

Interview recorded in Paxton Police Department's interrogation room 102

Having just been released from Texas State Prison, Theodore "Butcher" Holmes had granted Reporter Rosaline Wilcox an interview at the local jail. He entered the interrogation room in his tight torn faded blue jeans and black tee that he'd gone into prison with. He hadn't even bothered to stop home to visit his father and brother before giving the reporter her moment to shine. As he stepped into the room, the cameras caught his panic and delight when he admired the prim Ms. Wilcox.

Rosie: Thank you for taking the time to speak with me, Mr. Holmes.

Butcher: Please call me Theo.

Rosie: Mr. Holmes, it's rumored that your nickname is Butcher.

A chuckle rumbled from his chest as he scoffed.

Butcher: Beautiful, I told you it's Theo. Mr. Holmes is my father. Besides, it's not a rumor. Now, what is it you really want to know? Why are we wasting time talking when your pulse is saying you want so much more?

*Rosie: Eww. Mr. Holmes, you are mis...staken. **She swallowed hard.** I'm just here to get an interview on your business affairs and the reason you were in prison, which seems to be sealed.*

*Butcher: **He waved his hand at her phone that sat next to her notepad and pen.** Couldn't that handy device in your hand or maybe the computers in your home or office provide that data?*

Rosie: There seems to be some missing information on your records.

*Butcher: **And you thought you could come directly to the source in your tight, black pencil skirt, equally tight red top, like you're tempting a raging bull. Her eyes refused to remain focused on his face for more than a fraction of a second. She tapped her pen on the pad and then dropped it down.***

*Rosie: **Yes...I mean no. I came to get the information, but my outfit is my standard clothes. Just because you have a wicked mind is not my fault. Her voice grew so loud that she looked around the windowless room, hoping no one heard her. Although there was a camera, and there was probably someone observing this interaction with amusement, the room was nearly soundproof.***

*Butcher: **A devilish smirk crossed his face. His gaze lingering too long on her hands and then moving upward to her chest that heaved involuntarily from his unwavering attention. Yet you couldn't do it at any of my places of business? You picked a place with cameras. Maybe I'd***

believe you a bit if you weren't one button away from giving everyone here at the station a show. Are you an exhibitionist?

Rosie: *You're a pig. Maybe that's why you were arrested, lewd and indecent behavior.*

This time there was no chuckle from his throat. Instead, the playfully flirtatious biker had momentarily lost patience with his attractive foe.

Butcher: *You don't know how to tell the difference between a pig and a human, Ms. Wilcox, seeing how you live with one. So do ask your important questions because I'm a busy man and you're wasting my time.*

Rosie: *Is it true you were in prison for murder?*

Butcher: *Do people go to prison for murder for only two months? Are you a real reporter?*

Rosie: *I'm the one asking the questions. She sat up straight and glared at Butcher, adjusting her note pad. I'll ask you another question. What were you in prison for?*

Butcher: *Keep guessing. So far you're 0-for-2. He shook his head and mimicked the score with his fingers.*

She fumbled through her notes, looking at the questions as if they suddenly disappeared.

Butcher: *Do you need help? He reached out to snag the pad, but she pulled it away before he got a hold of it. She flipped the page and then turned her attention back to him with her hand flatly on the pad to keep his eyes off her paper like he was going to snoop.*

Rosie: *Rumor has it that you were in jail for drug possession.*

Butcher: *All you do is run on rumors, pretty girl.*

Rosie: *First I'm beautiful then I'm a pretty girl. Have my looks lowered in your estimation because of my questions?*

Butcher: *He gave her a smug smile. Not at all, gorgeous. Pretty, beautiful, they're all synonymous with each other.*

Rosie: *Like all your other women. Her tone came out harsher than necessary. She clamped her lips closed, visibly glaring at her practically*

Butcher: *You sound jealous. He cocked his brow and sat back, enjoying the way she shifted uncomfortably from straight and messing with her long curly reddish-brown hair.*

Rosie: *Not even close, Mr. Holmes.*

Butcher: *Well, that particular rumor is definitely not true, my little Nosy Rosie.*

Her body stiffened, shoulders taut before she let out a huff as she gathered her bag from the back of the metal chair.

Rosie: *This interview is over.* She stood up and stuffed her belongings violently into the bag, sending the pen onto the floor without noticing it.

Butcher: *Did I hit a sore spot? I could massage it for you.* He rubbed his fingers together.

Rosie: *I wouldn't let you touch me — ever.*

Butcher: *We'll see about that.* He scooped it up and pocketed his first little bit of Rosie Wilcox. **This little game would be fun, he whispered as she walked out of the interrogation room.**