

# **The Circle of Socialites**

**Written by Dewdrop**

## **Prologue**

**My name shouldn't be mentioned right now because I'm still working on this case. It may be too dangerous for both myself, my team, and now you. I was given an audio recording of a man telling a story. It's not every day you hear something like this so it caught me off guard. I've listened to it many, many times now, I know every single word. I've analyzed it so much, I feel like I know the people involved. I'm considered one of the best detectives in the entire city and I still don't understand this. That's why I'm thinking you might be able to help. I'm not allowed to play the tape, it's against the law, but I'm thinking I can type it out for you. I haven't altered any of the words you're about to read. Every word was played and then typed by me.**

**Hopefully, you can help solve this case.**

**The case of Brian Miller and the Robinson File.**

## Book One

### Brian Miller and the Robinson File

"My name is Brian Miller and I'm a dead man... Well not literally, because you can hear my voice... but I am about to die. There's no other scenario back from where I stand right now. Even forward is the danger in which I started... well unknowingly started. I'm in a predicament and this recording is my way to explain why I did -what I did, the last few days. I'm not a criminal, or whoever they paint me as after this. They're going to tell you what they want you to hear, not the truth. I'm an accountant, a boring 9-to-5 desk jockey. My days are very boring and I like it that way. I sport collared shirts and khakis, not ski masks and hoodies. How can I be seen with dignity after this? I know what's going to happen. I see death in every possible outcome. If only I could just have another hot dog from Patt's, chased down by a big glass of Dr. Pepper. There are so many things I wish I could do right now, most of all; I'd like to play Scrabble with my Siri or hear her play the violin one more time."

BANG...BANG...SLAM...BANG!

"As you can probably hear... in the background, a few men are trying to find a way through the only door I can exit. It's a nice solid door but it won't hold them for too long. When they finally enter, they'll shoot and kill me. That's not the worst part... It will be legal and they'll wind up looking like heroes instead of criminals. Up until today, I didn't know there was a legal way to kill someone... but there is, and they've been doing it a lot lately. Everything except me being in here... they didn't expect that. It's my chance to tell you why I did -what I did, before the false stories of me surface. This got out of hand... So quickly... I have no chance to fight back.

Honestly, things just couldn't get worse than they are right now.

I have a fake gun glued to my hand and a ridiculous new tattoo on my neck. The slight pain in my head was nothing compared to my finger... Well lack of finger, It was chopped off yesterday.

I wish I could make one phone call, that's all I would need. It wouldn't be the police I called, because they couldn't help me. Even though I wanted to hear Siri's voice more than anything in the world, I wouldn't call her. I'd call a guy I only know as Rondulph. He's the only person I think I could trust enough to explain how to get out of here... If there even is a way. I'm stuck in a vault-like room that has no door, and no windows. Like I said earlier when that door opens... I'm dead, done, blasted with a barrage of bullets. I know I can't dodge, block, or survive the impact of being shot multiple times; I'm not Superman or 50 Cent. Hopefully, they won't find this message and delete it before anyone can hear it. It might happen but this recording is the only chance I have to tell you my side of the story, so I will. Then hide phone this until someone finds it.

How did I get here? Except for recent events, I pretty much start every morning with the same routine: I get up and have breakfast with Siri, read the newspaper, and then walk to work. Even though my parents gifted me an awesome brewer for my birthday, I still get my morning coffee on the way to work. Nothing ever changes for me and I like that, my routine is my safety blanket.

Something different happened a couple of mornings ago, it was so strange that it took me off guard; it seemed so simple but I couldn't wrap my mind around it. There was a man across the street, but this wasn't the strange thing. It was the fact that it was a rather busy day in the cafe and dozens of people were around me but it felt like he was staring directly at me. I do the same thing every single day, even the barista knows exactly what I want as soon as I walk in. For what felt like a thirty-second hour we were intertwined in a stare-down before he lifted his hand towards his wrist and tapped it. This made me shake my head in confusion because it felt like he was asking me for the time. Six or seven people were walking by him that he could've asked, so why was he asking me? I lifted the cup to my mouth to break his creepy stare and by the time I had taken my sip and lowered the cup, he was gone.

When I arrived at work I didn't see many people but the ones I did see seemed down, gloomy, or just strange in some way; everything did. Like my boss: he's a nice guy but that day he came in screaming about some file I'd put off doing, to start on what I thought was more important business. I guess he was just having a bad day and needed someone to yell at... we all have those days so I filed the paper and got on with my day. No matter how much work I did I couldn't get the weird bearded dude out of my head, I don't know what it was about him but something was off. When I got home that night, I told Siri about the bearded fellow and comforted me that I overthink things way too much. I told her about my boss combusting on me over that file. She suggested that he was probably just stressed out because the company wasn't doing so well.

