

~ Shards ~

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Fandom: Original (my characters)

Summary: An interrogation.

Other Information: Contest entry for Royal Academy of Bards' Bard Challenge #23: Take Me Out To The Bard Game. I chose the photo of the Yin Yang necklace and wrote this story in 1,000 words (actually 999 words).

"Is that him?"

The car idled as the witness sat in the backseat. The young man looked through the one-way glass window and shivered in recognition. "That's him."

Rae looked over at her patrol partner. "Get him out of here. I'll collar this guy with the backup unit."

Rae exited the vehicle and pulled her jacket down in the back to cover her handcuff case. She crossed the street, moved closer to her target, feeling the security of the Ruger at her side, tucked in a shoulder holster, no more than a second's reach away.

She didn't have time to mess around, to bait him into offering up the necklace for her to buy. With the eyewitness statement and identification, probable cause ensured, at the very least, an interrogation. On her approach, Rae couldn't get over his attractive, youthful appearance, the all-American good looks that usually gave one that extra push in life that was rarely earned but normally expected. She wanted to kick his ass just for that, as she knew he used it to his advantage.

Within two minutes, Jared Selky had been thrown to the ground, shackled and taken into custody for the brutal murder of Shawnee Carrington.

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"Where did you get this necklace?" Detective Rae Gentry asked. They were now at the police station, in a stark interview room. She showed him the onyx and nacre yin yang symbol embedded on a dark jade oval. It hung from a black nylon chain. It was now in a protective plastic bag.

"Found it." Jared folded his arms, defiantly.

"Where?" Rae demanded. "Around Shawnee Carrington's neck?"

Jared only minimally reacted to the name. "I don't know who that is. I found it on the street."

"What street?"

Jared shrugged.

"You are a lying sack of shit," Rae told him evenly. "I have a witness who puts you at the scene of the Carrington murder."

"Well, your witness is on drugs because I don't know any Shawnee whoever and I was never near any murder scene. Ever."

His arrogance made her want to give him even more bruises than he got for 'resisting arrest.'  
"You and your buddy, Dave, murdered Shawnee and then buried her out near Willow Creek. You know how I know that? Because Dave confessed and has already made a deal with the DA. I know everything that happened and you, you monster, are going to jail. And, with your looks? You'll no doubt be somebody's bitch on the first day."

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An hour later, both Jared and Rae had shed their jackets. Only Jared was sweating profusely.

"Why?" Rae asked.

"She deceived us!"

"How?"

"She should've told us she was a guy!"

"Before or after she gave you a blow job? Before or after you both took your turns having anal sex with her?" Rae asked.

Jared looked away, ashamed and angry. "I'm not a faggot!"

"No one but you would have thought that!" Rae countered.

"Everybody would've!" Jared screamed at her. "It was her - his - fault! If she - he - would've told us, it never would've happened."

"So you murdered her because you were angry, because you thought you were having sex with a very attractive woman and it turned out she wasn't what you thought she was?"

"Yes!"

"Because you didn't want other people finding out and thinking you were gay?"

"Yes."

"She betrayed your masculinity so you had to kill her?"

"Yes!"

"So...you'd rather be perceived as a murderer for the rest of your life than gay for the five minutes it would take you to assure your friends you really aren't?"

"You don't understand! You're a chick!" Jared couldn't help yelling at her.

"You know what? You're right. I don't understand why you had to torture her and then slowly kill her, making sure she knew she was going to die. You are the lowest form of scum, you know that? You feel no remorse - in fact, you even joked about it! You and Dave could have walked away and no one would have been the wiser. The truth is you couldn't handle your own desire for her," Rae said, her face as close to his as she could get. "That was the bigger issue; not that Shawnee deceived you but that you wanted her, even after you suspected she was a biologically male and you couldn't reconcile your feelings about that!" She took a step back and leaned against the wall.

"That's a fucking lie!" Jared spit out.

"No, it isn't. You needed to prove to yourself that you were straight but you had to do it where your friends could see." Rae paced in front of Jared. "You felt she caused your masculinity to be questioned so you used violence against her as a way of purging your own guilt."

"I had a right to be angry at what she - he - did!"

"Maybe. *Maybe* you had a right to be angry at what you felt was deception. But you didn't have a right to beat her to a bloody pulp with a bat until she died!" Rae circled the table and leaned in front of him. "Do you ask all of your conquests to display their genitalia to you before you decide to have sex with them?"

"No..."

"Then she didn't owe you jack shit!" Rae drew a deep breath and continued. "She had a family; people who loved her, who needed her. You had no right to deprive them of her for the rest of their lives! You don't have the right to decide that for anyone."

Jared buried his face in his hands. "I want a lawyer."

Rae nodded. "You're going to need one." She hesitated. "You know, Shawnee was only nineteen. She had just come to terms with the dichotomy of herself which is why she wore this necklace." Rae shook her head before leaving the room. "I can't believe she died because your precious ego was bruised."

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