*another succesful show, listeners were responsive and the numbers were skyrocketing! best of all? she was almost certain she just helped the so-called 'police' solve yet another case. this awarded her a little treat. cheesecake. it was time for a trip to one of her favorite places. ♩♪♩♬ k-mart ♬♩♪♩ not only can you shop there for almost anything! more often than not you can catch some sort of entertain. fights, you'll see a fight.*

*ellie quickly gathered her belongings; laptop, keys, tote with other necessitites. big enough for everything she'd need. mary poppins? why yes. ever since moving here, she'd become busier than ever. it was as if this town was touched by death. how could she not want to lend a hand in bringing most cold cases and current cases to a close? there were people who were waiting for closure. she knew of that all too well..*

*in the parking lot of the radio station awaited her black vintage vespa. chirping out to her when she'd click the button to turn it's alarm off. key igniting it's purr, headlight ready to guide her way to bliss! off she went, zooming off to the nearest k-mart.*

*thirty minutes. it should've taken ten minutes longer but this was what she'd consider a 'dire' situation. a beeline was made to the aisle where her treasure awaited! now, which one would be the lucky winner to go home with the brunette? she couldn't pick just any ol' one! only the cheesecake that seemed the softest, that had the best crusted bottom, would be worthy! there began her search. grabbing each contestant, one by one, and inspecting them carefully. it had to be the right one. this was gonna take a while.*

*A pile of documents lay atop the table before the criminal investigator. Another long night. Ryosuke had been clocked in for almost ten hours straight, yet he still wasn't done. Darkness had overcome his office space; the light of his lamp being the only source of visibility for the desk in front of him. Even so, the moonlight had crept its way behind the male, almost coaxing his demise to solidify once more. A dragging pain had risen against the back of his left eye; numbing, the sensation was one of dullness, periodic spikes of sharp stinging mingled in between.*

*For each tock of the ticking clock, his mind would slowly begin to fall. Fall and fall, deeper it went, his psyche drilled through the numerous cases he's had to review for the past few days. A voice cackled in the back of his mind. Not yet. Not so soon. His expression soured as he raised a hand to his face. Fingers pressed, compressing the pinch point on the bridge of his nose. Harsh, there were points of red markings before he relaxed his hands once more.*

*"Tch." Another murmur, his lips parting as an exhale spilled through. His tongue flitted, moistening the dry flesh as he dropped that hand once more. The other, rifled through coat pockets to retrieve a mangled packet of smokes. With index and thumb, he slipped a single, resting the stick between digits as he used the other to reach for his lighter. A traditional one, the kind one would flip open to light the flame.*

*Dark, empty hues narrowed, the ragged facial features of the investigator furrowing as he eyed the dying flame. Another replacement. He'd have to drop by the gas station to fill it up again. With a skilled and experienced movement, he brought the end of the stick to his waiting lips. Dry pairs would capture the paper end, tongue lapping at the filter as he brought the flame up to the tip. A smooth inhale would draw the flame into the tobacco end, the edge dancing with life as he snapped the lighter closed.*

*A knock would resonate from the door of his office. A deep yet lively voice came from behind the wood. "Ryo. Clock out, your shift's over. Stop burying yourself in these cases and head home." It was his supervisor. A reminder that he was still part of this world, regardless of his feelings. Another tongue click would follow, his hands drooping to press palms against the armrests of his chair. With a heave, he would lift himself up, the aged springs creaking as he rose from his seat. Hearing that, the voice behind the door would be accompanied by a pair of footsteps; each step sounding more distant to signify his departure.*

*His hand would swipe at his table, grabbing his wallet and keys; time to clock off for the night. The voice had grown silent, yet he knew; it hungered, lying in wait for when his chance was ripe. Dry fingers wrapped around the handle of his door, followed by a clunk. Just like he was doing so right now, that door had been long opened. A drag of his cigarette. A billow of gray exhale. His steps had brought him out, to leave his office and walk the quiet city streets.*

*it took precisly thirty minutes to find the cheesecake. off to the register she went, grabbing a case of canned beer on the way, it was time to get home! with haste! note to self, stop watching so many medieval themed movies. damn you, blockbuster and your classic section! oh, she's next!*

