

From What I Have Gathered

By: HatedLove6

Due to her parents being away too often, Light's cousin ends up staying with them, but she's smarter than her appearance and attitude lets on. She's investigating Kira, and when L starts to suspect that she's suspecting Light, he decides to meet her in person. Does mild interest turn into a possibility of love? Requested LxOC yumihoshigaki90's friend from Quizilla

Status: ongoing

Published: 2009-11-08

Updated: 2011-05-26

Words: 26252

Chapters: 8

Rated: Fiction T - Language: English - Genre: Romance - Characters: L -
Reviews: 34 - Favs: 38 - Follows: 43

Original source: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/5498259/1/From-What-I-Have-Gathered>

Exported with the assistance of FicHub.net

From What I Have Gathered

[Introduction](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Part 1](#)

[Part 2](#)

Chapter 1

Hilo everyone! My first Death Note story. Before I begin, I just wanted to let you all know that yumihoshigaki90 created Charlotte and the basic plot line (the date), after that point, I write it from my own imagination... I guess. It's kind of hard to explain. Hope you like it. Please review.

"I don't care what people think. People are stupid." -- Charles Barkley

L's P. O. V.

The chief was, needlessly to say, furious when I ordered his home to be tapped, but he made the ideal sacrifice for the sake of capturing Kira. He is a great chief and a great husband and father, but I knew right off the bat that he didn't know his son as well as he thought. Raito Yagami, my prime suspect, even though it was only a less than five percent chance and mostly a gut feeling. While Raito was reading an explicit magazine, Someone came to the door with a key. I waited for Chief Yagami to say something expectantly.

Raye Penbar had reported of a young girl staying at the Yagami's, but it didn't occur to me to pay much attention to her at the time. She was a girl with a clean record, although she ditched a few classes and sometimes the entire day, and a solid 2.0 GPA (all C's). Her parents were both military so she moved around a lot and her parents weren't home most days and sometimes weeks at a time. With parents who were gone almost all the time was bound to take a toll, so the parents decided to let her live with her uncle, Chief Yagami.

"Oh, Charlotte's home," Chief Yagami said.

The young woman of about seventeen went inside the house and went directly into the room she was staying in, which was Sayu's. She placed her backpack on the bed and reached inside for her purple spiral bound notebook a black pen, and white-out tape. She piled the pillows against the head board and lied back and began writing. Unfortunately, we couldn't get a clear enough angle to actually see what was being written. She adjusted her thick black framed glasses on the bridge of her nose every few minutes and constantly reread what she wrote to edit it.

"Tell me more about Charlotte," I said, not taking my eyes off of the monitors. "What kind of person she is. Any likes or dislikes? Hobbies."

"Why? Is she a suspect?" Chief Yagami asked. His voice raised a bit at the second question.

"That's highly unlikely. If she was Kira it would be only less than a percent chance. So I'm not too concerned with her, but I am still a little curious."

He softened up a little bit and sighed. He looked back at the screen. "I don't know. The last time I saw her was when she was twelve and she hardly said a word. I don't know what she likes or doesn't like and I don't know what she's interested in." He thought for a few more seconds before he finally came up with something. "Oh, wait, my brother said something about being accepted into a specialized school. What was it? I think it was a school specialized in writing articles or books or something."

"East Crest Writing Club?" I asked with a raised brow.

He looked at me with amazement in his old eyes. "Yes! How did you know?"

"Because there's a big three inch ring binder that says 'East Crest Writing Club: Course Manual.' on the computer desk." Chief Yagami sagged in his seat a little. Probably mildly embarrassed for his lack

of observation. It truly wouldn't take a genius to figure that one out. "How long ago was she accepted?"

"Over three years ago, I think," Chief Yagami said, raising his hand up to his chin. "Yes, I'm almost positive it was over three years ago. My brother gloated about it over the phone."

I chuckled a bit. Sibling rivalry, no doubt. I had Watari look up the information on the program as soon as the school was named. The printer rolled out several pages that I quickly scanned through. "She must have completed the program then, because the maximum length of it is only two years. Even though it's a go at your own pace kind of school. Wow, it gives out five college credits and even recommends the student to a suitable job that most suits the student's writing style. All for only a little more than \$900 all together. That's a good deal."

I didn't particularly care about the school though. She looked very familiar, but I couldn't place her face anywhere. I know I saw her somewhere a long time ago. It was annoying and only slightly frustrating, but it wasn't important at this time so I left it alone. Didn't mean I couldn't observe her more from the monitors; it was my job after all and I could focus on many monitors at once.

The girl on the said monitor paused in her efforts and sighed. She probably ran out of ideas to write. After a few taps of her pen she closed it and put it off to the side. She reached over and grabbed her grey laptop case with bright neon yellow sakura-like flowers scattered around and got out her laptop. According to the reports there was only searching through the internet, emails, and documents of her stories and other kinds of random teenage girl stuff.

"Tricked by the cover again," Raito said, putting the dirty magazine back in its hiding place.

Apparently the walls were thin enough to where Charlotte could hear. "Ugh. Pervert," she mumbled, rolling her brown eyes from behind her

thick black framed glasses. She opened up her laptop, typed in her password, which only I and whoever put in the cameras and searched the room know, and browsed through the internet. From what I could recognize it was sites about Kira. She merely read through it, site after site, article after article, news report after news report.

"Has she ever given any sort of opinion to Kira?" I asked.

Chief Yagami knew where I was getting at as soon as he took his eyes off of his son and on to his niece. "No. She hardly speaks at all, let alone talk about Kira. You don't think that she agrees with what Kira's doing, do you?" The chief seemed a little uncertain.

"Either she doesn't agree and is just going on with her daily life or she does agree, but is keeping quiet about it because she knows you're working on this case. At this point, we can't be sure, but it doesn't matter, because we both agree that she is not Kira."

"Ryuuzaki, what makes you so sure that it's more likely my son than Charlotte?"

"Are you saying that you are hoping that Charlotte is Kira?"

"No, of course not. It's just that I don't understand why Charlotte isn't more of a suspect than Raito. It seems like she's hiding something all the time. She seems more suspicious to me," he said. He was being brutally honest, hoping he could save his son.

"Because, Kira likes showing who's boss; he has self-assurance. Where Raito is outspoken, she is definitely not. Raito is confident both at home and at school to where he has this ray of light that shines down on him that says 'I will be successful.' Charlotte, just doesn't seem to want that attention. Understand?"

After a few seconds of hesitation, he said, "Yes. You're right. I know she can be smart, but she doesn't apply herself like she should. She's definitely not like Kira."

"Exactly."

Charlotte's P. O. V.

These sites are just Kira groupies, I thought as I scanned article after article starring Kira. They have no real information about Kira. They just state that he's right for killing the criminals. Gosh, are these people complete idiots? I know the system today is pretty fucked up, but come on. He's just some stupid and childish person who's playing God.

I took a deep breath and ran a hand through my curly brown hair to calm my hand got caught in a few tangles so I tugged at it painfully until it was freed.

Kira is probably just some guy who adores attention. He believes he's a great person because he can kill people without solid evidence against him, so he's mass murdering hundreds of criminals so he can gain the attention he thinks he deserves. Consequently, because of the killings, people are starting to believe that he actually is God; Kira is probably believing this as well. But, he absolutely hates losing, hence the Lind. L. Taylor incident. That in itself proves that he has some sort of supernatural powers and that he wants to show the people not to mess with him. I can safely bet that he was pissed when he found out that L didn't give himself up and that he found out what area in the world Kira was hiding.

The police obviously don't trust L because his face and name are a mystery and that's partly understandable, but he wants to capture Kira. That's all that should matter. As for L being Kira, that is not true. Schizophrenia my ass! Tyler worked with L and often wrote about his genius in his books and emails to me. That's just how L works, but he's being bold in this case. I heard that Uncle Souichiro is actually working with him face-to-face. That's something that has never happened before.

"I'm home!" Sayu yelled from the door.

" Oh great. She's home," I mumbled sarcastically. "Time to go." I cleared the history and I shut down my laptop, put it back in its case and tucked it under the bed. Right when she entered the room I grabbed my backpack and the journal and headed towards the exit.

"Why do you always leave when I come home?" She asked with a huff. She was annoyed.

"Because," I said. I quickly went out of the house before she asked anything more. I definitely didn't want to elaborate what I meant, and she would probably forget about it by the time dinner came around. Or when Ryuga Hideki came on television. Girly infatuations; yuck.

I just wandered around the city, looking in on bookstores, and visiting a café. I was thinking about the call I received from one of my best friends after I came to Japan. Sumi wanted to discuss something important with me; why me, I didn't really know. Unfortunately she died a few hours before I was able to arrive to our favorite meeting place. A heart attack at the age of twenty-one. I concluded that it was Kira who had done it.

She must have seen something she shouldn't have. She was probably afraid of sending what she knew to her editor or the police. Maybe I could have kept that information safe or maybe I could have given it to my uncle. I don't know what she wanted to tell me or what she wanted me to do, but it was obvious that it was very important. I had a plan but I had to wait.

L's P. O. V.

The family was so painfully normal. I was starting to wonder what Charlotte was doing right before she came home. She dropped off her shoes at the front and went to her room without a single word. She put down her backpack at the side of her bed and lied down with her feet still firmly planted on the floor. She reached up above her head, and arched her back. There was a row of pops that came from

her spine. She moaned and sighed afterwards; it must have felt good. Then she sat up and cracked her neck.

She went to wash her hands for dinner and went down stairs just in time to hear the mother say, "Sayu, can you go get Charlotte." She was setting up the table and putting the food on the ceramic plates.

"She's not here. She left hours ago," she said in an almost whiney tone.

Charlotte had a small devious look on her face. She pushed up her glasses with a little smirk playing on her thin lips. She crouched down behind Sayu and jabbed her pointer fingers on both of Sayu's sides.

Sayu screamed in fright and waved her arm violently behind her. If Charlotte hadn't have ducked then she would have gotten smacked. With the amount of force behind that smack, Sayu tripped and fell on her behind. "I thought you left!" She yelled.

Charlotte stood up with a serious face. "I came back," she said casually, as if she wasn't the one who just played a trick on her little cousin. "So what? Am I not welcome?"

"Well, it's not as if you're here at all during the day time."

"Neither are you. It's called 'school.'"

Sayu was obviously getting annoyed. She growled and narrowed her eyes at Charlotte.

Raito came down from a few hours of studying to find his cousin and little sister standing in the middle of the living room having a staring contest. "Cut it out Charlotte. You're so immature."

"Says the guy that only studies and looks at porn," Charlotte mumbled a tiny bit too loudly. Luckily only Raito, and not Sayu, had heard.

Raito merely gave her a quick glare and they all headed to the kitchen for dinner. Ryuga Hideki was on the television set because Sayu had wanted to watch it. There were comments between Raito and Sayu about it.

"Hey, Charlotte? Who's your idol?"

She blinked a few times before looking at Sayu right next to her. She looked up and hummed lowly, thinking of an answer. She itched the side of her head and looked back at her food. "Don't know. Don't care," she said, taking a bite of her food.

"Oh, come on. There has to be *someone* you admire."

There was another hum. "My mentor then," she said. I had the feeling she was only saying those things just for the sake of answering the questions and to keep Sayu quiet.

"Your mentor? I didn't realize you had a mentor. Is it because you don't do your homework?"

"No. I already graduated from the class. Please let me eat in peace. There's already too much noise by the name of Ryuga Hideki."

Sayu's eyes widened greatly. She was mad that her idol was made fun of.

"That's enough Charlotte," the mother said.

"Sorry," she mumbled. It wasn't at all sincere.

I decided now was a good time as any to put up the fake broadcast. Raito figured out the bluff almost immediately.

Charlotte then added on with a question. "Then is it L making up the bluff? The police definitely wouldn't use this tactic; it seems useless. If they don't know what they're looking for then they wouldn't find it, even if they looked in the right spot over and over again. So L's

trying to draw Kira out or look for any signs of activity that may give him away, right?"

She was good.

Raito and Sayu stared at her, but I noted that Raito looked more shocked than amazed like Sayu. I looked at the Chief and he looked a little stunned as well. From what I gathered so far, Charlotte probably was a lot smarter than what she lead on to be. "Wow," I said. "She's very intuitive, huh?"

"Yeah, I guess so." Yeah, he was stunned. "I didn't think that..." He let the sentence trail off.

After finding the staring uncomfortable, she excused herself and went to the bathroom to wash her hands and brush her teeth. She went to her room and took out a blue spiral bound notebook and started writing again. I could tell that she was thinking about a lot of stuff other than what she was writing. She was probably thinking about the broadcast. If she quickly came up with me sending out that fake broadcast then she can probably guess at a lot of other things about the Kira case.

Maybe she's not leading them on on purpose, I thought. Maybe, because of lack of a serious response from her(it's obvious that she prefers to keep her thoughts to herself), they are actually the ones that think that she doesn't really know what's going on. No, not 'know,' but that she just doesn't care to know. So, in thinking that, Charlotte is merely a shadow in this family. It's very obvious that she's highly underestimated.

After dinner was finished the mother did the dishes, Raito got a bag of chips as a study snack, and Sayu went to her room to do her homework. She often commented to Charlotte about her C's because she didn't do her homework. She compared her to Raito indirectly. Charlotte reached for her laptop, went to an website, plugged in her headphones and played her custom online play-list at full volume. I couldn't tell if she was annoyed at Sayu for silently

comparing her to Raito, or telling her that she could do better and be successful if she just applied herself more. Either way, it was definitely something even I (if I was her) wouldn't want to listen to.

