

On The Run 117

Chapter 117

Marco looks over to the interrogation room, shakes his head, and then walks over in its direction of it.

“What part of having the log books ready didn’t you bloody understand?” Marco shouts as soon as he steps inside the room.

Officer Flint attempts to stammer for an answer, but since none comes, he rushes out of the room.

“Trent! The logbook!” Officer Flint snaps in the distance. I peer out the door to watch the man on the phone at his desk lift his head.

The man furrows his brows and blows out a heavy breath. “On your desk!” He retorts, sounding just as annoyed as the Officer looks.

“I just came out of there!” Officer Flint snaps.

“It’s on your desk!” The man shakes his head, returning to his phone call.

“Why are you even in here?” Marco says, shoving past Officer Flint and walking toward his office door.

I follow on his heels as Marco stops in front of a door and tries to open it. However, it’s locked, so Officer Flint rushes over with his keys jingling in his hands. He fumbles with the stack of keys, and Marco snarls, grabbing the handle and ripping it off.

The door opens, and Marco hands the broken door handle to Officer Flint, who looks at it in disbelief. His mouth is open, gaping like a fish. A little more, and we’ll see that jaw hit the darn floor.

desk covered in crap, cups, food wrappers, and documents. Marco snarls and starts rummaging

about to open it on the desk, but then he glares at the Officer beside him. “How do you work in this filth?”

Marco so openly disapproves of. However, he doesn’t get to reach the

behind the desk. His eyes focus on the folder as he slowly opens it. I move to the seat across from him and sit down.

through them before he opens up the

does as he is told to and logs into his laptop. As soon as he does, Marco slaps his hands away. He turns the

are you looking for?” I ask him, leaning forward a little to ensure I

I glance at the page to see Osiris’ name scrawled on the line next to his signature when Khan presses forward. I stare at the signature and the handwriting, something nagging at me when Khan

handwriting,” Khan

gaze focuses on the signature on the page, and I frown. It’s vastly different. Perhaps someone who hasn’t seen his signature wouldn’t notice the difference, but I see it

desk to show my discovery to Marco. His eyes set on me, so I point to the signature and name. Marco looks at it and then gives me a questioning look. "That's not Osiris' handwriting," I tell him, and sure?" He asks.

I scan through the files to pull on the one Osiris signed and filled out last week at the council meeting. I hung up on me. I saw him myself and watched him sign in," Officer Flint says, crossing his arms in front of his chest as if it's me he has to tilts his head as