I, of all people, had a hard time believing her on this. Because I handle the paperwork, I'd have surely noticed something like that... but I brushed her off, ignoring an argument, and ended the conversation by saying 'I know honey' and we went to bed.

When I woke up the next day, which is presently yesterday, I felt rejuvenated and motivated to exceed my position and do my part for the company. I didn't see the weird bearded dude when I bought my coffee so I had no other option but to believe what Siri had told me.

When I arrived at the office I started sifting, filing, and stamping right away. The numbers, oddly almost hidden in the corners of the pages were slowly declining. It didn't make any sense because sales have been good, great in fact, so where was all the profit? I considered this and the deeper I dug the more apparent it became that the company was in financial trouble.

I continued my descent into the workload when not ten minutes later my boss came crashing through the door. I greeted him like I normally would and started to point out things I've noticed and even presented ideas that I had to rectify them. I thought he'd be impressed with my initiative but it was quite the opposite; he seemed quite agitated at my reviewing of the files in such a close order. He seemed livid when he realized they were finance papers. He became so irate that before I could get a word in edgewise he was tossing a box at my head and telling me to get my stuff and go. I asked, almost begged him to reconsider but he was sticking to his decision. I asked him why he was doing this and the only answer he had was 'the numbers were down and 'he couldn't afford to keep people around who didn't do their jobs' I saw instant red flags and was flooded with thoughts. Some were about the numbers, some about the company, but most were about my boss. Something was up.

As I was leaving I saw the receptionist Betty, and she asked where I was going with boxes in my hand and sparing the embarrassment I replied 'I received a promotion so I'm switching offices'. I sat in my car for about fifteen minutes before I did anything. I decided I was going to steal a few files to find out why my boss fired me. I know it wasn't because the company wasn't doing good, it's because I was on to him, but what was I on to. I'd given him seven years of faithful service and I get this? I had to investigate, I knew if I was going to find answers I had to get my files.

It was easy to get past Betty, I told her I forgot something and walked right by. I knew everyone else in the building would've known of my firing by now... this building is bad for that. My office was the only occupied office on the ninth floor, so once I got there, I wouldn't have to be as sneaky. Thankfully there was a staff meeting going on in the conference room today which would make it easier to get in and out without being seen. I felt like I was getting ready to be like a detective in one of those stories Siri always read to me. This was thrilling.

I knew the elevator had some of the only cameras still functioning so I raced up the stairs instead. In all my years working there; I had never run or even walked up the stairs once. By the time I reached the ninth floor, I was done for. I sat there for a few minutes and caught my breath, because I couldn't move any more and just in case I saw my boss. I got to my floor and tiptoed through the hall. At first, I thought the window in my office was left open because it sounded like the curtains were tapping my filing cabinet. This was no object, someone was in my office. As I got closer I heard an Aha! or Awe! I couldn't decipher which... but it was enough to confirm my suspicions of someone's presence. It wasn't my boss though, so now it opened up new questions.

I crept slowly until I was just outside of the door. I could only hear one person at first and he was muttering a whole conversation to himself. I could only hear every second or third word but I heard stuff about an activated file and a bird out of its cage. After a minute more of rumbling, I

understood him to say tomorrow was the last day and he could have serenity. It was really hard to hear because he had a heavy accent, like I'd say Ukrainian or Russian. As I leaned in farther, he raised his voice just a little louder and I could hear him a lot better. He started talking about the police department, but nothing made sense to me. Then I heard what I was listening for... He said my boss had fulfilled his part of the bargain by setting up 'buddy'. I guessed that was me so I turned around to leave but was struck by something hard enough to make me almost pass out.

I couldn't see anything, but I was being lifted and carried into my office. He called the man dragging me Rog, or Raj, or some variation of that sound. I couldn't say anything, not a single word, almost like I was paralyzed. They were asking me questions still and would choke me when I didn't respond. I couldn't respond because well they played baseball with my skull minutes before, so they should have realized this.

They kept asking me if I was the guy that's been following them. I still couldn't answer, but I could begin to see now. My office was a mess, there were papers everywhere. I had only been fired about twenty minutes before this so the scale of the mess was impressive. They kept asking me if I was a fed, and how they've killed nosy cops before. I think It's the Ukrainian guy I feared more than the guy holding me down. I remember the next moment so vividly because he pulled harder on the tiny hairs on the back of my head and pushed me towards the Ukrainian guy. Rog said they'd have to kill me but I wasn't about to die here at work, so before another thing happened I kicked Rog right in the nuts, hard enough for him to drop to the ground. Without a second of delay, I swung a right hook towards the Russian and hit him square in his oddly egg-shaped head. I ran like my life depended on it -and I see the irony saying this, because my life did n fact depend on it. I didn't make it out of that room, at least not how I had planned. It was dark and I only saw Rog and the Russian guy and missed a third one sitting in the corner silently. I didn't even notice until he stretched his arm out and I collided with it. Out cold again.

