

# Chapter 1

*Curiosity killed the cat.*

*3<sup>rd</sup> Revision*

*(Present)*

"I was strapped onto a chair in a large abandoned warehouse where the only sound I could hear was the sound of the forest that surrounded it. My arms and legs screaming with the want to be untied, to be able to breathe once more. Every ounce of my body slowly losing its will to live. I screamed but nothing answered, not even a howl of a wolf or a chirp of a cricket. Just the sound of my heartbeat and the occasional rattling of windows. I don't know how much time passed while I was like that but it felt like an eternity. All the while, I was begging for even the slightest sound of the wolves that could come and release me from the pain."

"And has this nightmare ever happened before?"

"Yes, I have been having this same nightmare for more than a month. Every day, I wake up sweating profusely and exhausted."

"Ethan, what you are going through is a cause of extreme stress. Tell me more about these nightmares you have, does anything change in any of these nightmares ever?"

"No, there was never any change in any of these dreams."

The session between the two of them got interrupted when the Doctor's assistant Moon knocked on the door.

Moon was a young lady in her early twenties, she wore a T-shirt with a black leather jacket and jeans. Graduating from Columbia University when she was only eighteen, Describing her as smart would've been an understatement. She had exceptional social skills and could read people like the likes of Freud, Jung, or Sullivan. However, she was also very spontaneous and impulsive could never keep one job for a long time, so she worked as an assistant for her Father, Doctor Reyner Blue. Doctor Blue had very eccentric views of society. His thought, society was beyond saving. Whilst he was also a genius much like his daughter, he, however, didn't share her social skills. He was a great psychotherapist, he treated soldiers with cases of PTSD that were once thought to be impossible to cure. His books were sold to every aspiring psychoanalyst.

Moon joined the two of them into the room and looked towards her Father.

"There is a detective that is on hold that wants to talk to you."

"Did he say what it was about?"

"No, but they say it's urgent"

The doctor then turned towards Raymond and said, "I'm afraid we have to continue this later, do you mind if we reschedule this for next week?"

"That's alright by me Doctor," Raymond said as he stood and walked towards the door.

The doctor then after briefly looking through his notes of the patient that just came by went and picked up the landline.

"Detective Sparks from the Boston Police Department. Doctor, we would like you to come to our precinct today for a couple of questions regarding one of our ongoing investigations."

"Detective, may I ask what this is about?"

"I am afraid this is a talk we must have in person."

"Okay, I'll be there as soon as I can."

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It was 2 p.m. when he received the call. The drive to Boston would take him about 4 hours. Unwilling to drive for that long alone, he decided to also take his daughter with him. Like any normal dysfunctional family(if there's such a thing as normal dysfunctional) they fought the whole way to the precinct. Reyner asked Moon to wait in a café nearby while he talked to the Detectives.

The precinct in Boston looked like any other precinct- tall, heavily guarded, and full of cops. Something about cops always made Reyner uncomfortable, maybe it's the musky cologne they wear but he could never get himself to trust any cop. He still got the chills but this was not the first time Reyner had to go to the precinct.

Reyner entered the precinct and approached the receptionist at the front. He could see from the nameplate, it said Officer Walker. She was a tall woman in her mid 40's and spoke with a high-pitched nasal tone.

"Hi Officer, Can you please tell Detective Sparks that Reyner Blue is here to see him?"

"He's currently out on patrol but I'll tell him that you're here. His associate Detective Lively would like to talk to you first. I'll tell her you're here".

Detective Lively was a woman in her mid 30's. She was short at a height of just 5'3", with a rough voice, the kind that commands respect, and had a straight body shape and curly afro hair. She was standing upright with a grey-colored folder in her right hand. She asked Reyner to join her in an interrogation room upstairs. The Interrogation room had a large one-way mirror, a regular-sized metal table with a microphone sitting on it and 2 metal chairs. Everything about that room spoke discomfort.

"Doctor, have you been in Boston lately?"

"Yes, I was here for a conference 3 days ago."

"And have you been in contact with Professor Orion Bloom? I expect you two knew each other."

"No, we haven't talked in 20 years. Why, what's it about?"

"He was found shot dead in his home along with his wife and his two sons. Did you know about that?"

"No, I didn't. What has this got to do with me?"

Detective took out a picture from the folder and showed Reyner. In the picture was Orion Bloom lying dead with about 6 gunshots on his abdomen. Everything about that picture horrified Reyner but nothing that made him too uncomfortable, that was until he saw what was written next to the body. The initials R.B. were written from blood with what looked like the last act of a dying man.

It all went to hell for Reyner from here.

-To be continued-