

"Excuse me? Excuse me!"

The policewoman at the desk looked up and saw the handsome young man look down on her with a huge smile. He put a box down on her desk and brushed a few black and blonde hairs from his face. She instantly froze and swallowed her hands almost started shaking in fear, "Y-yes?"

"You don't mind if I go in there do you? I was kinda in the neighborhood and thought I'd check in and see how everyone's doing."

"G-go ahead!" she replied with a stutter.

"Oh, and I wouldn't reach for that gun at your side either. Nothing upsets me so much as being shot in the back," he smiled at her and picked up his box before heading further in to the precinct.

As Wren entered the large office space, filled with police officers, they all stopped and stared at him.

"I'm not here to kill you. Look! ...I brought you donuts," he said with a smile as he held up the box he was carrying.

A second later at least two dozen gun-barrels were pointed in his direction. Wren just sighed and put the box of donuts down on the nearby table, "I said I'm not here to kill you. However, if even one shot is fired at me I'm rather inclined to change my mind," he said with an angry growl.

"Put your guns down!" a voice was heard from the far back.

As the guns were slowly lowered, a middle aged man made his way towards Wren holding up his hands to show he was unarmed.

"Who are you?" Wren asked.

"I'm detective Mars Zalwel. I'm probably the one you want to talk to. I'm the one in charge of investigating your... activities."

Wren smiled, "That's great! Can I see what you have so far?"

"Uh, of course. This way please..."

"And take your hands down, you look ridiculous."

Wren followed the detective to his office where he had a digital wall that were littered with notes, as well as a somewhat blurred picture of Wren's face.

"What the hell is that?!" Wren pointed at the picture of himself.

"Uh, you?"

"Seriously? With all the high tech-cameras that litters every street corner this is the best you could do?" he sighed and took out his phone.

Wren held the phone up with a huge smile on his lips and snapped a photo of himself before handing his phone over to Detective Zalwel, "Use that instead."

“R-right...”

While the detective was transferring his newly taken photo, Wren took a closer look at the wall of notes.

“These... they’re wrong. I didn’t kill those people,” he said while pointing at three notes on the wall, “Someone else did that.”

Detective Zalwel chuckled a little, “Really?”

“Yes!” Wren glared at him, “I didn’t do them.”

“O-ok, I’ll remove them,” he pushed a few buttons on a control panel on his desk and the notes disappeared.

“Look, I don’t mind you looking in to these cases on your spare time or whatever, but you’re not gonna catch me. You must have figured that out by now.”

“Uh...”

“How many did I kill last Monday?”

“Military or Police?”

“Both.”

“Uh, I think it was fifty officers and one-hundred and four soldiers?”

“Yeah, so you better lay off. For the sake of your colleagues you will leave my cases alone. I will continue to kill them if they get in my way, understand.”

“Uh, I-“

“I don’t enjoy killing your people off. I know you’re just trying to make a living but so am I, and I’m stronger than you so you’ll always be squished under my boot,” Wren shrugged, “Also, can I have my phone back now?”

“Uh, yes! Of course!” he handed back the phone to the young man.

“Look, I came here to make things easier for you. So is there anything you need to know that will help you sort out what cases are mine and not?”

“Uh, how old are you...?”

“Sixteen, soon seventeen. Do you need my prints or DNA?”

“Uh, yes it would help a lot,” Detective Zalwel took out what seemed to be a flat monitor from his desk.

Wren put his hand on it and the monitor lit up, taking a scan of his palm. The detective nodded and pulled out a pen-knife from his pocket, “... DNA?”

“Go ahead,” Wren smiled, “So, do you guys have a donation fund or something for families of deceased cops?”

“Uh, yes we do in fact,” he replied as he made a small cut in Wren’s thumb, letting his blood drip down on a piece of paper.

“Oh, good to know. You seem like a pretty decent guy, I’ll bring you more donuts next time,” Wren said as he pulled away from the detective.

“Uh, next time?”

“Yes, of course. I’ll be dropping in now and then. To make sure you do your job!” he said with a wink before heading for the door.