*ringed up and bagged up, she was out the door and back on the road. big comfy couch, here she comes! cheesecake and beer in tow. her neighborhood resembled one of those close-knit communities you see in the movies. everyone knew everyone, held cookouts where almost if not everyone was invited; hell, her neighbors the jones' were always inviting her to dinner! knowing she had no family, no friends, a fresh face in the community. they took her in like family and she was still thinking of ways to repay their kindness.*

*ellie pulled into her driveway. wheels still rolling in a slow, she'd bring a foot to step out onto the concrete with the other following quickly behind it. a skipping walk beside it til it came to a halt. clicked the garage door button hanging from her keyring once it touched her fingers. the brunette took no time in rolling her vehicle inside, closing the garage door behind her, shutting off the engine and removing it's key that hung from the ring with the rest of her set. it was time!! to the kitchen!*

*There was always one thing that held true in the world for every single individual; things that could go wrong, always will. The moment he stepped foot outside of the police station doors, a ringer came through on his phone. It had been the sound of his most dreaded situation: callouts. With a fumbling hand, Ryosuke had dug into the pockets of his trench coat once more, retrieving out a phone that looked straight out of the nineties. A flip phone. There, on the small illuminated display had the words [deranged lunatic] on the plastic encased screen. His tongue clicked once again, tapping out the half-smoked stick before taking another drag. He let the ringer go on, continuing for another minute or so before stopping. His lips curled into the tiniest amused smirk before he turned his attention back to his cigarette, exhaling a plume of gray fumes once again. It wasn't long before he took another drag, yet it would get interrupted once more by the exact same ringer. A frown grew as he spat out the remnants of the smoke onto the ground beside him, extinguishing the embers with the heel of his boot. His hand would flick, flipping the phone open as he put the phone onto speaker.*

*"...Speak." His voice, gruff, held the harsh tones of a chronic smoker. Mingled within those rough edges held the traces of a smooth mellowness, scars, and leftovers of a time long since past. "There's a new case! We have a doozy over here, so you have to come over quick!" The voice on the other side of the call had a chipper attitude; contrasting to the languid and monotony that Ryosuke had pervading his personality and attitude. "...Really now." Faux amusement would spill through his lips, expression betraying the act as he glanced towards the end of the street. "So much a doozy that I need to be there off shift?" As he spoke, his free hand fiddled around in his pockets, pulling out the packet of cigarettes once again; another one tempted him the longer he had to be on call, especially with this specific individual.*

*"Of course! An ex-husband had killed not only his new wife and kid but came around and killed his old family too! Doesn't that excite you? I know it does to me!" As the other side rambled on, the investigator felt the throbbing pain rising again from behind his left eye. Soon. It heard the excitement, it heard the thrill. It wanted to see. An exhale, empty, had slipped as his response. "...Send me the address." The moment those words were transmitted, his phone had chimed. An instant response. Without another word, the call had ended, his attention now drawn to the words on the screen once again. He wanted to walk, yet he knew it would be too far. His features furrowed as he swiveled on his foot.*

*As much as he hated doing such, he had to take the car. His hands pocketed the phone, swapping it out with the ring of keys; upon which one of them held the logo of a Ford symbol. His attention drew to the car at the end, his feet bringing him over with heavy steps as he focused his eyes on the driver-side door. It was a 1970's Ford Mustang. An old model yet a relic that he had the annoyance of owning. Too lazy to sell, too lazy to keep, he just let a work colleague have the 'privilege' of taking care of it while he worked. With a slide into the driver's seat, he slipped the keys into the ignition. The roar of the engine held a disgustingly heart-throbbing purr, his foot switching on the clutch as he shifted the car into gear. For now, he'd make do and drive as fast as he could to the scene of investigation.*

*It didn't take him long. Precisely twenty minutes of nearly redlining the car, he had arrived in a quiet, suburban neighborhood, the purring of his engine stopping just before a row of cars. Numerous emergency vehicles had lined up, with firetrucks and ambulances attending to those in need; it seemed that the fire had occurred right after the killing. With a lazy gaze, he turned his attention towards the lone police car at the front, walking towards the scene with a muffled yawn. There, a pair of investigators were standing on the side, discussing something together. One, taller than the other, had been guffawing periodically as he looked at the sight. The other, attempted to calm him down. Ryosuke cleared his throat, announcing his presence before pulling out a cigarette once more. He couldn't smoke with how fast he drove. "Paul. Bring me to speed." For now, his colleagues would have to deal with it.*

