

Super Detective

Chapter 4: The Case of Madam Eis, Part 1

written by

N. Burg

He was a loser
That was for sure
How could someone as once good as him
Have a life such like this to endure
He was a drug addict
Outcasted
At the edge of society
He believed his own lies ...
Being wild
Being free
There was so much
That other would not see
But he was a busy man
Busy as a bee ...
He threw the blanket off of his
Off of his destroyed body
Would a woman see him like this
She would instantly flee

He mumbled: Craig, get a life.

But Craig was an addict
Had no choice
Not once
Or however thought he'd be
He took the cocaine
The high kick
The high life
The low fall
The low dive ...

His phone rang

Craig: Yes? Wha – yes. Who is there?

He could not understand
Someone needed stuff
With the right amount of intent ...

Craig: I'll be there! Yeah! YE – !

Hung up
This freak needed some stuff

Craig mumbled: Craig, get a life!

While thinking: Life is hard and rough.

He put on some clothes
Opened the fridge
Had some beer left

While he yelled: She needed to buy food! That damn bitch!

He looked around
This rotten
And forsaken place
It was near the borders of New Berlin

Craig uttered: Madam Eis needs me. We need her. Those were
the days ...

He left the condo
Right onto the lost corridor
There was a prostitute
Who lived right next door
But Craig had other plans
Found the perfect victim

Craig: Food, Stacey!

Stacey: I told I don't have any money!

Craig lift his hand
She looked intimidated
Yet confident to stand up

A man passed by, asking: 'Sup?

Stacey angry: Craig is hungry.

Completed with an erratic view

Man: Go get a job, Craig. You've got food. And something to do.

Craig: Piss off, Steve!

Steve: Get me outta here.

Stacey: Craig, let me guess. The only thing left is beer?

Craig gnarled

Coughed

Made a: Ho-hum.

Forgot Stacey
And walked down stairs
Knocked on someone's door
And someone opened up

Craig, cooly: 'Sup.

Old Woman's Voice: Who is it, Laslo?

Laslo: Craig, Madam.

Madam Eis: Let him in.

Craig entered
With a loud
And noisy sniff
The cocaine began to work
And he saw someone smoking a spliff

Craig: Hey, Mom.

Madam Eis: My son. What do you need? Don't say it. Food?

Craig grinned forced: Don't make me go nude.

Madam Eis: Laslo, give him a food stamp.

Laslo: Yes, Madam.

And he handed him a food stamp

Craig: I wish I'd could pay.

Madam Eis: Bring new ... peculiar people to my door and we'll see. You need some?

Craig: I'm good, thanks.

Everything
In him
Every pore
His throat dry
His eyes sore

Craig, quick and hasty: Bye.

He left without a further word

Madam Eis said: He is a good boy.

Laslo smiled: You can't deny.

Madam Eis went back to business
An important day was nigh
She left out a loud sniff, followed by a loud sigh ...

Steven went up stairs
Into a ...
Peculiar condo
There were no drugs
Just a painting of a crow
He took his phone

Said: Yes, the day is nigh.

He looked conspicuously around

Said: The new drug lord is in town. Has his supplies near the
French Fry.

A short pause

Then: I'll stay on alert. Bye.

He was indeed on alert
As an undercover cop
For him it was work
For him it was a job ...
He did research
On Madam Eis
A female drug lord!
With a body of old
With strong, bonebreaking tights
She played the role of an harmless hag fairly good!
Except his family ...
And their family ties!

So, there was one man ...
His name was Cross
His life on the line
He needed a winning toss

Said: These things are broken. You cannot win. It's a cheat.

Charlize: You really believe this ancient lies?

Followed by a cute chuckle

He had to smile

She said: You should buckle –

Cross: My best friend's in a coma.

Her face got all serious and dry

Said: It looks grim. I can't deny.

Cross walked on
Charlize followed in silence

He monologued: I am struggling with the phase of acceptance.

Charlize grabbed his collar
Held him against a booth

Yelled: He won't die! Both of you experience a wild youth!

Cross was intimidated
Did not know what to say

Charlize, all cool: He'll wake up.

Sniffed: One day.

Silence
An employer
And her employer

Cross walked on, said: I'd never imagined with my boss – here!

