

Whispers

The quiet dripping of the tap became deafening as it echoed in and around the toilet stalls. Malone crept past the empty stalls one by one, pushing each one open and inspecting their contents, making each door let out a soft scream alerting Isabelle of Malone's growing presence. Cold whispers of wind rushed in from the window which protected the inside from the cold biting winter air that patrolled outside.

You've been here for 20 whole minutes either you're sick or you're giving birth which I know isn't possible since you're only 4 months.

Isabelle gave no response allowing Malone's words to echo in her mind.

I just need to be left alone for a while.

That's fine but I have a job I need to do so just come back.

She reluctantly opened the stall door and marched straight for the mirror, that stretched out for what seemed like an eternity, as she re-applied her make-up Malone perched himself on the sink next to her as if he were a vulture preparing to attack.

You know you're in the women's toilet right?

Well if you hadn't spent all day here I wouldn't have to be.

Isabelle rolled her eyes at him and started to attempt to make her escape out of the toilet, but suddenly, Malone sprung in front of her just to block her only exit.

Since you basically wanted to live here I'm sure you'll have no problem with me conducting the interrogation here?

Fine, let's just make this quick I have important things to do.

We can finally agree on something. Where were you on the night of Malaki's death?

Isabelle gritted her teeth like dry mints as veins started to rise like great walls around her head. She gripped the sink with force readjusting herself to her surroundings almost gripping back onto reality itself.

I've already told you.

A cold silence filled the space between the two raising the hairs of the back of their necks.

I was at the pub, I have eyewitnesses.

We have information about the time of your husband's death.

Isabelle's heart dropped a million miles, these unfamiliar words sent her mind through a spiral

as she quickly tried to think of something to respond with. *It's probably not even good evidence like a piece of hair or DNA*.

What's this amazing piece of evidence you have to show me.

I'm glad you asked.

Malone whipped out two snapshots from a CCTV camera with Isabell standing in one.

What does this mean?

Look at the times.

The first image had a time of 19:34 and the second 19:59.

It just proves I was at the pub.

Malaki died at 19:40.

Malone then meticulously pulled out Malaki's death report and pointed to the time of death.

The statement says you were in the pub at 19:30.

HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE H-HOW DID EVEN THINK OF THIS?

That camera must not be working my phone said 19:30.

Isabelle tightened her grip around the glossy sink as sweat began to trickle down her hands like soft raindrops on a windowpane.

We have enough evidence on Malaki to clone you and throw you and your clone in jail for a very long time.