

**Homicide: The Game**  
Presents  
**Painseeker**

**“My Confession”**  
by Geoffrey MacIntyre

Ray of Light,  
Ray of Love,  
Dearest Raychel,

We have no secrets left to keep, do we?

Even after your death, I remained silent at your request. I may have been the only one. Everyone else has betrayed you, as perhaps you knew they would. Maybe you expected even me to betray you. I didn't. Meanwhile, each acquaintance of yours has come forth to spill your secrets out onto the floor for everyone and anyone to see. Now no one is clean. Each of your secrets have scarred us and we are left bearing our wounds in remembrance of you.

I did not need these wounds of yours. My memory of you is its own bleeding treasure. Time may dull some memories and taint others with rusty sentiment, but somehow I know I will always remember you as you were on the night we first met at Laura's party. I can re-create you perfectly in my mind.

I see the flash in your eyes as we spoke. Pale green hinting blue in a semi-smiling moment, then backing down as the moment passed.

I can catch a whiff of your perfume. The scent was timeless, welcoming, and lightly poisoned. A pleasurable reminder that once I was so close to you that I felt a part of you.

I remember our one touch that night. A polite moment as I took your hand as Laura introduced us. You were softer than human, and at the same time unbreakable. A hand of silken steel.

And always I hear your laugh ringing in my head. The weary ache tried to hide deep inside your voice, but never quite succeeded. That was the secret of your singing: It sounded like you had taken the road less traveled every time in your life. I didn't know then just how true that was.

Your memory comes to me every day. Usually I am aware of it, but sometimes it comes upon me when I least expect it. Driving my car. Sitting in my office. I suddenly realize that I have been talking to you in my head, and I cannot tell how long I have been doing it. Those are the times it hurts, Raychel. That is how I know I loved you.

But we never had the time.

I used to wonder about that. Why did we never have the time between us? It was always a stolen moment between tracks or (at best) a few hours after a furious argument with Kyle. When I add up all of the time we spent together between when we first met and when you broke off our affair, I wonder if it adds up to a week. We were so close for those five months, but we were almost never alone. There was someone always in the room that made us maintain the charade. There was always Kyle, or Sharon, or Laura, or someone else with us.

I try not to wonder about that but after your betrayal the doubts attack as Furies. Questions pile on doubts. Why was there always someone else with us? Did you secretly hate me while you secretly loved me? You loved so many, but was I one of them? Did you fear me? Did you fear Kyle McAllister? Was there someone else?

I wish you were here as we were in our moments. You would soothe me. Quell the storm between Kyle and myself. You were so strong then. So different from the little girl lost in the studio funhouse just moments before. Who were you really?

I wanted to give you your true due in this letter but my cynicism keeps sneaking out. This isn't fair to you. Then again you weren't fair to me when you betrayed me in favor of Kyle McAllister and Ken Kincaid. You severed me from your life and left me without a backward glance. You never told me why. Did you blame me for your beating? That was Kyle's fury breaking you, not me. Had you come to me in that hour of need, you would have never left my side again. I could have protected you. More than that, I could have kept you on your path. You would have been a star. Instead, you stayed with Kyle and Ken who couldn't take you past what you had already accomplished. Kyle crippled you and Ken couldn't pull the right strings. I was the one for you. The only one with the connections to move mountains and money for you if you only asked.

There is so much you didn't learn in your short life. You never learned to know the difference between a friend and an enemy. Maybe Sharon was right: You used so many people that you forgot to care if they loved you or hated you. I wonder if you knew what it meant to love another person. Now you are gone and there is no way to bring you back to see if you learned from your mistakes.

Perhaps you will not forgive me for writing these things. If that is the case I beg you to haunt me. Torture me. Never leave me alone. Then maybe we will both be happier than we ever really were together. I would certainly be happier than I am now. Everything is lost now.

It's been said that the only way to kill your career in show business is by being caught with either a dead girl or a live boy. While it is a cheap joke, it is also a bitter one. After Sergei Brosovsky's recent public unearthing of our affair, I have become a corporate albatross around the neck of Cain International. It seems that your tribute site has garnered a lot of national attention that Cain would rather not have.

I have been asked to step down from my duties as Chief Creative Officer of Terror Trax by Cain International. Apparently my affair with you, combined with my close proximity to your accused murderers, has made my profile too high for Cain. I guess there really is such a thing as bad publicity.

I am not surprised by their action. They have to act in their own best interests. I wouldn't be surprised if Ken Kincaid was behind it, drawing their attention to Sergei Brosovsky's answer, and providing whatever details he needed to ensure my termination.

If he thinks he is paving the way for a second reign at Terror Trax, he is humorously mistaken. Henry Cain may feel damaged by his alliance with Terror Trax (in light of the current circumstances); however, he is not a fool, and only a fool would put a loose cannon coke addict in charge of a million dollar venture. Cain will try to find another pedigree to place over Kincaid, and Kincaid will fight him like he did me. Except now he knows that he can win. If he throws out enough pedigrees, maybe he really will get his old job back.

It promises to be a good show for anyone without a stake in the outcome. I am sure you have your own seat reserved for the coming battle. I don't see you missing this for anything. I expect you have been here all along. I can imagine your reactions to everything that has happened since your murder. I see the familiar flash in your eyes, smell the hint of your perfume, feel your haunting touch. But most of all I can hear your laughter ringing in my head.