*[Thursday, the 18th of July. The harrowing murder of the Holten's and Lilydale's had occurred. The murderer having been the ex-husband of Mrs. Holten, Charlie Evendale. The events started off at eight in the evening with Charlie brandishing a knife towards his current wife, Mrs. Lilydale, and his nine-year-old daughter, Alexandra. He had stabbed each of them approximately fifteen times before entering his car and driving off to the Holten residence, where he forcibly broke in through the backdoor and stabbed the Holten's fifteen-year-old son, Matthew. The cries of the son had alerted the parents in where Mr. Holten had brandished a pistol toward Charlie. Somehow, he had not been able to fire off the pistol, in which resulted in a physical tussle in where the pistol had been shoved aside. Mr. Holten's death had been executed via an evisceration of the throat. Mrs. Holten, unfortunately having no experience with firearms, had failed in her attempt of subduing Charlie, having been subjected to approximately fifty stab wounds throughout the entirety of her body.]*

*"Sounds gruesome, huh, Ryo?" Paul seemed to be lively upon reciting the report, a psychotic smile on his face as he stared at the burning building. "That doesn't explain what happened with the fire." Ryosuke had murmured, staring alongside as he watched the foundations of the building collapse. It seemed like there wasn't much that could be done for the remains of the structure, where even though the flames had been extinguished, the supports had given way. "He had turned the gas all the way on right after the murder. It seemed that upstairs, there had been a candle lit and it caused the entire house to bloom into a burning furnace." A description only he could pull off, Paul had whistled at the end of his statement. It seemed that nothing could help with this deranged lunatic's mindset.*

*"And the ex-husband? I assume we have him in custody, right?" His tone had been dry. There's impatience mingled in, alongside something unknown with every word. The voices. It seemed to have taken control partially. "Yep! We do, and we're bringing him back for the interrogation with you, Mr. Silver Tongue." Paul's chin would nod upwards, pointing to the back of the police car where a disheveled figure sat inside. His body had been hunched over, barely visible as the messy tresses of his hair covered his expression. "I see." That's all he could say, and all they could do for now as they waited for the emergency services to finish up.*

*do you ever walk down the street and see someone, wonder? who are they really? when the doors are locked, blinds drawn to shield their true colors from possible prying eyes; when they feel the safest to be their true self. like our ellie, for example. to any passerby she'd seem like your average, sleep deprived, emo-goth kid turned adult -- love was still there, not as loud but evident. she is! that's no doubt! but behind those doors she was able to be a bit more, ellie king.*

*the garage door swung open and was shut with the kick of her heel against it's frame. " ♩♪♩♬ oooh, cheesecake, munchin' on a cheesecake, munchin' a cheesecake! cheesecake! ♬♩♪♩ " rang out a soft-tuned voice, feet guiding her down the hall ; charleston style with an enthusiastic and comical shuffle at the adlib! though with less arm movement. she was carrying precious cargo after all. " ♩♪♩♬ cheesecake, gobble-gobble cheesecake, gobble-gobble cheesecake! cheesecake! ♬♩♪♩ " that louie, he knew the way to a womans heart.*

*the song continued as she'd settled herself further into her cozy three bedroom townhome. moving into it's spacious kitchen that connected to the dining room which, through a large entryway, moved into the living room. there awaited her sanctuary. her couch and a stack of blockbuster classics waiting to be popped in. ellie moved quickly through the kitchen to grab a fork and made a beeline for the couch. shoes, off! bag and hoodie, off! the cheesecake? large and ready to be devoured under fifteen minutes! give or take.*

*finally! time for pure relaxation after a long and hard days work. wait, were those? sirens? did something happen? it didn't take her long to gather everything she'd need and hightail it out the door. not even her favorite dessert could blind her to a story. once outside, she was met with other neighbors out on their lawns; watching as car after police car made their way down the road. close enough to realize a disturbance but far enough where you'd be late to the party -- ellie hated to be late. she'd make her way down, pulling on the straps of her crocs one foot hop at a time. sports mode was essential!*

