

Murder

“It was Tradock!” stated Seer Mauro Wynter very matter of factly as he met with Assigned Investigator Yi. The two had only just met, but Wynter had spend much time pouring over the dossiers of the potential suspects. It was obvious to him, at the very damn least, that the killer was Tradock, the young Sephi assistant to Lady Eliza. The fact that he was so young was a key factor, as Sephi lived so long and entered adulthood at such a later stage of development. Wynter had known many Sephi who were several hundreds of years old and were in the prime of their life.

“My friend, this is not a professional assessment, what do you base this on we have yet to speak to these potential culprits, let alone investigate or interrorgate them? Indeed, how can you pin this on the young Tradock already? It is highly unseeming for someone of your stature to make such a statement is that not true?”

The two paced around the Hotel Lock and Key. It was well known the high end hotel was a famous bordello for the rich and famous of Sephi society. While it kept its thin veneer of luster and opulence it was not the place that the good society and the political elite deemed to be seen publically.

“In fact, my friend, good Assigned Investigator Yi, it is clear to me what was happening here. The Lady was entertaining her young lover. The fact that the Sephi was so young lets me know many many good things about him and his motives. Fact, he was impulsive and low born according to the Sephi rigid hierarchy. You know this better than I do you not?”

The two sat down at a well appointed table at the luxury bar off from the main concierge desk. They poured over their case notes and compared details. “In fact, the meaning of their brief liaison lets me know all I need...call it informed intuition. Lady Eliza was far too above Tradock’s station. She would never be seen with him outside of the Hotel Lock and Key. What else could it be? A jealous lover’s quarrel and the shame of being used by a wealthy and powerful older woman. Do the Sephi not have warm blood beneath their veneer of prestige and pride and stoicism? Do not be so dense my friend.”

Assigned Investigator Yi looked at Mauro incredulously. “I find your leaps of judgement to be alarming. What exactly can we do then, to either find fact or seek a confession?” The Sephi asked as he cast a glance at his new partner in this investigation.

“Oh, let us talk to the young Tradock. I bet you he is dying to tell his side of the story. Let us press him on their relationship. Let us make fun of his youth and low stature and imply the Lady would never love him. Poke holes in his pride, and we can get his confession. Come, let us talk to the scoundrel.”