

A Slow Descent Into Madness

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A Slow Descent Into Madness

by Anonymous

Summary

Sometimes, when you are so interested in something, you will get fixated on little details and it'll become hard to even realize that there is a world around you anymore.

A fic where Grian is researching a case about all the murder cases that happened in his city and he slowly loses track of times, relationships and reality.

prologue

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

To start off, I do not condone any actions that will be written in this fanfic. It's a psychological horror, I know that murder, rape and other things that will be discussed in this fic are horrible and traumatising and don't want to romanticize them. Nor do I want to demonize or enforce negative stereotypes onto people with mental illness (this includes myself) and thus no mental illness is actively named or discussed. It does contain hints to anxiety and depression, things I have both. This fic is also purely fictional and everything is based on the characters of the content creators, not the content creators themselves.

This fic contains struggles with depression, anxiety, hallucinations, drug/medication abuse, rape, murder, death, abuse, stalking, homophobia, transphobia and self-harm. If any of these things may be triggering to you, please don't read it.

If you are currently dealing with anything, don't be scared to reach out. People are here for you. People will listen. Call someone if you need to.

Research log: Day 0.

Intro

In 1999, 10 murders were committed all on teenagers to young adults. These ten murder cases happened in the span of a whole year. During this time, the police tried very hard to find the killer but when the last murder happened, the murder of a 20-year-old who went by the name of Mumbo, the police slowly started losing interest. No murders happened after that and the murderer never got caught. We have no clue where they may be now if everything here happened by the same person, what even actually happened here and the police have given up long since then. I, Grian Xelqua, am going to change that. This series of papers and research logs will be the whole story of what happened during the year 1999.

Grian finished the last bit of typing and he blew out the scented candles that were burning on the desk beside him. They weren't burned all the way, meaning the next time he lit them, they would be pooling further down while ignoring the lonely edges on the side. Grian shrugged it off, it would be something future-him would have to deal with. He left his office, taking off his glasses as he hung them on the neck of his sweater.

"You've finished, dear?" Scar asked as he was petting one of the cats, Jellie, that was resting on his stomach. He had looked up from the book he was reading, some classic Grian wasn't really interested in. Ever since high school, he couldn't get himself to get into the classics, finding them boring and prestigious. Grian responded to the question with a hum, nothing more to say to his lover on the couch.

"I started working on the papers."

"About the murder cases? That's good! You wanted to work on them for a while now, right?" Grian nodded as he sat down on the couch, lifting Scar's feet before letting them rest in his lap.

There was soft music playing. Grian didn't know where it came from. "How's it going? It seemed like a lot of research."

"It's going alright, I am glad that I can finally start on something new. Scriptwriting was getting kind of boring, to say the least." Scar smiled softly and he placed a small kiss on Grian's hand, holding it as he stared lovingly into the cyan eyes of his lover. "How was your day? I haven't heard you come in."

"Ah, it was fine... I need to design this logo for this NFT company. I barely know how money works, let alone digital ones... I researched it a bit, but only found the controversy surrounding it." Scar shook his head. "Furthermore I had a meeting and pitched some ideas- not that they would ever be accepted... And yeah, that was it. It was a normal day at the office." Grian nodded and leaned against the backrest. "Are you tired, love?" Grian didn't answer, his silence spoke words in the quiet environment of their home.

"Can we go to bed?"

"Of course." Scar let Jellie jump from his stomach before getting up himself. He drank the last bit of his tea before putting his mug in the dishwasher and letting it run. In the meantime, Grian stumbled to their bedroom as he took off his jeans and sweater. Scar entered the room as he stood in just his boxers, his lips forming a cheeky smile. Grian slapped him with the sweater grabbed from the closet, making Scar let out an airy laugh in response. Grian smiled fondly.

"Hey! That's my sweater!" Grian pulled the sweater over his head, the oversized sweater was obviously Scar's, but Grian didn't care. He knew Scar didn't mind either, only pretended to get some extra attention out of Grian as he faked being angry. "You are such a little thief..." Scar pulled Grian in for a hug. "First stealing my heart, then my sweater... How dare you?" Grian didn't think he could be any happier than in that moment.

When Scar let go of him, Grian went into the bathroom. He wiggled his toes as his bare feet made contact with the cold floor. The towels that they had used this morning were put into the laundry basket, probably done by Scar as soon as he had gotten home. Grian grabbed the red toothbrush from the cup. He looked in the mirror as he brushed his teeth, from the corner of his eye seeing Scar entering the room. He was wearing a loose t-shirt and some sweatpants. He grabbed the yellow one, leaning against Grian as he too began brushing his teeth.

Sometimes Grian wondered how they always continued to be so close with each other, how they had never hit that awkward stage where you constantly fight and where you just marry to save whatever it is that you had built together. Grian and Scar were nearing their seventh anniversary and Grian still loved him the same as he always had done. Maybe, he loved him even more. Every day, waking up beside him has made Grian a lot more appreciative of the man his partner was and always has been. Always giddy, kind, caring. Scar was the definition of a sweetheart.

Grian rinsed his mouth, going back to the bedroom and lay in bed, being soon followed by Scar who instead of lying in bed immediately, went to the living room to feed the cats. Grian could hear the running tap and he knew that in exactly twenty seconds, Scar would come back inside to join him for a good night of sleep. This has been their routine anytime they went to bed at the same time, which was most nights. Grian liked the structure and Scar liked having someone to cuddle with as he let himself get taken over by tiredness.

"Goodnight, G," Scar whispered as he wrapped his arms around Grian. Grian let out a breath, a content sigh that was nothing but love and admiration for Scar. "I love you."

"Goodnight, Scar. I love you too."

Chapter End Notes

it's been a while, but your favourite anonymous writer is back!!

I've written most chapters for this fic, but I don't want to give myself a posting schedule until I fully finished it and everything is flashed out! But soon, weekly updates will be a thing :))

Thank you so much for reading, I always appreciate it ^^

1.

Chapter Summary

chapter 1: research log 01.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Research log: Day 1

Murder 1, Zedaph, seventeen

The first murder happened on a cold January afternoon. It was foggy, the air thick with mist, making it hard to recognise where exactly you are walking. Zedaph had just moved to the town but he already had gotten some friends, being well-liked by his classmates.

The main suspects of this first murder case were the other two teens Tango and Impulse one of which later got murdered themselves. However, with the information the police had got back then, they really couldn't have known better. Impulse and Tango would always walk him home, witnesses have confirmed this. Every afternoon, they could see the three walking together... Except for that one afternoon.

“He said he needed to do something after school, I asked him if I needed to come along, just to be sure he knew where he was going, but he waved me off. He said he would be fine.”
- Impulse, main suspect, 1999

“I really wished we would have walked him home that afternoon... But he said he knew where he was going. He said it would be no big deal...”
- Tango, main suspect, 1999

The suspects looked guilty and heartbroken during the testimony and with the lack of evidence and the story that did check out, Impulse and Tango were being let off the case. People have said that they didn't see Zedaph walk home that day, but they did see Impulse and Tango walk their usual route. No time different than they normally did. Both got home no second later. One witness even said they saw Zedaph walk in their neighbourhood, in the complete other direction than his house was.

Zedaph was reported missing for four days until they found his body in a dumpster far away from the school or the neighbourhood where Impulse and Tango lived. It was a dumpster close to an abandoned restaurant called “The Saturn.” The restaurant closed almost two years before the murder happened, after a fire that burned down the whole restaurant, the owners couldn't pay for it anymore. They gave up their dreams and moved away, now living in a small apartment and probably completely unaware of what has been found so close to what used to be their one goal in

life.

Zedaph's body was cold and according to police reports, had already been dead for days when they found him. His clothes were ripped and they were dirty, smelling like the garbage his body had been rotting in. He had bruises all over his body, but no fingerprints from anyone that wasn't from anyone in his near environment. He had gunshots in his legs, but none of them were fatal. After examination, they found large doses of all kinds of drugs in his body. That was probably the cause of death too.

"I don't understand it, he never even showed interest in drugs. He was a good kid. He liked gaming and math... He doesn't do drugs."

- Mother of victim, 1999

For now, it got seen as suicide by overdose. None of this really made sense, but there was no real trace for murder. The gunshots could just as well be from Zedaph himself, and especially with the lack of fingerprints, it was very difficult to even trace back to one person. Everyone who was possibly the murderer had an alibi. So until the other murder cases happened, it was said that Zedaph had committed suicide even after the many pleas of his parents to look further into this.

"He was a happy kid! Always smiling and laughing"

"You do know that we see this behaviour in other depressed teens too, right? It's a façade. It's a mask they put on to seem fine."

"But Zedaph always has been a happy-go-lucky guy! This doesn't sound like him at all!"

"I'm sorry, but I think you may not have known your kid as well as you originally thought."

- Police interview with victims parents. Tape 004. 1999

Over the next year, we see that this wasn't an overdose and that Zedaph's parents were right. However, after the death of their only son, they wouldn't live long enough to see the case being re-opened (however also re-closed again.) They both hung themselves on the one-month death-anniversary of their son. A couple of days right before the next murder would happen and the police would agree that there is some sort of correlation between Zed's murder case and the second one.

Grian leaned against the backrest of his chair, his spine cracking as he stretched his whole body. He closed all his tabs before rolling his chair away from his desk. His hands pushed against the wood, creating momentum as the wheels made barely any sound while rolling through the room. The wheels rolled smoothly over the laminated floor. Scar had cleaned the office not too long ago. Normally, there were papers and litter all scattered across the floor preventing Grian from moving his chair freely, but not anymore.

