

He.

I have dealt with many a client over the years, yet I still manage to be surprised even now. Twisted minds produce odd results I suppose. Today's note is being kept on... well, I can't say his name, seeing as he never gave one. I was never good at making up nicknames, so I'll call them 0 and 1 from now on.

0 was the first I was witness to, he came in unprompted, wearing a comedy mask, through which blue eyes were the only seeable feature without having ever signed or given a call that he was coming in. I was fresh out of dealing with another client and I was frustrated and eager to kick him out. But something in the back of my mind compelled me, so I let him stay, for free even, curiosity set in. How had he heard of me? Who was he? How did he get my location? I was curious, but I never got answers to those questions. He talked to me matter of factly, simply wishing for "a chat."

His voice was cold and uncaring... incapable of caring I should clarify. His eyes were similarly uncomfortable, it's like they were looking through my soul. I've had clients with this expression, analytical, far removed from a normal person. He would not take off the mask when asked.

Since I had no information on him, I simply had him answer some questions, and go through some tests at my behest. He had no health problems, in fact, he was in superb condition. From the scan I did, his magical talent was the best I'd ever seen. This easily described his mind as well. From the tests I had him run, I believe he had a genius level intellect. Although counterbalanced by his lack of tact about morality as a subject. Attempting tests of morality it was clear he did not care. He didn't seem to choose options morally, just whatever he deemed more interesting, he was informed of this and replied saying he was aware.

From this point, I'll just put the transcript of our conversation from the audio I recorded. Whenever he is speaking it will be bolded for clarification's sake. I won't bother with a physical description unless I feel it is important.

"Did you hear that?"

"You're recording this I presume."

"You assume correctly, I apologize but I will be holding a recording of these sessions, if you feel uncomfortable with that, you can feel free to leave."

"It's perfectly fine by me, carry on Doctor."

"Got it. Now, while I won't question how you heard of me, I assume you're just like my usual clientele, or am I wrong?"

"You communicate with broken minds, those who have taken more than they have given."

Serial Killers, mercenaries, members of the mob, government officials, overall, the worst of the worst. This is why I sought you out.”

“Government officials... few know of that part of my resume but I imagine you won’t tell me how you gained that information.”

“I have no reason to.”

“Ignoring that, is it safe to assume you too have blood on your hands?”

“Good guess Doctor. I, like the majority of your clients, am a murderer.”

“Out of a job, or is it a passion? Does seeing life disappear from other’s eyes give you enjoyment? Does carving through skin give you an artistic joy? Do you see others hurt and wallow in despair in bliss? What do you get out of death?”

“I gain understanding Doctor, that is all. I don’t share the same passion you do.”

“Understanding? That’s an odd answer.”

“It’s a matter of human nature. There’s a certain type of behavior, a feeling that humans only have when they’re facing death itself. When a human is bleeding out, fully aware that their death is imminent... it’s impossible to replicate anywhere else... I needed to see that.”

“If your sole desire was to just see it I’m sure you could have just searched for videos... I’ve got some myself actually if that’s something you’re interested in.”

“Don’t care for that offer, and regardless. There’s a difference between seeing things up close and seeing them recorded, you can change the variables any time you desire, you get the surrounding context, an atmosphere. You can’t get that from a video.”

“As far as murderers go, that’s an atypical reasoning, but I respect it. Let’s see... you were very particular with your wording earlier. You see, a normal person would say people, not ‘humans’ you know.”

“I apologize for my lack of social tact in that aspect. In my mind I tend to just refer to all sapient life as ‘people’ while ‘human’ is more specific. Moving forward I’ll refer to them as ‘people’ for your comfort”

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

"You're a human right?"

"...what's your standard for being human?"

"Not a good start, but I'll agree on physiology"

"How do I put this... I suspect it's best if I just show you." Here he stretched his right arm to the side, rolling up his sleeve. In an instant a cut was made from inside his arm. The subject showed no visible reaction, as if it were painless. A dark gray viscous liquid pours out.

"You've cut open quite a few people in your time so you should know this isn't typical."

"By my standards I don't take you as human anymore. If you don't mind"

"Apart from that the rest of my body works the same way a regular human body works, and while I would prefer to have my identity as human I understand completely if you can't deem me as that." The cut from his arm visibly started to heal, though rather slowly

"You have a preference? And here I thought you were just neutral to everything."

"Being human or at least seen as human was my only goal growing up. I still retain that sentiment."

"Ah, so that's what you meant by 'understanding' earlier. You killed to learn, to be."

"It was an obsession of mine, I saw others, witnessed them in their best and in their worst, I saw them fall in love and I saw them die by my hand. I read literature, psychology, philosophy, morality, ethics, religion, politics, theory... I just wanted to fit in like the rest around me."