Charlize: It is a foundation I lay.

He thought: So, she does utilize this occasion.

She, soothing, calm: We are a family. We care for another.

Cross laughed

Charlize: What is it?

Cross: You remind me of my mother.

He laughed loudly
She blushed

Yelled after him: Relationships should be developed and not rushed!

Charlize: Cross, I –

Her phone rang

She: Hello? Yes, that's us.

Hung up

Said to Cross: Work, Mr Cross.

He looked annoyed: Oh, great. Something to cheer me up after I lost at toss.

Both entered her car
It was a luxurious Flex Engine
Named after its inventor
Maximillian Flex
So expensive
Jokers invented an own relating tax!

Cross: This car is great.

Charlize: Seat belt.

Cross: Yes, sorry.

Both drove off
Work called in vain
The following case ...
Would not be the only thing driving them insane!

Someone asked: Ms Saigon, you okay?

Ms Saigon: Yes. Why do you ask?

Someone: You have lost the IV supply.

Ms Saigon: Getting a new one will be an easy task.

She looked out the window
Looked upon Downtown

Continued: A new supplier. No reason to frown.

Suddenly!
Someone stormed the door!

Yelled: There is a maniac on the sixteenth floor!

Ms Saigon, cool: Calm down. What is going on?

Man: Someone killed Thatch!

Ms Saigon, trying to stay cool: Shut the door.

Man: I – ...

He collapsed with a distinct: Ugh.

Ms Saigon sighed: This world is so immature.

Someone entered her loft
The elevator opened up
A person with a black and white mask
Her bodyguard
Aimed at him

Ms Saigon said calmly: Intrusion without permission is sin.

Masked Person: I am here to punish you.

Ms Saigon: Really? Why?

Masked Person: You sell drugs to kids.

Ms Saigon: I sell drugs to grown ups. If some kid ends up doing them –

Closed by a sigh

Silence
Her bodyguard aimed at him

Ms Saigon thought: Mask. Distorted voice. Is he a self-proclaimed superhero?

Masked Person: You wanna know who I am?

Ms Saigon: Please, go ahead.

Masked Person growled: I am a silent, picky rat.

Ms Saigon was even more confused
Riddled
And wondering
How could he enter?
Without the alarm to ring?
She concluded
Not to underestimate him!
This theatrical behavior though
Must be kind of his thing ...

Ms Saigon: You need something?

Masked Person: Actually, no.

Ms Saigon: Why did you kill my personnel?

Masked Person: Psychology. Just for show.

Ms Saigon: My man here will kill you. I just need to flip a finger.

Continued with a thought: He seems strong. He probably has a strong right swinger.

Her mind went full analyzation
Full on deescalation
She was a proud American
Proud of her heritage
Of the American dream!
And this entire nation

Ms Saigon: Take you mask of and we can talk. Even though you said you didn't need anything.

Masked Person: And that's the key.

Ms Saigon: Sorry, did not ring –

He interrupted: It has no purpose. *Nothing*, has purpose. I might kill you right here. And nobody would care.

She thought: Kill me?

Said: Well, it would not be fair.

Her mind was racing
Her heart ran ten miles at a time
Meeting her doom?
Would not be fine!
She needed to manipulate him
Needed to get intel
Otherwise she'd die
And nobody could tell ...
She looked for a strategy
Something the Masked Person would fell
It was like this rabbit!
Life was harsh ...
Life was hell!

She said calmly: I presume you've got a story to tell.

We now flip the scene!
Once again ...
To the Sanctuary
Where Tess would work
And be of infamous fame ...
She ran this place
When the summer was wide
And long were the days
It was a cafe
Hidden
For the strange
And the elite
Entering was hard!
And no easy feat ...

Aleah: Tess.

Tess: Yes?

Aleah: Table 19 wants to pay.

Tess: Yes!

She approached the table
Uttered the usual phrase
Until the guest left
And was willing with pays ...

Tess thought: Miles, man. Wake up. The foundation it lays ...

She wiped off a tear

Aleah: Miles?

Tess: Yes. We know each other since junior high.

And cracked a smile

Said: His restless attitude. All the things his mind did defile.