Grian yawned, stretching his body another time. The sky outside was already painted dark blue, the

dull stars the only remains of what used to be a wonderful night sky. Although the clouds were covering most of them.

Grian blew out the candles, wafts of vanilla and lavender escaping from their trapped state and now travelling through the air with the last bit of smoke from the unlit candles. The fires that once were dancing happily and brightly with the smallest bit of wind. It was so vulnerable, so easy to dim and have nothing to be left from it except the melted candle wax and an office that smelled like it belonged to a woman in her mid-thirties who just wanted to escape from her terrible life with screaming kids and her husband she doesn't love.

Grian stepped out of the office, looking into the living room. He didn't see Scar there, instead, he found their three cats all stretched out on the couch, sleeping and enjoying their peaceful life. Grian went into the kitchen instead.

"You're cooking?" Grian asked, his voice soft and dripping with exhaustion. Scar hummed. There was music playing and Grian noticed the phone on the counter. He hummed along to the song, wrapping his arms around Scar's waist. He buries his face in Scar's sweater, the iconic smell of his body wash and deodorant almost instantly hitting Grian. "What are you making?"

"Just some pasta... I was feeling lazy today."

"That's fine. Pasta's nice." Grian sighed. "You're home early today."

"I know... I had finished all my submissions and decided to head home immediately before someone could load even more work onto me." Grian knew exactly what Scar meant. They had been trying to plan a vacation for almost half a year now, but every time Scar was ahead of his work and could get a week off, one of his colleagues would dump four more projects onto him. Grian also knew his partner too well to know that Scar would never say no. He was too nice, too kind, too shy and most importantly didn't value himself enough to speak up for himself.

"I finished researching the first case... Kinda... There's a lot of correlation between all of the murders, so probably when I research more about the other ones, I will also find more information about this one."

"Wasn't the first one this kid named Zedaph? You know, I used to have a friend who knew him..."

"Really?"

"Yeah, he already said that suicide was nothing for him... I didn't really know at that time, probably too busy with things like school and my job at the local swimming pool. I didn't have time for stuff like that."

"I don't remember much from that time... I was probably also just focussed on school and nothing else."

"Yeah... Probably." Scar shrugged and he turned off the stove. "Anyways, dinner is ready. I am getting all gloomy from your murder-talk." Grian saw this bright smile on Scar's face, his eyes twinkling. "I want to talk about something light-hearted! Oh, did you talk to Pearl recently?"

"Our cat?" Grian had this dopy smile on his face, making Scar laugh. He playfully slapped him before pushing him out of the way. He took the pans with him as he placed them on the table.

"Not our cat, silly! Our friend. She wanted to eat dinner with us this or next weekend, right?" Grian nodded. "So, you should let her know that we are probably able to, as long as it is not Friday."

“What do we have Friday?” Scar thought for a second before groaning and grabbing his phone.

“I have no clue anymore... You know how I am! Oh- Let’s see... We need to go to- I have a work party. My boss is retiring so we are going to have this big thing or something... You are welcome to come with me if you want. It’s okay if not- He’s pretty annoying.”

“I’ll think about it, okay? I’m kind of tired right now and don’t really know if I have the energy to think to make a decision yet.”

“That’s fine! Come on, let’s just go eat, okay?” Scar pressed a kiss on Grian’s hair. Grian nodded. They sat down at the small dining table, the conversation drowning out and being replaced with a peaceful stillness that neither of the two men seemed to mind.

The soft sheets were caressing Grian’s skin. He could feel the tickling breathe of his lover on his neck. There was rain trickling down the window, simultaneously filling the room with the soft sounds of ticking rain. There was a hand on Grian’s stomach.

“Go to sleep,” Scar muttered, his voice barely anything above a whisper.

“I was just thinking...”

“Think in your sleep... Come on, it’s late.” Grian didn’t know how he had managed to wake up Scar, but he did. Grian closed his eyes and snuggled deeper into the hold of his boyfriend. What a stupid word, Grian thought, boyfriend... Maybe husband would be a better title. Marrying Scar... Grian started to blush at the thought of it. “I love you.” Scar dozed back off, a tiredness washing right back over him as he went right back to sleep.

“I love you too.”

Chapter End Notes

every tuesday, new updates!!

Also, I keep forgetting, but I have a Tumblr!!

[Tumblr Acc](#)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Research log: Day 2

Murder 2, Cleo, twenty

Cleo was a well-skilled woman. She graduated at the top of her class, got into one of the best universities of the countries and everything got paid because of a truly deserved scholarship. However, during a night visiting her parents, she decided to catch up with some of her old friends. However that was also the night, she never returned home.

She met up with her three friends: Joe, Keralis and Xisuma, one of which would later also be brutally murdered. They met up at a local bar, all three being old enough to drink -if we keep the European standards in mind here. Witnesses had seen them together, Xisuma and Keralis being seen together dancing while Joe and Cleo were sitting at the bar, sipping on their martinis. All three of them were responsible young adults. Xisuma was the designated driver and the bartenders confirmed that he didn't have a drop that whole evening. Tests also confirm this.

However, Cleo didn't go home with them. So it wouldn't have mattered anyway.

“She left the bar before the three guys did... We don't know why she left- I mean, it didn't look like she was leaving with someone. But who knows? Maybe she got picked up by someone anyway... She was a pretty girl, it wouldn't surprise me.”

- Bartender from that night, 1999

“She said she had another ride home, we trusted her that she wouldn't do anything stupid. She was good at reading people, easily seeing the red flags before it is too late. I have no clue why tonight was different. But then again, we also missed the red flags...”

- Joe, friend of the victim, 1999

“She even had a girlfriend, False... I just- I'm a bit shocked by the news that she's dead. It feels like this is all our fault.”

- Xisuma, friend of the victim, 1999

Later, it was confirmed that she didn't step into the car of a stranger, but got forced. They drove away together, but at some point, the cameras couldn't follow her anymore. She had already been found dead before they even reported her missing.

Her body was covered in bruises and there were signs of sexual assault. Her hair was cut off in

hap-hazarded ways. They found her in a dumpster in a different city. None of the residents had seen the car nor suspected that anything like this was going on right under their noses. There was no DNA found on Cleo's body either, not even with the clear evidence of sexual assault, could they find any signs of human contact.

The lead again led to nothing and people were starting to worry too. The second death in a short amount of time, and this time the body seemed to be in an even worse state. Detectives tried to find any DNA sample on both bodies, but alas there was nothing but dirt and bacteria hidden under their fingernails.

Sadly, there wasn't much else to this case. With the lack of information, it just quickly got put into cold-cases. Zedaph's case was also re-opened. Cleo died from a head injury that happened to be lethal with the lack of treatment and care. But, police did find drugs in her system, the same ones that led to Zedaph's death just four weeks before this.

"She really didn't do drugs. I can promise you that. Cleo would never- She's not that type of person. She barely drinks, let alone do drugs! She also didn't have anything on here... When we went to the bar, we got stopped and got searched since apparently police were looking for someone who had stolen weed. If she had anything on her that night, it would have been found."

- Joe, friend of the victim, 1999

Joe was correct. Police had searched them and also confirmed that Cleo didn't have anything on her that night. And even then, the head injury would be very hard to do yourself, just like the bruises and cuts that were covering Cleo's body. We all agreed that Cleo was murdered and there was a very high chance that the same person had murdered Zedaph.

Sadly, her girlfriend, False didn't take this all well and from what we know, she spiralled into a pretty bad depression. She never wanted to be interviewed, the only public statement she ever made was on her public twitter years later.

The relationship between me and Cleo was private and intimate. I would like it to keep it that way. Stop asking me about it.

- False's Twitter, 2008

Grian's eyelids were heavy, sleep tugging on them and dragging him to bed. He wanted to close them so bad, but he just... He couldn't. His mind was like it was spiralling, thinking about the conversation that Scar and he had yesterday. The thoughts were clouding his mind, making him unable to think anymore. Everything was covered in a deep mist.

Why didn't Grian remember anything? Wasn't it weird that he couldn't remember anything? Maybe it was just because Grian's memory just wasn't the best in general, but it was still strange right? He should be able to remember something from that time? Unless-

No. No that couldn't be. Grian was just a child back then. Why did he imagine he would be..? Grian sat up straight, sitting on the edge of the bed. His feet were touching the cold ground. He

could feel the dust tickling his toes. Grian sighed, his hair standing up straight because of the cold. However, the blanket felt too suffocating right now, too hot. It made him feel like his whole body was being held down by a burning piece of wood. Like he was going to die from the smoke. Like he couldn't breathe anymore.

“G..?”

“Scar? Oh my- Did I wake you up again?” Scar rubbed his eyes as he looked at Grian.

“Kinda... Are you okay? Did you have a nightmare?” Grian shook his head. He could feel the sheets moving and the mattress dipping in as the weight shifted. Scar sat down beside him. “Are you sure these papers are a good idea? You seem... You seem kind off out of it.”

“I need to do this, Scar. It's my legacy.” Scar sighed and he intertwined their fingers together. He brushed Grian's hand with his thumb.

“Fine... But please talk to me.” Grian nodded and Scar went back into bed, his back turning towards Grian. This was the first night in a long time where Grian didn't fall asleep in Scar's arms. But at least he could continue writing his papers. He could continue working towards his goal: Justice for the poor victims... And maybe finally getting an answer to his questions.

Chapter End Notes

finally on working medications and couldn't be happier :)) Ik took a long time, but after a year of dealing with nausea, there is hope !!!
Anyways, I hope you enjoyed this chapter and I hope everyone will have a fantastic day <3

3.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Research log: Day 3

Murder 3, Impulse, seventeen

Impulse got reported missing on the 18th of February. After he didn't turn up to school that morning, his classmates already had a feeling that something was wrong, especially with Zedaph's case having been re-opened too. This whole thing looked even worse for Tango who again, became a suspect.

