

iv. the deceit

Evelynn was going to die any second now. She was running from the police and she had a bullet inside of her torso tearing at the limbs. "I can't go this way," She muttered. "Where the hell is my stu? My wound will get infected and I'll die."

Jack listened to everything she said and chuckled.

She turned to him, "You think this is a joke, pretty boy!? I could die!"

"Don't be dramatic," was his response.

"You don't understand the struggle," she argued.

"Evelynn, it's a game."

"To you, Jack, maybe but this is my life"

"It's Grand The Auto, Evelynn. Pull yourself together," he joked. ↻

"Must I? My will to live has diminished and it's all because of you. I guess... I have to... End... It all," As she ended her sentence her character shot himself. When the bang of the gun on her screen stopped, the bang of the FBI entering the condo could be heard.

"FBI! Hands where I can see them," a shout could be heard from the entrance of their complex. Then FBI agents started flooding into the living room shouting orders for their hands to be in the air.

"In a minute, guys," Merritt said holding a finger up. Jack and Evelynn both lazily put their hands up. Atlas put his hands up as well.

"Put the book down," the FBI agent demanded.

Merritt finally had it down and his hands were up as peace signs. "Okay, you got me."

When the agent saw Henley his gun was pointed towards her, once again, demanding hands in the air. "Oh, my," Henley said raising her hands, a smile on her face. "Do one of you guys mind giving us a hand with our bags?"

"Let's go," he said.

The agents escorted them out of their rooms and down through the casino, with their bags. When they passed the casino a whole bunch of people cheered for them. Evelynn was quite smug about the whole ordeal smiling at people and nodding when they called to her. The agents shoved them into the back of their black cars. Jack and Evelynn got paired up in the same car, which they both were okay with. The duration of their ride consisted of jokes and very subtle not so nice remarks towards the agents that rode with them.

Before she knew it, Evelynn was in the interrogation room bored out of her mind. She wanted to deduce something or talk to someone.

Not long ago, she was fiddling with her hair pin, examining it like it was the only thing that mattered to her. However, soon a er someone walked in and confiscated it from her. So now, she's pouting and about ready to actually kill herself. She opted for staring at the camera that was strangely facing her way. She just stared and didn't move a muscle whatsoever. As she was focusing on being a statue, the door to the interrogation room opened. In came, Detective Dylan Rhodes, Evelynn had spoken to him once, and a blonde woman.

"I'm bored," Evelynn told them.

"Evelynn Park, I'm Detective Dylan Rhodes and this is,"

He was cut o by the blonde who was opening a file, that was presumably of Evelynn. "Alma Dray from Interpol. I've heard a lot about you, Miss Park.

You have quite the reputation and a very wild back story to you. You must have a bit of emotional damage."

"Must I? Sure I had a few Daddy and Mommy issues and falling outs here and there but it's really no big deal. I can talk more about the process but I would assume it'll bore you more than it'll bore me.

Plus, that's not why you're here is it?" ↻

"Okay, let's get straight to business then and address the elephant in the room. Three million euros, how did you do that?"

"Magic, obviously. I don't have time for these games, Rhodes."

Rhodes chuckled. "You don't have time for games? Okay. No. We don't have time for your games."

"Someone's interrogated Daniel and Merritt, already."

"How would you know that?"

"Magic," She replied smiling at the Interpol worker. "Well, you don't need magic to know when a person is irritated because of McKinney and Atlas. It happens to Henley all the time, it's kind of like natural instinct for me."

"Magic isn't real, so how about you tell me how you stole the money."

"Detective, I have no idea what you're talking about, I didn't steal the money. I am merely a magician that can do quite handy tricks. Robbing banks? Now, why would I do something so taxing?" She smirked at the detective her eyes following his pacing as she does so.

"You're dodging a legitimate answer,-"

"What is a legitimate answer in the world of magic? What my friends and I wield is a type of sorcery. If you believe in this God of yours to make miracles happen, then why can't us humans make such miracle too?" ↻

"We don't want your philosophy bull sht," Rhodes said slamming his hand on the table. "Tell us exactly how you did it."

"Well, Bad Cop, you see we put the teleportation device n the Frenchman and then he teleported all the way to the sweet city of Paris. Well, generally speaking, the city, to specify he was teleported to his bank. A er that."