Aleah tried to lighten up the mood

Said: Your first kiss.

Both women laughed

Tess: Luckily he never saw me in the nude.

The laughter evaporated
Her sorrow went overboard

She: Mind if I visit him?

Aleah: You're the boss, Tess. Do however you please!

Tess hugged her
Longer than usual

Whispered: Let's save each other from going to hell.

Tess entered the hospital
Merely twenty minutes later
She thought of his struggles
The pain, the waiting
The vain, the haters
Miles was far from perfect ...
He got angry
Got angsty
Got wild
And loved to be free!

She thought: God works in mysterious ways ...

Followed by a sigh

Mumbling: We'll have to wait and see ...

She sat next to him
A nurse was checking him

Asked: Is he your husband?

She denied: No. A friend.

Tess smiled

Nurse: He will wake up. We are sure.

Left then ...
With Tess for her doubt to endure

Her eyes wet
Her view full of pain

She said: Miles! Don't drive us insane!

Pause

Tess: We need you! The Agency! Cross! Your family!

She wiped it off
Could not longer sit and wait
Entered the toilet
And weeped upon his fate
Washed her face
Wiped off the smudge
She was happy ...
To not hold a grudge
Then Tess left the toilet
Could not believe what she heard!

A faint whisper said: Well said ...

Followed by a dry
Rough and loud cough
She called the nurse!

Tess, smiling happily: You are such a bastard, Miles!

He whispered into her ear: That is my curse.

Charlize and Cross arrived at the crime scene

Spared the: What do we've got?

An instant AI report told them
Making the police officer just guard
And made him look like a bot ...

Charlize: And elderly woman.

Cross: We know her by the name Fatah Sharid. Or as New
Berlin knows her: Madam Eis.

Charlize: The drug lord?

Cross: Yup.

Charlize: We never found her hideout. Or from whom she got
her supplies.

Cross inspected the crime scene
Began to deduce

Said: There was a fight.

Followed by: Last night.

Charlize: Huh?

Cross said: Blood on her torso. Bruise on her jaw. Alright.

Charlize: That was quicker than Miles.

She grinned: No. That was the obvious stuff. He deduces the juices.

Charlize: The report says they were loud noises in the neighborhood.

Cross: What kind of?

Charlize: Yelling, laughter, a loud engine.

Cross
Rubbing his chin

Said: A hit and run.

Charlize: Chances are high.

Cross: No, they are thin.

He began to filter
Began to conclude
There was a fight
But we have to see her nude ...
He noticed something on her lips
Barley visible

He knelt down: This substance has a story to tell.

The doctor stood in the room
Tess was listening closely!
Expected impending doom!

Doctor: The wound already healed enough to let you discharge.
It's up to you if you want to stay for a few more days. Otherwise
you are fine, Mr Miller.

Miles waved it off

Said: No, Doc. It's enough.

The doctor left
Miles packed his stuff

Tess was full of sorrow, asked: Is it really enough?

Miles: Modern medicine patched me up. This whole artificial
texture stuff did its job fairly well, I –

She interrupted him with a kiss on his cheek

Tess: Go back to work, Miles.

Miles, in utter seriousness: It's your attention I seek!

Both laughed
Both left the room
Not knowing the shadows ...
That would linger and loom

Both got into Tess her car

Miles: An old Ford.

Tess: You know me.

She smiled at him

He replied: Hating you must be punished like a sin.

Tess drove off
Both talked for a bit
She mentioned her collection of cars
He playfully found it shit
The after effects were in full swing
Miles heard voices
Thought'd be angels who sing
A bit drowsy
A bit down the line
He lied
And said everything was fine
The wound burned for a bit
Even though it had a cooling patch on it
Both arrived at his office
Where Miles remembered to sit

Tess: I will go back to work. You should do. I checked the channels. Madam Eis is dead.

Miles: Naughty, naughty Tess. Later. With that being said.

Cross looked up to his office
Everything seemed so familiar
Yet so unknown
He felt like a king ...
Who just lost his throne
Up the stairs
The place where the blood once stained
It smelled of disinfection liquid
And he go angry!
Cause the perpetrator did not get framed!
The door lock clicked
His home opened up
He felt like a cat
Whose forgot its owner for his belly to rub
Inside was nothing
But silence and regret
His workshop laid in peace

He thought: The rules have been set.