Soon enough, at about 11:30 pm, everyone went to sleep. Well, at least I thought so. At about two in the morning (Raito was asleep by then) Charlotte got up and changed into an AFI T-shirt and jeans and reached in to her backpack for her cell phone. She grabbed a pair of black sneakers from the back corner of her closet and went to her window. She slowly opened it and stepped out onto the roof. She sat on the sill and put on her shoes and when she got them on, she closed the window and carefully climbed down one of the pillars. She hopped off and onto the grass, landing on her feet and then falling on her side.

She reached for her phone and called someone, unfortunately we could only hear half of the conversation because we couldn't bug her phone. "Hi, this is Charlotte Yagami," she said in a low whisper. "I'm a good friend of Sumi's and I was wondering if she had anything to give to me. She died the day I was supposed to meet her a few weeks ago, and it seemed very important." She slowly walked around the perimeter of the house, heading to the front gate.

I looked at Chief Yagami. His mouth was agape. I guessed that he could hardly believe that his 'quiet innocent and naïve little niece' was sneaking out in the middle of the night. No less looking for something from her dead friends. It was a little confusing, even for me. *What could be so important as to sneak out in the middle of the night?* I thought.

"Really? You have her notes? Do you know what they are about or if she was going to write an article about it?"

Article? I remembered that she attended a writing school. Could her friend be a journalist? It certainly is possible that she was referred to someone in the journalist field when she finished the writing school. I had Watari look up a "Sumi" in the casualties list and I was immediately graced with a result. I thanked Watari.

Her name was Sumi Hagetaka. She died only a few days after Raye Penbar was murdered and by heart attack at the young age of twenty-one. She's a journalist for a popular magazine article that depicts the latest news. Lately, of course, has been Kira and apparently, she was the best at writing about Kira. She even said that she was doing her own investigative work. I had Watari print out some of her latest articles. I quickly scanned through them. They were mainly opinionated statements about Kira being wrong in killing criminals. She had valid points, and some great observations on Kira's profile, even made points about the showed evidence. My guess was that she followed too closely on a lead and ended up paying for it by Kira, but not before letting someone (Charlotte) know that she had something.

I looked at the photo of her. I recognized her as the witness at the train station of where Raye was murdered. Kira must have seen her... And she must have seen him. He must have not known her name at the time so it gave Sumi a few days head start. Whoever Kira was must have seen the article and learned her name, since her picture was in the magazine. Why Sumi didn't tell the police is what I didn't know. I looked at Chief Yagami and then back at the screen. *Of course, if Raito is Kira, then that is a good of any reason to keep it quiet until substantial proof is found.*

"What does it say Ryuuzaki?" Chief Yagami asked. I gave him the papers for him to read for himself.

"This niece of yours has some friends in high places. According to Sumi's articles, your niece most likely isn't on Kira's side. So you shouldn't worry too much about her. However I will need to talk to her alone very soon. There might be a chance that Charlotte has more information on Kira that can help us. Understood?"

"Yes."

After three hours and fifty two minutes, Charlotte returned to the house and snuck in the same way she went out. She had a manila folder stuffed with papers of information in her arm. She looked

almost distraught, but she was keeping calm about it. When she closed the window and put away her shoes, she stuffed the folder in her backpack and, in turn, took out another spiral bound notebook, but it was green. She went to the desk and turned on a lamp and began writing. It must have been her way of relieving tension and stress. After a while of writing, she quietly said, "I should have known."

After that, the family acted relatively normal. I kept a close eye on Charlotte, but even she went back to normal; it was possibly an act. She didn't take out the manila folder out of her backpack at home, but there could be a possibility that it was in her school locker. If it was, she must have thought that it was safer there than at home to where there were prying eyes. She never snuck out again. It was a good thing that we installed the cameras when we did then, or we would have missed it. The cameras were uninstalled after five days, but we still had audio monitoring systems just in case. I didn't hear anything suspicious from Raito, and hardly anything at all from Charlotte.

I figured out a way to talk to Charlotte alone though, so my plan would be into action as soon as a few conditions were met. First, I had to meet Raito face-to-face.

Hilo again! Please, let me know what you think. Review. Please.

"The thing women need to learn is that nobody gives you power. You just take it." -- Roseanne Barr

Chapter 2

Hilo everyone! I had this chapter already ready, unfortunately this is all I have for now. Hope you like it and the mini mythology lesson; don't worry, it isn't boring.

"I shall have more to say when I am dead."

Charlotte's P. O. V.

For the past two months, I had been studying Sumi's folder at school. I couldn't even risk opening or keeping it at home. I couldn't risk letting *him* see it. Kira. I now knew who he was. Sumi had written down everything that had happened.

I went to the subway to see if anyone had any information from the street's perspective. Suddenly, a person just collapsed right when he got off the train -- I know now that it was Raye Penbar, an FBI agent who had been attending the monitoring of a couple families (I hadn't found out which though). It had to be Kira. I looked inside the train just in time before the doors closed shut. I am absolutely positive that it was Raito Yagami, the Chief of Police's son. I am also positive that he had seen me, so I ran. I'm documenting this now because I know I don't have substantial proof, and so I couldn't make any accusations to the police especially when it involves the chief's family. I will die soon, but I will do my best to record any and all information that I could gather in this one folder.

It all fit. My cousin was certainly smart enough to do all of this without being caught. Plus, he is very cocky and super confident in himself and that's not just me being biased and that I truly disliked him altogether. I did all of my deep thinking at school and when I was alone in my room. I had to think up of a plan to bring Raito to prison. I would search his room, but I didn't think that leaving the door

handle at a slight angle and a piece of paper was the only door trap he had, so I couldn't risk it.

I had so desperately wanted to email Tyler, but according to Sumi's information on the FBI who were spying on certain families and the lack of messages from him, I knew he was dead. He was another of the FBI agents that were killed by Kira. He was in the BAU (Behavioral Analyst Unit), which meant that he profiles criminals or suspects. He studies behavior of the crime scenes and then either figures out the criminal's next move or narrows down a list of suspects who fit the profile. In fact, he's written a few books, so through that I was able to him in person. We've kept in touch ever since. Until now.

My two best friends were dead. My two only friends were gone forever. Killed by one person who has killed close to a thousand criminals. Killed by my cousin whom I had been living with without any suspicion whatsoever. The only good thing that could possibly come out of this, is if I met who Tyler was working for and showed him Sumi's last testimony. I had a suspicion that Tyler was working for L, but he never explained much about his cases, since they were classified information, but that was okay. I didn't mind it too much. Until then, I had to act perfectly normal and not let Raito know that I knew what he really was, just until I had a plan.

L's P. O. V.

I had done what I had thought I would never do in any case. I revealed my face to my number one suspect. I told Raito that I was L in the ceremony a month and a half ago and I am positive that he's hiding something. However, that was not the reason why I was in front of the Yagami's door at seven in the evening. I knocked crisply at the door, waiting for someone to answer the door, also preparing my simple explanation if Chief Yagami happened to answer the door, but it wasn't him.

Charlotte answered the door about a foot and a half wide and looked at me in an expression I had never seen on her face. "Um, sorry. We don't welcome solicitors, or homeless people," she mumbled the last half of the second sentence. She had her curly hair in a ponytail that was bound at the nape of her neck, her thick framed glasses sat at a slight angle off to the left and her brown eyes behind them were narrowed only slightly; she was being cautious around me, which was smart. She wore a Cradle of Filth T-shirt; there was a woman sitting in a bathtub filled with blood, looking up at me (I had heard of them, but I did not like their music). She also wore tight-fitting dark blue jeans that pooled around her ankles and wore thin grey socks.

Raito came right behind her to see who the visitor was. "Huh? Ryuga? What are you doing here?" He asked.

"You forgot your cell phone," I said. I held up his cell phone by the extended antenna within my fingertips. Actually, that was a lie.

Raito checked his pockets, to make sure that he was indeed missing his phone. I took it out of his jacket pocket when we were walking; he didn't even notice. It was just so I had an excuse to come to his house in person. "Thanks," he said. "Why don't you come in for a bit?" It was a fake act of politeness. Another feeble attempt to get me off of his trail of unjustifiable deaths. It wasn't going to work, but he wasn't the reason I wanted to come.

Charlotte was looking at me with an analytical expression. I could tell, because her eyebrows were pressed closer together in the middle of her forehead, and her eyes were even more narrow. She looked at me up and down almost inconspicuously; only I noticed. I slugged off the sneakers that I almost never wore, except when I had to walk in public and stepped in. The house looked as if it should be in a furnishing magazine. It was way too perfect and clean for my liking.

Sayu came down stairs, and immediately saw me. "Uh, who are you? Charlotte, why did you let in a complete stranger?"

Charlotte rolled her eyes and didn't say anything. She stared at Raito, obviously wanting him to explain.

"This is my classmate, Hideki Ryuga," he said.

Sayu looked shocked since I had the same name as her favorite idol.

Charlotte, however, looked confused and apprehensive. Her head slightly tilted to the side, as she was trying to come up with some sort of answer. She gave up after a second and shook her head.

The mother then came into the living room and saw me. "Oh, so you're Raito's new friend. Would you like something to eat? It's a bit late after all and you came all the way here." She smiled kindly at me.

"No, but thanks for the offer. I actually came for something else."

"What's that?"

"Charlotte, would you go on a date with me?" I asked bluntly.

Charlotte's glasses slipped half way down the bridge of her nose, revealing her widened eyes. Her jaw slackened from its tight lock just so her lips parted a little. Her cheeks darkened with a slight blush and her arms that were crossed just under her small chest relaxed. She didn't speak at all which was expected since she never spoke much in the first place and I guess that it would be shocking.

Sayu started laughing, saying, "I bet she's never been on a date before in her life!"

Raito was surprised too. "W-why would you want to go on a date with Charlotte?" He asked. His tone seemed like he was saying that Charlotte was completely unattractive, which wasn't completely true. She didn't wear attractive clothing, or wear make-up or put her hair into something other than a ponytail. Even her glasses could have

been more stylish, or even have gotten contacts, but that didn't really matter to me.

Maybe I asked a bit too bluntly, I thought. I looked at Charlotte again. "So? Do you want to go on a date with me?"

She snapped out of it immediately the second time I asked. "Hell no!" She said loudly, but not loud enough for her aunt to hear. She was in the kitchen washing the dishes. "You don't even know me and you want to go on a date with me? That's just stupid. What makes you think that I would go on a date with a complete stranger?"

I looked up a bit and placed the tip of my thumb under my upper lip. I hummed a low sound, thinking of a good enough explanation that would suit her and the other spectators. "Well, I want to get to know you. I can tell there's a lot more to you than meets the eye." That was true, but I also wanted to know what was in that folder and if she knew anyone else. If she knew a well-known reporter, she had to know someone else. I looked at her, hoping that would be a sufficient enough answer, but her look told me that it wasn't.

She hesitated before speaking. During which, Sayu was giggling and Raito was just standing there, wondering what would happen next and possibly trying to decipher what I meant. "That doesn't explain anything. Besides, I can safely bet that Raito has never talked about me," true, "so how would you even know my name? I'm going to say that you're a stalker, so that makes it okay to do this." She pushed me out and was about to close the door in my face, but I placed one of my shoes between the door and the frame. She looked frustrated.

"Okay, I know it seems highly unusual for some random stranger to just come up to your home and ask you out on a date," I said quickly, trying to gain her attention, "but I have heard of you before. Sumi's told me a bit about you. She often gloated about you." I saw the spark of interest in her brown eyes so I continued. I took out a piece of paper and held it out. "I'll be at this location at the given time. Come if you really need to."

She looked at the paper and in a split second she made her decision. She plucked the paper out of my hand. She then shoved my chest with one hand and slammed the door with the other. After two seconds the door opened and she threw my shoes at me. She narrowed her eyes at me and said, "I wouldn't get your hopes up, Stalker," before shutting the door.

"Well that was rude," I mumbled. *She seemed interested, I thought. Hopefully she'll show. If not, I'll just catch her another time. One where there won't be a Sayu nor Raito around. That definitely was a factor towards her guard. She's always so tense around them all. Can't blame her for that though.*

Charlotte's P. O. V.

"Oh my god!" Sayu laughed. "So where are you going on your *date*?"

"I'm not going on that stupid date," I said. "I only took it so he would leave me alone."

"He could still come back, you know," Raito said.

I rolled my eyes and headed up to my room with Sayu following me. She wanted the paper in my hand, but I was too tall for her and I had my other hand on her shoulder, her head, or, if I was desperate, I poked her chest so she would cringe-- it was a long way up the stairs. I wanted to rip up the paper into tiny pieces and burn it, but my curiosity was getting the better of me. Sayu was still trying to get the paper when we got to our room so I grabbed my little flashlight and went in our closet and locked myself in. She pounded and whined at the door and after a few minutes she gave up. I waited and sure enough she came back.

"I'll read your diary," she threatened.

"Don't have one," I said, loud enough so she could hear me.

"Besides, I made copies of *your* diary entries just incase you tried anything. If you happen to find them, I scanned it into the computer and saved it on my flash drive that I keep around my neck." I didn't make any copies and I wouldn't waste any precious space on my thumb drive just for blackmailing her.

She didn't believe me at all. "Yeah right. I hid my diary. There's no way you found it."

"It's inside your blue teddy bear and if you don't believe that I even read it then here's where you're wrong. You have a huge crush on a boy named Akemi Fujiwara because he's so smart at math and he's good at poetry. You think that he's a total romantic. You also think that the beauty mark on the side of his neck is cute." I never said that I didn't read it. I waited again for a response.