"So you haven't seen Impulse anywhere?"

"No. I was sick yesterday. I had a migraine."

"And is there anyone to confirm that you were home the whole day? Your parents? Sibling?"

"No... My parents have jobs and work from eight to six. My younger sister went to school and came home at around 3 pm."

"So you have no one to confirm that you were really at home today?"

"No."

"Well then... Tango, can you tell me what are you exactly in relation to the victim?"

-Police interview with the main suspect, tape 019. 1999

The audio abruptly cuts off and continued when the next question got asked. The missing audio has never been fixed, but theories are that Tango and Impulse were lovers and that the murderer especially had a vendetta against people who were part of the LGBT+. This ties in with Cleo's death who was later confirmed to be openly bisexual.

Impulse's body was found in the woods by two playing children. He had been hung on a tree, completely naked. This time there were fingerprints and human-DNA found on both the rope and on Impulse's genitals. The DNA had no match, however. Tango willingly gave his DNA to the police to prove his innocence: and he was right. The only DNA that they could find that belonged to Tango was on Impulse's hands and hair which would tie in with the whole boyfriend story.

Plus, Tango had gotten himself an alibi. Apparently, Tango's parents had asked the elderly neighbour to come to check up on Tango and she said that every hour she went, he was either asleep or watching TV. She hadn't seen him leaving the house at any time.

"Are you doing okay?"

Tango shrugs

“It’s been a couple of very rough days, right? With the death of your best friend and you being seen as the reason for it... That must be hard on you.”

Tango continues to be silent

“And the death of Zedaph too... Even though you only knew him for a couple of months, teachers said you guys were inseparable.”

“I just want to go home.”

-Interview between Tango and a counsellor, tape 023. 1999.

Tango fell into a depression. A deep pit he couldn't get out of. Especially after the death of Impulse. People also started seeing that whoever was doing this, really wasn't messing around. They would continue murdering people until they had reached their goal. One that no one knew. One that was still unknown.

The eye-bags under Grian’s eyes weren’t lying. They were real and they were here to stay. Scar was getting more and more worried about his lover as the day went by and as he kept seeing less of the person he fell in love with all those years ago. Scar noticed him slipping into whatever he had brought upon himself and he could feel himself grasping for strings that ultimately led to Grian only being more upset with him. He just wanted a little bit of control over his life.

“G? I made dinner?” Scar opened the door of the office with a plate in his hand. Grian was laying on his arms, his fluffy, messy hair covering his hands. Scar looked around the room, seeing the litter starting to pile up in and around the wired-mesh dustbin. Scar sighed as he put the plate of food on the desk, blowing out the candles just to be safe. Scar poked Grian’s cheek, pressing a kiss on his hair.

“Please forgive me-” Grian woke up wide-eyed, his fingers shaking like he had just downed five cups of straight caffeine. His pupils were shifting, scanning the room. He seemed to calm down when he realised that it was just Scar. It was just Scar. Just Scar and no one else.

“There’s nothing you did- Whatever... I made you dinner, my love.” Grian looked at the plate of food, it was some baked potato slices, green beans and steak. Grian his stomach twisted by the idea of eating something that once was part of a living creature. The red juice that was pooling on the plate looked a lot like blood and Grian pictured how a cow was brutally murdered just for his pleasure. Blood gushed out of the poor-living animal, splattering on the walls and clothes of whoever was cruel enough to slaughter them.

Grian felt the blood on his own hands, the warm liquid covering his fingertips, leaving behind traces of what kind of monster he was. Everything he touched was covered in the remains of what once was a living creature. The intestines were on the floor, right in front of his feet. The mushy flesh was dripping with a yellowish liquid that pooled the ground, soaking his socks so that they made contact with his skin. It was lukewarm. Like it was just ripped outside of someone two minutes ago. Like it had just belonged to someone who was now gone, dead, on their way to the afterlife.

Grian got snapped back in reality and his whole appetite was gone, disappearing as fast as it had

come. He even felt nauseous, sick to his stomach as the food he ate that day was starting to make its way back up his throat. The room around him spun, the air around him fuzzy and heavy. This wasn't good. This really wasn't good.

"I'm not hungry."

"Are you sure?" Grian hummed. "Okay... That's fine... Do you want some tea? Maybe some soup? I can make you some soup if you'd like? You need to eat a little bit, hun." Grian sighed as he rubbed his eyes. His skin was pale, paler than normal. His eyelids were hanging lazily slightly over his eyes, it looked like there was this haze around Grian: A haze that made Scar want to hold him and tell him to please just stop whatever he was doing to himself.

"Soup sounds alright... Just nothing with meat."

"That's- That's good! I can do that! Have you eaten anything else today? Have you even eaten today?" Grian shook his head and Scar nodded a little. "Okay... You will dress in something else, and I will make you some soup, okay?" Scar realised that he had said "okay" way too many times, but he was panicking. He could see his lover decaying right in front of him and he didn't know how to fix it. He didn't know how he could save Grian from himself.

Grian was laying on the couch, resting his weight against Scar as he was taking small sips of his tomato soup. Scar had put on the TV. It was a Disney movie, not knowing what else didn't have the potential of triggering Grian. He just wanted him to eat so they could go to bed soon. Scar was exhausted and all he wanted was the comfort of knowing Grian was fed and then wrapping himself in a cocoon of blankets as he dozed off.

"You want to tell me about your workday?"

"Nah... Nothing happened anyway." Grian nodded and drank the last bit of his soup, resting the bowl back on his lap. Grian yawned, stretching his body as he became more relaxed again, more like his old self. Scar knew he said he wanted to go to bed, but he missed this too much to make the first move. He missed his lover. How can someone become nothing but a shell of what a human should be in only three days of working on some stupid papers?

"We should go to bed."

"I know." They stayed there until Grian got up.

"You coming?" Scar hummed.

This time, it was Grian who fell asleep first. He had left Scar up and awake, softly crying in his pillow. Yearning for this all to be over.

Chapter End Notes

While writing, I was reading *The Vegetarian* by Han Kang and that really does show in this specific chapter...

Anyways, happy start of february! I wish you all a great month :))

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Research Log: Day 2

Murder 4, Ren, twenty-one

“Last night the twenty-one-year-old Ren was found dead in his apartment. After neighbours complained about the smell for two weeks and even threats of suing their neighbour, police finally investigated the house. Ren was found hanging in his closet. There weren’t signs of burglary, no fingerprints nor DNA on the scene of the crime.”

- Local newspaper, 1999

Ren was a twenty-one-year-old person. He was openly queer and trans and also was a sex-worker. People first thought it was a suicide, like many cases had been believed to be. However when the same pair of drugs were found in Ren’s body, we all knew what time it was again. Another murder victim.

Because of Ren’s work choice and the place he lived, there was actual camera footage of -what we think was- the night of the murder.

In the footage right outside the club Ren worked at, you can see a person following him. The person was wearing a long coat, a hat and a mask. Their face was completely unrecognisable. They wore gloves, beautiful satin gloves. The coat was fashionable. The shoes they were wearing was from a brand that made business shoes for men, expensive, with leather imported all the way from New Zealand. Ren and said person walked out of frame before quickly walking back into frame, you can see Ren laughing about something as he walked towards his car, the person following them. They step into the car, Ren even holding the door open for them and they rode away.

Switching to the camera of Ren’s apartment building, you can see them walk into the building together. They get into the elevator where the man looks at nothing but his feet, his face still completely hidden from the camera.

They walked into Ren’s apartment, neither of the two ever leaving the apartment ever again- or at least not, visible on camera.

The people that lived in the other apartments told the police that they didn’t hear anything that could be seen as mildly concerning. No shots, no screaming, no crying. They didn’t hear anything. This worried the police and made them think that maybe it was a suicide- But then the question leads: Who was that person? Why do cameras not show them leaving the building ever again? What happened that night exactly? And most importantly, if that person was the murderer, why wasn’t Ren scared of them? How had they left the building without anyone noticing? And why?

Scar fiddled with his tie. He had asked Grian if he still wanted to come to that one party they were

talking about a couple days ago and Grian had obliged, saying that maybe it would be good for them to be out for a little while again. It wasn't often that Grian had an actual excuse to leave the house, so maybe this would be nice.

"You ready?" Grian asked, opening the bedroom door. He was already done, having shaved and done his hair. Scar was still in his boxers, unable to correct his necktie. Grian rolled his eyes as he stepped closer to his partner, shooing his hands away before tying it neatly around his neck.

"Thank you," Scar whispered, a faint pink on his cheeks. Grian smiled, handing Scar his trousers and jacket.

"How was work?"

"Exhausting. I just want to go to bed- But you know how it is... Are you sure you want to join me?" Grian nodded. "Well then, let's go to my car." Scar opened his hand for Grian to take. Maybe Grian was right, and this was what they needed.

The building Scar's company rented for the party was luxurious and expensive. They had catering, a bar and even a pool- Not that anyone would use it, but Grian still thought it was cool to have. He was sitting beside Scar at one of the many tables, people from Scar's work coming up to them to make the occasional small-talk.

"So, you're Grian, right? Scar talks a lot about you." One of Scar's co-workers had taken place beside Grian.

"Does he?"

"Oh, all the time. He talks about how talented and charming you are." Scar looked everywhere but Grian, avoiding eye-contact as much as possible. Grian felt his lips curling up. He searched for Scar's hand under the table and intertwined their hands. Scar finally looked at him, a shy smile on his face. "He even said you were working on a new project. What was it again?" Scar's face faltered.