"And how did that go for you?"

"It went well at first. I knew how to act right. To move the same way as them, to breathe the same pace as them, to blink regularly. I talked like them, I laughed like them. I started to feel like them, I started to feel..."

"Remorse?" The masked man nodded.

"Partly so, I was somewhat numb to feeling but it was starting to take effect. It was only a short wave before I rationalized it away but the fact I felt that way scared me, and the fact I felt scared horrified me."

"I'm sorry but I can't imagine any emotion coming out of you, nevermind fear."

“Which was exactly the problem.”

“So you stopped then, do you still use that mask today?”

“The Human... you can learn more about that in the next session.”

“If you come by again, do be sure to bring actual money. I don’t do these for free.”

“Understood, you will get your money the next time I’m back.”

From here, he left, and I was left to recollect my thoughts about the subject. I never got a name, not even an alias. Additionally to mention, he never once blinked, his eyes stared at me the entire time without rest. I would have personally loved to cut him up and see how he works but that’s besides the point. While his lack of ‘humanity’ (either biologically or mentally) or whatnot was interesting, with all I’ve seen I was surprised at how little it actually intrigued me. I was curious, yes, but when I was young I’d dedicate years of my life to look into something like this... now I just think it’s interesting. I did end up asking more questions about it later on.

So on to that later on... the next day. That day was when I met 1. He felt like the type to be rather punctual, so I suspected he’d show up at the exact minute he appeared last time... but he didn’t. He was 12 minutes late, though a date was never established so it may be my fault for believing. He walked in, wearing a tragedy mask this time... and I could immediately tell something was off.

The first thing someone’s supposed to look at is the eyes. This is simple instinct. His eyes were completely wrong compared to the man I met yesterday. His eyes were more dilated, they moved with emotion as if they had a shine. His eyes stared around, as if he had a profound curiosity for the environment. He hadn’t even sat down and I felt the difference. Without a word he sat down. 0 movement’s were rigid, not moving anymore than necessary. 1 moved... normally, I can’t describe it apart from that. He introduced himself, jokingly asking if I was confused, before saying that the other one couldn’t make it.

His voice had a calm, satisfying demeanor, the type one could never tire of hearing. I could still tell it was the same man speaking however, but this was too drastic of a change. I imagined this was the mask he was referring to before. 1 wanted to talk but I urged him to complete the same tests 0 had gone through beforehand, which he agreed to without complaint.

I was looking at the test results mostly to see if there was any notable difference between him and 0. Differences were as follows. Physical well being is about as good as 0 (if I had more testing I’m sure I would have found a difference). Magical capabilities (while still significantly above the average) were far lower, additionally his manner of using said magic also seemed to be different. Intelligence score seemed somewhat bigger than 0’s. Morality testing showed a cleaner understanding of ethics and made choices concerning a greater good compared to personal interest. An unimportant note, his handwriting is satisfying to look at.

After the testing was finished, I started recording. His words will be underlined.

"You are being recorded from now on, understood?"

"Fair enough. make your profit with that. Anyways. you must be pretty confused."

"An understatement I will say."

"Kind of tragic that you first met this body under such a horrid rule. the best time to make it up is now though. Good to meet you doctor." He blinks.

"Good to meet you too..."

"Not giving out names. that's one thing I agree with The Other on."

"You two share this body then I assume?"

"Partly. I'm the one in charge most of the time. they on the other hand are sort of just a parasite that pops in from time to time."

"Rather harsh wording I'll say."

"Oh come on. you met it didn't you? Would you say that's a worthwhile member of society?"

"..."

"Exactly."

"Ok ok fine. So what's your ordeal?"

"Me? I can't tell you what The Other said but as for me... I just live a normal life. Go around. talk to people. buy things I need. buy things I want. You get the gist. If it weren't for the malignant murderer in my head, I'd be living a pretty damn normal life right now. If I could just kill him off..."

"I see... unfortunately for you I offer no such treatments..."

"I appreciate the offer at least. It's rather unfortunate to live with a demon like that."

"...Are you the original?"

"Why of course I am." He sounded insulted.

"Let me just tell you how it is. Since I was born, I was always different. I saw others as inferior. I thought myself smarter. I barely felt in general, emotions were dulled you see."

"That's why I started studying others. I started reading philosophy-"

"I heard all this already."

"We do share childhood memories so that makes sense. Where do you want me to start?"

"What event caused you to create the other one"

"See, I had finished doing it. I felt like everyone else. I felt things for others. I could hold conversations with kids my age and adults that were older. I had everything."

"And then you remembered those you hurt to get there right?"

"What? Why would I care?"

"..."

"Wait... did it not clarify who I killed?"

