Chapter 1

*Curiosity killed the cat.*

*4th Revision by Anant Jamuar*

*(present)*

” I was strapped onto a chair in an abandoned warehouse. The warehouse was dirty and reeked of decomposing animals, the windows were dirty and broken from what looked like gusts of wind. Even though there were gusts of air all around me, I felt suffocated, not because of the lack of air, but because of the lack of contact, I was cursed with what seemed like a thousand years. I screamed my heart out but nothing answered, not even a chirp of a cricket. The only life I could see or hear anywhere around me was of my own. But then, just as I was about to give up on my life, I heard a noise. Delighted, I shouted for help “Help! I am here.” But nobody answered back. I shouted again and again but to no avail. Nobody was there to help me, it was just going to be me locked there till I starved to death.”

"And has this nightmare ever happened before?”

"I have been having this same nightmare for more than a month. Every day, I wake up sweating profusely and panting. My wife says I sometimes talk in my sleep.”

“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.

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 he says it’s urgent.”

The doctor then turned towards Ethan 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," Ethan 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.”

Moon waited till the call was over, said to her Father – “I’ll get my things, I expect you want me to come with you?”

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It was 2 p.m. when he received the call. The drive to Boston would take him about 4 hours. Accompanied by his daughter, Reyner headed to Boston to see what it was about. Boston was the place he grew up in. He thought he left the past behind when he moved to New York but nobody ever escapes their past, do they?

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 that Precinct.

Reyner asked his daughter to wait in the car and then headed inside the precinct and approached the receptionist at the front.

“Hi Officer, Can you tell Detective Sparks that Doctor Blue from New York is here to see him?”

“He’s currently out on patrol but I’ll let him know that you’re here”.

With nothing better to do, Reyner decided to go sit in his car, while he was on the way. Detective Lively, partner of Detective Sparks stopped him.

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.

“Doctor, if you would be willing, before Detective Sparks. Is it alright if I talk with you?”

Before Reyner could answer anything. Lively turned towards the elevator on the other corner of the hallway and started fast pacing towards it.  
“Follow me Doctor, I promise it won’t be long.”

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. The microphone sitting there made gave Reyner the chills. He didn’t like to be recorded or be quoted on what he says.

“You are Doctor Reyner Blue. Graduated from the University of Strasbourg, Wife died of a car accident by a drunk driver in 1995. Just one year after you moved to New York.”

Detective Lively was right about all things, his wife died of a car accident but it wasn’t the driver that caused her death. It was Reyner himself. If only he tried to stop her that day she would still be…

“Doctor, have you been in Boston lately?”

“uhh yeah I was at a conference here 2 weeks ago.”

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

“We haven’t spoken in 20 years.”

“He was found shot dead in his home along with his wife and his two sons. Did you have any knowledge about that incident?”

“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.

Reyner had heard of a case just like this before, 20 years ago. It was all over the news, a young girl in her mid-20’s was shot with 6 bullets on her abdomen and killed, with the initials of her Father’s name written next to her with blood. Soon after, they found the murder weapon in his house. He was charged with capital punishment, his last words before his death, “I didn’t do it”.

It all went to hell for Reyner from here.

-To be continued in Chapter 2