"It will be a series of research papers on the serial killer in '99. The one who killed all those LGBT people." The guy nodded a little.

"Interesting. You know, I actually know someone who's boyfriend got killed during that whole thing."

"Really? Who?"

"Keralis." Grian could hear Scar groan beside him and with a loud, ear-piercing sound, he pushed the chair away from the table. A shrill sound was heard as the legs of the chair dragged over the hardwood-floor. Scar got up, walked towards some other people and didn't look back at his lover whose eyes were following every movement he made, a gaze that begged him to stay. "If you want, I could get you into contact with him."

"Really? That'd be great!" Grian's eyes didn't leave Scar who was talking to some people Grian didn't recognise at all.

"Great! My name's Biffa." The guy smiled- no, he grinned. His teeth were showing and Grian felt dread pool in his stomach. "It was a pleasure finally meeting you."

“Yeah... You too... I really need to go back to Scar now.”

“No! Stay a while! The party has just begun! Here, drink up.” Biffa held back a waiter, grabbing two pair of shot-glasses from the silver plate he was carrying along. Biffa pushed the glass towards Grian before downing own himself. One, two, three and the liquid inside the glass was completely gone. Biffa slammed the glass back onto the table. “Come on, loosen up a little. It will do you good.”

“I really don’t know...”

“I recommend trying it before you judge.” Grian sighed and grabbed the shot, his fingers were slippery from sweating so much. He was almost scared he was going to drop it. He picked it up and put it against his lips, throwing the glass back in one go, letting the alcohol pass through his system in one go. Grian blinked. His throat was burning, nausea settling in after the hit. “See, that wasn’t too bad, right?” Grian shrugged. He didn’t like drinking.

“It wasn’t awful.”

“See! Drinking is like a sport- It may be hard in the beginning, but it keeps getting better the more you do it.” Biffa leaned back in his chair, resting his arms behind his back. “Now tell me, huh? How did you and Scar meet?”

The ground was swaying under Grian, a gravitational force was trying to pull him down. Spots appeared everywhere, a vignette blurring his vision. He didn’t want to talk to Biffa anymore. He just wanted to go home, to Scar. Grian pushed the chair away from the table, clumsily getting up as he didn’t realise how heavy his weight was on his knees. He grabbed the table for support, but accidentally only grabbed the table cloth. Grian had to use every single brain cell to make sure that he didn’t pull all the glasses, candles and plates that were on the table, off the table. And as Grian walked away, he tripped over his own feet. He fell down and-

“Oof.”

“Grian?” Scar was holding Grian in his arms, looking at him like a dad who’s kid had just fallen from a swing. With those eyes that spoke millions of words as eyebrows knitted together. Grian pressed his face into Scar’s chest. “Grian? Grian are you okay?” And as Scar was looking at him with those wonderfully caring eyes, Grian couldn’t keep it inside anymore. Tears spilled, his lip vibrating as his hands tightened their grip on Scar’s shirt.

“I- I’m sorry, Scar. You don’t deserve this- I don’t deserve someone like you...”

“Grian, what the hell are you talking about?”

“I fucked everything up! I killed everyone- I- I am a horrible person.”

“What are you talking about? Are you- Are you drunk?” Grian nodded.

“But that doesn’t matter! I killed them! I killed everyone! I didn’t mean to- I just- I don’t know anymore... My head feels so fuzzy...” A small breath escaped Scar’s lips, his hands searched for some kind of support as he helped Grian right back on his feet. “I deserve this pain- I deserve to bleed! I shouldn’t- I can’t do this anymore.”

Scar’s colleagues all looked at the couple that was in the middle of the room. They looked at how Grian kept rambling on and on, inching closer to the edge of having a full-on mental breakdown.

They gaped at how Scar tried to console his partner, his fingers massaging Grian's scalp. They looked at Grian slowly getting limp in Scar's arms, his body falling against the one of the taller male. Scar fell to the ground, making sure that the body didn't hit the floor.

"I'm so sorry. I ruined everything."

"Let's just go home... Then we can talk further."

Grian fell asleep rather quickly, leaving Scar alone to clean up the mess Grian created. Scar had helped Grian into bed, tucking him in, the soft blankets laid over his body like it was he was a corpse. Grian's pale complexity didn't help with it either.

Scar sat down on the edge of the bed, his hand resting on Grian's thigh. He wouldn't be able to sleep tonight, he knew that. He would be kept awake by the worries over his lover. The concerns would form creases on his forehead, lines deep in his forehead like mountains: beautiful landscapes showing all kinds of emotions that Scar didn't have the words for, instead they would be displayed as sketches on his skin.

Scar felt tiredness tugging on his limbs, but he kept himself awake. Instead, of going to bed, he got up and walked around the living room, counting every single step he took. He counted the breaths, the times he blinked. He was hyper-aware of every single thing in his body. He swayed his arms from one side to the other, making sure they were perfectly aligned with his movements. He kept licking his own lips, not knowing how to rest his tongue. He could vaguely taste a hint of iron somewhere in his mouth. He didn't know if it was from blood or something else. He fiddled with his hands.

"Scar?"

"Oh- Grian... You're awake?"

"Why are you awake?" Scar shrugged and Grian grabbed his head. "God- I am going back to bed. My head is killing me... Will you join me soon?" Scar hummed.

"I'll go to bed in just a minute," he lied, he knew he wouldn't go back to bed.

Chapter End Notes

Mom has covid and I am kind off scared.

But hey, it is what it is...

I hope you guys' week went a lot better though! :) Take care <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Research Log: Day 5

Murder 5, Gem, sixteen

No one wants to find their daughter being slaughtered in a school's janitor's closet, her skin being ripped away as she was nothing more than just a pool of blood and a pile of skin. Her organs having been taken to a place only God may know. No one would like to hear that their daughter was dead, but for the parents of Gem, this sadly was something they heard after their daughter had been missing for three weeks.

The school Gem was found in was completely abandoned, it was too small to still fund the children a good education so they built a new school in 1950 at the other side of the city. The old building would be left to rot, decaying with time.

The police got an anonymous hint that Gem may be findable in the school two and a half weeks after she went missing. The anonymous person was right because as police investigated the place, they quickly found the left-overs of her body, baking under a manually placed LED light. Her bones were laid in a circle in front of the school and from looking at it from a birds-perspective, you could see that whoever did this, placed the bones in an intentional way. The bones drew a kind of symbol, one that would be traced back to the murderer.

Now that this symbol was clearly found, people went back to the place delicts of the former victims. In every spot, they found the symbol. For Zedaph, it was on the bottom of the dumpster, made with blood. Cleo's symbol was found in the bathroom of the bar she was last seen in. For Impulse it was found under his desk that he would always sit at during English class. And for Ren, it was found in his closet where he had been hung.

This was the cherry on top of the cake. Even sceptics who didn't want to believe that all of this could have been done by the same person, now suddenly saw in that this was a real problem and that there was someone out there, killing teens and young adults, specifically those who could be traced back to the LGBT+ community.

There went out a nation-wide warning to keep your eye on your teens, to not let them go out alone and to report anything that may be suspicious. Teens weren't allowed to walk home alone after school. Young adults were made sure to get extra security when they were at bars and if you knew someone who was LGBT themselves, you had to check up on them. Anyone could be the next victim, in or out the closet it really didn't matter anymore. People were scared.

“Are you still mad at me?” Grian whispered. Scar was making dinner, he had his headphones on. He had ignored Grian this whole Saturday, not even giving him a kiss when they woke up. Grian wasn't greeted with coffee when the sunrays entered the room. The side of his bed was empty. It was even cold, like no one had laid there at all. When Grian ambled out of bed, he found Scar on the couch, looking at a blank spot on the wall. His hair was a mess and in front of him, there was a cup with pitch-black coffee.

Grian looked at Scar who concentrated on cutting the carrots, seemingly unbothered by the boy

that was looking over his shoulder, the eyes of a puppy who had just ruined your favourite pillow. Scar scooted Grian away.

“Come on, you need to talk to me someday.”

“I don’t need to do anything.” Scar put his headphones around his neck. “You really made a mess back there. And drinking? Seriously? I thought you were better than that! You know what your doctor told you about combining your anxiety medications with alcohol! It’s doomed to cause problems!” Grian knew Scar was right, but that didn’t mean that he didn’t hate the feeling of being scolded like a small child. “Plus, you acted absolutely ludicrous back there! You kept yelling that you killed people. I just- I couldn’t recognise you anymore... You changed.”

“I’m sorry,” Grian sighed. “I promise I’ll make it up to you, okay! Once I finish these papers I’ll become famous and-”

“Grian I want you to stop with these papers.” Grian blinked, looking at Scar who had tears in his eyes. Grian’s shoulders dropped when he saw how broken Scar looked.

“But why?”

“You are killing yourself! Don’t you see? You are- God, Grian, you are becoming worse than when I first met you. I thought the medications were helping, not? When did your anxiety skyrocket again?” Grian didn’t even notice that his anxiety had gotten this bad again. He was just too busy with his papers... “Plus you are believing that you actually may have killed someone. Grian, you were sixteen back then! The only thing you killed was probably a spider in your room!”

“You’re right... I’m sorry... But please don’t make me stop with the papers! I am so close to finishing them!” Scar sighed.

“Fine, but you need to promise me that it won’t impact your mental health again.”

“Will you not be mad at me anymore?”

“Promise.”

“Promise.” They both knew the other was lying.