"He merely said he was a murderer and didn't clarify."

"Of course he did. Okay let's go over the targets I went through by then okay? First was an arsonist I fought in self defense. He was directly responsible for the death of quite a few. Second was a mother who abused her own children. Third was a Serial Killer who loved to compose little melodies based on her targets. I sang a song with her. The Fourth was a low level mob man, he wasn't interesting. Fifth and final was a guy who played loud music on the bus."

"..."

"That was a joke. he was a human trafficker."

"Quite the repertoire, so what do you consider yourself an ethical killer of sorts then?"

"Not anymore really, I find killing others to be a waste. There's still so much behind people you know? The one who I have to share this body with is the only one who seeks to hurt others."

"I see. So you're the good half is what you're trying to say."

"The main side, I live my life day to day without him being brought up. He's just an inner darkness I hope to get rid off... on that note, I might as well finish saying how it is he was created. It's awfully simple really. I had gone and improved well as a person, as was the goal, when all of a sudden I started to feel odd..."

"I started feeling enjoyment about the wrong things. While there wasn't a problem with the murders as an act, I realized that as I grew my emotional state... I was enjoying violence. It was not the punishment of the sinful that I liked, it was the act of violence itself. Violent thoughts got to me. I rationalized that this must be leftover from my origin, that I had to push through this to live a completely normal life. So I went to deny my birthright. I got rid of the impulses so that I could live normally."

"However, that just created him in the end didn't it?"

"Correct. By attempting to fully cleanse my mind I instead formed a representation of my worst thoughts. The old version of me."

"Good to have the full picture, what was it you called him again?"

"He's The Other, I don't wish to refer to him using my name."

"The other? Not a particularly humanizing title."

"Two things: One, it doesn't deserve a human title. Two, while I don't really care much. I wish to state that the T and O in The Other are capitalized."

"...can you tell via the way I said it that I missed capitalization?"

"This is a completely useless skill to have unless you're a Writer, but a certain Woman taught me it."

"Can we get back on topic now?"

"Sure... say, this is quite a nice office you've got to yourself here."

"Oh? You mean it?"

"Oh absolutely. I like what you were going for here and I like your choices of wood. This whole room gives you a feel of authority, doesn't it miss? The woods are Mahogany and Bubinga right?"

"Would you look at that, how did you know?"

"I met a nice man who was quite capable at woodworking so I picked up a thing or two."

"Is that man still alive if I may ask?"

"The man is perfectly fine, he has a wife and a daughter whom he both adores. He's retired with a good chunk of money and everything is going well for them. His daughter even opened up a

flower shop not too long ago."

"Good for her I guess..."

"Yes, yes. Anyways, back to your office detail. I assume that in the back is a real human skull?"

"Right you are, most people just assume it's a prop. I suppose attention to detail is one of your traits."

"I've been told so yeah. Anyhow, I know this is supposed to be about me, but I'm curious. Mind telling the story behind that skull?"

"Not at all, it's rather simple really. A client of mine tried attacking me in the middle of a session, so I retaliated rightly. It used to be a taxidermy but apparently clients found it unsettling."

"Ah, so I imagine there's a similar deal with the taxidermied cat next to the skull."

"I tend to keep things that belonged to those who wrong me, am I understood?"

"I wouldn't exactly call cats 'things' but I get the revenge thing. Based on the clientele you take on, I assume you get attacked like... every other week."

"Like you wouldn't believe. So many people try me in my own office. You'd think the news would have spread by now. "

"You're dealing with crazies, it happens. Still, fairly impressive you've lived for so long if that's what you get up to."

"I've always been a capable fighter. What can I say?"

"...yeah... capable." He seemed suspicious.

"We're very off topic right now aren't we?"

"And here I was about to ask about the picture of the heron. Anyhow. Feel free to ask me any questions now."

"Alright. In the paper I had you fill out you skipped the questions about religion. So I've got to ask, do you have any faith?"

"Everything has to come from something right? But the question of a creator doesn't really matter much to me. My mother wasn't religious in the slightest. She'd probably freak out if she saw me with a cross now that I think of it. "

“Religious trauma or just ‘that’ type of atheist.”

“A little bit of this, a little bit of that. She was a woman of science really. Though she ended up getting herself roped in with a cult for some years.”

“A scientist falling into a cult? That seems odd”

“She was lured in by the prospect of knowledge, information that could help her research, it interested her is what I’m getting at. My father was the one who convinced her to join, as well as likely being the leader of the whole thing altogether.”

“If your father... actually before that, which cult is this again? It wouldn’t be the Redeemers right?”

“No no, that cult is vastly different, though it’s growing rather quickly it’s not the focus of what I’m talking about. My parents belonged to the Moonchildren.”