Quick!
His clothes back in the closet
Some Cherry Coke out of the fridge

He whispered angry: I hope it is a man named Skitch.

Such a terrible name!
Such a pain!
Such misery!
Such vain!

He said: JARSIS, wake up.

JARSIS: Welcome back, sir.

Miles: Police Channel.

JARSIS: Report, sir?

Miles: Yes?

JARSIS reported
Of Madam Eis
Of the strange substance
Of the neighbors not being nice
It was a shady neighborhood
It was a shady place
Miles remembered her!
Upon seeing her face!

Miles: Fatah.

JARSIS: That is her forename, sir.

Miles: I know her from some drug dealers. She supplies one fourth of this town.

JARSIS: A dead drug lord, sir.

Miles: A lost soul. And some kind of reason to frown.

For a moment
Miles did regret
Of mourning a drug lord

JARSIS: With that being said.

Miles: Active investigators.

JARSIS: Cross and Charlize, sir.

Miles: Report.

Cross' Voice: The victim has a bruise barely visible underneath her chin. We've found a substance in her mouth. Barely a drop. We call it Blue Sapphire. We know of a new substance which we have no knowledge of. She has several injections in her arm. Without any rests of heroine. We are riddling. The loft we've found was clean and only some food rests were left. We presume it was a competitive drug lord.

Miles: Thanks, JARSIS.

JARSIS: Nothing to thank me for, sir. Any actions to be taken?

Miles contemplated
Thought his options through

Asked: Options.

JARSIS replied snarky: Better go to the zoo.

Followed by a echoey laughter

Miles: Options, JARSIS.

JARSIS: Contact Cross. Visit the crime scene. Visit Charlize.
Find a drug lord near the known parameters.

Miles had the same ideas
JARSIS played a game
Just like his fears ...
Some attacked him!
Would probably do it again
All in all ...

Miles said: Not a fan.

JARSIS: These are the options. What will you do?

Miles: My job.

He emptied the bottle
Gulped and burped
Sweet Swede
Has again ...
Superbly served
He got into his car
Drove back to White Narrow
The outer skirts
Police was still present!
And a Lieutenant Falk for flirts

Falk: Mr Miller. I am genuinely surprise.

Followed by a sorrowful: Shouldn't you recover first?

Miles: I've got Cross its report.

Falk: There is not much to add.

Miles: Let me see.

He entered the slightly run down building
Where drug addicts would sleep
And their self-respect would stop ringing
Miles was in thought
While riding the elevator
The second victim related to drugs ...
Why couldn't it have been happening later?
Was there a pattern?
Did he overlook?
He rubbed his nose
Which was average
But with a big, wide crook
The loft opened up
Forensics already left ...
He just wanted to look!
Hoped there wouldn't be any clues left
He entered the loft
Looked closely
Something was off!
But the door lock had not key ...

Miles took his superphone
Analyzed the area
Found nothing ...
Except an old, wired phone

Miles: JARSIS, last calls.

JARSIS: Three calls since this morning six o'clock.

Miles: Go ahead.

JARSIS: One call went to Feedway, six point 33. One call to Downtown, seven point forty-two. And a last call to New York, First Urban, nine point one.

Miles: Call Downtown.

JARSIS: Dialing.

Ms Saigon: Hello?

Miles: Ms Saigon.

She was not pleased: What do you want?!

Miles: Love to hear from you too. What did Madam Eis want?

She hesitated

Replied: A freak runs around. Calling himself Mr Bond.

Then she went on
Told of the incident
Someone was hunting drug lords
Ms Saigon hid no details
'Cause she had no intent!

Miles said: Thank you. I will close one eye for another week.

Ms Saigon: Bad business. Get this freak!

Miles hung up
Looked around
When it came to details
He needed just his eyes
Because technology can only so much
And most of the time it unintentionally lies ...
He saw the place on the ground
Saw the blood
Saw its form
Saw what it got

He mumbled: She got hit on her jaw. Had a bruise. But these spots on the ground. They do look like stains of shoes. The perpetrator came from the elevator. Approached her – bam! She was old. It did not need much force. But why do these blood stains end on the balcony its doors?