Grian had got ready for bed, wearing one of Scar’s sweaters. The older male pressed a small kiss on his temple, laying down beside Grian. Grian looked at the alarm. It was early, but both of them were probably tired.

“Goodnight,” Grian said, turning his back towards Scar’s side.

“Goodnight.” Everything seemed to be well for five minutes, Grian was already on the brink of falling asleep when he felt something shift. Scar got out of bed, tucking Grian back in and being as careful as possible as he left to go back to the living room. Grian sat back up straight, waiting for Scar to return.

He waited forever. He counted the seconds in his head. He counted the stones on the wall. He counted the red-coloured things on the painting that was above their dresser. Scar had made it himself. It was a beautiful painting, Grian thought, but Scar was too insecure to put it in the living room. He even wanted to throw it away, but with lots of persuading, they got to the agreement of hanging it in their bedroom.

Grian sighed as he looked at the red numbers on their digital alarm-clock. It had been almost one and a half hours. Grian still had some hope in him left that Scar would join him soon and they could fall asleep together again.

He never came.

Chapter End Notes

very, very excited for the next chapter ngl :) Chapter 6 is very fun (i think)
Anyways, happy tuesday! Hope everyone's week is going well ^^ Also hope y'all had a good valentine's day !!

6.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Research Log: Day 6

Murder 6, Doc, twenty-one

A rainy day, that is what it was when they found Doc, a twenty-one-year-old male, in the pond at the local park: his feet being connected to concrete using duct tape and his hands being cuffed together.

To understand this story a little bit better, let's rewind to the summer of 1997 when a German student moved to our small city for more job and study opportunities. Doc had a gift in the field of mechanical engineering, being at the top of his class in Germany before he moved. He was well-known and well-liked by his peers and would continue to carry on this reputation even here, having many friends and people who thought he was rather charming. He had held this up for 2 years until 1999 where a month before the murder happened, he showed signs of disinterest in his friends, he stopped caring about his studies and he started to isolate himself more and more.

"Doc? I haven't seen him in two weeks! He hasn't been to any of his classes... What's with him? Why are you calling me about him?"

- Friend of Doc when police informed them about the body, 1999.

When the body was found and police started to investigate further, there were the first signs of the murderer having contact with one of the victims. Doc had been getting emails for a month straight telling him that there was someone out there watching him, observing him, hunting him. Pictures would be attached of Doc at the most random spots, clearly unaware that there was someone watching him.

These first photos had taken place at public places like his college's lecturing hall, in a supermarket or as he was taking the bus. But as time passed, the pictures started to invade more of his privacy. It started with a picture of Doc walking into his apartment complex to a picture taken from outside of the window, looking into an apartment where Doc was sitting watching TV. It ended with a picture made from inside Doc's house, the sides blacked out like it was made from inside a closet and it pictures Doc undressing, ready to take a shower or go to bed.

After this, the emails stop abruptly. The following will be a direct copy-paste from the last email Doc received.

My dearest, Doc

I have had a pleasure seeing you through the lens of my camera, but I think it's time for us to finally meet. I hope you won't have an issue with that. I would love to hear your intelligent mind speaking about engineering. I think I could learn a lot from you, Doc.

You know, you actually helped me a lot in these past few months. I think I have gotten less shy around people. That's how I was able to write you these emails. I look up to you, someone moving all the way from Germany at such a young age all on his own... I always wished I had the same amount of confidence as you...

But now I do. And there can only be one God in this world. So I will say goodbye to you now. May the demons that will haunt my soul for the rest of my life be nice to me, because I will live forever. I will live in the cracks you step on, in the creaks in the floorboard, in the whispers of the wind. I am God now. Say goodbye to your days on the throne, because tonight will be your last, Cronos.

Sincerely.

- Copy-pasted email, 1999.

It seemed like whoever the murderer is, had a very much unhealthy obsession with Doc in particular. We haven't seen this kind of behaviour from them before. But everything else checks out. On Doc's back, the symbol was found and the DNA matched and again, the same drugs that were found in the first couple bodies have returned. It was clear that this still was the same killer.

Police tried to trace back where the emails came from but found out that they were all sent from the same place, from inside Doc's apartment.

“You didn't join me last night,” Grian noted. Scar's eyes rolled slightly back into his skull at the comment. They were watching TV. The volume was loud enough for both of them to hear, not loud enough to disturb any of the sleeping cats. One of the cats was laying on Grian's lap as Grian traced figures in the soft fur.

“I couldn't sleep so I did some extra work.”

“The whole night?”

“I fell asleep on the couch.” Scar didn't look at Grian, not even at one single point in the conversation did his pupils shift to the right where Grian was sitting. He opted to stare at the TV, mindlessly reading the subtitles as nothing processed in his brain anyway. He just read them, waiting for this day to be over.

But Scar knew that it wouldn't be over. He would be living the same day over and over again until he finally put a stop to this, Scar just didn't know how. Even if he threw away Grian's computer, he would probably still never fully recover from the ideas he had made himself believe. Scar had even considered calling Grian's therapist, telling her all about what was going on and he was very close to doing so.

“Are you hungry?” Grian asked, wanting so desperately to talk to Scar. His heart was aching for human contact, for Scar to touch him. He wanted to feel loved again since he kept feeling like a freak... Maybe Scar thought so too. Maybe Scar knew the horrible things he has done and is that why he has been so distant later. Scar knew he had killed them.

“Not really.”

“You haven't eaten anything all night.” Scar shrugged.

“I ate something after work.”

“Oh, that’s good. What did you have?”

“I had a salad.” Liar. Alarm bells were blazing in Grian’s head. His whole body stiffened at the knowledge that Scar was lying to him, not even trying to hide the fact from his lover. Scar hated salads. He hated everything that had to do with them. Grian has had heard him often go on these long rampages specifically about salads. He always complained that humans shouldn’t eat food that was meant for rabbits, especially not when every single component of a salad could be used for so many meals that would taste ten times better.

“Did you enjoy it?”

“It was alright.” Neither of them spoke a word more that night.

Grian went to bed at 10.30 pm where he would lay on his side, looking at the empty spot in his bed that would normally be filled by another human. Grian grabbed Scar’s pillow and held it close to him. It still smelled like Scar’s shampoo. It still smelled like him so strongly. Grian pressed his face in the pillow, hugging it tightly as if it could escape any moment. He fell asleep like that.

When Scar walked into the bedroom and saw his partner sleeping in the foetal position, holding his pillow like his dear life was depending on it, Scar felt nothing but guilt and a faint hint of reminiscence. He wanted the past back where that was still him in Grian’s arms instead of an object. He wanted to love Grian again like he used to do not even too long ago. He just wanted Grian back, the one who smiled and laughed at his jokes. The one who was full of life. The one Scar wasn’t starting to become kind of afraid of.

Chapter End Notes

It's my friends birthday today, and funnily enough, she also was the one who helped me research greek mythology for this chapter! :)

As always, I hope you enjoyed it, have a nice week and take care! <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Research Log: Day 7**Murder 7, Xisuma, twenty-two**

“Three, two, one... Okay, I am recording! Are you ready?”

“I’m ready.”

“Okay, then why don’t we start with you telling me your name and why you are here.”

“Uh- I am Keralis and I am here because I was the boyfriend of one of the people that got murdered.”

“Very good... And Keralis, can you first tell us what Xisuma was like?”

“Xisuma was- He was great. He was an absolute sweetheart, sometimes a bit naïve, but I can be too... He- He was also very smart, studying to become a system engineer! People didn’t fully understand what I saw in him: he was clumsy, lanky, introverted... He was exactly what kids would describe as a nerd or a geek. But I really liked him- I still really like him. I haven’t been able to find someone to replace that gaping hole that had been left since the death of Xisuma.”

“He was clumsy?”

“He was diagnosed with dyspraxia, DCD, when he was younger. He would bump into things and have problems learning certain things. I think his neurodivergent traits would be the reason he would be bullied a lot during high school.”

“Xisuma was bullied? Is there a chance that maybe...”

“No. Absolutely not. Most of Xisuma’s bullies moved away after high school. But yes, he did get bullied. He struggled with things like self-harm and anxiety when we first met. He was doing a lot better... I wish I could have seen him fully overcome his struggles and be the person he was capable of being.”

“Can you describe the days leading up to Xisuma’s murder?”

“Ah yeah, of course... It was summer- Almost fall. We wanted to throw him a party, we being Xisuma and I. Xisuma’s birthday mid-to-late September and we wanted to celebrate it. It would be something small, but we hadn’t seen Joe nor False since the death of Cleo and we just wanted to have a small get-together, you know? So leading up to the murder, it was just a pretty normal week. We planned for the party, invited some people and that was it.”

“And the day of the murder?”

“It was- It was a weird day... I don’t understand how it happened either. I was gone for just a moment and- and when I came back, Xisuma was dead...”

“Take your time, Keralis... Can you tell me exactly what happened?”

“We were at his apartment, decorating the place and getting all the food and drinks ready. Xisuma wasn’t the biggest drinker, however, he liked his cocktails, so we made a couple of them. As we prepared the snacks, we noticed we probably wouldn’t have enough food for the whole thing, so I offered to go to the store and get some more. Just a couple more snacks like chips and stuff... You know, the whole ordeal, right?”

“Yeah...”

“So, when I got back with them, I found Xisuma dead. I don’t know how it had happened... But there was blood everywhere over the kitchen floor. I remember vomiting in the kitchen sink from the shock.”

“Did you see anything weird, or out of place?”