“Don’t think I’ve heard of that one.”

“That’s the point, standard cults aren’t supposed to be well known. Though to be fair, the Redeemers are more of an MLM than a cult once you cut it down. Not exactly religious.”

“I’ve always tagged them as just being LARPers. The most they’ve done is harass random people from what I’ve heard.”

“It’s not that one-sided. The majority of the low level members sure are harmless but the cult is so well known for a reason. They’ve got a reach like you wouldn’t believe... they are idiots though, what they’re building up to will just blow up in their face, but still, do be careful.”

“Well if you say so, how about we go back to the moonchildren however.”

“Oh yes sorry, got off track. Anyhow, the Moonchildren are very simple in what they do. They’ve been around for a while but their purpose has changed a lot. If you want to go down to their origins, it should be some 30 or 40 odd years before the moon disappeared. But their start as what they are now started off like uh... half a century or so post moon.”

“Okay that’s interesting, but what do they do and how does that affect you? That’s what matters.”

“What they do is pretty simple.” He points to himself. “Moonchildren, children of the moon, born for the moon. What more moon can I tell ya about?”

“So there’s more... like you out there? That’s concerning.”

"Not like they're pumping out kids or whatever over there but there's probably a few like The Other around. Not like it worries me though, what are a couple freaks like that going to do anyhow?"

"If they're as strong as him then that is an actual worry."

"I believe myself to be exceptional even among them but if you're worried about malice and power and whatnot, a dozen little cult children isn't exactly the biggest worry. I know regular red blooded humans that are stronger than The Other, and many many many more that are worse. Literally what is the consequence of a couple more strong people lying about?"

"Fair point I suppose. There's nothing more human than the depraved among us."

"Yeah, for example. Just some months ago, I met this girl right? White hair, Purple eyes. She was a mercenary but her attitude was off, so I assumed there was a sort of life story behind her. She was hella strong too let me tell you. Anyhow, I pulled some strings to check for anything and I found something really interesting."

"Among her family, she was an unparalleled prodigy, a freak of nature when it came to magical potential I'd say. And she was a bit... different I'd say but not significantly enough for it to matter. She aced through her education so she skipped quite a few classes. Anyhow, the point is, she had everything going on good. However... one day, completely out of nowhere. She murdered her aunt, her father, and a bunch of other family members before running away and starting life anew."

"I have a million of these cases I can tell of powerful yet horrible people, but I don't need to. It doesn't matter if there's others literally born of malice when those given the choice between right and wrong do worse."

"I see... do you think The Other is the first or the latter? You do seem to hate him."

"How do I put this... I detest them because they share this body of mine, because they are the only thing that hold me back from being fully normal. If that horrid mind was in another body then I wouldn't care in the slightest about him. But for whether he can be good... I doubt it. He's the rejected part of me, the part that refused to become good, to adapt, to learn, he's a soulless, inhuman being."

"You're the same though, right? At least when it comes to being human... I already know about your blood, you're physiologically not a human in the slightest."

He sat there looking at me confused for a second. "Oh, that. Say, you happen to have something sharp on you?"

“...don’t try anything.”

“Thanks.” He grabbed and inspected the weapon, tapping on the metal.”

“A baselard... this is Damascus steel too. I must say, it is a very pretty weapon. What’s this symbol here mean?”

“I’m unsure, though it likely meant something to the original owner. Also, genuinely asking, are there any topics you aren’t vastly informed in?”

“I mean I don’t know everything. I’m just really into how things are made. Metals, woods, plastics, chemistry, human nature, architecture in general, etc, etc. About architecture, did you know I was considering majoring in that?” He was playing around with the baselard as he talked, passing it off between hands.

“I’m sure you’d be good at that. Still, what did you want with the dagger again?”

“Ah, sidetracked once more. You must be getting tired of my voice by now. Let’s get to it already...”

He unrolled his sleeves and hesitantly held the blade close to his arm. His hand shook until he relaxed himself enough. In a swift motion, he made a small cut on his arm. Red blood falls as he covers up his arm.

“I always forget how it feels...” His voice felt breathy.

“Your blood is... completely normal...”

“What else would it be? I look like a normal human to you right?” His cut is not healing.

“I suppose so, I guess by all my standards I can count you as human, but why would The Other have black blood if you two have the same body.”

“...yeah I don’t know. Maybe his soul is so dark it affects his blood? I can figure it out later. Unrelated but do you have a bandage?”

“I do not have anything for you, my apologies.”

“It’s fine... I guess the cut’ll fully heal when I give the reins back to The Other for your next session with them. I can have a little cut in the meanwhile.”

“Interesting... so you lack his regenerative properties?”