*The fire had been settled; the fire brigade had completed their work, having doused the flames and leaving it only a smoking mess. Majority of the squad had returned to the station, leaving only a few to note down any changes with the situation regarding the structure of the building. Ryosuke had fallen into a lull, staring into the smoldering flames as he contemplated. Everyone had been busy, even more so for the rookie officer that Paul was buddying up with. A half hour would pass, his attention glancing over to the civilians around them. The majority had been content with the situation, having returned inside with their families. As for the few, they watched from the comfort of their lawns. There had been a lone individual, however, who attempted to hide behind the cover of the parked vehicles around them. Observant eyes. Those were what he could describe them. “Paul.” His voice would murmur out as he turned his attention over to his partner. “Pass the report over.” From what it seemed, the sneaking tom had been late to the party. A little bait would be in order, at least, to amuse himself for the meantime. Paul furrowed his brows, shaking his head once before doing as asked. His hands fished into his pocket, retrieving a notepad of sorts before passing it to Ryosuke. “Here. There’s not much else other than what I told you, so I’m not sure what you’re looking for.” Naturally, it seemed like Ryosuke’s actions were out of the ordinary. His attention still ‘kept’ on the notepad, he cleared his throat. “Charlie Evendale.” His voice was a murmur. “Incredible how, with little motive known, had murdered his previous and current family. All in cold blood. Poor children, how gruesome of a death.” He had raised his voice slightly, just enough for the hiding one to hear. “Looks like we’ll have to go to the station and interrogate him.” His words at the end were sarcastic; of course, natural plan of action would be interrogation. His gaze would dart over to the hiding one; they must’ve heard that. Still, it would take a lot of courage to do incriminating activity; he knows personally. Another sigh, he'd nod to both officers before shifting his attention to the patroller. “…Bring him back. I’ll see you guys at the station later.” His expression was one of exhaustion. Overtime it is, yet he couldn’t deny that such excitement was worth it. Both from the curiosity of the eavesdropper and to unravel the mentality of the culprit. With that, he returned the notepad, making his way back to his car with slow and steady steps. He’d give them a chance to catch up, having settled in his car for a few minutes before starting the engine once again. Time to head back.*

*with crocs secured, she was off in a heel-and-toe race to the sight. what good that did her. she'd arrive to hushed whispers of disbelief, grief and anger. " i just can't believe he could do that.. " "that poor family.." "that poor kid.." , what the hell happened? she had to get closer. ellie continued to move as normal and once clear, turned to head towards the back of the houses the lined the block. there was still people out on their lawns, least this way she could cut through and round towards the victims car parked in their driveway. the least eyes on her the better.*

*it wasn't an easy feat but this also wasn't her first rodeo. a reporter has to be willing to go that extra mile. so, yes. she climbed over a few fences and yes, there was an animal situation. damn racoons! did any of that stop our hound from keeping that nose to the ground?! fuck no. she ignored the splinters! ignored the scrapes! the possible chance of rabies! and got her ass to that car! she'd press against the back bumper as much as she could, though kept mindful not to actually touch it; the rings on her fingers might clink against the metal. paranoia. instead she'd ground the toe of her shoes, keeping her knees at a slight bend, while her hands supported her torso in it's lean forward. just enough to peek.*

*bad idea! ellie ducked back behind the vehicle and simply froze in place. like a petrified cat. did he see her? he definitely saw her. didn't he? the sound of muffled chatter brought a heavy thudding in her ears as her heart started to pound. was he telling his collegues? did someone else spot her? her mind went silent at the mention of murder. cold-blooded murder. this is what they meant.. wait, they caught him? already? aaand now he's leaving. obviously something isn't right; he definitely saw her and something about his tone was off. as if he were throwing out a line to see if she'd bite. he'd come to regret that.*

*the second he turned to make way to his car, ellie'd turn on her heels and make her way back around those houses again. double time. a crouched run to the backyard, the nights shadow her cover. she'd pass quietly again despite her speed, the only sign of a presence being the motion sensored lights turning on. though racoons were the neighborhoods known culprit. the sound of a car quickened her pace. finally reaching the house where her stealth mission had began. there he goes! he was just driving past her! ellie took a quick look around at the front of every propery near-by -- someone had to have a damn bike laying around. that's when she saw it and well.. beggars can't be choosers, right? it was pink, it had stickers, a basket. she was just grateful it was big enough to ride comfortably. she put the pedal to the metal! or in her case, her foot to the pedal. either way, the hound had his scent and she wasn't letting go.*