There was a long pause of silence before she said that she yelled that hated me and that she was going to read my journals. She could go right on ahead and try and read them; I wasn't going to stop her. My stories were written in English so she couldn't read it. She was going to need a translator, but Aunt was busy and Uncle was catching up on a lot of missed sleep. That left Raito, but he wouldn't be interested so he'd probably refuse. Even if he did they were only fictional stories so he would quickly lose interest.

I turned on the flashlight and read the note:

Check your e-mail.

I looked at both sides of the paper to see if there was an address or even a date and time, but there wasn't anything. *If there really is an e-mail, I'm going to be really freaked out*, I thought as I got out of the closet. Sayu was still in the room, looking through my journals trying to find anything that was written in any form of Japanese. Her back was to me so it was easy taking back all of my journals. She whined and I ripped up the note in front of her into the smallest pieces I could rip and then I threw the pieces outside the window so there

wouldn't be any chance of her putting it back together. She then kept asking me what it said over and over again. I put on my headphones and listened at full volume until she *finally* gave up. I got out my laptop and waited for the internet to finish loading.

How would he know Sumi that well? I thought. His name is definitely fake, it doesn't take a genius to figure that out, so why would he need a fake name? Wait. He's Raito's friend, which would mean that he suspects that Raito is Kira. He chose Hideki Ryuga as a fake name because Sayu watches him all the time, so Raito knows his face. Raito could accidentally kill Hideki Ryuga the pop star instead of him which would make him an even more of a suspect. Why would Raito want to kill someone who looks as if he doesn't really care. He slouches, his hair is messy, he dresses even more sloppily than I do, and he has the oddest habits like putting his thumb in his upper lip. Could he be L? That has to be it! That's how he would know Sumi and that's why he would need a fake name! It has to be L! That means that I can give him Sumi's folder with hope that Raito reaps what he has sown... However, there is still a chance that it isn't him. I'm going to have to test him.

When it finished loading, I typed in my email password and there was one new message. And it was from someone I didn't know. I was starting to get really freaked out. It was from someone named "HEIMDALLR" which was really weird because I knew I had heard of that name before.

"Heimdallr?" Heim. Oh! It's from Norse mythology.

I had taken my own notes on mythology from all over the world for one of my stories. "Heim" was usually at the end of a name for a place like "Vanaheim," which was the home of the Vanir (barbarian-like gods that detest the more civil and noble gods [Aesir]). I got out a huge thick journal, different from all of my other ones and searched through it. Then I found Gullintani whom has the nickname of Heimdall and Heimdallr.

Oh, I remember now. He was the watchman on Bifrost, or the "Rainbow Bridge," that lead to Asgard, where the Aesir live. He was known as the God of Light, Security, and Surveillance. He awaits there with his horn and when he blows that horn, it's supposed to announce that the world will end. He occasionally snuck away under an alias and have his own adventures too. There was something else, like a side-story, where is it?

I looked through my journal and found it. I started to chuckle, causing Sayu to look at me weirdly. *Oh yeah! I really need to look through my journals more.* Anyway, the summary of the story is that Loki (the shape-shifting trickster god) had stolen a valuable necklace and had hid in a seal population, transforming himself into a seal. Heimdallr, who had seen what had happened transformed himself into a seal also and greeted him a 'good morning.' Giving Loki a false set of security, Heimdallr had punched him, took back the necklace and returned it to Asgard.

I then noticed the scary similarities. If this stranger really was L like I first suspected, then the "God of Security" part would definitely mean that he was working for the police. "God of Light," well it could mean that he thinks that he's dominant over Raito, since his name translates to "light." I could be wrong on that part. As for the "God of Surveillance" part I didn't have much of a clue. It could mean that he's been watching surveillance footage from any--

Oh! The subway! Sumi was there! He could have seen her from there! That stalker person... He has to be L! I am absolutely positive now!

I wasted no more time and clicked on the message.

This Saturday at

noon. Please wait for me at the

Kimiko's Café.

I couldn't meet him. It was a Saturday and Raito or Sayu could follow me. I just couldn't risk it. Plus it was so straight forward that I could not believe that L would want me to meet him there. I decided to call the shots.

No. This Thursday, 2 pm, the movie theater. If you aren't there on the dot, I'm leaving so you had better not be late. You have one chance.

It was a weekday and it was at a time where Raito had classes, so he couldn't possibly be able to follow me. He has to attend to all of his classes and keep up his studies if he want's to keep up his perfect appearance. That also reminded me of something else from the Heimdallr story. If L is referring himself as Heimdallr, the he's referring Kira (Raito) as Loki. I went back to my notes and looked more closely on Loki.

Loki (Loder, Loke, Lökkju, Lopter, and Lopti) had snuck his way into being a god by tricking a giant building a wall around Asgard and "saving" one of the goddesses. Loki loves taking advantage of goddesses despite already having three wives. His three most famous children from his second wife were: Fenrir (the giant wolf), Jormungand (the Earth encircling serpent), and Hel (the Underworld Goddess). After the death of Balder, caused indirectly by him, he was bound by one of his other son's entrails while a serpent hung above him dripping venom on him. His third wife, collected the venom in a bowl and when it was filled she had to empty it, and when she did the dripping venom caused Loki to writhe in pain. He would be freed for the Ragnarok war and lead the dead to battle. He faced Heimdallr and they killed each other in the war.

I guess they are face-to-face and their battle is beginning, I thought.

L's P. O. V.

She had replied by the time I got back to my room at H.Q. *Wow, that was fast*, I thought. I opened the message and read it's contents. A smile crept up on my face. She at least got the hint that it wasn't

going to be the meeting place. She even chose a time where Sayu and Raito were going to be in class so there wouldn't be any chance of being followed. Her forceful attitude in the message was a sign that she wasn't playing around either. The date would be tomorrow too which was better. *This girl is impressive. I definitely have to get to know her better.*

Hilo again! How did you like it? Please let me know? Review.

"I could choose to be purely good, but I will not. I could choose to be purely evil, but I will not. I will be neutral. In that way I'm free to be what suits me best, and no man can predict my actions."

Chapter 3

Hilo everyone! Thank you TheEvilMuffinToaster, Daydreams Become Reality, and Raine44354 for your reviews, I very much appreciate them. I really do like reviews so don't be scared. I don't bite physically or verbally (unless I feel very threatened). I even welcome comments if there's something you don't like about the story, but please make it clear. Hope you like this chapter.

"Odd is what they call you when you are not normal. Weird is what they call you when you pass odd. Insane is what they call you when weird isn't enough."

L's P. O. V.

Before the date, I had to make sure that I wouldn't die anytime soon, so I went to To-Oh University to speak with Raito. I had immediately noticed that Raito was with an attractive young woman, but he's been going out with a lot of attractive women lately, which had gotten me wondering why. That was, however, until a considerably younger (probably two or more years younger) girl came over to Raito when we were talking. Misa Amane was a small time model whose parents were killed by robbers and then was killed by Kira. It wouldn't have struck me as surprising if she idolized Kira or even was the second Kira. The hyper-active fan-girly attitude matched the tone on the tapes. She seemed confused when she learned of my name, Ryuga Hideki, but that wouldn't be too surprising since it was named after the pop star.

I made up a reason for being a fan, just so Raito wouldn't suspect my intentions, and during the little chat, a lot of the young women from the university took notice of the model and gathered around. When she turned around I saw the dangling phone chain and I had a last minute idea. I quickly took the phone and hid it behind my back until it was safe to put it in my front pocket. I almost got caught in the

act when Misa turned around claiming that someone touched her butt, but I covered it by saying that I would apprehend the pervert (yeah right). Her manager then took her away, and I decided to start heading for the date since it was almost 1:30, plus I wanted to see how long it would take for Raito to call Misa; which wasn't long at all.

I wasn't even out of his sight when he called the cell that I had in my pocket. It vibrated and played some pop love song that blared through the air; it was typical for a girl like her. I flipped open the phone and held it from the top next to my ear. It was indeed Raito and he didn't sound too happy, not one bit. I said that I found it in the midst of the chaos and said that I would return the phone. When I hung up, my real phone started ringing so I immediately picked it up. Misa Amane was being held in custody for environmental evidence of being the second Kira. When I told Raito face-to-face, he did seem shocked, but it seemed rather mild which was strange since she was his girlfriend; however it made sense. Raito, if he really is the first Kira (which I didn't doubt one bit), probably really did meet the second Kira, Misa Amane, and since she claims that she's Raito's girlfriend, he probably tried to cover it up by having other girls around his arm, so to speak.

I left Raito there and went to the car. I gave Watari Misa's cell and told him of my further suspicions and how to deal with our captured killer while I went on the date. It shouldn't take long, but Charlotte was different from the other girls that I've seen or met. I was hoping that the theater was just a meeting place and that we would relocate somewhere where we would talk more privately, but I had a feeling it wouldn't work that way with Charlotte. She was certainly stubborn and probably wouldn't trust me enough with her nail clippers, and not to mention that she still thought that I was a stalker. Or at least a stalker who knew her friend. Of course that wasn't true, but she didn't need to know that anytime soon.

When the car stopped in front of the theater, she was already there, sitting by the plants and looking through one of her journals, adjusting her glasses as she looked at her lap and listening to her

iPod. Her long, curly brown hair was in a loose ponytail and some coiled tendrils hung around her face and curved under her chin. She wore yet another band T-shirt: it was a band called Skillet (what kind of name is that?) that was black and the picture on the front was golden-amber that held a mannequin with white wings and a python loosely hanging around the neck. She had a black hoodie tied around her waist and wore light blue straight-legged jeans that hugged her hips and was tucked into knee-high black boots that were laced up tight and were adorned with silver buckles. Her opened brown messenger bag was resting on the ground next to her legs, showing that she had at least ten multicolored spiral bound notebooks with her.

I got out of the car and as I walked towards the young woman, I heard Watari say, "Good luck," with humor in his aged voice.

Thanks, I thought half-heartedly. *I'll probably need it*. She didn't notice me when I stopped about a foot in front of her. She was too preoccupied with her writing, trying to find some flaw so that she could edit it. I saw that she put in sticky notes telling her to add on to the scene or change the mood or write down a question so she would think about it later.

Charlotte's P. O. V.

I had been thinking about the whole Heimdallr and L thing and started to doubt myself again. I had to observe this person a little more before I give him even an ounce of my trust or else it could be my downfall. He could have just used Sumi to get my interest since it wouldn't be too hard to gather that I knew her. We usually send letter mails to each other instead of emails because there is always that mistake of sending something to the wrong person. Since Sumi wasn't a criminal, nor a FBI agent, she's unique from the other victims. Someone could have just went through her stuff and found our old letters. However, if that guy was looking for anything else, the only thing was the folder.

Sumi made sure to give the folder to her very close friend, her photographer, and told her to hide it somewhere where she would never find it. When I snuck out to meet her for the first time, she invited me in to her small apartment and got out the thick folder from her gun safe. "She told me to not look in it and to hide it. She specifically gave me your name too, incase you called." She had been crying for a while after I called her that night. I scanned the folder there, but I was sucked in that I had to pay attention to all of the details so it ended up taking a few hours.

While I studied the folder at school, pretending that I was taking notes, I figured out that she had hacked into the police evidence files and found four convicts who had died in overly weird ways. One drew the pentagon symbol in his blood, and a few wrote a weird note in which I figured out the code almost too easily. With that piece of evidence in mind, I concluded that Kira could control his victims until their death and that they were guinea pigs for him to test his powers, which got me wondering if he could control how the victims died. If I was Kira I wouldn't have just used cardiac arrest and made sure to make the deaths seem more irrelevant. That way the suspicion that there is a mass murder wouldn't have been concluded so quickly, but, if I knew Raito well enough, he wouldn't care; he would need to kill a great number of people in just a few hours, so he wouldn't have time to think of ways to kill each person.

I guessed that Sumi came up with the same conclusion of Kira being able to control the actions of his intended victims, or else she wouldn't have told her photographer to hide it so she wouldn't find it. She was probably afraid that Kira would want her to destroy whatever she found and whatever her notes consisted of. It was too bad she died before the appearance of Kira on the news. I concluded that it was a different Kira because even Raito wouldn't do that; it seemed too risky, plus from the way it talked, it was almost similar to the way Sayu talked when she was thinking about her idol or her crush in both the choice of words and the slightest accent, if you can call it an accent. Plus the new Kira killed innocent people

just to prove that he/she was the real thing and knowing how 'righteous' Raito is, he would never do that.

This is getting more and more complicated, I thought. I made a few more additions and corrections in my journal. I always did this when I was frustrated and needed to clear my head. I needed a clear head to analyze that guy accurately. *What time is it?* I looked at my cell phone and saw that it was 1:50 so I looked up to look around to find that he was right in front of me looking at what I was writing. "What are you doing?" I yelled, hugging my journal to my chest so he wouldn't look or read what I was writing.

He said something, but I forgot that I was listening to my iPod, which was playing *Edge of the Earth* by 30 Seconds to Mars before I turned it off and yanked my dark violet skull candy ear buds out of my ears. "I was reading," he repeated in his deep monotonous voice, admitting what he had done, but it wasn't out of guilt; it was more as of stating the obvious. "It's well written, from what I've read, but I'm just not interested in reading such things. It never occurred to me that you wrote fiction instead of nonfiction since you were in contact with Sumi."

He was doing it again. He pointed towards Sumi, trying to refresh my mind that he knew at least about Sumi, but I had to keep in mind that he was after something in which only I had, which was the folder that was in my backpack, hidden by the metal coils of the notebook bindings. He was indeed trying to manipulate me in some way, but I decided to play my famous 'Stubborn Card.' "Thanks," I said, putting my journal in my backpack. "Since you're early, we have enough time to catch the two o'clock viewing." I stood up and headed toward one of the ticket booths with strap on my shoulder.

