

## Chapter 42

Marco looks over to the interrogation room, shakes his head, and then walks over toward it.

“What part of having the log books ready didn’t you fucking understand?” Marco shouts as soon as he steps inside the room.

Officer Flint attempts to stammer for an answer, but since none comes, he rushes out of the room. “Trent! The logbook!” Officer Flint snaps in the distance. I peer out the door to watch the man on the phone at his desk lift his head.

The man furrows his brows and blows out a heavy breath. “On your desk!” He retorts, sounding just as annoyed as the Officer looks.

“I just came out of there!” Officer Flint snaps.

“It’s on your desk!” The man shakes his head, returning to his phone call.

“Why are you even here?” Marco says, shoving past Officer Flint and walking toward his office door.

I follow on his heels as Marco stops in front of a door and tries to open it. However, it’s locked, so Officer Flint rushes over with his keys jingling in his hands. He fumbles with the stack of keys, and Marco snarls, grabbing the handle and ripping it off.

The door opens, and Marco hands the broken door handle to Officer Flint, who looks at it in disbelief. His mouth is open, gaping like a fish. A little more, and we’ll see that jaw hit the darn floor.

“Useless mutts!” Marco snaps, walking in and looking down at the desk covered in crap, cups, food wrappers, and documents. Marco snarls and starts rummaging through it before finding the black folder.

He is about to open it on the desk, but then he glares at the Officer beside him. “How do you work in this filth?” Marco snaps at him.

The Officer leaves my side, clearly set on cleaning up the mess Marco so openly disapproves of. However, he doesn't get to reach the desk when Marco growls at him and uses his hand to swipe all the crap onto the floor with his arm and hand.

The Officer shrieks in surprise and jumps back. Marco ignores him and then sits behind the desk. His eyes focus on the folder as he slowly opens it. I move to the seat across from him and sit down.

Officer Flint stands there awkwardly as Marco's eyes scan the pages, flicking through them before he opens up the laptop. "Log in!" Marco snaps at him again.

My eyes follow every movement in the office as the Officer quickly does as he is told to and logs into his laptop. As soon as he does, Marco slaps his hands away. He turns the laptop, so I can see as well when he scans files on the surveillance system and opens them.

"What are you looking for?" I ask him, leaning forward a little to ensure I overlook nothing.

"Osiris was here a few minutes after Alpha Derrick was brought in. I want to see where he went." Marco slides the folder over to me, and I glance at the page to see Osiris' name scrawled on the line next to his signature when Khan presses forward. I stare at the signature and the handwriting, something nagging at me when Khan picks it up.

"That's not Osiris' handwriting," Khan says, voicing my suspicions.

I remain silent as I stare at the writing. My gaze focuses on the signature on the page, and I frown. It's vastly different. Perhaps someone who hasn't seen his signature wouldn't notice the difference, but I see it clearly.

Once I am certain and Khan also confirms my thoughts, I turn the folder around on the desk to show my discovery to Marco. His eyes set on me, so I point to the signature and name. Marco looks at it and then gives me a questioning look. "That's not Osiris' handwriting," I tell him, and Marco's eyes snap back to me again.

"Are you sure?" He asks.

I nod my head, then grab my phone and unlock it. Quickly, I scan through the files to pull up the one Osiris signed and filled out last week at the council meeting. I double-tap on the screen to enlarge it and show it to Marco. His eyes focus on the screen when he finally notices what I'm showing, and his brows pinch together.

“No, it’s definitely Osiris. I remember him coming in not long after you hung up on me. I saw him myself and watched him sign in,” Officer Flint says, crossing his arms in front of his chest as if it’s me he has to prove something to.

Marco looks at the Officer and tilts his head as he asks, “What time was that?”

“About ten minutes after they brought in Alpha Derrick.” Officer Flint shrugs.

Marco focuses back on the timestamp on the logbook. “He walks into the bathrooms but never comes out. Instead, I see another officer does,” Marco mutters, dragging the words as if he already knows something.

“That is Officer Tuck,” Flint points out.

We focus back on the screen and wait for Osiris to come out of the bathroom, but he doesn’t. At this point, it looks like he has drowned in the sink or fallen in the fucking toilet. However, about twenty minutes later, we see more activity.

Officer Tuck returns to the bathroom, and soon after, Osiris emerges, straightening out his suit.

We watch how he logs out, writes and signs the logbook, and talks to Officer Flint for a few minutes. Both of them laugh about something, and soon after, Osiris leaves.

“Must have been taking a dump?” Officer Flint says, shrugging his shoulders.

Is he serious? Is this man really trying to come up with an excuse for all that we just witnessed? Both Marco and I look at him as if he has lost his goddamn mind.

“Get out!” Marco snarls at the unsuspecting man.

Officer Flint looks at him in pure shock. “What?” he stammers.