“Normal for a human... oh and okay I’m sorry for asking but uh... are you even like a therapist. I know that people come to you to talk or whatever, and I do find you interesting but do you have a degree or anything?”

“I’m typically more professional in my encounters with others that aren’t you. Typically they’re just morbid enough where the thing they need is just someone to have an honest conversation with. A serial killer isn’t going to come talking to a regular person for advice. Anyhow, I did get a degree some decades back.”

“Good to know, well, I’ll be out for now. I’ll see you once more in the future.” He stood and started to leave, grabbing some earbuds he had in his pocket as he did.

“Wait... one more question.”

“Okay, go ahead.”

“The moonchildren... do they happen to use moonshards?”

“That’s an interesting question to ask... they have some. Anyhow, goodbye.” He leaves without a word.

Having met both 0 and 1, collecting my exact thoughts on the both of them was a complex ordeal. I still don’t exactly know who to believe for being the original one, nor do I know how truthful the both of them really are when it comes to talking to me.

It was only about an hour after heading home for the day that I realized that he managed to completely derail my askings about the moonchildren or his family life... or really anything personal. I can’t tell whether that was on purpose or just him losing track of the conversation as well. He seems to go from topic to topic, talking for so long. He also never fucking paid me.

Perhaps some sort of attention disorder of sorts? I’m unsure, but that’d be a psychiatrist’s job to verify, not mine. I usually hate over-talkative people but I found this one charming, don’t know why. He was in control of the conversation the whole time I feel, compared to what I had with 0, who was instead far simpler to work with. No non-sequiturs, just pure facts, although he(0) only mentions the bare minimum.

Anyhow, I’ll write additional notes on both of them after I’ve had an extra set of sessions, one each.

Funny how she said that right?

Irrelevant.

Can't you take that stick out of your ass.

...anyhow, we're in charge of transcribing the video now.

They should know that already

But they don't.

What do you mean by "they don't" ... I wrote a cleanly written introduction at the start of the document.

Deleted it 😊

Why in the world would you do that!?

For the surprise. Don't want to spoil anything you know?

This is an informational document first and foremost. You don't need any "surprises"

Have you ever taken a Writing class before?

Capitalizing the W are you?

Why of course, she still cares about her branding right?

Correct, now make your point.

Well, a good Writer knows their audience, she wouldn't like spoilers would she? Treat everything like a story. Honestly It's surprising you're her right hand man when you're like this.

Point taken. Would that make you her left hand woman?

If I'm the left hand, and you're the right hand, what would that make Green?

Middle hand?

Seems right for them.

Okay Red, no more personal comments, let's work on the transcript.

The video was turned on before the subject had even arrived. Now while the Doctor never described the quality of recording, we will. There were multiple high quality cameras all around the room, so every single detail was caught well.

She was on her phone, just wasting time as one typically does. She was reading up on Dominican politics when 0 entered the room. He was wearing a security guard outfit with a face mask and black hat to mostly hide the face. The outfit also had splashes of blood on it. The eyes as always are visible. Though unemotive, he did seem somewhat tired.

“You’re the client with multiple identities correct? I was concerned you had gotten yourself killed based on how long it’s been.”

“I apologize deeply, I haven’t had much time to go here. As you may have noticed, I had to rush here.” He’s probably talking about the blood on him.

“Is this your go to work outfit?”

“It was situational, I have no consistent outfit to speak of, as long as my face is covered.” He sits down.

“Sorry but can you give me a moment?” She opens up a drawer and begins sorting through files till she finds one titled ‘Binary’.

“Take as long as you need, Doctor.”

“It’s been a month so allow me time to remember the more specific details about you. Do feel free to comment anything on your mind.” A whole minute passes where not a word is said. She puts the papers down.

“Nothing to say?”

“What would you like to hear about?”

“Anything at all, literally anything. Let me hear from you.”

“...I’ve been trying to play the piano recently.”

“Oh really? That’s interesting. How are you at it?” She sounds just barely interested.

“I’m sure it’s not a good listen but that doesn’t matter. It’s a concert just for me. At least that’s how I see it.”

“For some that’s all that matters... Anyhow, if I may ask, what exactly took you so long to get back here?”

"Most of the time, He is the one in charge. I rarely have time for anything I wish to do."

"But you have time for killing? Or is that just one of the things you wish to do."

"I live through violence. He lives through life, conversation, music, enjoyment. The only time I awake is for the purpose of hurting. I get some time after that, which is what I'm using to meet you now."

"Very considerate of you I suppose. Is this the ideal life for you?"

"No."

"Then stop killing, that's what the other you wants right?"

"... He took every other aspect. I will repeat myself once more, if I don't kill I don't exist. It's just Him."

"You don't remember anything he does right?"