"I thought we were going someplace else to talk," he said. He didn't seem surprised of my actions at all. He was just stating what came to mind.

I turned to look at him with a raised brow. "What? You didn't think that I said the 'movie theater' and not see a movie, did you? Maybe

you're not as bright of a stalker as I first thought or else you would have known that going to the movies is one of the most popular first dates or any number of dates, even if it's totally clichéd." It wasn't much of an act really. I really did want to see a certain movie and it was going to be the last day they showed it. "Besides, it's one of my most favorite of hobbies besides writing."

"Which is?"

"You'll see," I said, heading toward the ticket guy. "I'll explain some time after the movie."

He sighed in aggravation. He at least got the hint that I wasn't going to change my mind. Of course, my being stubborn was natural, but I was purposely being even more stubborn because it was just easier of measuring how much he would put up with me before he tells me to stop. It eventually happens with all guys; I've perfected it on past ex-boyfriends (they were jerks with a low vocabulary anyway).

"Which movie are we seeing?" He finally asked.

"*Ju-On*," I said with a rare smile. "The previews for it looked really good, and J-horror usually never disappoints me. In my personal opinion, Japan makes the best horror-suspense-thriller movies ever, in the world." I asked for two tickets and was about to take out my wallet from my hoodie pocket, but Ryuga stepped forward with money already at hand. "No." I pushed his hand away. "I decided the location so I pay for the tickets."

"Actually, I chose a location. You just didn't want to go along with it. Besides, the men usually pays for the date, right?" He proceeded in paying the man and held out my ticket, looking at me in the most jaded look I have ever seen.

"Is this your first date?" I asked. I was curious, because he asked me if he was correct so I had an assumption. I figured that it was a safe question to ask since it was more or less casual and didn't focus on my intentions. It focused on him, but it was something I felt I didn't have to analyze.

He did it again. I pressed his thumb under his upper lip, but was still looking at me with his charcoal black eyes that had dark circles under them. He must have been thinking very hard on this simple question. "Well, yes. This is my first date, or at least the closest I've been to having one."

"You don't feel that this is a date? You were the one who asked me on a date and you feel that it isn't? Are you--." I stopped speaking. I had realized that he was analyzing me. I had set myself up.

"So you did really want this date?" See? "I just thought that you wanted to hear more about Sumi so I expected to do more talking than anything." He was pointing to Sumi again and he was hinting that he would rather just talk in private.

Too bad. "I see your point, but Sumi is gone. She can't come back and there is nothing more she can do for me. Quit talking about Sumi because I absolutely know that you two have never spoken face-to-face. In fact, I know that she would never speak to you. Ever. No matter what the circumstances."

He looked at me blankly and then looked as if he was thinking about what I was saying; he stuck his thumb under his lip again. "That's a harsh thing to say."

"It is the truth. No amount of crying would bring her back, so there wouldn't be any point in you telling me about Sumi. Especially when you don't know anything vital about her."

"How do you know?"

"She wouldn't speak to anyone high up in the status." I decided to give him a hint, to see if he would figure it out. If he didn't then I would know that he wasn't L.

L's P. O. V.

"High up in the status?" Would she already suspect that I'm L. Yes, that has to be it. That's why she's been closely monitoring what I say and how I say it, just as I am with her. This is an amusing predicament. She doesn't trust me at all and I'm not in a position to fully trust her either. All I really want is the folder, which I know she has with her since there was no manila folder in her locker at school, but she could have changed the information or left some pieces out.

"Come on or we'll miss the first part of the movie."

"You don't want snacks?"

"I don't eat anything during movies. You can. You know what, I'll just save you a seat. I'll be in the very back row." She hurried and went to go sit while I bought my snack.

I bought ten boxes of chocolate covered cookie dough, a paper bowl of strawberry ice-cream, and six boxes each of chocolate and strawberry pocky sticks. The woman whom I paid the items from, looked at me strangely, but I ignored that and continued on my way. Just as Charlotte had said, she was sitting in the last row, but there wasn't a need to save me a seat since there was only a few people in the theater and they all sat in the center or the front. The movie was about fifteen minutes in, so I probably didn't miss much. A couple of high school girls were making fun of one of their brother for having a girlfriend while the other is hearing strange noises.

Charlotte's eyes widened when she saw what I had in the bag my hand. "You couldn't stick to popcorn?" She asked sarcastically.

"I don't like it. It's too salty and greasy."

After that she ignored me and focused on the movie. It was incredibly low budget, but it looked like Charlotte was at least content with it. It kept jumping the focus to different people, which made it less entertaining and was kind of boring all together. I decided to take the time in thinking of a way of convincing Charlotte in giving

me the folder. My thoughts were interrupted by the people in the front row.

On the screen was the middle school girl named Kanna... or at least, what was left of her. She was ragged, cut up and covered in her blood, but that wasn't what had people moaning in disgust. The girl's lower jaw was ripped out of her head, and her tongue and part of her esophagus was hanging out and moving. I looked over at Charlotte to see that she didn't look surprised at all. I was starting to wonder what that hobby of hers was. Watching horror movies to see what gave her the best scare? It was obvious she was used to gore, but of course, the girl was made digitally, or at least the mouth and throat area was.

Charlotte's P. O. V.

I was a little disappointed because of the ending; there was definitely going to be a sequel, that was for sure. I could also tell that it was going to be Americanized because of how the curse affects people. People from the U.S. love stuff that deals with curses and how it spreads, causing death and suffering to people. I thought it wasn't so bad., however, I didn't like how it changed the focus though and went from past to present and back to past. I'm still glad I saw it so I wouldn't have to wait for someone to put it up on YouTube or some other video site.

When I got up, I looked over to 'Ryuga Hideki' and saw all the empty boxes of pocky and candy, and the empty bowl that had ice-cream in it. *Does this guy have some serious sweet tooth addiction or something?* I thought. He stuffed the trash in the plastic bag as he stood up and looked at me with an utter clueless look. *I'm never bringing him to a movie theater again, that's for sure. I shook my head and walked out with my bag on my shoulder.*

Once we got out of the dark room and into the lit hallway, Ryuga asked, "So what was the point of that movie?"

" I told you. It's a hobby of mine and today was the last day they would be showing it."

" Are you going to tell me what that hobby is exactly?"

I hummed a bit, thinking. Once we were outside, I asked, "Are you going to tell me what exactly you want from me? 'Cause I know you didn't 'want to get to know' me better. Or at least that wasn't the only thing you wanted."

He looked right into my eyes and then stuck his thumb under his upper lip. He probably did this when he was thinking of an excuse or just thinking really hard in general. He hummed in a low tone too. He looked as if he was having an inner debate with himself and this kept going on for a couple of minutes. I knew he would try to subtly change the subject or put the focus on me, because if it was on me I could be easily persuaded.

" Let me guess. You want Sumi's folder, right?"

There was a short pause of silence. "Yes."

Hilo again. I know I haven't updated in a while and that the chapters seem to be getting shorter and shorter. I'm a bit stuck at this point so it may take another while yet. Hope you enjoyed it so far. Please review.

" Literature is a luxury; fiction is a necessity." -- G. K. Chesterton

Chapter 4

Hilo! I'm really happy that I got more reviews and I'm sorry that it took a while. I'm sorry that the timeline's a bit off. I don't have the books and I think it's a bit of a hassle to keep looking up when stuff happens. Hope you like this chapter though.

"I find nothing more depressing than optimism." -- Paul Fussell

L's P. O. V.

"Yes," I said. "I want to know what's in that folder." *It isn't surprising at all that she would have known what I wanted after all the hints I put out. She probably also suspects that I'm L, so the only question is what would I have to do to persuade her to give me the folder and the names of her other contacts?*

She looked off to the left and adjusted her glasses. "Is Amane Misa the second Kira?" She asked, speaking in English this time. She probably didn't want anyone to overhear in our conversation. I saw some people look up when she said the model's name so at least Charlotte was smart enough to realize the stir it would have caused.

I was surprised that she had asked that question though. I had figured that she knew that there was a second Kira since they acted differently, but I didn't know that she had her own suspicions of who it could be, and more surprisingly that she was most likely correct. "I didn't know you liked her," I said, also in English. *How would she know about Amane Misa? Did her other contact tell her? Or does this mean that there's a mole in my investigation team? Probably not. They all seem loyal and none of them seemed to know who Charlotte was when the chief and I mentioned her.* We started walking with neither of us leading.

"I don't," she said in an obviously annoyed tone. "A couple weeks ago she came in and gushed about Raito. I could hear her annoying voice through the walls and it reverberated off into my room."

"Your cousin's very popular with the ladies. It's not that surprising that a girl wanted to talk to him." *So they did have contact.* I didn't want to give her any unnecessary information about the case just as a precaution if there really was a mole or if there was someone telling her all this. Besides, it seemed as if she already had that part figured out and didn't need my input. *Why is she asking about this though?*

"How did you connect her to the second Kira?" I was hoping she would slip up somehow like she had in the theater, but I had a feeling she wouldn't.

"The way she talked mainly," she said in a light, bored tone, shrugging her shoulders.

"Did you happen to overhear anything?"

"Yeah, but they got too quiet for me to hear after she worshipped how great he was for a full five minutes." She rolled her eyes as she said that.

"Is there anything else that made you think she was the second Kira?"

"I did some research and found out that the first Kira killed the robbers that killed her parents, so I figured that she would be in love Kira. Most likely wanted to meet him through any means." She looked at me from the corner of her eyes to see how I would react. She was still trying to analyze me, but she messed up just mentioning the model.

"Okay, I understand your theory, but none of that ties her to the second Kira," I said, stopping in the middle of the sidewalk and turning to look at her fully. "So, who told you that Amane Misa is the

second Kira?" I decided to tell her anyway since she was set on believing whatever theory she had, which was for the most part correct. Maybe if I told her this, she would tell me the information I wanted to know.

"So she *is* the second Kira," she said, getting her confirmation.

"Who told you?"

She looked confused. Her eyebrows arched down and her eyes were narrowed. "No one told me anything. I figured it out on my own," she said slightly shaking her head to further put across her point, that no one had told her anything and I believed her. "Do you think I'm that incompetent that I can't even figure that much out on my own?" She looked peeved asking that question.

"No, it's just I didn't see how you could have put in a connection because of Raito's popularity and all. She could have just heard about him and wanted to talk to him." I paused before speaking again. "Did Sumi write down that Raito was the one in the subway?"

Charlotte's expression changed. Her eyes widened and her eyebrows relaxed on her face. She looked down at about my knees and asked, "What would you do if you had the folder? You already suspect it's Raito, I know you do, I can't think of another reason why you're pretending to be friends with him, so you really must be L. I don't doubt that as much anymore, but--."

Something clicked in my head. "You keep doubting what you already know so you won't make careless mistakes. You already knew that I'm L before the start of the date, probably before I even mentioned Sumi at all, but with the whole Kira being Raito, you can't afford to make a single mistake. That's why you can't trust me with Sumi's folder. Am I right?"

Her eyes widened greatly, her mouth was agape and her right brow twitched. I was right. It also looked like she stopped breathing for a minute. She was speechless.

"I can tell you want to keep Sumi's folder, probably so you can feel that she'll be with you or something, but I also know that you want to give me the folder so you can stop Raito." I felt a little bit of empathy for the poor girl, but I had to have that folder. I already knew that Raito was Kira, but I needed evidence. I probably couldn't use the folder since it's been in Charlotte's and who ever was on the other line's possession for a while so it could have been tampered with, but it would still help greatly. "Tell you what? All I want is to see what's in it."

"I'm not giving it to you to take." She answered that quicker than lightning with hostility added in her voice.

I could have probably arrested her for withholding evidence, but I didn't want to, especially when she wasn't the one I really wanted put behind bars. It wasn't as if she was in support with what her cousin was doing either. I looked around and spotted a small restaurant across the street. "Let's get something to eat while we talk some more."

She looked at me with an apprehensive look on her face, but reluctantly agreed with a heavy sigh. I could tell that if I didn't tell her myself that I was L, she probably would have flat-out refused and headed home.

We got a small table in the corner with dividers so it was a more comfortable atmosphere, but Charlotte seemed to look nervous. She looked around and eyed everything and everyone that passed. She was extremely tense too. *Great*, I thought sarcastically. She merely ordered a glass of water while I ordered two slices of cake with strawberries on top.

Charlotte probably wasn't paying attention to what I ordered because she looked at me as if I was insane when our waitress came with the cakes. She probably didn't notice the waitress raising a brow at her shirt too. "Didn't you already eat your weight load in sugar at the theater not even an hour ago?" She asked sarcastically.

She was speaking in English again, which meant that her guard was still up, but her being sarcastic was a good sign to me. At least she wasn't completely silent. "One's for you of course. You've got to be hungry since you didn't eat anything." I pushed one of the plates of cake in front of her.

She rolled her eyes and put her head in her right hand as if I missed her point.

"As I was saying, I meant that I just wanted to look at it here and give it back to you right afterwards."

She looked at me with a weary look and looked around as if people were obsessively staring at us.

Charlotte's P. O. V

Seriously, does this guy have a sugar addiction? I must have looked at the cake like it was going to grow fangs and jump up to bite my face off and suck out my eyes from my sockets. I looked at him with an incredulous stare as he pushed the slice of strawberry topped cake to me. It was a marble cake with pink frosting in between the two layers and had white frosting that was layered on around two inches thick with a single strawberry decoratively placed on top with a red syrup drizzled on as the final touch. I could tell that the white frosting had the same consistency as light whipped cream with ten times the sugar.