Miles rubbed his chin
Let everything flow
His deduction went on; two for the show!

Miles stood on the balcony
No signs of holes for ropes
There was dirt!
Left stains as someone touched

He concluded: Someone left through the balcony. But why?
Simply go back to the elevator! So easy, even a kid could not deny.

Miles looked downwards
Saw an alleyway

Said: He wanted to leave to marks. But did it anyway. But I can't call it a day.

Back in the loft
Blood stains ...
Dust stains ...
A call to Ms Saigon
Did she know of her impending doom?
But if yes?
Where from?
No!

Miles: Why the balcony? Wait! There was a strange blue substance. Oh, maybe I've got a piece of the puzzle. Someone wanted to leave no traces!

But Miles thought: You murderers. Thousands against me and my aces!

Miles sat in his car
Called a good friend

Who yelled into his ultraphone: You bastard! Couldn't you call instantly?!

Miles grinned: That depend –

Cross, so sincere: Miles, I am happy to have you back.

Miles: Thank you, for your manly tears, Cross. There is a murderer on the loose!

Cross: What do you want?

Miles: Current thoughts and reports.

Cross: The blue substance I choose.

Miles grinned again: Yeah. What is it?

Cross: A synthetic drug, similar to IV.

Miles: And?

Cross: It is way more addictive. Plus it turns ... blue, your pee.

Miles: Huh?

Cross: Tested on rats. Forget it, we'll see.

Both men talked
About the whole case
Cross turned the conversation
And yelled into his face!

Cross: We simply drug test the culprit. He probably won't know
of the effect.

Miles: Why are you yelling?

Cross: A ship. I'm at the harbor. Keeping my relationships intact.

Miles: It's so windy. Cross? Cross?!

Cross: Listen, investigate. I am currently busy.

He hung up abruptly

Miles smiled: Busy, huh. We will see.

He put his superphone into his pocket
Thought of his engineering degree
Building new tech!
That was his cup of tea ...
He strangely thought of new gadget
Maybe they'd sell

He started the engine, mumbling: Cross will have a story to tell.

Steven was in his condo
In this infested pit of a place
The sun was shrouded behind clouds
He hoped not to get distracted!
Thought of happier days ...
There he sat
In his lonely spot
Felt like a shell
Felt like a bot
Someone knocked
The television muted by his command

Steven: Who's there?

Voice: Helia.

He opened up

Steven: Helia. What is it?

She looked pale
Nervous
Worn out
And done

Helia: Need a place to sleep.

Steven: Why here?

Helia, fast spoken: You are a rare good guy. You are the one.

Her shifty view
Her sweaty forehead
She was on a drug
And the rules have been set

Steven: No, Helia. Go to Craig.

Helia, shifting her eyes: He beats me.

Steven had to pretend to be someone he wasn't actually at all
But Helia was a good woman ...
She just ignores everyone its own conscious call
Helia, shaking and being in shiver

He said: It damages your liver.

Helia: Can I come in?

Steven sighed: Yes. But don't tell anybody!

She did not smile
She simply walked past him
Both sat on the couch
He offered apple juice
Helia drank it slowly

Steven: I can't care for you, Helia. Tomorrow morning it is good-bye.

She replied: You are the good guy.

Steven and Helia talked
He had an open ear ...
But blowing his cover
Was among the many layers of fear

Steven: It is IV.

Followed by: The worst drug in this city.

Helia: I want to quit.

Steven: Go ahead!

Helia: I talked to Rehab Resolutions.

Steven: I can drive you there!

She looked off
Her view askew

Helia: It won't help.

Steven: How can you tell?

Helia: The internet is full of people who stumbled – and fell.

He monologued
The night had come
He always wondered ...
Where did the money come from?

The next morning came!
Helia was gone before Steven woke up
His phone rang

He asked: Miles, back by the living. 'Sup!

Miles: What is going in the drug scene?

Steven: IV. IV everywhere.

He heard Miles sigh

Said: This drug is a problem you can't deny.

Followed up with: Did you report?

Steven: No. How could I?

Miles: Good. Tell me everything.

