Kimmy woke to Monkey’s yapping. She found her wrists bound to a chair with fluffy restraints that, while super-comfortable and pretty, worked quite well at keeping her bound. She turned her head turned toward the noise; squinting against the darkness, she finally saw the dog caged on the far side of the room. Dripping water accumulated in another corner while a naked bulb dangling from the low ceiling barely lit the room

"I would've thought a guy like you could afford nicer digs," she said to the familiar face, the blank face of the man that wouldn’t look at her.

"You know," Mason said, "it's not just about presentation. Remember what they say about location."

"Well, you got a shitty location," she said.

"Yeah, but look who's got who where they want them."

"Whom."

"What?"

"Nevermind."

Monkey barked in agreement. Kimmy looked over at her little dog, worried.

"Now what did we say about that, mutt?"

"What?"

"Talking to the dog," he said, looking over at Monkey.

She watched as Mason pulled out a pellet gun. The dog whined and circled the cage. "What's going on?"

"You ask a lot of questions." He answered her with a pellet bouncing off the dog’s butt. Monkey and Kimmy yelped.

“You’re an asshole,” says Kimmy, glaring at him.

“Could be worse,” he said. “Could be a liar. Then you wouldn’t know what to expect, wouldn’t be able to trust me. That would suck, huh?”

Kimmy said nothing.

“Why’d you do it? Why’d you lead me on all that time? I thought we had…”

“It’s my job,” she said, interrupting.

“What, lying to people? Saying shit to make things go your way?”

“You’re a bad guy - someone’s got to stop you.”

“I gotta put food on the table, kids through college. Plus, I wanna do work I feel proud of, you know? Not just something I can do - something I like doing. And I like, you know, I like what I do.”

She thought of their time together, him explaining the intricacies and social impact of the night’s activities, all the while disguising her disgust with adoration. She'd been genuinely interested in the plans and outcomes but had gotten so sick of letting minor atrocities slide. But then the net he was weaving had to be big enough to catch him, and catch him good.

“You don’t have to do this, you know, “ she said.

“Do what?”

“You know, kill me.”

Finally, he looked at her, bewildered, then grinned, then laughed so hard she thought he’d have a heart attack. Oh, he laughed. When his laughter gave way to wheezing, he found his way to a wall. He looked winded, dizzy.

“Shit you’re funny, girl. Almost made me pass out, goddammit. Heh.” He looked at her, grin fading. She was hopeful now, or was she just confused? She didn't know.

“I wish I could just kill you,” he said. “I wish it was that simple.”