"As I was saying, I meant that I just wanted to look at it here and give it back to you right afterwards," he said, completely ignoring how I was looking at him and the cake in front of me. He grabbed the silver fork by the very end of the handle with only his finger tips, as if the fork itself was a bomb or something. He carefully cut a small piece and took his first bite of the undoubtedly sweet cake. He smiled, probably because he liked the cake. I wanted to tell him that I would laugh if he pukes, but I had a feeling he could hold it down.

Actually, I felt a little sick just looking at him eating that cake so I looked around the restaurant some more. Even though we sat in a corner with dividers, I didn't feel like there was any privacy. I would have felt a lot better if the lights were dimmer, kind of like in the theater but not as dark, just dim. There was a few women from the table next to us who kept looking over at us, but I could just guess at the possibilities of why they were staring. It was either because we looked like a weird couple even though we both knew that there was no way I would ever pair up with him, my T-shirt because I know no one in Japan has ever heard of Skillet, or it could be how the person across from me was eating and sitting. I will never understand how anyone can have enough room on one little wooden chair to sit with their knees up to their chest. *And I thought I was flexible*, I thought. He was so conspicuous and so out of place and incongruous that I was surprised that he could be L even though I was absolutely positive.

"Aren't you going to eat your cake?" He asked. He had almost finished his already and looked as if he was relaxed enough to not even care about the stares we were getting. As observant as he was, he had to have realized it, right?

"Uh, sure." I didn't know what to do anymore. Everything was blown right out of the water so what the heck? Why not eat a slice of cake? I took the fork and started scraping the white frosting off of the soft marble cake.

"Huh? Why are you scraping off the frosting?" He kept looking between me and my slice of cake like I was doing something completely inappropriate.

The table next to us, the one that kept staring, was giggling quietly. There were murmurs behind their dainty, finely manicured hands. I felt like tossing the frosting at them, but I didn't.

"I just don't like it," I said quietly. I swallowed the small lump in my throat. Admittedly, I felt a little embarrassed. I looked down at my cake and continued to scrape as much frosting as I could off.

"I can order something that you do like," he offered.

"No thank you. This is fine." I didn't look at him. I just wanted to go home now, but I didn't know if I should. He was L! *I should probably just give him the folder*, I thought. *It wasn't as if he would ever need my help with or without it. Not even Sumi or Tyler asked me for help even though I know I could've in some way. What the hell was I even doing? I'm just wasting his time. God I can be so immature. I can't believe I thought that--.*

"Can I have the frosting then?"

I gave him a weird look. "What?"

"Can. I. Have. Your. Frosting," he said. It was obvious it was in a slightly mocking way, but I didn't really care. He could make fun of me all he wanted.

I shook my head and rolled my eyes. "Yeah, sure, whatever. Fine."

"Okay," he said as he stretched his arm and scooped up some of the frosting onto his finger and put the glob in his mouth. I lost my appetite.

"You know what? Why don't you just have the rest. I'm sure the frosting would taste better with the cake." I pushed the small ceramic plate to him and he gladly accepted it almost without a second thought. I took a sip of my water when the lump in my throat grew too big for me to swallow down. *Who knew the legendary L would be so easily happy by the gift of sweets? I'm sure the saying, "Like a kid in a candy store," would still apply to him even though he's obviously not a kid.*

"Are you sure you--?"

"I'm sure."

"But you said--."

"Do you realize where your finger has been? You put it in your mouth and you do that almost constantly."

There was a pause from him. He looked at me and put the same finger he used to grab the frosting in his mouth. "You know, in a way, it's the same as kissing."

I could feel my face go completely red.

The ladies' giggles were more prominent and I could easily hear, "She's probably never been kissed before," in Japanese. It was now obvious that they understood English quite well. I was getting sick of them even though I usually had a high tolerance to people. I mean, I've handled this overgrown kid that's sitting across from me so far, haven't I?

And you have? I wanted to bite out, but I couldn't. My teeth were clenched too tightly and my lips were paralyzed almost as if they were injected with botox. I reached into my bag, put the folder on my seat as I stood up, and quickly left, but not before taking my water and dumping it on the girls at the next table. I knew L would beat Kira with or without me so I had nothing to worry about, but I knew I didn't want to see him again.

I felt like I wanted to cry, but if I was going to do that I wanted to be at home alone. I just had to get a grip on myself a little longer. My room was just a twenty minute bus ride and a couple blocks away. Hell, maybe I'll just stay on the bus and write for a few hours. Luckily, the bus had just gotten to the stop when I arrived. I chose the window seat right behind the exit in the middle of the bus.

I was sunk. Right when the bus was about to leave, L came on board and paid to ride the bus. I inwardly groaned and looked away when he started walking towards me. Neither of us said anything at first when he sat down like the weird way he usually sat with the folder tucked in between his legs and his chest. He had his thumb tucked into his upper lip and merely looked straight ahead.

"You know, I've never ridden the bus before," he said about five minutes into the drive. "Despite it not being quiet when it's moving, it's actually a little relaxing. Although I could only imagine how tense you would be if a complete stranger just came and sat next to you." He took a quick peak at me from the corner of his eyes. He took a deep breath and sighed it out. "I know you can help me with this case, but I would rather you just pretend that everything was normal. I don't know if your cousin would kill a family member if it came to that. The fact that you're involved as deeply as you are is merely coincidence, really."

I had to agree with that last sentence. If I wasn't born into the Yagami family, my two best friends had died because of Kira. If I didn't have Sumi or Tyler, I would still be involved because I was in this family and staying with my aunt and uncle. I would have figured it all out eventually, it just would have taken longer without Sumi's folder. If it wasn't for Sumi's folder, I probably wouldn't have been able to meet L as L. Speaking of whom... "Why did you follow me? I gave you the folder. That's what you wanted, wasn't it? What else do you want?"

L's P. O. V.

She likes to get right to the point doesn't she? I thought. I knew the people next to us were bothering her, but I couldn't tell to what extent. That is, until she drenched them with her glass of ice-water. If it wasn't for her being upset and leaving I would have taken a few seconds to laugh. I hummed a bit, wondering if I should ask her for the name of her other contact, but it was obvious that she was upset. I itched the side of my head and decided to just ask. "I wanted to know if you had another person who was giving you information."

"No. Sumi was the only person who gave me information about the case and it was all in that folder." She looked at the folder before looking away. "I didn't tamper with it or take anything out. I didn't even copy it or retype any of it into my computer. The only person that handled that folder was Sumi's photographer, but she didn't do anything with the folder either."

So, if I were to believe her, she has basically figured out what's been happening all on her own since two months ago. That would be quite impressive, but is there seriously no one giving her any more information? A person like her usually has more than one source, but I can just tell that she isn't lying. She isn't looking at me, but if she really had something to hide from me, I don't think that she would have just given me the folder. This girl, it's hard to tell what's going on in her mind. She's too introverted. It's almost as if she's used to not hanging out or talking to anyone. Looking at the five days the house was tapped proved it. Well, her parents are gone most of the time and she moved around a lot so of course it would have been hard to make friends but there's always mail, phones, internet. It's hard to lose contact with anyone now in days. Although, I guess it wouldn't be the same as talking to someone in person.

Charlotte's P. O. V.

We didn't talk for the remainder of the bus ride besides when he said that he decided to walk me to the corner of the block. If Raito saw us he would have been a little suspicious, and neither of us needed that. Same goes for the chief and if Sayu saw I would be miserable for an entire three months at least. After I got home, I had to pretend that this day had never happened and that he was just a stalker to me. I had to admit that it was depressing. I also admit that he kind of grew on me even though we only hung out for about four hours.

L grabbed my lower arm before I went around the corner he was dropping me off at. "I want your cell phone number," he said. He had a relaxed expression which seemed different from his bored expression he often had. "I might need to call you and so I can arrange another date soon."

My mind went completely blank. "What?"

"I might need your number so we can meet and talk about the case in a more private setting."

That's what I thought, I thought disappointedly. "You don't need my help. Plus you have the folder."

"Yes, but I find it interesting to hear your opinion and your theories on the case. Your sense of observation is quite exceptional for someone your age."

It was like he could read my mind and it was beginning to really scare me a bit, but this was once in a lifetime chance. I told him my number and offered to write it down or say it again so he could put it on his phone, but he insisted that he memorized it and that it was better that way. When that was over and done with, I started to head home, but I was stopped again.

"Just one more thing," he said. When I turned to look at him he leaned down and gave me a quick and chaste kiss.

I was frozen stiff. "W-what was that for?!" I asked loudly. *I thought that we weren't even on a friend basis level and he goes and kisses me?!* I could feel my face flush deeply, my stomach was shivering inside my body and my mind was buzzing like crazy, but not with thoughts.

"Well, I could tell that you had never been kissed before so I thought-
-."

"Pervert!" I slapped him and stormed off in a huff. I was angry until I got to my room. I covered my face with the pillow to attempt to calm myself down. When I did, I couldn't stop from feeling happy on the inside. The kiss felt weird and I totally didn't expect that from him, but if my first kiss had to go to somebody, I was glad it was someone who didn't have any emotional bonds with me and didn't want to intentionally hurt me. "Ew," I said aloud. "My mouth's sticky."

L's P. O. V.

I could tell that everyone wanted to comment on the red mark on my cheek, but stayed quiet about it, until that idiot Matsuda did. It was the most obvious question in the world as usual.

"Hey, Ryuuzaki? What happened to your face?"

I just simply ignored him. When I revealed Amate Misa on the screens, there were plenty of gasps, but I assured them that this was absolutely necessary when dealing with Kira, since all she needed was a face. That made me wonder if Charlotte knew that already, but that thought was diminished when I had to stay serious and focused. I asked the suspect some questions, but she didn't know what we were talking about. After hours of interrogation, she seemed to change somehow. She started talking about Light and said she would pose for some pictures. Then she called me a pervert.

Am I... a pervert? I thought. I had to wonder since that was the second time I was called a pervert just today.

Hilo again! So how was it? Please review, oh how I love them so! And appreciated them so much. Anons are aloud so go right ahead. Was the kiss too sudden? Too many P. O. V. changes? Charlotte getting too annoying or L getting OOC? Anything!

" Every time a child says, 'I don't believe in fairies,' there is a fairy somewhere that falls down dead." -- James Barrie

Chapter 5

Hilo everyone! I'm glad I got so many reviews. Six whole reviews! *Starry eyed plus anime tears* You people don't realize how insanely happy I am. Thank you Anon reviewer: Lauren for your review along with TheEvilMuffinToaster, the eville pie, Daydreams Become Realities, Poprocks311, and Dark Bloody Assassin. This chapter is shorter than the others, but I couldn't come up with anything else--well I do have something, but the time's all screwy so I'm thinking of a way to make it work, and I was impatient, so basically this is just another date scene. Letting you all know now (I had messed it up and I should have mentioned this before) Charlotte is attending a community college and graduated the same time Raito did. As for the 'locker' situation, I thought of a system of renting a locker at the college.

"If you explored beneath shyness or party chit chat, you can sometimes turn a dull exchange into an intriguing one. I've found this to be particularly true in the case of professors or intellectuals, who are full of fascinating information, but need encouragement before they'll divulge it." -- Joyce Carol Oates

Charlotte's P. O. V.

"Very nice Shaarotto," my teacher said, handing my paper back to me with a ninety-eight in bright red at the top. She preferred to pronounce my name based on the rough Romanji translation from English to Japanese even though she could pronounce my name from the English standpoint perfectly.

Yeah, not bad for someone who procrastinated on it and didn't sleep at all that night, I thought. I spent the entire night typing up that stupid and pointless paper that I ended up BS-ing. It was a "write about something that is important to you and how it reflects you" kind of assignment that had to be at least a thousand words. I couldn't

believe that the assignment was for a college English class. I just stuffed it in my binder and didn't even think about the rewrite, not that I needed it.

According to the teacher there was only one ninety-eight that was the highest score, a few nineties and the rest just dropped.

Yipee, I thought sarcastically, twirling the pen in my hand. I wished that I could ditch, but I couldn't or else my solid 2.0 GPA would drop and my parents give me a call demanding to know what was going on. My parents were like psychotherapists, assuming that there is always something wrong with me when that wasn't the case.

For the past few days I was hoping for L to call so I at least had something to look forward to after class, but in the meanwhile, I was keeping a semi-close watch on Raito's behavior. He had actually changed a little since the day L and I went on that ridiculous first date: he seemed to be mumbling to himself in his room more, but he could have called someone, he had this frightening look in his eyes, and he didn't even come home last night. I was wondering if he was going to be home by the time I did.

I sighed in relief when the teacher dismissed us early, mainly because she didn't have anymore material to teach that day since she didn't know how to get the videos to work. I wasn't about to teach her how either. Right when I stepped out of the classroom someone hooked their arm around mine and swung me around the corner. I was prepared to take out the mace that Uncle gave me and blind the bastard that dared try to kidnap me--in the middle of the day no less--but I was startled more at who it was. L! "What the heck are you doing? Are you trying to give me a heart attack or something?!" I yelled in Japanese, causing the other students to look at us with those weird looks, weirder than normal anyway.

"You had class so I knew you wouldn't have gotten the text in time," he said in an almost pleased tone. He looked awake like he had caffeine and sugar only an hour ago, but then again, he probably did ten minutes ago. "Let's go on another date." He held my hand and

dragged me off of the community college campus, causing quite a few more people to stare at the 'strange pair' I'm sure we looked like.