"No. From my perspective it's sudden, as if waking up from one spot to the next."

"Wait... how long has it been for you since you first met me then?"

"8 hours, 17 minutes, 23 seconds."

"It's been 2 months. Is this normal for you?"

"Current drought. How often does a normal person need to kill someone?"

"Never really, speaking from experience, most have to go out of their way to kill."

"Exactly. The only way I live is if He has to kill or injure somebody. That's the only thing he's allowed me."

"Okay, so is he also a murderer of sorts because why would he call for you otherwise?"

"Hypnotic suggestion I implanted, whenever he's "hired" for violence, I'm called forth."

"Ah, mercenary work... why wouldn't he just quit the job then?"

"Hiring me doesn't work that way..."

"Okay, then how does that work?"

“First, leave a decent sum of money or something equally worthy in a location of your choosing. Five to Ten thousand dollars is the usual amount, though due to my condition I’d do it for free if need be.”

“Using Braille, write on a piece of paper ‘Charis S. Retsa: See, Listen, Feel, and Embrace the Moon’ then describe what you want, and where your pay is located. Tape it together with something heavy and then throw it off a sufficient height.”

“That seems... rather contrived. So if I were to go up one floor to access the ceiling tomorrow, could I hire you?”

“Yes.”

“I have a couple questions, how exactly do you know when someone does this? How do people know enough to hire you in the first place? ”

“...I’m sorry but I cannot tell you how it is I’m aware. That is information I am not willing to share. As for the second however... I managed to inform someone once after installing the suggestion. From there, it was just a matter of rumors spreading.”

“I’ll have to search online for that later I suppose. Anyhow that’s Interesting, though if you just wanted, couldn’t you have gotten an easier message to carry along? Make it so any time He heard the word ‘Hello’ it brought you out?”

“Once more, that would count under His domain. He is the social life, any action related to a normal life, He has taken. Any action that would bring joy additionally does not work, all positive emotions, He has claimed. Anything he has hatred for, I can keep.”

“So before that hypnosis ordeal, how often did you come out?”

“I stopped existing for long periods of time when He started to take over. I remember... I was a teenager, I thought of interacting with others. One day, I saw a girl and I went to talk to her... then I blinked, and suddenly, I was an adult. Two whole years where I did not exist, Two whole years I missed and saw nothing of, Two whole years for a reflection I could not recognize... that was the day I worked to implement the hypnosis.” For a brief moment his voice betrayed anger as he averted his gaze... before returning immediately to his usual unemotional self.

“...For just a moment, you felt like a person. I believed you were incapable of feeling but to me it’s now clear you’re just... dulled. I must also offer my sympathies, two years is quite some time to miss out on... although it depends, do you have a different life span of sorts for a human?”

“I don’t know enough about my own biology to answer that. To make an educated guess

however... sixty percent chance that my lifespan is normal, thirty percent chance it's below average, and ten percent chance it's above average."

"Okay... I'll just note it down as normal... another question. If you skip out on so much time, why are you wasting it with me?"

"I needed a voice to hear me, and for me to listen to. That is all."

"That's... oddly charming from you."

"..."

"Moving on, I talked with the other you a while back. So I've got more to ask you on. Firstly, explain your relation to the moonchildren."

"My mother was a member of the cult. Partway through her pregnancy, she left the cult. I have had no contact with them otherwise. I hold no interest in them at all. Does that answer satisfy you?"

"Do you know why your mother left?"

"She became aware of who my father was and the delusions of grandeur she had formed had shattered, so she left and cut off all contact."

"Your father being...?"

"I'm unsure on the specifics sadly, just that I reminded her of him... and that she held an intense hatred for him."

"I see... that's enough from that then. Second question, who were your first five victims, how and why did you kill them?"

"Brann Abbida, serial arsonist. I made contact with a certain Woman who would fund any and all activities I wished after I murdered him. I slashed his throat . The murder was reported as self defense."

"Furtuna Retsa. I set fire to the location where I killed Abbida, purposely intending to kill her. Murder was reported as an accident."

"Demy Lee Omer, a musical killer. She was pursuing someone I was spying on at the time. I believe she was getting revenge on many who wronged her. I wanted to study my target more so I felt the need to get rid of her. Death via Lung collapse. Murder was reported as a vigilante killing."

“Bertram Fromm, family man with a connection to the mob. I started to feel an enjoyment for the act of violence so I went to his home and shot him four times. I only discovered his connection to crime when the murder was afterwards reported as a result of mob feud, he had tried to quit. ”

“Marshall Thatcher, human trafficker. He was the one Demy wished to harm. After finding out about his crimes, I felt I learnt enough about him. Death via extreme dismemberment. He was reported missing.”

“Those were the first five. Any further questions?”