"We're not getting anywhere with her, let's move on to to the next one," Rhodes announce leaving the room. ↻

Alma glanced at a smiling Evelynn and proceeded to stand up and walk out.

Not long a er that, another detective went inside the room and freed her from the handcus. They then escorted her out to the rest of her group, with their bags of course. Walking out they all crammed in one car, with Evelynn, Jack, and Henley in the back. They drove themselves to the airport that was sent to the GPS in their car. When they arrived at the airport they went straight to Arthur's private jet.

When they got situated, Jasmine, Arthur's personal assistant, informed them to not make too much noise. Apparently, he was having an interview with Conan.

Evelynn and Jack sat in seats that faced each other. She knew what was coming and was very prepared to do nothing whatsoever because her role wasn't important.

"I'm sleepy," she told Jack all of a sudden.

"Sucks for you, I slept at the police department."

"Wait, you slept through the interrogation?" asked Evelynn incredulous.

"Yup."

She chuckled, "Only you, Jack, only you."

"I mean if you want you can sleep on my lap."

"That wouldn't be comfortable, though, it's not like this is a sofa or couch that I can just lay on. Merritt is hogging it, though," she pouted.

"You're so lucky you're cute," he smiled. She tilted her head in a confused manner. Jack looked at something behind her, and she knew that it was Daniel walking down the isle. "Oh, hey, Danny, can I talk to you about my role in the show real quick?" ↻

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. Sure." Daniel walked passed not paying attention to Jack while patting him on his head. He then addressed McKinney and Henley, "Hey, guys. We got a show to prepare for."

"Do we now?" McKinney got up from his seat and approached Daniel.

"No, no, no," Daniel said multiple times, backing up. "Don't do that. You're not doing that thing to me."

"What thing? I'm just looking at you."

"No, you're not. I've been watching you for a year. I know all of your little tricks."

"Is that what they are to you? Tricks?"

"Yes," Daniel instantly replied. "It's gimmicks, it's Barnum statements. It's reading the eyes. Body language, I get it."

"If it's such an easy thing, why don't you do Henley?" McKinney challenged. ↻

"Yeah, Danny," Henley piped in. "Why don't you do me?" ↻

"No, you're too easy. I'll do Evelynn, we barely know anything about her, anyways." Evelynn looked up and raised an eyebrow at him.

"No," Arthur announced as he listened in on them. "Do me."

"Oh, yeah. Do Art."

"Okay," Daniel accepted the challenge. He walked to stand in front of Arthur. Everyone else also went next to him to listen in on what Daniel was about to fail miserably at.

"I must warn you, I can be difficult to read when I want to be," Arthur told Daniel.

"Just stay with me, okay?" Daniel stared into Arthur's eyes. "So Art, you were a tough kid. You know kind of a real rascalion. You had a dog, a real tough dog, a brutish bread. Like a real... I wanna say, Ben the bulldog."

"Actually, I was a prissy little tot. I had a fluffy white cat called Snu les," he finished. Everyone laughed at his response, seeing as Daniel was nowhere close.

"Wait, let me try. I can do way better than that," Jack told everyone.

"Yeah, let him do it," Evelynn chirped.

"Come on, give me one more time," Daniel negotiated.

"He can do way better than that," Henley told him.

Daniel was already starting. "Let's do family. You had an uncle on your mother's side. He had a real kind of, a real masculine name. A real, kind of, salt of the earth... You know, a real stick it to you... Like some kind of Paul. Thomas? Was it Paul?" He trailed o. "Okay, you know what? I've got nothing."

"Nearly, though," Arthur answered.

"Was I?" Daniel asked hopefully.

"Yeah. My uncle's name was Cushman Armitage," Arthur laughed.

"Really?" Daniel questioned. "Snu les and Cushman Armitage? That was your childhood?"

"Boo!" Evelynn cried out jokingly to Daniel.

"I certainly hope tonight's show is gonna be better than this."

Jack and Evelynn glanced at each other at the statement just smiling, as Henley laughed.

"Don't worry, just you wait," Daniel assured Arthur.

Jack and Evelynn went back to their seats. "Daniel really does suck at that doesn't he?"

"It's obvious," was Jack's response to that. "Hey, what Danny said earlier. We really don't know much about you."

"Eh, it's nothing to dwell on. You really don't need to worry about anything as boring as my past."

Jack eyed Evelynn when she turned her head to look out the window. "If you say so."