He's very blunt, I thought. It wasn't as if I hadn't known that, but he seemed to be particularly blunt that day. I warily got inside the shiny black Rolls-Royce and it dropped us off at a small café. It was quiet with very few people eating or drinking inside and there was J-reggae and new age playing in the background. I was just thankful that there weren't any giggling Toms around. We sat down at a corner table with dividers just like the restaurant the last time, including him sitting in his unique way, but the cushioned seats were big enough for at least two people so I wouldn't have to worry about him falling off. "So what's up?" I asked. *LAME!* I was embarrassed for asking the question, but I tried to not show it.

The waitress came by to ask for our order. I couldn't help but notice her scary-bright bleach blonde hair put in a messy bun and with a few choice tendrils flat-ironed to stick up at odd angles. Plus her bright pink shirt showed more of her tiny cleavage than it should. I didn't even want to look if she had a spandex micro-skirt with a pair of those "go-go" faux-leather platform boots on, trying to imitate The Spice Girls back in the mid 90's. When she looked at me, popping her blue raspberry bubblegum, I simply turned my head away and gnawed on the inside of my cheek. I knew I would laugh if I looked at her directly, so L ordered for me, but I wasn't pay enough attention.

When she left I rested my head within the folds of my arms and giggled as quietly as I could. I think L was either waiting for my little episode to end, or he was waiting for his sweets I knew he had ordered before trying to talk to me. I was hoping that he didn't order anything too sweet for me, but I wouldn't hold my breath. When I sat up and deeply exhaled, she came back with the order and so I had to put my head back down. "Is she okay?" I heard her ask in a squeaky voice.

I let out a tiny squeak before cutting it off. My stomach hurt trying to hold in my laughter, I felt myself shaking uncontrollably, and the back of my throat hurt holding in that bubble of laughs without choking on

it. Why anyone would dress like that was beyond me. It wasn't even the uniform to the café. I understand self-expression and trying to be different, but this was too much for a person like me to handle after watching too many horror movies where the 'dumb blonde' dies second.

"Yeah, she's fine. Just pretend you don't notice and you'll get used to it," L answered for me. I heard a metal spoon scrape against glass as he finished talking. Then he mumbled, "Mmm, this is good," in between his first and second bites. "Thank you."

When I heard her heels tap off, I lifted my head up and took another breath. "Thanks," I said. I looked in front of me and saw so much chocolate that my molars was getting a head start in developing cavities. He ordered both of us a chocolate parfait with Java Mocha Fudge ice cream, strawberries, and chocolate syrup layers. As a crown there was chocolate whipped cream with chocolate sprinkles and a black cherry on top. Not to forget the jewels of an extra drizzle of chocolate syrup on the very top. I ended up just giving him a flat stare, wanting to know why. I didn't even have a specific question in my head.

L's P. O. V.

I was pleased that I had gotten lucky and caught Charlotte exiting her classroom in time for us to talk well before her next class started. I had a feeling that if I lost her in the crowd I wouldn't have found her at all and would have to set up a timed schedule for another day. When we entered the café she started giggling uncontrollably at the waitress. Of course I could understand from her point of view, well, maybe, but it was a little embarrassing. *Last time I take her here, I thought as I dug into my desert. Shame. They have really good parfaits.*

After I finished my glass, I noticed Charlotte giving me that flat stare again.

I looked between her and her untouched parfait in confusion. "Your parfait's melting," I said, kind of hoping she would stop giving me that look. She did stop looking at me at least, but she was just stirring the whipped cream on top. "It was your fault if you didn't get what you wanted. I could order something else for--"

"No, thank you, sorry," she said. She relaxed her face so it didn't look mean, and asked in English, "So what's going on? Raito didn't come home last night, but he was acting all weird the few days before that."

I filled her in with vague details, but just enough to know what was going on. Raito asked to be locked up and monitored, and then his father wanted to join him, so Misa, Raito, and Souichiro were all currently tied up and being monitored through a camera. I also told her Misa's sudden change in behavior, which caused Charlotte's eyebrows to quirk and she stopped stirring her dessert. She put both of her hands and started thrumming slow and erratically on the edge of the table and looked out of the window as she thought. This was obviously strange to her. After a few minutes of letting her think, and watching her parfait slowly turning into soup, I asked, "So what do you think?"

"I dunno," she said, still looking through the window. She stopped thrumming and went to pinching the skin on her hands.

"It's fine if you haven't formed a theory yet, I didn't expect that much from you. I basically just want your opinion on the situation." I couldn't stop staring at the slowly wasting away sweets. It was always annoying to me for some reason.

Charlotte's P. O. V.

"It's not that I don't have a theory or anything--," I said before I noticed he was staring at the forgotten pooling tooth-driller dessert. I sighed and shook my head before gently pushing forward the glass to him, he smiled at the offer and dug in starting with the half sunken

cherry, stem and all. I decided to just continue on with my explanation whether he listened or not, "--It's just that Raito's more of a headstrong and forward kind of person, he wouldn't just sit in a cell and not do anything for no good reason. Sure, it might prove he's innocent for the time being, but if Raito was going to do this he would make sure he would be innocent, period."

"So why do you think he's doing this?" he asked, pulling out the stem that had a perfect knot in the center.

Seriously. What the heck? I thought before answering him. "I think that he has a back-up plan. He's the kind of guy who thinks ahead, and I mean way ahead. Something's going to happen while he's in that cell to make it look like he's innocent."

"Are you saying this because you're dead set against Raito, or because this is what you truly believe is going to happen?" He asked. I hadn't expected that question, stupid me.

I took a minute to think and I came up with my answer. "Both. I trust Sumi's word, and Raito, or whatever Kira killed her, couldn't mimic how she writes; nor would he or she make her write a personal letter to me before she died. So because of her word, I'm dead set on Raito being the original Kira, and I believe that what I gave you will happen because I know my cousin, and I know a little on how he thinks. Plus I had been observing him closely since I got the folder."

I was tense from him staring at me, spoon that was once filled with chocolate ice cream stilled in his mouth. He hummed a little, took the spoon out and said, "Agreed. To your theory and your statement." Then he went back to finish off his half melted dessert.

I don't think I'll ever be able to take this guy seriously, I thought. I was happy that I had someone that I felt was at level (actually higher) with me that I could talk to, but he was still a weird person. "You're going to get fat if you keep eating all those sweets," I said. It was mainly to mess with him, and for him to at least not look like he was ignoring me. I can't tell you how many people (boyfriends) I had

who fell asleep when we were talking. Actually they talked, gave up, and fell asleep hunched over the lunch table right in front of me.

"No I won't, just thinking uses up calories, so if you put your brain to an efficient amount of use," *unlike most people in the world*, "then your body uses more of the sugar for energy than storing them as fat." I hadn't meant for him to actually give me an answer, but I was glad he did. It let me know that he was still listening and that he took me seriously, unlike most adults around his age or older. "You could stand to eat more. Actually a lot more. I notice you hardly eat anything and you don't even touch sweets."

"So you want me to eat more sweets like you do?"

"Or at least eat what I offer you."

"Hey, I was going to eat the cake, but you touched it with your finger that you usually tuck under your lip."

"I told you it was the same as--"

"Yeah, yeah, you told me," I interrupted, "but that was still no excuse. You could have waited." I didn't even want to think about that stupid kiss. If I had known he was going to do that I wouldn't have let him do it. Sneaky bastard.

He didn't say anything for a while, and then he sighed, so I assumed that I had won that spat. "You know, I only kissed you so you wouldn't feel bad next time someone teased you about never having been kissed."

I could feel my face immediately flare up, but I couldn't say a word in retort.

"Are you embarrassed?" He had his brow raised, awaiting an answer that would never come. He won.

We moved on from that subject and just talked about other things. Some involving the case, but it was mostly just sharing opinions on different subject matter, which we usually just ended up lightly bantering at each other. Poking holes in each other's opinions, but it was all just insubstantial fun. He even chuckled a little a time or two and was smiling most of the time. I think the case was getting tough on him so he needed the break.

L's P. O. V.

For the first time, since I started this case, I was just content with everything being where they were. Raito sitting in his cell, still unproven of his guilt, the case itself still being half finished, and me just talking with Charlotte. It seemed as if nothing needed to be moved drastically or immediately. I was disappointed when she checked her phone and saw that she had to get to her class, Statistics. Watari and I dropped her off and headed back to H. Q. to see that nothing had changed with the case. Raito was still awfully quiet, the chief looked a little disheveled, and Misa was still asking about her 'posing' for me so she could go home. I reviewed their tapes, from the time that I left to the time I returned, and still couldn't find anything.

I had agreed with Charlotte on Raito planning something, but there wasn't anything I could do with him in his cell except wait.

I hate waiting.

Hilo again! Please review, like I always ask. Do I really need to ask that every chapter? Anyway, hope you like it, and if you didn't, well, sorry. In case any of you are (mainly those who don't review) wondering why I write more in Charlotte's perspective, it's just because it's easier. L's not my character so if I try writing from his perspective for too long, I'll ruin his character sooner or later, but his perspective is still important to the story. I'll try and update as soon

as possible, but things are getting really hectic right now here on fanfic, and on reality.

" We want God to come and save us. But he won't. God doesn't stop levees from failing, he doesn't stay the force of tsunamis, and he doesn't stop planes from smashing into buildings. Deus Ex Machina is overrated." -- Waiter Rant

Chapter 6

Hilo everyone! I was a little disappointed that I only had two reviews, especially since I had so many reviews the chapter before, but whatever. Maybe everyone was busy, I know I was. By the way, welcome Raven the blood which, thank you for the review again, and you too Poprocks113. I'm probably an idiot for just realizing this, but is Lauren, the anon reviewer, also Lauren Lawliet? I didn't want to send a message because they might not be the same people. Yes, I am an idiot, I admit it alright?

I just figured out that Misa's almost twenty, so her age was wrong from a few chapters ago, sorry (-_-"). And I know 'Raito' is supposed to be 'Light' but I was reading onemanga's reference so much that it stuck with me, but I'll fix everything sometime later, like after I finish this story.

"When you step to the edge of all the light you have left and take the first step into the darkness of the unknown, you might believe one of two things will happen. There'll be something solid for you to stand upon, or you'll learn to fly."

L's P. O. V.

After a week and a half later, Raito had changed dramatically, claiming all of a sudden that he wasn't Kira, and that he wanted out of the cell. He had changed way too much in just a short amount of time-while we were just talking. I temporarily shut off the communication, to think about this new development, and how it could be part of his plan, disregarding Matsuda's inane comment about just letting Raito and Chief out. Whatever Raito was doing, it didn't make sense to me. Well, as long as there hadn't been any Kira-like deaths, he was still considered a suspect, and that had given me an excuse to go on another 'date' with Charlotte. During the time they were in their rooms, I had went on several dates with

Charlotte, and even two weeks after the change in Raito, she seemed to have come up with new theories with the limited evidence she was provided with and her memory of the folder. She knew I was keeping her at a distance from the case because I didn't want the chance of Raito (even from within his cell) finding out how much she really knew, but she seemed at least content with whatever news I told her.

The folder was even more extensive than I had anticipated too. This Hagetaka Sumi was one heck of a journalist. And hacker. Some of the evidence were never released to the public, but was updated in the case folder in the police headquarters' computer records. Her assumptions were up to par with recent theories about Kira too. I could understand how Charlotte had learned to be so intuitive and observant, to the point where I was starting to actually believe that she didn't have any other contacts, but I wasn't ready to let that go just yet. I was still missing something out of Charlotte.

Even Sumi's letter to Charlotte was... touching.

" Shard, my clever little devious genius mischief-maker,

Keep this safe. Trust no one, not even your uncle, with this folder. I'm giving you my life's work because I know you can crack this, and you're within the bounds of enemy territory, so please be careful and don't be reckless, like we both know you can be. You're intelligent, sometimes too smart for your own good, so try and trust your gut instead, even though mine will get me killed soon, but I don't regret it.

You were like a little sister to me, so I'm glad I bumped into you all those years ago. Even back then, you had your eyes on the peak, but you didn't feel the urge to climb it, and I respected that, even in a twelve year old... Well, it's time to start climbing Shard. You have to now, and I'm sorry it had to be on your own, but you have a sort of charm to be able to root out the intelligent from the rest, so you'll find a great detective to climb with you, or to follow you. Haha, I can't imagine too many people whom you're willing to follow around, and if

you find that kind of person, you'll test them and reveal your spunkiness that I always adored. I think the only person you would ever have to follow is L himself, but what are the chances, right?

If you do happen to meet him, get an autograph for me, will you? I don't care what you say, even if it's just 'L,' it's still considered an autograph!

If you do find someone, learn to show yourself. It doesn't have to be all at once, just a little at a time is enough. I know you have a hard time trusting people, because you never get a chance to get to know them-heck, it took me almost forever, and a bunch of smoothies as bribery, just to get you to say 'hi' back, instead of your smart-assy retorts, remember? But doing this on your own isn't going to do you much good, because even if you get Raito in prison, maybe on death row, you'll still be alone, and you'll break down in tears soon after.

Don't try and argue, we both know you will.

I'm honestly scared of what will happen after my death, and even what that will be like (probably painful, but maybe peaceful afterwards), but I know I've left this in capable hands. I told my photographer to hide this and to not give it to anybody else, even myself, just in case Raito decided to control me to destroy whatever information I documented before my death. If I couldn't find it, or force her to give it to me, it would be an impossible task to do. She has no idea what's going on, and I trust her enough not to look inside. That's why I gave you her number just in case. I do hope she forgives me for leaving her in a fog, tell her I'm sorry, will you?

You'll be fine, I know you will. Take care of yourself.