*The roar of the engine brought some liveliness to Ryosuke’s muddled mind. There, the voice had grown quiet. Although he had control, there was no telling when his next switch would take place. His gaze would glance towards the rear-view mirror; evidently observing any signs of being trailed. Something he intended to occur, yet if the intruder wasn’t bright enough, only a miniscule amount of disappointment would occur. That throb in his eyes would settle upon seeing the faint light of a scooter a distance behind him; it seemed that ‘he’ had been content. Another turn, he would enter the highway, flattening the accelerator to the floor as he redlined the car once more. In the faint, imaginary distance, the cries of a middle-aged man sobbing about the care towards this car had been overwhelmed by the noise of the turbo.*

*It took him another twenty minutes to arrive at the police station; however long it took for the eavesdropper, he would have long been inside the building already. Upon analysis of the back, they would have noticed that the gate had been kept ajar; it seemed that ‘luck’ would be on their side. Within, the amount of officers inside had been near to none; every corner had been empty. If one were to wait, they would only notice five officers, including Ryosuke and the other detective, roaming the halls.*

*Inside, Ryosuke had sat inside the interrogation room. Across him, the killer laid with his head in his hands, palms pressed to muffle the sounds of crying.*

*[Logs: Thursday, 18th of July. 22:40]*

*Ryosuke: [silence]*

*[Charlie quietly sobbed]*

*[Five minutes would pass]*

*Charlie: “I… I didn’t mean to kill them.”*

*Charlie: “When I came to, I had woken up right next to their bodies.”*

*Charlie: “I swear, I don’t know what came over me!”*

*Ryosuke: “But the fact states right here: You killed them.”*

*[Charlie begins to hyperventilate. His expression turns white and his head slams into the table.]*

*[Ryosuke turns to look at the one-way mirror and gestures to cut the mic.]*

*“You alright?” His words were monotonous. Ryosuke’s eyes had been glued to the hands of the man before him, observing for any micromovements. There had been a few twitches at his words; it seemed like he was still conscious. “Charlie.” Another monotonous murmur, his body rising out of his seat to take a step towards the ‘unconscious’ male. “Charlie.” His hands would settle right next to his waist, palm resting upon the holster. Another step. He was only a few feet away, yet his attention was locked upon his movements.*

*Once he was only two feet away, Charlie had moved. His hands reached for the waist, grasping to steal the gun locked within the investigator’s waist. It was quick, the investigator doing little to prevent the action; yet contrary to what the male had expected, Ryosuke’s gun had been light. It was a scam. Within his hands, fingers wrapped around, the gun had been simply an imitation. “Gotcha.” A scoff would escape his lips, those dead eyes staring as Charlie began to break down once again.*

*[Logs: Thursday, 18th of July. 23:20]*

*Ryosuke: “So, how long have you been planning this murder?”*

*Charlie: “…I didn’t plan it.”*

*[Ryosuke showed a lapse of confusion.]*

*Ryosuke: “Did you have an accomplice?”*

*[Charlie shook his head.]*

*Ryosuke: “Then who? If you didn’t have an accomplice, surely someone must have helped you out.”*

*Charlie: “It wasn’t a ‘person’, it was a ‘thing’.”*

*Ryosuke: “So… you’re telling me it was something supernatural?”*

*[Charlie nodded.]*

*Ryosuke: “You expect me to believe that?”*

*[Ryosuke stood up, both palms slamming on the table.]*

*Ryosuke: “You, the one with blood on your hands, are telling me that some ‘thing’ had been the instigator of such a crime?”*

*[Charlie nodded again.]*

*Charlie: “It was a voice.”*

*As the man began to talk, his expression had contorted; head shaking as he slammed his forehead upon the table once more. He did it again and again, the slamming beginning to become more and more fervent as two officers burst through the doors. There, they restrained the male from doing such, holding both his arms down before turning their attention towards Ryosuke.*

*“Bind him up.” He was smirking, head shaking as he turned back to the one-way mirror. “I’m sure I don’t need to explain why, right?” Attention had been drawn towards his partner, who stood alone on the other side. A sigh escaped. The mystery seemed to deepen even more.*

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