“I- Not a lot. I thought I saw them- The person who murdered Xisuma. I couldn’t make up if it was a guy or a girl at all... All I could see was this figure, casually leaving the apartment. It’s such a vague memory, that when I told it to the police, they said that it was my imagination just wanting a kind of satisfaction of having seen who could have done something like this... I believed them.”

“That’s... That’s a lot.”

“I posted my story on Reddit years later- Etho, the boyfriend of Bdubs told me that he had seen something similar- However he remembered it more clearly. He also said that it didn’t -feel-human. We have dubbed it as the hooded figure.”

“Are you still in contact with Etho?”

“Sometimes. It’s mostly online, though. He moved away after the death of his boyfriend- Understandably so. I, more often than not, have wished to do the same. But I inherited Xisuma’s apartment and it’s a very nice place to live, it’ll be impossible to find something of equal value for the same kind of price. Xisuma was always great at getting the best deals...”

“You live in your dead boyfriend’s apartment?”

“When you say it like that it sounds wrong!”

“No- No, I didn’t mean it like that... That must be... Difficult for you.”

“A little. It’s nice to still be somewhere familiar, I think. It depends on the person...”

“I can see that... Do you think I could maybe get in contact with Etho?”

“I could give you his Reddit username- He has talked a lot about it on there. Maybe you’ll find some extra inside information too.”

“That would be appreciated, thank you... Hereby, I think it’s best to end this interview for now. It was very nice talking to you.”

“Yeah, you too.”

- Recorded interview with Keralis.

Grian didn’t know when bits of his memory started coming back, but maybe all it took was reading about it. And when he read, he started to get more and more convinced that he had killed everyone.

He could feel it on his fingertips, the screams of the people he had killed: The weird thing was, it still didn't feel real. It felt like he was living in a movie, a very weird and fucked up movie, but still one non-the-less.

It was like a blur, a haze that Grian constantly experienced and that haze seemed to clear up bit by bit as he learned more and more about what -he- apparently has done to all these poor innocent souls. He didn't know why he had done it, all he knew was that probably -like ninety-nine per cent sure- he had killed them.

Scar wasn't a religious man. He was the opposite, actually. But when he heard his partner sobbing that night, he prayed. He folded his hands together and he prayed for someone to hear his pleas. He prayed for someone to finally help him. He wanted Grian to feel better again. He wanted Grian to realise the hurt he was doing to himself. He wanted to know what he could do to his boyfriend, the one he has loved for so long.

Scar was sitting on his knees, right in front of the couch and he was crying. But instead of the loud sobs like those of his partner, his were silent tears that fell from his cheeks to the carpet. If only he could have all the answers in his hand, he would use them to fix this whole situation. If only he was less weak, he would use his strength to fix Grian back up. He would do things differently. He would have thrown out that damned PC before it had the chance to escalate this badly. He would have done so many things different...

But that's all so much easier said than done because he didn't do it. It was so easy to scold himself for something that has already happened, instead of trying to stop the things that can still happen. But as Scar had said, his energy was below zero and he was both mentally and physically drained from everything... So all he could do was pray and hope for a new day with new chances and new opportunities.

Chapter End Notes

a bit of an earlier chapter. Normally I post later for my American readers >_<
Hope you all have an amazing day!! Take care <3

8.

Chapter Notes

this chapter contains mentions of violence and stuff and i just want you all to be save while reading, so be prepared

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Research Log: Day 8

Murder 8, Bdubs, nineteen

Bdubs is probably the one we know the least about. The boy went from foster family to foster family until his eighteenth when he moved into a dorm on campus. His parents were divorced, his father dead and his mother a drug addict, mentally unstable. However, even with all this, Bdubs stayed a genuine person. His friends described him as a ray of sunshine, making people happy as soon as he entered the room.

His friends didn't want to be made public, which is understandable. The only thing we know is the initials from the old newspaper columns. Even Bdubs' boyfriend, Etho, doesn't like being in the spotlight. Only ever making a handful of Reddit posts. But, luckily, I got to talk to him via Discord.

Grian: Hi! Thank you for wanting to do this! I appreciate it a lot, you know?

Etho: Hi! And yeah, of course!

Etho: It's been a while since I've talked about Bdubs, not going to lie here

Etho: I was surprised when you reached out to me

Grian: Keralis helped me

Grian: It's a bit of a long story, but let's just say that someone I know used to be friends with Keralis and got me into contact with him

Etho: That makes sense! I hope he's doing okay

Etho: Anyways, what do you want to know?

Grian: Can you tell me a bit about Bdubs?

Etho: Yeah, of course!

Etho: Bdubs was very cool, very creative too

Etho: He painted a lot in high school

Etho: And went to an art and design college

Grian: How did you two meet? You don't strike me as the artistic type

Etho: Ouch lol

Etho: I can be artistic

Etho: But to be fair, I am more of a logical thinker

Etho: I do computer programming, so I don't think that's too weird

Etho: But we met because one of our mutual friends introduced us to each other

Grian: Can I get the name?

Etho: His name was Beef. I knew him from high school, but he went to the same college as Bdubs

Etho: We hit it off quickly, went on a few dates and we were nearing our almost one year anniversary

Grian: So Bdubs was nearing his twenties when he got killed?

Etho: Yep

Etho: Do you need to know more?

Grian: Well, police reports show very little about what happened

Grian: Can you tell me some more?

Etho: I guess so

Etho: But I rather not want to get into too much detail if that's okay

Grian: Tell me as much as you are comfortable with

Etho: Okay so, we were supposed to have our date, right?

Etho: So I walked to Bdubs' dorm to pick him up. He didn't open the door, I thought he may be asleep or something. I open the door and just... Freeze. All I can see is Bdubs laying half on the floor, his lower body on the bed.

Grian: Tell me more?

Etho: Yeah! Of course, I'm sorry

Etho: It's all just very upsetting to think about again

Grian: I can understand that

Grian: Take as much time as you need

Etho: Blood was being soaked up by the sheets... His dorm-mate wasn't home either. I turned around to get a breath of fresh air and to call 911, but that's when I saw... Them.

Grian: Do you mean the hooded figure?

Etho: Yeah!

Etho: It was absolutely a person, but we just... Didn't know who it was. And on security footage, you can only see the person running, their face completely blurred by a hat and a mask. I was terrified. I still am.

Grian: That sounds terrifying...

Grian: How have you been holding up?

Etho: Barely, lmao

Etho: I got into a new relationship

Etho: With Beef, actually. The loss of our best friend and boyfriend brought us closer... But it still took me years before I opened myself up for a new relationship and I still have days, weeks even, where I am overwhelmed with guilt and pain...

Etho: Beef is understanding. I love him.

Grian: That's... nice.

- Chatlog with Etho

Grian's breathing was high in his throat, his chest rising with every bit of air he consumed. His hands were shaking, the knife in his hands reflecting the flickering light of the broken kitchen lamp. He was fuming. He wanted what Etho and Beef had. He wanted someone to hold, someone to love. He wanted to feel Scar again. He wanted to feel loved again.

He heard the door open, the soft thud of shoes being put down on the hardwood floor before soft steps went through the building. The creaking sound of a door opening rang like music in Grian's ear. Scar was in his office, looking for Grian.

"G? I'm home."

"I'm in the kitchen, dear." Grian didn't want to live with the guilt anymore. Something needed to happen and it had to happen now. He needed the guilt to finally go away before he would drown under the weight of having to carry these secrets.

Footsteps approached closer and Grian was floating on adrenaline and caffeine. How many cups had he had today? He didn't know anymore. His whole body was jittery.

"G- What are you doing with that knife?" There was worry in Scar's voice. It was clear as day. The slightly raised tone, the hint of anxiety, the shake in volume when he asked the question. It was like Scar's question was an unstable tower and with the slight difference in how he said it, it could make the whole tower topple down on top of the two of them. Grian smiled at Scar, his eyes glossy.

"Scar, you're home."

"I- I'm home, sweetheart... Now can you put the knife down, please? Can you do it for me?" Grian shook his head. "What's going on, love? Why are you holding that? Do you want to talk about it?"

"I killed them."

“You didn’t kill them.”

“I did! I did kill them! I know every detail! I need to be the killer, there’s no other possible way! I remember Bdubs’ outfit! Or Gem’s last words or- or... I remember it! I remember it all! I killed them, Scar!”

“Grian, you are the most amazing person I have ever met. You just think you did it because you read too much about it online. It’s like when I read these symptoms when I am sick, and start believing there is something terribly wrong with me! But it’s just your brain fucking with you-”

“No! No, that can’t! That can’t be, Scar!” Grian fell to the ground, letting go of the knife. It made a clattering sound as it hit the stones. Grian sobbed like a child and Scar crouched down beside him, wrapping his arms around Grian.

“Don’t cry... It’s okay...”

“I’m a monster...”

“You’re not a monster, love...” Grian sniffled and opened his eyes, Scar was still hugging him. Grian looked around the room, his hands finding their way back to the knife. Without any reason why Grian grabbed it and stabbed the kitchen-utensil right in the ribcage of Scar. The older male cried out in pain, reaching for the wound as he fell to the ground. Grian got back up, ripping the knife away and smashing it back into Scar’s chest. Scar was sobbing in agony before finally falling limply on the floor.

Grian fell back to the floor and he realised, he did have a reason why. He didn’t want to be the one holding Scar back down. He didn’t want to be the reason that Scar was hurting. Now Scar wasn’t hurting anymore! Grian did a good job, right? He- He freed Scar from the terrible monster he was. It was a sacrifice.

It felt like a rock was lifted off of Grian’s shoulders. He didn’t have to live with the shame of being a terrible partner anymore. Plus, Scar looked so peaceful like this... All asleep and resting. It looked like he was finally content with his life again. Grian couldn’t feel bad when he had done Scar a favour, right?