Love,

Hagetaka Sumi

I could tell they had quite a weird relationship going on, and it turned out I was actually wrong on when they met too. I thought that the

writing school had recommended her to Sumi, but no, they met just before she even applied, and before Sumi even graduated high school. It could have been the other way around, Sumi recommending the class to Charlotte. I showed the chief the folder, but I hid the letter, not feeling the need to show him, as it wasn't important to the case, and her 'testimony' that she saw Raito at the station. I felt that if the chief saw it, Charlotte would receive the wrong end of scolding, and if he told his son, Raito might kill her sooner or later.

Charlotte laughed when I gave her my 'autograph,' saying that she had thought that I wouldn't, just because it was stupid. She took it anyway and said she would hide it until she could safely give it to Sumi. I refrained from asking too many questions about them, out of the respect of Charlotte's feelings, which were still a mystery to me. She seemed fine, but, according to the letter, and my observations, she liked keeping them to herself. She did tell me that Sumi did want to be a detective, but she was too impatient to go through all the college courses, so the second best choice was journalism. She seemed avid about talking about Sumi, a real sign that they were extremely close.

By the time a full month had passed from the day Raito was put in his cell, I had admitted to myself that I had liked Charlotte and wanted to be with her more. I was beginning to see the 'spunkiness' Sumi had seemed to like about her, and, unlike most women I had met in my life, she was quite intelligent where I didn't have to explain in so much detail for them to understand. She still had her bouts of stubbornness, even a bit of pessimism, she still insisted on wearing her weird band T-shirts (her strangest one was Rob Zombie *Hillbilly Delux*), and she still never ate whatever I bought for her (the most annoying trait about her!), but she was overall an intriguing person. Not to mention that I still couldn't place the familiarity. I had asked her about it, but she didn't know any feeling like it. I just know I've seen her curly mop of hair and heard her wit somewhere before, and it was starting to irritate me.

When the deaths started to reoccur, I was getting frustrated with the case, even with Charlotte's plausible (as plausible as supernatural could be) possibilities replaying themselves in my mind, and I knew I had to let him out eventually, since the new development was going against my accusations. I decided a little 'life-or-death' action had to be pursued, as in pretend that Chief had gone kamikaze, and, to take actions into his own hands, execute his son, and then kill himself. Unfortunately, it didn't work as I had hoped. Chief Souichiro had lived, that was good, but that meant that Raito, if he was Kira, didn't kill him to protect himself, and same went with Misa for trying to protect her beloved.

I still didn't want to let it go, so I took it upon myself to handcuff Raito and me together to make absolute sure if he was innocent or not. Trust me, I didn't like it any less than Misa and Raito combined. This meant that dates with Charlotte would be rare, but not impossible. I'll think of a way eventually, and I could just picture her amused visage when she sees our wrists chained together. I was bound to get that sarcastic 'smart-assy' remark if she saw us.

Charlotte's P. O. V.

It seemed that the case had turned to the worst when the killings turned up again. I wondered what L would do now that Raito had to be let go. Knowing him, and his thick-headed stubborn streak, he would come up with something unorthodox to finally prove Raito's guilt, which would probably mean less dates that I was getting so fond of. Sure, he poked fun at my favorite T-shirts, and that he complained that I didn't eat the nuclear cavity-cau-er, desserts, which wasn't my fault when he looked like a starving puppy begging wordlessly for it, but he was smart, actually credited what I had to say no matter how off the wall it was, and he had his sweet moments, not meaning to pun.

I liked him. For the first time, I felt that I actually had 'romantic' feelings for a person of the opposite gender; however, it just had to be someone who was utterly bizarre. Just my luck, huh?

"You're doing homework? You're actually doing homework?" Sayu teased. I slipped up on a chemistry practice test that was part of our grade, I hadn't gotten any sleep that night and I accidentally switched the rows on the multiple answer sheet, so I had to do a few assignments as collateral. It was stupid to have practice tests or homework in college, but that's just my opinion. After we heard a voice down stairs, she went to see what was going on.

I ignored Sayu's excited voice, that only proved how thin the walls really were, and continued on to balancing equations. Easy, but actually fun, because it was easy. I was glad I had finished up my lab notes, that was for sure, or else I would be up half the night trying to decipher what was notes or random pieces of one of my stories. You can tell that I don't pay any attention in that class like I probably should. And as if I wasn't already ticked off from doing bogus homework, which I had no intention of actually putting effort in, Sayu came back.

"Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh!" She screamed and then enthusiastically rambled on to something I couldn't understand because she was speaking too fast.

The next thing I knew, I was shoved off of the bed and my shirt was yanked over my head. "Hey! What the hell are you doing? Give me back my shirt Sayu!"

She rifled through the drawers that contained my clothes, throwing them all over the place, and mumbled, "Geez don't you have anything besides band T-shirts? And why don't I see a single bra? Just a bunch of camis." I caught one and had it over my head before she found whatever she was looking for and yanked my shirt away again. "Hurry, hurry. Put this one on!"

"What-why?" I was getting mad, obviously. When I looked at the shirt she wanted me to wear, I was appalled that I actually recognized and owned the fabric. It was a nice shirt, I admit, that my mom had bought me before she left, but I never wore it, not even at home. I don't even know why I packed it in the first place.

It was a brown low V-neck shirt with off the shoulder short sleeves, and blue upside down V with white inside design. The low neckline that came at right above my cleavage was one reason for me not wanting to wear that particular shirt, but there was another reason, a more atrocious reason. When you turned the shirt around the sleeves were held by a metal ring, and the back of the shirt came down to an inch below my shoulder blades. In other words, more skin than I ever wanted to show, even if it was my back.

"No. No way am I wearing that. *Ever* ."

L's P. O. V.

There were muffled yells coming from upstairs and a lot of stomping. It was a good thing that Mrs. Yagami went out shopping or else I think there would have been some scolding. All Sayu had to do was drag Charlotte down stairs, but that was taking too long, so I was wondering what were they doing?

"Why would you want to bring along *that* girl?" Misa asked. "I have plenty of friends who are way more cuter than her."

"As much as I trust your decisions Ryuga, why Charlotte? Misa's right. I could get you a date with another girl that's more... feminine, which is just about every other girl," Raito said.

Ouch.

"Sayu! Open this door now!" Charlotte yelled, pounding on the door. Clearly evident that she was indignant. And, more importantly, out of her room.

"Looks like that's our cue," I said, deflecting the couple's question. When we stepped up to the second floor, Charlotte was preoccupied with hitting the door with one hand while the other was holding a pillow and a garment. Of course, that's not what the rest of us were focusing on. Charlotte had nothing but socks, jeans and a thin green

camisole on, and she had a little more than I had expected, but still on the small side to be utterly honest, not that I observed her that closely before. "Hey Charlotte," I said casually, with my unchained hand raised.

She darted her glare right at me, and she turned red the second she realized that she was wearing only her camisole. "Perv!" She screamed, throwing the pillow that she probably managed to bring with her when Sayu pushed her out of their room right at my head with enough force to make me lose my balance on the edge of the stairs. If it wasn't for the railing, I probably would have fallen and taken Raito with me. When I looked back Charlotte locked herself in the bathroom at the end of the hall.

Charlotte's P. O. V.

I wanted to bash my head against the mirror from extreme embarrassment, but then I wouldn't get to bask on my revenge against Sayu. *I don't know how yet, but you will pay Sayu, oh how you would pay!* There were knocks on the door, causing me to jump. I put on the stupid shirt in fear that Raito would pick the lock and say that I was being ridiculous or something. I looked at the mirror, turned around, and still hated the shirt. I wanted my band T-shirt!

"Charlotte?" Raito called.

"Why is the stalker here?" I bit out. L had to revert back to the stalker, or else Raito would suspect something was up.

"Are you decent?" L asked.

"Sure," I said. *If you can call this shirt 'decent.'* "Why?"

"Can't we talk face to face? I would like to apologize."

That caused me to raise my eyebrow. It wasn't in any code that I could think of, and, even as 'stalker' he didn't have anything to

'apologize' for. Stupid me got curious, and stupid me opened the door and came out of the shelter. "What did you want to apologize for?" I asked, my face still pink from the exposure.

"This."

I heard clacking, and my wrist turned cold. I turned cold. I looked down at my hand and saw that I was handcuffed... to him! What the hell was going on! Nothing but confused and frightened squeaks came out of my mouth as I looked at him and my cousin, desperately wanting an explanation, and pulling on my wrist, wanting the silver-bracelets-of-impending-doom off.

"Now that we have everything, let's get going," L said, as if absolutely nothing was going on and was about to drag me away.

"Finally," Raito's 'girlfriend' said. My eyes darted to her, back to my cousin, and then to L and our wrists.

I was still oh so confused. A first for me as far as I could remember. I remember the good old days when pretending to be naïve and ignoring everybody was a bliss when I didn't know what was really going on. Now I hated it, and I wanted to know what was going on. "What's going on?" I asked darkly, feet planted so they wouldn't drag me out without an answer.

L looked back at me, I'm sure he noted my murderous visage and the tone of my voice, and said, "Well, what does it look like?" As if there wasn't anything wrong.

I looked at him, having his finger in his upper lip, to Raito, only now realizing that he and L were hand cuffed together with the extended-chain handcuffs, unlike me who was handcuffed with normal police-uniformed handcuffs, and then at the blonde ditz. I admit it now, I was slow at that moment, but it was only because handcuffs were involved at all. "Did I lose a bet I don't remember making?"

"Ugh, you're stupid too?" Amane haughtily asked. "We're going on a double date."

I blinked at her before asking monotonously, "With handcuffs?" I raised my cuffed hand to point it out farther.

"Raito lost a bet and so we're handcuffed together, but Miss Amane here wanted to go on a date, and I just didn't want to be alone," L answered. "I figured this would be the perfect opportunity to finally get to know each other since you stood me up."

It clicked in my head that this is what he planned on doing when he had to release Raito. The whole 'date' thing must have happened after Misa's constant whining, and he handcuffed me to him so I would have no choice but to agree. Damn. Why do I have to know the weirdest people? And why did the weirdest one have to drag me into this horrible situation?

And yet, his very weirdness and pushiness is exactly what is somehow attractive.

"I don't want to go. I was working on my homework before you ruined my concentration." I was still uselessly trying to find an excuse. I was going to agree in the end, but I didn't want to make it too easy.

Raito puffed into his hand and said, "Homework? Yeah right, you never do your homework. Just suck it up and come willingly or we will drag you along." I could tell that he didn't want to go either because of the tone of his voice, but he just wanted to get the 'date' over with. I figured that Raito, as Kira, didn't want any partners, so I guessed that Misa was somehow forcing him to keep her around.

Why is it that whenever I'm honestly doing something school-related, nobody believes me? Even Sayu wasn't fully convinced I was a hundred percent doing my homework even though she was in the room with me. After the granted minute of thought they allowed me I made my decision. "Ugh, fine. Can I at least get my jacket? Or some

sort of scarf since I can't really put it on with my arm already taken away?"

"Nope," L said, giving his left arm a yank, before pulling me away. "We've already wasted enough time."

I made a whining noise. Tonight was not going to be fun, it was going to be the worst night of my life and I was sure I was going to kill one of these dumb-asses before the night was over. Why me? It seemed that I 'wasted' so much time that I had to carry my shoes to the car to put them on, and it was awkward. The seats were leather so I was afraid of putting my feet on them to tie my shoes, so I had to drag L's hand down with me, and he was breathing on the back of my neck which caused me to shiver unnecessarily.

It seemed as if Misa's loud chatter was giving Raito a headache, but she didn't seem to notice. It distracted him enough for L to give me a folded note, and whisper, "Hurry and read it."

Thanks for agreeing to come. Hope you're not too mad at me

because I didn't want to come either, or at least not with them.

I'll try and make this horrible situation more enjoyable for you,

but it really depends on Misa, I guess.

So he knew I was going to agree and he knew I was going to get mad at his premeditated 'willing' kidnapping scheme, I thought rolling my eyes. Geez, how can I stay mad at him with this note? I'm turning too soft! I took a deep breath and asked the couple in charge, "So where are we going? I at least have that much of a right to know, don't I?"

"The movies, duh!" Misa said, still acting as if she had higher IQ points than I did.

"How cliché," I mumbled into my hand. No one, probably other than L, heard, or else Misa would have glared and argued at me. I didn't even want to know what movie we were seeing. I was going to come up with a plan to twist it around to having my way in the end. I just needed to think tactfully and have perfect timing in the 'performance.' In order to do that, however, I needed to see the list of movies that were going to be shown and the times. If Misa was any smarter than I had anticipated, it would be harder to convince her, but if I played her right, I could still have my way, just as long as I keep up the 'dumb' act and not make her too annoyed with me. Hopefully, just hopefully.

Hilo again. Whoot! I got this done tonight! Hope you had some laughs with this and let's hope I get the next chapter in soon. Maybe within the next couple months, I don't know. Everything's been iffy. I lost my quote book, so I've been trying to recopy all the quotes. Luckily I had copied about half of them in a separate binder, and the other half was on one site. I only have a couple hundred quotes to go and then head off to that site to sort through over 3000 author's quotes.

"I thought a thought that I thought I had thought but the thought that I had thought wasn't the thought that I had thought I had thought so maybe if I had thought the thought that I thought I thought I wouldn't have thought so much."

Part 1

Hilo everyone! I'm sorry, but this chapter is going to be short. You guys have been great, but I've been busy. I'm just going to give you what I have (you can call this Chapter 7 Part 1 if it makes you feel better). The next chapter (part) will be better, when I can get to it, I promise.

" A garda recruit was asked during the exam, 'What would you do if you had to arrest your own mother?' He said, 'Call for reinforcements.'" - I don't know

L's P. O. V.

