

The Silent Witness

by Daina Petrauskaitė

Laura Vaitkus adjusted her scarf as the cold wind cut through the narrow alley. She shouldn't have come alone, but the call had been too urgent to ignore.

"Ms. Vaitkus?"

The voice startled her. She turned to see a man step out of the shadows—thin, nervous, and clutching a crumpled envelope.

"Do you have it?" she asked.

He nodded, glancing over his shoulder before pressing the envelope into her hands. "This proves it. He didn't do it."

Laura's heart pounded as she unfolded the papers inside. Witness statements, photos—things the police had somehow missed. Or ignored.

"Where did you get this?"

He hesitated. "I can't say."

Before she could press him, a car engine rumbled nearby. The man's eyes widened.

"They're watching me," he whispered. "I have to go."

And just like that, he disappeared into the shadows.

Laura clutched the envelope tightly and hurried back to her car. She didn't notice the dark figure watching her from across the street.

The courtroom was packed the next morning.

Laura sat beside her client, Tomas Skara, who stared at the table as though willing himself to vanish. The evidence against him was strong—a bloody knife, fingerprints, and no alibi.

But Laura knew the truth was never as simple as it seemed.

She stood and addressed the jury.

"We've all been told that Tomas Skara killed Viktor Rimas in cold blood. But today, I'll show you the evidence they didn't want you to see."

The prosecutor smirked.

Laura took a steadying breath. She had faced men like him before—men who believed the truth could be buried beneath lies and intimidation.

But not this time.

She placed the first photo on the screen—a timestamped image showing Viktor alive an hour after the alleged murder. The courtroom murmured.

And as Laura locked eyes with the prosecutor, she saw it—the flicker of fear.

Someone wanted Tomas to take the fall. And Laura was getting closer to finding out who.