And Steven begun
To tell to the very last thing
Of a rumored super drug
Of something brand new!
It needed constant refreshment
That was all he knew
Miles heard enough

Hang up with the words: This shitty new snuff.

Miles sat in his car
Stood next to French Fry King
A fatty burger
And some thoughts of getting an underling ...

Miles: JARSIS, C.A.L.M..

JARSIS: Dialing.

CALM: This is the automatic response for the Completion, Analysis, Leverage and Morality AI in New Berlin. Please, say your internal code.

Miles: 14171011.

CALM: Caller identified, Miles M. Miller. Please, what is your request?

Miles: The Case of Madam Eis.

CALM: Yes.

A short moment of silence
Well, no
Actually there was some music
A computery voice answered

Asked: Yes, Mr Miller?

Miles: CALM, the chemical results.

CALM: The substance was a liquid, color blue. It doesn't get intake as a gas, it has therefore no effect. It reacts to the bloodstream and enters the blood brain barrier for a rush of dopamine.

Miles whispered: Drugs.

CALM: Yes, it is a drug. The molecular arrangement is new. I presume it is experimental.

Miles: Thanks, CALM.

CALM: No need to, Mr Miller.

And the computer voice faded
Left Miles in awe

Asking: JARSIS, what do people hide in a jar?

JARSIS: Cookies, sir?

Miles: Indeed.

He grinned, said: Start the engine.

The car started
The battery engine purred like a cat

While Miles considered: More sugar and I'll get fat.

Miles entered his apartment
The Vex incident still in his bones

He thought to himself: I might need one of those newly built
condos.

Clapped his hands: JARSIS.

A 3D projection appeared
Representing an old-fashioned butler
With penguin suit
With looking ...
Like an elderly dude

Miles: You've finished the project.

JARSIS: Self-made 3D projection.

Miles: It would have cost me a fortune.

And gazed at the man

Asked: A butler, JARSIS?

He chuckled, replied: Kind of a big fan.

Miles: Let's get to work, okay?

JARSIS: I'll do. You can.

Miles sat down in front of his six monitors
All showing some kind of data

Said: We have the last three callers.

He contemplated

Continued: Feedway. That's where Drug Doug is working. Also
Madam Eis her hideout. Everyone knows where she was. But
we could never find the drugs.

He considered

Concluded: Well, this sucks.

He hesitated

Miles: JARSIS, Feedway. Which line?

JARSIS: Of a woman named Helia Prime. And yes, that is her
real name.

Miles looked perplexed: Those rich, famous people give their
children weird names. Now the poor does it too?

JARSIS: Content is encrypted due to the International
Encryption Policy.

Miles scratched his scruffy head: The caller does not matter. The
line here is key!

A few minutes later ...
Miles sat in the Sanctuary
Wanted to enjoy some liquid
Preferably green tea

Tess served, asked: How's work?

Miles scratched his head, replied: Sometimes I feel like an
overworked dork.

She chuckled
Asked something more

Tess: For real, Miles. What is going on?

Miles: Someone called Bond is roaming free.

Tess, surprised: Oh.

Miles narrowed his eyes: You know him?

Tess: Uh, not much. We had an addict as a customer, rambled of
being followed. Probably paranoia.

Miles: What was his name?

Tess: I don't know.

Miles: It only gets weirder. This strange, strange game.

Tess: Enjoy your tea.

Miles thanked: Where will I be.

She left

He sipped at his mug

Was searching the web

And found a person of smug

Mr Bond was a mob killer

From the local mafia

There would be a place to go ...

A certain unknown but lively bar

But Miles knew

He would not make it out alive

So he had to refrain!

And thought of Cross his wife

She was basically unknown

Worked as a state attorney

Made the white knight proud!

Maybe Cross could ask her

Then he noticed someone sticking out the crowd

The Sanctuary was a rather quiet place

For people who did it sought

He asked his superphone: Is this a dreadnought?

JARSIS replied with a dimmed voice: Yes, sir.

Miles: Well then, the only thing you can loose is a fight not fought.

Eye contact!
The man left immediately!
But Miles had a photo ...
And following would not bring him to his knee
The smell of the cup
The smell of the green tea
His research brought something up!
Action was no vital
Crucial and key
Miles chugged the tea
Waved Tess good-bye
Got into his car
And let out a sigh
The man from the Sanctuary
He stood behind his car
Miles got out

Shouted from afar: What is it, sir?

