EastEast Password: Memento Mori

A gasp escapes her as the gag around her mouth is torn off. It's still pitch black- the leathery fabric around her eyes won't let her see any further than her nose.

She wails. A glove forces her mouth shut. She whines in pain as she bites her tongue.

Some other voice, a male one, mutters an oh my god. Is it someone else? She kicks her legs, fighting out of the grip, albeit furtively. There is nothing she can do to break out of the ropes she's been tied with.

"Oh my god," echoes the voice. "Please just-- um-- put her down?"

There's a shift in her hold. Then gravity sets in: she hits the ground with a thud face-first. Fuck! She bounces back from the pain, flipping over. Her nose feels wet with blood.

"Woah! O-okay!"Another set of hands run over her body, a finger wiping what she thinks is blood off her top lip. "I'll-- I'll take care of it, alright?"

The other presence stills, and then she hears their footsteps, not for the last time, as they exit the room.

What are they going to do to her?

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Apparently, keep her as a trophy.

By now, they've cut off her restraints. The cabin she's been locked into is not a pretty sight. The wood is rotten, presumably from abandonment. There are lights, but none of them work; most have burst by now. The weird man tasked with taking care of her tries to keep everything else in a salvageable condition. All the windows are covered in planks.

She's still not sure what they want with her. But he flashes a smile, one that is maybe a little apologetic, every time he comes to bring her eggs.

Scrambled eggs. Sunny-side eggs. Poached eggs and boiled eggs. Over-easy. Baked. Day in and day out, all he ever seems to cook are eggs. When she dares to ask why, he only ever musters something about how she seemed to like them, and she's never liked anything else. She tries listing anything else: bread, beans, fruit, veggies, meat. His eyebrows furrow and it's an emotion that she's come to know well; it's guilt.

EastEast Password: Memento Vivere

Coming back to that old cabin was weird as hell.

He thought he was done with it. Why wouldn't he be? The bad guy got caught, after all. Tried on national television. Yeah, the world's only reigning quadrillionaire appeared out of nowhere and greased the hands of the judicial system to get her out, which is a problem in and of itself, but in the grand scheme of things, it was a solid eight out of ten.

So why the fuck was he back here?

Well, there were a couple of reasons. His mind had taken time to enumerate them in a numbered list.

After hearing the trial, allowing the Eye Killer to seclude herself again along with her hostages was a bad idea.

His hand went to knock on the door, beginning with a rhythmic pattern: knock, knock, knock knock--

Fuck.

He hiccuped on the last beat, punching a clean hole through the door. He stared at his arm, a good meter into the house now. Sigh. So much for a normal approach, he guessed.

Additional note: Consult an operator in removing obsolete features.

It didn't take long for his entrance to be noticed; a repeated \_clink\_ could be heard from right behind him. He turned around, and sure enough, there she was: the Eye Killer, fresh out of court, trying to stab into him with a small razor.

It was not working.

Ronin looked down at her. A smirk escaped him. "What, already antsy out of prison?"

Her eye shone dangerously in response, along with some sort of guttural snarl. Her motions went to scratching at the absence of any progress in stabbing, the razor tearing through his clothes and thin layer of faux-muscle, and leaving dents in the metal layer underneath.

"Mhm." She raised her arm again-- he found purchase on her forearm, stopping the blow mid-swing. Her strength was formidable for a woman her size, but it simply wasn't enough to overpower the mechanical prowess of his late father. His arm shook under the pressure. "Listen, I wasn't trying to tear up your door," he said, both sets of eyes looking back at it. A glimpse of the bedroom was not too far in. "Barely knew you lived here, to begin with. I'll patch up the door, alright? Just give me a hammer and something to work with."

The killer twitched under his grip, the thick trench coat unable to slip away from the hold. They look at each other.

His arm went limp.