Right?

Grian helped the lifeless body back up, ignoring the blood that was soaking his sweater and he looked at the face of his partner. He was still breathing softly, but he didn’t respond anymore. It was like he was asleep.

Grian carefully brushed Scar’s hair, kissing his nose before supporting the lifeless body back to bed where he helped him lay down. Scar’s breathing was getting weaker with every minute that passed by, but Grian didn’t mind. He puffed up the pillow, letting Scar rest his head on it before fiddling with the blankets. He wanted this to be perfect. He tucked Scar in, adjusted the heater to just the right temperature on which he liked it and crawled into the bed beside his lover.

Grian rested his face on Scar’s chest, looking at the ceiling. Grian snuggled closer, wrapping his arms around the dying male. Grian sighed contently, oh had he missed this feeling of being close to someone again. He wanted this to be forever. He could live like this, laying right next to the one he had always loved. Grian rested his head on Scar’s chest, closing his eyes and if he just imagined hard enough, he could still hear his heart beating.

Chapter End Notes

no comment... But we are nearing the end which is weird... Still debating if i should post my final chapter and epilogue together or seperately...

Anyways, have a good week, everyone. Take care <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Research Log: Day 9

Murder 9, Stress, eighteen

Stress was a beautiful young girl, top of her class, dating the quarterback, she was kind and well-liked. Stress had everything. At least, that was until one very scary night.

It was Halloween and Stress was on her way to a party. She was walking. She thought that because it was Halloween and because of all the people on the street, she would be fine. She could drive back home with one of her friends, it would be no problem.

But she never made it to the party.

“You were his boyfriend, right?”

“Partner.”

“Partner?”

“I uh- It doesn’t matter. But yeah. I was her boyfriend. Why?”

“Weren’t you worried that she wasn’t there?”

“Of course I was worried! I tried to call her twenty times, but I eventually just thought that she had stayed home. She wasn’t the biggest fan of parties, so I wouldn’t be surprised if she decided to bail last minute.”

- Interview with Iskall, 1999

What Iskall meant by being her partner is that he is non-binary. They use he/they pronouns and will also thus be respected in this paper. He is now a famous public speaker and gives talks about gender identity. I tried to mail them, but they’re probably so busy that they didn’t read it. Stress used to call herself queer.

When police found her a week after Halloween, it was already too late for her. There were stab wounds all over her body, aggressive and blunt ones that we had not seen before. It was a rough sight to see.

She was found at the edge of the city, being thrown into a river with a bag over her head to make sure that she had no chance of survival. She was doomed to die. We found the symbol drawn on the bridge by the river where she was found.

“She was just eighteen. She had her whole life ahead of her. I don’t understand why anyone would

do something like this.”

- Mother of victim, 1999

Like every murder that has happened, it was a difficult time. But for some reason, this one was a lot more difficult to accept. The blunt knife trauma, the clear evidence of sexual assault that became apparent after a rape kit and the terrible, terrible condition her body was found in, felt like this murder was done out of spite. It felt more personal, almost.

To believe that someone would ever hate such a sweetheart like Stress was hard to understand. But it was something that the police had to keep in the back of their heads. Did she have any enemies? Was there anyone who could have wanted her dead?

Police even though this wasn't the real killer and instead someone who imitated our killer. People were wondering if it weren't multiple people, all pretending to be one person. People were getting more and more scared as time continued. And that fear didn't subside up until the tenth murder case....

Scar knew his lover inside out and even in his last moments, he knew that Grian loved him. He knew that Grian was innocent and that no matter what, Grian had not killed those people. He may believe it himself, but Scar knew better. Scar knew so much better. He knew exactly who it was. He had seen them himself.

It was a summer day. He was supposed to be the fifth victim. Not Gem. Back then, the guy was one of Scar's best friends. But looking back on it, Scar knew he was being groomed. He was only a teenager back then, the murderer was somewhere in his twenties. He and Scar were going to meet up in the old school building, only to find Gem there. Scar didn't know what she was doing there, he didn't even know her back then. She was just... there. And Scar watched as blood drained from the face of his friend. He watched as his whole demeanour changed.

Scar knew that if he was less anxious, he could have probably done something to save Gem and all the others that were still coming. But he also didn't know how. His friend had told him that if he told anyone about anything he saw that day, he would be the next and that his death would be much, much more gruesome than he could ever imagine. He explained in terrifying detail how he would make him watch as his whole family got murdered, made him listen as he would kill his friends, made him go through the worst torture ever imagined before eating his flesh.

Scar wished he had told someone. He left an anonymous hint weeks after Gem went missing, but it didn't feel like enough. In that way, he and Grian were very similar, both were eating away from guilt. Except that his guilt was actually deserved and Grian's guilt was a manifestation of his own traumas.

Scar accepted that this was his faith. It was probably what he had deserved. He could have been a better boyfriend, a better friend, a better son. He could have been so much more. He could have protected Grian better. But he knew that if he had warned Grian, his friend would find him anyway. It was like Scar was constantly being followed by a demon and no matter what he did, everything he touch was going to die. It was inevitable. All he could do is watch. Watch as Grian lost grip. Watch as he was still being manipulated into a vicious spiral down the same path. He watched when Gem got murdered. He watched as the world around him was on fire and all he so desperately wanted to do was to flee. But he knew that he would find him. No matter what.

Deep down, he was glad that this was how it ended. At least he knew that he got what he deserved. And that was enough to bring the tiniest bit of peace to his mind. And he let himself go that night. He hoped Grian could let him go too.

“What have I done? What have -I- done?” Grian asked himself when he stared at the body that was still lying in bed. Scar was dead. Scar really was dead. How could this have happened?

The mirror was showing someone Grian didn't even recognise anymore. He didn't recognise his face, the freckles that covered his nose and cheeks, the dirty blonde hair that because of sweat was sticking to his forehead. He stared at the reflection, following every movement it made, trying to get the sense back that this was him. That he was the same person as always.

When Grian was young, one of his friends told him that if you look into the mirror for too long, you will slowly start to hallucinate. This was a way of the mirror monsters to make you more vulnerable before pulling you through the mirror into their world.

Grian thought it was far-fetched, but now he was staring at the mirror, his face slowly melting into something that you could barely call human, and he wondered if that little seven-year-old boy maybe was right. Not about the monsters, of course, but about the hallucinating part. Grian sighed, finally taking his gaze away as he splashed some water on his face. He was just tired, that's all... Maybe he needed to go out a bit to regain that energy that he once had.

The weather outside was windy, a cold Northern wind that made his fingers freeze slightly as he walked to the store. Grian had taken a shower, put on some fresh clothes and was on his way to the local supermarket. He wore Scar's scarf, the one he always wore on his way to work. He buried his nose in the wool, taking in the smell of his lover. It smelled like his perfume and after-shave. A sweet mix of a woody and a spiced smell. Grian slowly breathed in, taking in every sensation he could feel.

The store wasn't too far away, just a couple of blocks away. It was warmer inside, his fingers tingling at the change of temperature. Grian grabbed one of the baskets and walked along with the isles.

He needed a bunch of things, food and some other household items. Normally, Scar would do these types of things, but Grian didn't mind doing it too. He actually kind of liked it. He enjoyed the feeling of being useful, of being a member of society...

When Grian came home later that day, he saw that Scar had a voicemail. The phone that was resting on the dining table was flickering with the notification that Scar had three missed calls. Grian listened to them.

“Scar? You are thirty minutes late and everyone is wondering where you are? The boss also doesn't seem too happy that you didn't notify him about this...”

“Hey Scar! You are an hour late and the boss is threatening to fire you if you don't let anyone know what is going on soon. So uh... Can you call me back? I don't want you to leave! You're the only colleague I enjoy.”

“Scar? You are two hours late! Where are you? You were supposed to present your new idea

today! Did you forget- I swear to God if you forgot I am going to strangle you! This was supposed to be your big chance to show everyone what you're capable of! Look, I know home life has been a bit difficult with Grian and all... But where are you? Are you ill? Did something happen? I really need to know... Please call me back."

"Hey uh, Scar, you didn't show up today and I am worried something might have happened? Can you at least send me a sign that you are at least alive, you know? Anyways, hope to see you tomorrow at work!"

Grian threw the phone at the wall, tears streaming down his face. He couldn't do this. His lungs were feeling like they were filled with water. His legs jiggling like they were jelly. He had fucked up so badly, hadn't he?

Like there was led in his shoes, Grian shuffled to the bedroom where Scar was still laying. He had not moved an inch from where Grian had left him the night before. Grian fell to his knees beside the bed, cradling Scar's hands into his own. He sobbed, his shoulders shaking with every cry.

"Oh Scar- Please- Please, please wake up again. I know I fucked up... But you didn't deserve this. You really didn't. It should have been me and not you. I hope you can forgive me if we ever get the chance to meet again." Grian sniffled. His heart was pounding in his chest. He slowly reached forward, pressing his face into Scar's stomach.

"I can't leave just yet- I need to finish what I have started... But soon, very soon, I will pay for all the pain and sorrow I have caused. For the millions of tears, I have caused with my actions. I know you still believe that I didn't do it, but something inside of me is still telling me that this is all my fault. That every bit of pain and sorrow in this world is because of me. I know you think I am crazy and you may be right... But I just... I can't help it. I have fallen too deep. I know I have fallen too deep. And there's only one way out..."

Grian fell asleep on the floor, still holding on tightly to Scar's hands. His legs would be numb in the morning from the way he had let himself doze off. But even the numbness of his legs, couldn't stand a chance to the numbness in his heart.