When I awoke, I realized I was no longer in the office but in some kind of bedroom, or living space of some kind. I was tied up but not in a typical way either. I had one arm stretched behind my back with just enough pressure to cause serious discomfort. My second arm was in a position where I was holding a gun... Well, at least that's what it felt like.

I couldn't free myself and stopped trying when I heard the maniacal laughter behind me. I tried to turn my head and see but it seemed it was also tied into a noose above so I decided the best move, was to not move. I was advised that if my chair fell over I'd probably hang to death. That's when this whole thing takes a turn from a detective story into being stuck in a Saw movie. I heard the voice of a new person whom I presume was the guy who hit me. He's the one who asked all the questions now so I presumed he was in charge. Since it was a long interrogation, and I have no idea how long I have to record this, I'll keep it brief. He questioned my job with the company and my connection to the boss. He asked about my family life, hobbies, and lastly, he wanted to know what I knew about them so far. Like every detail.

Since I didn't want to die I answered everything truthfully and after a few hours he finally

believed me. He knew I wasn't following them nor did I know who they were for that matter. He said that was the good news... the bad news being the fact that I knew what they looked like and that would have consequences.

I gave the kind of speech you've heard in a thousand movies. Something along the lines of 'if you let me go I won't tell anyone' and 'you'll never hear from me again'. He told me I was free to leave right then and there and even took the noose off my neck. I sighed in relief until they all began laughing and I knew it was a joke. They said I knew too much to be set free but then again wouldn't tell me their names. I thought this was a good sign so I never asked, if they were going to kill me outright they wouldn't care if I knew their names. This was a test.

I pleaded the fact that I could still be useful, and killing me wouldn't do them good. I said if they spared my life I would dedicate the rest of mine to helping them. It was a lie but it's probably exactly what you would've said in the same predicament. I told them I could launder their money and many other ways and the guy in charge began listening.

Rog didn't think it was a good idea and the Ukrainian shouted at me in another language. I don't think he was a fan of me but I knew I only needed to convince this guy. The only word I understood in the Ukrainian guy's sentence was cheeks. It turned out to be the nickname for the boss man. They thought I'd run away the second I got released, so I'd have to pass a test before they could trust me enough to do so. I was nervous, but I knew I wasn't going to die so I was down for anything. It didn't matter. If I wanted to see Siri, I had to do it.

The first order he sent out was for Rog to go get the knives. I gasped and squirmed but Cheeks assured me It wasn't for stabbing. They were going to cut my hair. I can tell you now, I might have taken a small stabbing compared to that haircut if given the chance today. I've gotten a few bad haircuts in my time... but this one was the worst and it hurt more than I could describe. Then Rog came back in with some kind of device with what I prayed was red paint all over it.

When he turned it on and I heard the buzzing I instantly thought it was a shocking device or something bad -and technically it was, but it was only a tattoo gun.

I've never wanted a tattoo in my life, they disgust me but I was in no position to argue. They owned me until I could get free, so I had to sit there while they tattooed my neck of all places. I had no idea what they tatted that whole day but I have seen a mirror before recording this, so I know it's an orange and red fox playing with a beach ball... So lame. As soon as he was finished the Russian came back into my view and said that I was now free to decide whether or not I wanted to join them and face a sacrifice... or choose to skip it all and die. This was a no-brainer for me. Remember how my right hand was holding a gun? Well, I heard the sound of a chair being pulled up in front of me and they told me to shoot. That was my test. I could hear a woman struggling and I suddenly had a sharp pain in my stomach. I was about to do anything to save my own life but not end another life. I reluctantly told them I wasn't going to shoot a stranger. The Russian replied that it wasn't a stranger but someone close to me. Someone I loved.

SHOOT! SHOOT! is all I kept hearing, Shoot! to save yourself, something must be sacrificed so shoot your little love bird. I didn't want to pull the trigger and every muscle in my body was shaking except that finger. I was crying, almost bawling out of control while Rog whispered nonsense into my ear. I could hear the person in front of me struggling, her chair legs sounded like they were tap dancing across the floor. The Russian guy said he would shoot her and I could feel him standing right in front of me so I pulled the trigger. I didn't hear a bang or feel the gun shoot, but the pain in my right hand was now at an all-time high... at the same time, I felt the pressure lift out of my whole body. I nearly passed out but Rog quickly chopped a rope with the big knife and I fell to the ground like a pile of dead meat. I quickly looked up expecting to see the bullet-filled body of the Russian but there was a woman sitting in the chair laughing and she did resemble my wife, it was uncanny but she wasn't even tied up at all. Some woman on their team.