Why couldn't she just ditch her shoes, or at least just wear them untied? That's what I did since it beat wasting time tying them. Well, I was practically a recluse, so why would shoes matter to my indoor lifestyle anyway? When she pulled me down with her to tie her shoes, I noticed a pleasant smell after I passed her the note that I had written beforehand. Unfortunately, it wasn't long after that that she sat back up, and scooted closer to the window before I could identify what the smell was. It wasn't flowery (that would be way too girly for her), but it wasn't tropical, or spiced (which would have made her stand out too much). It wasn't that light or misty kind of scent either. She needed to have some distinguished smell to her lotion, or perfume, or whatever it was. The scent wasn't too sweet, but it was slightly bitter, and it was warm. Could warmth be considered a smell?

I spent the rest of the car ride half trying to figure out what the smell was, because I liked it, and it smelled like something I could eat, and the other half trying to come up with a plan to make this 'double-date' slightly more enjoyable for us. Because one half was conflicting the other, neither were going well, not that Misa's jabbering or Raito's groaning were helping me at all.

As soon as we arrived to the theater, Charlotte quickly examined the showing board, and a small smile appeared on her face. I assumed it was a good thing then. She pushed her glasses up and immediately went after Misa, whispering something in her ear so neither Raito or I could hear. At first Misa was against whatever idea Charlotte had, but she ended up coaxing the blonde model to go with it. Actually, Misa seemed more ecstatic about the idea than her own, and said, "Wow, you're not as pitiful as Misa originally thought you were. You actually knew a few things about dating."

As Misa took hold of Raito's arm, I caught the glare that Charlotte speared at Misa. It was quite amusing to see a reaction at all from her, since I thought that she would just brush off the comment.

Raito and I paid for the tickets, which was no surprise to me that it was going to be a horror movie. I was only slightly interested in what Charlotte said to Misa to make her change her mind, but I had a feeling I already knew what it was.

Charlotte's P. O. V.

As soon as I analyzed the showing board I broke Misa's hold on Raito's arm to talk to her, much to her dismay. It was annoying how she whined about interrupting her and Raito's 'moment,' whatever the hell that was. There was no way I was going to sit through a two and a half hour chick flick. I was going to make sure of that. I yanked her arm down so I could whisper in her ear, since she was taller than me.

"Wouldn't you rather see a good horror movie?" Not convincing at first, but that was a part of my persuasion tactic.

"No. Raito and Misa want to enjoy a romantic movie." Stupid. Raito doesn't even enjoy those movies. Not that he enjoyed horror movies anyway.

"I know you don't like me, but think about it. Whenever you get scared, you can snuggle up to him, and he'll comfort you." There was my big shot. If she didn't take it, then there was no use trying to convince this stubborn bull.

She looked at me, and blinked while she thought about it. She smiled 'innocently,' and said, "Wow, you're not as pitiful as Misa originally thought you were. You actually knew a few things about dating," and walked off back to Raito, telling her the title of the new movie she wanted to watch. Fortunately, she wouldn't be confused on what movie I really wanted to watch since there was only one horror movie playing.

When she gets executed, I want to be the one to pull the switch, I thought, glaring at her. I was glad no one could read my mind, or else Misa might have changed her mind. Besides the whole Misa problem, there was something else I was trying to remember. *Wasn't there something I was never going to do here?* As we were handing the ticket to the person, I saw the food-court, then I looked at the guy I was handcuffed to, and remembered. *Crap, I promised myself that I would never take him here on a date again.* As expected the 'lovers' wanted soda and popcorn, and 'Ryuga' went all-out with the sweets. To add to my annoyance, I couldn't tell if people were staring at the handcuffs, or the huge stack of sweets Ryuga was carrying in his arms five minutes before *Chakushin Ari* was supposed to start. If only I could pretend that I had nothing to do with them, but the handcuffs were a dead giveaway. "You aren't seriously going to eat all of that, are you?"

"Do you want a box of pocky?" He, again, looked as if he had missed the point, but looked innocent about it.

I smacked my forehead with my unchained hand. "Make it a box of chocolate covered raisins," I sighed out. Why not, right?

The woman behind the register looked as if her eyes were going to bungee-jump out of her sockets. "Hello," she said with a smile, trying

to hide her shock. "Say, didn't I pay for your items a few weeks ago too?"

I hid my face behind my hand. If she recognized me with L, than Raito would definitely suspect something.

"Charlotte, did you actually go on that date?" Raito asked in a suspicious kind of surprise.

Fortunately, my date for tonight answered for me. "Yes, you did. I came alone since I was stood up." He turned to me. "You missed it, Charlotte. The movie wasn't all that bad."

I kept silent, trying to act like I didn't want to be here, in which case, there wasn't much acting involved. Raito seemed to buy it.

"Can we hurry up and get to our seats already?" Misa asked with a huff, causing me to roll my eyes. To stop her from whining any further, we did hurry to our seats, still with five minutes to spare. Even though Misa wanted to sit in the very back (obvious make-out spot), L insisted that they sit one row ahead of us so her screams were in front rather than right by our ears. Misa huffed again, but agreed. She knew he was L, so it was for 'observational' purposes to make sure they didn't do anything suspicious, so she was going to ignore us to the best of her ability. She muttered that she wasn't scared and wouldn't scream.

Heh, heh.

Seriously sorry guys (gals, since all of you are probably girls), but this is seriously all I got for now. Hope you enjoyed the Irish quotes though (my favorite kinds).

"Curran said to Father O'Leary, the wittiest priest of his day, 'I wish you were St. Peter.' 'Why?' Asked O'Leary. 'Because,' said Curran, 'you would have the keys of heaven, and could let me in.' 'It would be

*better for you,' said O'Leary, 'that I had the keys to the other place,
for then I could let you out.'" - W. R. LeFanu*

Part 2

Hilo! I apologize that this took so long. I started off with L's P. O. V. and I got stuck on the Chinese finger torture comment, so I had to come up with an idea to continue. This was especially tough because I couldn't make up my mind or not to include another kiss. I want a lot more to happen, but L's personality is hard to manage (but not impossible). Needless fluff is something I'm trying to avoid.

"Why is it that our memory is good enough to retain the least triviality that happens to us, and yet not good enough to recollect how often we have told it to the same person?" - Francois de La Rochefoucauld

...

Charlotte's P. O. V.

The movie was getting pretty intense, and it wasn't even fifteen minutes in, so that was a good sign in more ways than one. I was waiting for a certain point though. No one should say 'I won't scream' while watching a horror movie, and not expect for a person to scare them-and I had the lucky spot of sitting right behind the poor sap. Light, who was sitting in front of L, wouldn't be able to protect Misa even if he wanted to, which I don't think he would want to anyway. I was surprised that the handcuff chain was long enough for L and Light to be comfortable, and still have room to drag onto the floor.

Unfortunately the college teenage twats in the movie were being idiots, so there were parts that got boring.

L's P. O. V.

I had known that Charlotte had talked Misa into going into a horror movie, so it wasn't a surprise to see people dying in supernatural ways due to an evil spirit. Even though I was technically supposed to

monitor Light and Misa, it was too dark to tell if they were doing anything suspicious or not, and we were behind them, but that was just my excuse. Sitting in the back row, however, had served a different purpose.

Charlotte wasn't focused on the movie, but on the handcuffs, trying to figure out if she could get out of them or not. She kept moving her hand, which pulled on my hand, and hindered me from eating my movie snacks. When I got too annoyed, I grabbed her hand to cease it. I still wasn't sure if she was putting up an act, or if the handcuffs were too much.

Well, what else was I supposed to do to get her to come with me? Chinese finger torture?

She leaned in towards me and whispered, "Can you please loosen the handcuffs?"

"No."

"Why not?" There was a twinge of annoyance in her expression.

"Because you'll try to sneak out."

"Not when I have an objective that has a higher priority. Besides, I don't have cash for a cab or the bus, so I have no way of getting home."

"'Higher priority'?"

"You'll see in about an hour. So can you please loosen the handcuffs? No one has to know that they're loose, and like I said, I have no way of getting home on my own."

"You can hitchhike." I was kidding, kind of. She was stubborn, so she might have tried almost anything.

"Uh, no," she deadpanned. "I'm not some stupid twat who would want some psychotic rapist to attack me, especially when the

chances of that happening are higher when I'm wearing this god-forsaken shirt."

Point taken, even if it was exaggerated. "No."

"You like seeing me suffer, don't you?"

"It does have a certain amusing appeal to it, yes." Charlotte caught my joke that time, but still gave me a dirty look, so I held out a box with my other hand. I didn't think Charlotte noticed I was still holding her hand. "Pocky?"

She looked at the box in scrutiny, as if I hid a shrapnel bomb in it and sighed quietly, but took a couple sticks with her free hand.

I leaned towards her, and whispered, "Besides, I left the keys to the handcuffs in the car, so I really can't loosen the cuffs."

If I thought her earlier look was dirty, the one she was giving me was rotten. "Think you could've said that earlier?"

"Probably."

Charlotte rolled her eyes and started nibbling on the cookie-stick. She didn't know how to eat sweets properly, and I hadn't even seen her open her box of chocolate covered raisins. It was just sitting there on her lap, practically untouched. "What now?" She asked in a lightly aggravated tone, probably because I was staring at her too slowly diminishing pocky stick.

"Do you not like sweets?"

She took the cookie out of her mouth and saw that she was nibbling the chocolate off. "I'm eating it aren't I?"

"Eat the cookie too."

"I will, so stop telling me how to eat."

"Eat it properly."

"There's a proper way of eating pocky sticks?" She looked like she seriously didn't know.

Misa turned around and harshly whispered, "Will you two shut up? If you two aren't watching the movie, make-out or something." She turned back around and cuddled into Raito's arm.

Now there was an idea. I moved my snacks that I had already finished half of to the empty seat next to me, and leaned over Charlotte, getting another whiff of her lotion, the main reason why I was doing it.

I could tell Charlotte was nervous, even in the dark, because she was leaning as far back in her seat as far as she could go, but she tried to act more annoyed than anything. "What are you doing now?" The sarcasm in her voice fell short.

"What lotion are you using?"

She gave me an incredulous expression before asking, "What? What do you mean? And why is my lotion important?"

I tucked my finger (the one that was handcuffed to her) under my lip. "It smells good. What is it?"

"You can't eat it." She was joking of course.

"I know that, but what is it?"

"Loosen the handcuffs first, and then I'll think of telling you."

"I told you. The keys are in the car, I can't."

"Too bad then. I guess you'll just have to wait."

"If this was a serious negotiation, I wouldn't follow through with it. You can just suffer being handcuffed to me."

"OK then," she shrugged. "It's not like I have anything to lose. I just had the impression that you *really* wanted to know, Especially since the scent is of something you would really like. It's sweet in a slightly bitter way, and you can practically put anything sweet in it to make it even better. Whipped cream, chocolate shavings, caramel, candy cane: anything. Heck, you can probably put in gummy bears in it too. " She turned cocky, and had a cunning grin. Charlotte probably thought she held all the cards.

Even so, I had to admit, I really wanted to know, and I almost started to drool at the thought of having whatever it was later.

Charlotte's P. O. V.

God, I thought he was about to kiss me! I was glad I was wrong on that part. Teasing him was fun, but it would have been even better if he could loosen the cuffs; I needed to use the bathroom. I could probably hold it for a couple more hours, but it's bad for a bladder.

L didn't move away from my face, probably irritated because I wouldn't tell him. He was thinking of something, but there was no way I could even guess.

He wouldn't resort to torture just to find out what my lotion was, would he?

"You're not going to tell me, are you?"

"Definitely not before you loosen the cuffs first."

He sighed in my face. I could smell all the chocolate and sugar he just had. "Fine," he said, right before he took his finger out of his mouth and planted a kiss on mine. It wasn't chaste, but it was just as quick as the first kiss.

I was surprised and shrieked, but luckily Misa screamed louder. I punched his shoulder and harshly whispered, "What was that for?"

"It's not as if we never did that before," he deadpanned. "Besides, you know you were thinking that I was going to kiss you anyway. It was pretty obvious."

I could feel my face heat up, so I tried to hide it by munching on my pocky. Lo and behold, I couldn't find either of the sticks I was just holding, so I look to the side to see L about to eat the same stick I was nibbling on. I know it was mine because I had already gnawed off at least half of the chocolate. "You gave that to me!" I whispered harshly.

"Eat it quicker next time," he shot back.

"But I was just eating it. As in, that was in my mouth."

"So, what's your point? We just kissed."

This reminded me too much of the cake argument, so I dropped it. It was getting too annoying. Besides, I kind of liked the kiss. It was something that I needed to get use to (without hitting him at least), but it wasn't bad.

Oh crud! I missed my cue.

...

Hilo again! On another note, I am so happy you guys are liking this story. Seven full chapters in and there are over twenty favorites, and almost forty alerts, and not to mention almost thirty reviews. The reviews are what I want to talk about though. I know I've been taking a while to update, I explained my reason above, but I also do work on other stories, and there are more stories I've been working on that aren't on this site yet, along with my original fiction stories. Please stop telling me to 'update soon' or asking me if I've 'abandoned' this story. I will update because I do enjoy writing this story (I have a lot of plans for this), and it was a request from someone else. Even though I've technically finished the request on the fourth chapter, I wanted to continue because it was fun. Asking

me to update does put some pressure on writers to hurry up and finish a chapter which can turn out crappy if they rush, and I personally find it a little rude. You guys are awesome, and I'm glad you want more, but please be patient and refrain from asking if I've abandoned the story, or telling me to update/continue. Thank you.

"What our ancestors would really be thinking, if they were alive today is: 'Why is it so dark in here?'" - Terry Pratchett