, Storm?" I didn't vocally prompt this statement.

"Yes we went over it when talking about magical artifacts those months ago, the book had a proper Causa Mortis right?"

"Yes yes, the man properly died... we just don't know how." This is far too much of an interest.

"Why do you care so much about how a Mortis died anyways?"

"It's about resolution Storm, someone like him doesn't die off randomly does he now? I believe you two had a sort of 'sparring match' at some point. How likely do you think this man was to die in a nonchalant manner?" When she puts it that way... it seems unlikely that he'd die off randomly.

"Fair enough then, I'll be looking into it then, that all for today?"

"Yep, just wonderful, enjoy your search and try not to end up like the one you're looking into, although there'd be some humor in that." Before I can respond she hangs up the phone, oh well.

I'll start work on investigating that guy's death some other day though, Winter didn't set a timeframe so this is allowed, not really interested in him.

Back to what I was doing before being interrupted, let me pick some music for my walk back... let's see... Fear and Delight, not the right mood. Razzmatazz, would want to listen to the full album. Engravings... not fit. Animal... no. Killer Queen... maybe, could work. Sundial... later. What to... oh, hold on. Might as well try something new.

Search for Paramore, let's go on a walk.