“Which of these caused you to feel remorse because none of them seem like the best.”

“I felt. It didn’t matter why. My thoughts lay more about Bertram and Demy however if that’s what you’re wondering.”

“I see... that’s all for that question. Next up, do you always wear a mask like that? If so, why?”

“Yes. Whenever I go out in public, I try to hide my self. Many people know Him, I shouldn’t interact if I happen upon them. Additionally, the body is... not fit for me, only the eyes seem right.”

“Is it because you skipped out on its growth? That seems irrational.”

“It’s an irrational behavior, I’ve learnt to accept that.”

“I see...” An alarm rings loudly for a second. 0 does not react.

“Oh, well I hate to cut it short but considering the short notice, I have a client coming up.”

“...Understood, I’ll be out then.” He stands up and starts walking out.

“Wait wait wait, before you leave I have one more question. Elevator’s not working so we have a little.”

“Ask it then.”

“When you bled it was black but when the other you bled, it was red. Can you explain that?”

He takes his right glove off before a gash is made from inside it. Letting out that black liquid. It falls on his left hand. The cut begins to heal as he closes his left hand. When he opens it the black liquid looks like regular blood.

“Applied pressure. That is all.” He leaves.

About 10 seconds later, 0 comes back in with a duffel bag, looks heavy.

“I forgot, this should pay for our sessions, correct?”

“...How much money is in there and how did you get that?”

“Collected from my last hit. About... 250,000 dollars.”

“...do you scam people or something? I know most assassinations only cost around 10k really.”

“Target was an extraordinarily skilled and powerful man, I imagine the client needed him to be dead guaranteed.”

“Interesting. I won’t ask much about it, I’ll gladly take this as payment.”

“Have a good day Doctor.” He left, leaving the duffel bag in the corner of the room.

The doctor stared at the bag for an extended period before making a call.

“Hello, very sorry but I’ve got something to take care of, we can reschedule right?”

“ ... ”

“It’s a very serious matter I assure you.”

“ ... ”

“Uh-huh”

“ ... ”

“Yeah, your next session will be cheaper, don’t worry.” She puts her phone down and the recording ends.

Okay but who did he kill for that much cash?

I don't feel it matters too much.

Come on Blue, not even you are worth 250k

Really?

At best you're like... 50k

Truthfully I expected lower. I will take the compliment.

I myself am at least like 51k probably.

Of course you are...

Can we go back to who died though?

We don't have the means to figure that out even if it was a worthwhile endeavor.

I mean, we have the file. This video was recorded at... 11:50pm?

Why the question mark.

Why would you go to therapy that late?

I don't see the issue.

Personally you should be asleep at that hour, not talking about your worries or whatever.

Red... when do you go to sleep?

Around 10pm most days.

This is the worst thing I've heard from you.

You've heard me yap about corpse decomposition for an hour, how is this the worst thing?

This breaks my image of you. I expected you to be the type to not have any sort of schedule.

Additionally, hearing you talk about any topic you're interested in is always worthwhile.

...back to work.

The camera footage starts with The Doctor once again on her phone. She's looking at real estate for some reason. It's not even a minute in when 1 walks in. He's wearing a nice suit, mostly white although the tie, gloves, and shoes were all a dark shade of pink. His face is somehow completely shadowed out, only showing blue eyes staring from the void.

"Hey there once more doc. Been a bit right?"

"I saw The Other two days ago. Also... how in the world do you look like that?"

"Oh, you mean the shadow? I'd say the answer is really good makeup but that's not how it works. Let's leave the answer at 'its magic' and leave it there why don't we?"

"Fine."

"I'm curious, what did you and The Other talk about back then."

"Doctor patient confidentiality, can't tell you."

"It's good that you view us as separate at least."

"So why are you here? From what I understand you have nothing to gain."

"It's entertaining at the least, a good way to spend my time. Not like The Other gains anything from visiting you either."

"Someone to talk to, that's all he really wants you know?" His eyes slightly narrow.

"...you were far more agreeable last time we met. Wonder what changed?"

"I saw his point of view. To me, it seems that the major issue between you two is communication. Or it's just that you like being in control don't you?"

"What control would I afford to give him that he wouldn't use for the worst. I don't know what he told you, but it's all an act."

"I had fun with you but... you seem more fake than he was. You're entertaining to be around but at least he is sincere. That's the point. If you meet somewhere down the middle with him I'm sure-

"You know... I was hoping we could have had at least a few more sessions before I got what I wanted. I had much to talk about, you know? Politics, random families, random important events in my life. But you've taken a personal interest. You're not exactly good at your job."

