

Chapter Ten: Here We Go Again

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I stared at Clay in shock. “There’s two murderers?”

“How didn’t I see it before? It makes perfect sense. They both had it out for Mr. Mason and Grant. They didn’t foresee the problem with the will. All they had to do was get them both out of the picture, and the theatre would be theirs,” Clay was pacing the narrow room now. “They had it all planned out for tonight, but they quickly realized things weren’t going as planned because Mr. Mason knew. One of them went out and took care of our cars and phones, while the other took care of Mr. Mason. Then while we were all on a wild goose chase, they took care of Grant.”

“Who is it?” Willa questioned, both of us exchanging another glance.

“I think I know, but I can’t say until I’m sure,” Clay informed us, coming to a stop. “It all makes sense now. This whole night. Mr. Mason knew how all of us would react to his retirement. People would go after his inheritance, and ultimately his life. So he made it a game. A game I intend to win.”

Clay made eye contact with me as they stated the last part. There was new determination lighting their face, and after our last conversation out on the lawn, relief flooded my heart. Clay wasn’t giving up.

“What do we do?” I stood.

They looked at their watch. “I need more time, and unfortunately we don’t have a lot of it. I have hunches, but I need evidence. I can’t do it alone. Will you both help me?”

“Of course.”

Willa stood. “I’m in. Just tell us what to do, Clay.”

“The others are still looking for us, so we have to go right to them. They won’t expect it. However, you two will have to trust me, because I won’t be able to come with you. I’ll show up later, I promise.”

“Where will you be?” I questioned.

“Gathering evidence.”

“What will we be doing?”

“You have to stall them until I get there. I would recommend questioning them again on alibis and what we already found. Try to make them think we’re onto something. Then they’ll stay to make sure we don’t know too much.”

“How long should we wait?” Willa inquired.

“Maybe an hour. Maybe a little bit longer. I’ll go as fast as I can.”

My heart was pounding in my chest. “Clay, as soon as they see you’re not with us, they’ll know something is up. What if something happens to you?”

“Nothing will happen to me, Park,” Clay locked eyes with me. “I promise. I’ll be okay. Just make an excuse for my absence and keep them in the dining room.”

“And once this is all over?”

“I’m not sure,” They replied quietly. “But I want to make Mr. Mason proud.”