Chapter End Notes

ahhh i have a headache ;--;

Anyways, it's tuesday again!! (almost Wednesday for me, actually >_<)

Next week will be the last 2 chapters!! I'll post chapter 10 on Tuesday, the epilogue/real end will be Friday :))

I hope you guys are excited for it ^^ I am

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Research Log: Day 10

Murder 10, Mumbo, twenty

After a whole year of murdering these teens, Christmas will be arriving very soon... It's been a fun year if I say so myself. I still can't believe that you guys haven't found me yet. Apparently, I am that good, aren't I? I know I am. That's why I did it. Let's end this year with a bang. I have your son. You should come and find him.

- Letter, addressed to victim's parents.

When Mumbo, our final victim, got murdered, our murderer decided to have a bit of fun with it. Making it very clear that this was all a game for them, they had hidden Mumbo's body somewhere and it was now the case for his parents and the police, to find him. We didn't know if he was dead or alive. We didn't know anything. But police figured it out pretty fast where the body was.

Every single symbol was slightly different from the other. Together, they made a map pointing to where Mumbo's body supposedly was. They sent whole SWAT teams to investigate the place.

It was an old, abandoned factory. A candy factory. When police arrived, there was one room with all the lights still on. Mumbo was sitting in the room. His wrists were tied to a pole using duck tape, zip ties and rope. He was sitting on his knees. He had a blindfold on and his mouth was gagged. His chest was rising and down ever so slightly. He was still alive back then, but not for long as a laptop that was placed beside the guy started to make a sound.

"Welcome in my world! My game. It's been a fun ride, hasn't it?"

I can barely fathom how fast this year has gone by... It was a fun little project... Kill all the [redacted] that were poisoning our city. I will miss it.

I hope this can be a lesson for everyone.

I hope everyone will be able to learn something from this.

Because I am not some evil mastermind... I just wanted to protect this city...

Anyways, to end this very fun game... Let's end this year with a bang!"

- Transcript of pre-recorded video on the laptop.

The whole factory was set on fire, with Mumbo and all the policemen in it. Most of the bodies were salvageable like the murderer wanted us to be able to find and identify every single body still. Most of them died from carbon monoxide poisoning or lack of oxygen.

When the bodies were later found, we found that Mumbo's eyes were surgically removed, together with his tongue. We were never able to find the last of his body parts. But they're probably being kept as some kind of trophy for all the successful murder cases.

This was the last murder that the serial killer has committed. Police have since then mostly given up on trying to find who it is and it has been since then been closed off as a cold case. And with this being the last murder, this is also my last entry. The case goes unsolved... I wanted to solve it, I really did, but I think it's better for me to rest this case as I may have bitten off more than I could chew with these papers. All I know is that whoever killed them deserves to pay for this and rather today than tomorrow...

... So this is it, then?

This is where my research ends? This is where my legacy, everything I have worked towards, ends? The last few reports were mainly interviews... I barely did any research anymore. I think it was because I needed to get out of the house. I needed to talk to people... But even they couldn't save me. I don't think anyone still can. I don't think I am meant to be saved.

The last report was finished and Grian finally could go and rest. It was like a child, having watched something grow up into the thing it is today. It was truly something special. But Grian also had called himself out in his papers. He needed to pay for his sins. He needed to meet the same faith as all *his* victims. *He* needed to burn. *He* needed to hurt.

And that is how Grian found himself in his bedroom, pills in his hand, knife in the other. If he had to do this, he was going to go the same way as all *his* victims. It was only fair. Grian slit his wrists, letting the blood pour out like a fountain. He took all the pills before going to the bedroom and laying down beside Scar.

It was a slow painful death. But it was what he deserved. This was his payment for all the suffering *he* had caused.

This is what needed to be done to finally be able to meet Scar again.

And then he heard it, a soft voice. As he took his dying breaths, his eyes shot open, piercing holes at the ceiling above. There was a voice. He could hear it oh so clearly. He couldn't move his body anymore, too weak to be used. All he could do was watch as he saw a face look over him. Hair fell over his eyes as he hung over Grian, a small grin on his face.

"Oh, poor Grian, oh so naïve."

"Who- Who are you..?"

"Oh, you know who I am, just think about it. Think about it real deep." Grian tried, he really tried, but he couldn't do it. He felt tears stream over his cheeks as he felt ashamed that he didn't recognise who it was. "That's a shame, really."

"A- Are you an angel?"

"An angel? Oh, how foolish of you to think that." Grian felt how slim hands ran across his cheek.

He coughed, a metallic taste covered his tongue.

“Who are you Grian?” Grian asked another time. His voice was weak.

“You don’t understand it, do you?” Grian was so confused. He didn’t know if it was because he was dying or because he had taken every single drug that was in the medicine cabinet or because of both. “I killed them.”

“What?”

“I killed them... And you killed the person that had always been on my wish list. I really can’t thank you enough, you know. Sooner or later, I would have killed you both anyway, but I am very grateful that you could have done it for me.” Grian felt his chest rising rapidly. What? What was going on?

“Wha...?”

“I know that I said that this game was finished after I killed that Mumbo-guy, but it was never finished. It will never be finished. Not until I get my revenge. Not until I show everyone that this is what you all deserve. You were so close to finding me, Grian, and with the help of Scar I knew that if you were just a little bit less like you, you could have found me.”

“I don’t- I don’t understand...”

“Of course, you don’t. You never did. You blamed yourself, like some kind of crazy person! But it’s too late now. You are gone. Scar is gone. Everyone who could have known it was me, is gone.” Grian sniffled and the man wiped away his tears. “From the moment I met you, I knew that I didn’t have to worry about you. As long as you just kept doing what you were doing, I knew you would have killed yourself. I want to thank you, it made my job a lot less messy.” Grian wanted to say so much more, but his mouth didn’t let him. A sickly sweet odour filled the air. Grian smiled beside the pain that went through his whole body. Death. What a wonderful smell.

Chapter End Notes

i won't lie, I am not too hot mentally so that is why this chapter is rather early... I am in the CET timezone, and it's 9 pm almost, normally I post at 11 for my American readers, but I just want to go to bed rn

I hope you all enjoyed this chapter... I am very excited for Friday for the grand reveal of everything... It's not that grand, but it will be fun hopefully (at least for me, it'll be fun)

Thank you so much for reading this fic. I enjoyed every single minute of it. It's my first finished work in a long time. And I will see you all Friday :))

Epilogue

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Epilogue

“Scar? Grian?” Pearl used her spare key to open the door. She had gotten it from Grian when she moved away. He said to her that she could use it whenever she needed to. That she never had to wait for one of them to open the door since the door would always be open for her anyway. This was one of those moments. Pearl hadn’t heard anything from Scar nor Grian since they had planned their dinner, but she was excited to see her friends again.

Instead what she found was an empty apartment. Pearl looked around the rooms. It was weird- It didn’t feel like the apartment of Scar and Grian. The litterbox of their cats was overfilled with faeces and urine. However the sheer amount of cat-poo wasn’t what made Pearl almost want to vomit. No. It were the two rotting bodies that were laying in the bedroom.

Pearl couldn’t help it: when she saw her friends like that, she was so overwhelmed that her shitty airport lunch ended up right on the carpet. She could clearly see where the cats had started eaten the two bodies, the lack of a food-source making them have no other option than to eat their owners.

Pearl couldn’t even cry. She just felt empty, like there was a hole in her stomach that she knew would never be filled again. She had to notify all their family, friends and other people in close relationship to the two... She had to do everything, hasn’t she? She felt more surrounding the idea that she had to call up their parents and tell them that their poor sons were dead than she felt about them actually being dead. Maybe she just didn’t fully grasp the idea yet that her two best friends, the two people that have always been here for her, would never wake up again.

She left the apartment in a hurry, wanting so desperately to escape the smell- But it seemed to follow her. It was burned in her nostrils and even when she was outside and shouldn’t be able to smell it, she could still feel the burn of rotting human flesh in her nose and throat. She vomited another time, throwing up at the side of the street before grabbing her phone. With a deep breath she listened to the voice on the other side of the line.

“911 what’s your emergency?”

“I... I would like to report two dead bodies.”

As Pearl was sitting in the police car, she could feel her phone starting to vibrate. It was news of something Pearl wished had come much sooner, and maybe then she wouldn’t be sitting here.

Local News

Serial killer of ’99 finally caught. Man that went by as Biffa Plays, has confessed for all ten murders after DNA match. Man has been sentenced to a life-long in jail. Finally, justice for the poor victims we lost during and their family.

Police have found more letters in his closet all being directed at a young man named S. GoodTimes. Police are still trying to figure out who this man was, but he could have been in

serious danger if we didn't catch him sooner. Luckily, Biffa is behind bars right now, so you don't have to worry for him anymore. Let's hope everyone can rest peacefully now, as this case is finally solved.

Chapter End Notes

And with that, we are finished :) Some of y'all guessed it!! I find that very exciting :PP
Thank you all for taking on this journey with me. I had a blast, I hope you did too.
I hope the ending is accpable and not too disappointing... I am so sorry if it was ...
hhhh

I am so, so incredibly thankful for all of you and for reading this writing experiment of mine. I never thought that people would actually enjoy this type of fic, but you did and your comments and support mean the absolute world to me.

Anyways, I hope you all enjoyed it. Thank you so much for reading. I hope you all will have a great weekend, goodbye and goodnight.
Take care.

And, in case you'd like to see more of me and be updated with what and when I write, I have a [Tumblr](#)
I also have a [NaNoWriMo](#) in case you want to check out how my writing process is going!! :DD

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!