"What's the point in talking to you if you won't be sincere though, if you don't share anything I don't get a thing out of it. Looking back on my notes, you never actually gave any info into your thinking or much about your feelings apart from 'i hate the other'. You don't think you have a problem. If you want to talk to someone about your life go to a drunkard, not to me. "

"Oh come on, are you trying to have a moral grandstand over me? You're a murderer, stay consistent with your beliefs at least." The Doctor stands up from her chair.

"Nothing's going to be done here, just leave."

"You know... I've been able to figure out how you survive clients attacking you so much." The Doctor has a concerned expression.

"Targeted magical dampening, weakens everyone but yourself. Making you far stronger than anyone who comes in here."

"This stuff is used in prisons a lot. Though they have to use a huge complex machine, and all the non weakened people have to wear a certain something to remain unaffected. Like you know... a band of sorts?"

"But you don't have one of those, so that leaves me to think... What exactly do you use? Can't be technological. There was only ever one option."

"I wonder..." He points his finger around the room until he stops at the skull. His hand opens and from inside the skull something rushes into his own hand. He smiles as The Doctor's hands start to get covered in flames.

"A moonshard! Wonderful isn't it? A rather big one too, mine aren't that large. Not that I brought them today... don't tell The Other that"

"How in the world did you-"

"Moonchild, that dampening doesn't exactly come up against me much you know?"

"Well, if you don't mind, I'll be-" A flame is shot at him, he dodges to the side while the door gets covered in flames.

"You give that back."

"Are you going to burn your own wooden office down or... nevermind... magic fire, you have a high level of control right? Rather impressive." While talking he crushes the moonshard in his hand, leaving it closed.

No words to be said, the entire room gets lit up. Though notably none of the materials seem to be actually 'burning'.

Ablaze and jumping over the table, The Doctor punches at 1. Who blocks but gets pushed into the wall.

"The fire is... cold?" He tries to get back into the fight but a hand of fire from the wall grabs onto him.

He breaks free right before The Doctor lands a hit on him, managing to slug her across the face and into the floor. Using this time, he opens up his hand to reveal the pulverized moonshard. He splits it into two sides, very purposely making a shape. The moonshard pieces reform individually. He throws one of the reformed sides just outside the door and pockets the other

"Getting mad in a fight isn't good for you Doctor, act rationally. Come on" The room's fire (minus the door's) all seems to collect itself around her as she stands up.

The Doctor takes a deep breath as the flame concentrates deeply on her right hand.

"I wonder which hand I have to dodge?" 1 says sarcastically

"This one." The door's flames grab on to him. All it'd take is a second to break out but that's all the Doctor needs. From her index finger, a small beam of fire is shot. 1 can't dodge in time as it shoots cleanly through him and the door behind him. His eyes show pain and surprise. The doctor looks to be sweating, her hand opens up, a small fire in her palm.

"What did you-" As he talks, a cold breath leaves his mouth.

He catches alight, erupting in cold pain.

"Hypothermia via fire, not the way most see themselves going out."

He can't respond. His eyes seem unawake

"What, so now you decide not to talk? Well that's-" A gash opens up on her palm, the flame immediately stops as he stands up.

"Why are you..."

"Oh, it's... you." The doctor says, with a slight panic in her voice.

"I don't know what He did to you, but I'd rather not die."

“He stole something that belongs to me. Give it back to me and I’ll forgive you. Check your pockets.”

“**Alright then, let me...**” The only thing in his pockets is the moonshard. Which he takes out.

“That, just give it back and we could maybe even have a session afterwards. You want to talk right?”

“**I recognize the shape. This is mine, or His. This isn’t yours. We always travel with at least this one.**” The Doctor puts a hand behind her which gets lit aflame.

“No, he took it. I promise.”

“**...I think you’re lying to me Doctor. I’m sorry.**” He backs up slightly from her.

The air feels tense as O’s unemotive eyes stare straight into The Doctor’s.

In a split second, The Doctor takes her hand out, putting everything into a blast of fire. O raises a finger at her. The fire dissipates as The Doctor’s head is blown to pieces, as if a shotgun was fired straight at it.

O doesn’t seem to react much to it as blood splatters into the mostly white suit. He takes a moment standing there motionless, no blinking, no breathing. And then goes out the door. He then stops the other reformed moonshard piece, he takes it in his hand and just... stares at it. He looked at it for 12 minutes and 43 seconds. Nothing can show what he’s thinking about.

He then leaves, far out of the camera’s range. Since there’s no one to stop the recording however, it just goes on and on. Blood dries on The Doctor’s corpse. After 47 minutes and 2 seconds of being gone from the camera. O returns, same emotionless eyes. He walks into the office. On his hand was a bouquet of Pink Carnations. He stares at her corpse for a second before laying the bouquet to her side. He leaves and closes the door behind him.