But the person just left
Miles followed with his purple shirt
His bones felt shaky
He had some smudge on it and dirt
The stranger entered an alley
Miles yelled again!

Yelled: Sir! It is fine being one of my greatest fan!

The stranger stopped, said: We're alone now. Fine. Miles Miller,
you will need to know something in time.

Miles made a grumpy face

Asked: Who are you?

Man: I am not a man of mystery, Miles. I just needed a quiet place.

Miles made an eased face

Asked: Go ahead, pal.

Man: Mr Bond is an alias for Pointman.

Miles made again a different face
His emotions were dwelling!
His mind was all over the place!

Miles: What do you mean?

Man: I am a messenger, Miles. I only tell what needed to be told.

Miles was already working
Tried out some conclusions

Said: But this does not make any sense.

The man walked backwards
A car stopped by
The man vanished; without a single word of good-bye ...

Miles was left behind
With a certain sense of mystery
He shook his head!

Mumbled to himself: Solving this case is key.

Then he rubbed his mouth
It itched like crazy
It began to rain
The air was wet
The mood was hazy
Miles sat in his car
Combing off the wet hair

Thought: This craziness ain't fair.

Then continued: JARSIS, voice reconciliation.

JARSIS: Nothing, sir.

Miles, in deep thought: What? Who was that guy? Why did he know me? Who is Mr Bond? If not Pointman? What do I friggin miss to see?!

A moment of contemplation
A short moment to reconcile
A weird thought
A soft sentence to defile ...

JARSIS said: Helia Prime is currently talking to Douglas Flyle.

Steven sat in Helia's condo

Said: I cannot help you more than I already do.

She got up
Approached him quick

Whispered: This whole waiting game makes me sick.

She kissed him!
Took off her shirt

Steven intervened: No, Helia! No! NO!

But she took his hands
And put them under her skirt
But then he pushed her!
Needed to bring back the space!

Said calmly: I will go now, Helia.

She said: Because of my dog days?

Steven: I won't sleep with you. I am not in love with you. It's not that I don't like you. But – sorry.

He left immediately
Entered his own condo

Wondering silently: What was this kind of show?!

Then someone knocked!

Steven: Get lost, Helia!

But the knocking went on
He opened up all of a sudden

Someone he knew simply said: This place is rotten.

Steven, confused: Miles, uh, what?

Miles: Can I come in?

Steven: Sure, sure.

Both sat on chairs
At the table
While Miles explained everything
But Steven reminded it of a fable

Said: It can't be her.

Miles: Yes.

Steven: No.

Miles: Yes.

Steven: I know her. Okay, barely. More or less.

Miles: You don't know her. She is just someone you think you needed to protect.

Steven: It keeps my sanity intact. You have no idea what goes in here!

Miles: Too good. I fear.

Silence

Miles broke it quickly: Here is the deal.

He inhaled: Madam Eis was not killed by a competitive drug lord like everyone thought. But no one could believe it was an addict. There was way too much knowledge. The perpetrator knew some kind of trick. He entered the room through the elevator.

Steven: But she had a bodyguard.

Miles: Exactly! So the perpetrator must have known them in one kind of way. He or she killed him. One sunny day. The blood stains led to the balcony. Why the balcony? Because the roof top was very close! That is key! The killer just vanished. Leaving behind only stains of dust.

Steven: Who did it then?

Miles: Someone without a sense of just!

Steven: It is a killer. So –

Miles: No, no, Doug. The killer must have been agile, strong and swift.

Steven: It can't be Helia then.

Miles: Maybe she did it. I can't proof anything as of now.

Steven: I don't want to protect her. But have you any evidence?

Miles: We will search her condo. Raid the whole block if necessary.

Steven: No, Miles. Don't call the cavalry.

Miles: Pardon?

Steven: She trusts me.

Miles: We will investigate?

Steven: Come, Miles.

Both men left
Knocked on Helia's door
Her condo was
On the second floor

She opened up, said: Steven, I did it. It was immature.

TO BE CONTINUED ...