I passed out and awoke in the same room but I was laying on a bed now. For a second I believed that I had dreamed the entire thing. I heard the voice of Cheeks, so I realized it was real. He was talking on the phone with someone, discussing the police department and a big event that might happen. He began to ramble on about a fox and about a trap he set for it. He noticed I was awake and quickly said goodbye to whomever he was speaking to and turned his attention to me.

He assured me, I wasn't in danger anymore but I wasn't allowed to leave yet. I agreed but protested that I earned the right to some answers and surprisingly he agreed with me. I asked why they were in my office and their connection to my boss. He replied that my boss developed some serious financial troubles over the past couple of months. He's done a really bad job trying to maneuver the finances to cover it, and now apparently hide it too. I wanted to know why they were going through such drastic measures to help my boss to which they laughed.

'This was much bigger than any one person' was all he replied.

He told me a story of a few years back and an organization he set up where a series of 'business protection plans' would build up unnoticed over a long periods of time. He must have grown to like me because he started telling me all sorts of things. Like how they had a fourth member of their team who urged for their growth in the first place. That's when he said the police got involved. They didn't try to shut it down but instead charged a tax to continue.

The small amount of profit they were making wasn't enough to pay the police and so they stopped paying altogether. One by one the lower-level members were getting arrested and the gang was disappearing fast. When the fifth member went missing a while back the three of them started a little investigation into the police officers involved. They realized they weren't shutting down their organization to stop them it was because they had their own. Just as I was about to ask what they were up to he told me a story of a group of people, or a circle of socialites to be precise, who pretty much control the entire city. They were draining it dry through methods no one would notice until everyone involved has long since retired. He listed off politicians, lawyers, doctors, business owners, and worst of all people in the justice system. The web of people involved we're mind-blowing. If I ever get out of this, I'll do something with this information.

The way they were doing business was an another level than Cheeks. Cheeks ran a few small neighborhoods but the police had the same thing going on with the whole city, and all of its businesses. Instead of thousands of dollars, they were stealing millions. I asked if they were really after the police in all of this, why my office and not in the police station investigating?

I didn't even give him enough time to answer before I asked him how he got the nickname Cheeks instead. For some reason that was bothering me. He looked at his knife and muttered the word 'Well...' before Rog called him out of the room. When he came back in he said they would have to leave for a bit but wanted to know if I wanted to join them. I'd help bring down a group of greedy monetary leeches, as he put it. It was this I remember, this sentence, that made me switch how I felt about these guys and the whole situation. The reason for kidnapping me was that I was in the wrong place at the wrong time.

I agreed to help them but I was scared to ask what I'd have to do. I remembered about the tattoo on my neck and went to go touch it and noticed my finger, well lack of finger. I screamed as I saw it and asked how it happened simultaneously as I remembered the gun, the girl in the chair, and the whole situation. Cheeks reminded me I could've either died or joined them -with a sacrifice, and since I already made the sacrifice it'd be wise to join them. Rog was loudest of all when he chimed in 'I thought you were never going to pull the trigger... I somehow still calmly asked who the girl was and about my missing finger, and why didn't the gun go off when I pulled the trigger. He replied that I did pull the trigger but it wasn't a gun that I was holding, well the handle and trigger section was built from one but it was connected to a blade that drops and slices the finger off of the person who pulls the trigger.

Rog created it and called it the Fingutine or something like that.

Cheeks said he knew why I was in that room, and he was right. He said I was trying to bring my boss down a notch and do right. He offered me a chance to take down a bunch of my bosses today and do some good for the city. He apologized again for what they've done to me but assured me it was only because they wanted to make sure I wasn't one of the bad guys. Nothing was going to make the trauma I faced right but I felt a bit better about these guys. I felt I could trust them a little more, I felt like they needed my help and I wanted to get back at my boss who created this whole mess for me in the first place. So I agreed to join. I asked him how I was able to help and they informed me of something called project ARF. They'd been planning it for weeks, collecting and planting pieces of information that will help bring down each one. I finally clued in, that's why they were in my office that day. I felt like pieces to this grand puzzle were coming together and I was excited to be a part of the group that would bring them down. I was back in an exciting conspiracy thriller type story again. I had to ask what ARF stood for and the Ukrainian guy said it was none of my business but Cheeks reminded him I agreed to help. He said it stood for 'Activate Robinson file' which was the last piece to their collection of evidence. Tomorrow all four of us were going to do it. I asked what but they looked at me like I was dumb when Rog said activate the Robinson file Einstein. Suddenly I was one of the guys and not a hostage or a kidnapped victim. That didn't mean I had freedom, but I didn't fear for my life anymore.



they made it clear I wasn't going anywhere until after the plan went off successfully, I said I needed rest for tomorrow, so they said goodnight and left.

For hours I tried to get to sleep thinking about how this was the first night I wasn't sleeping beside Siri since I met her. I wondered if she was worried thinking if I was dead or angry, or worse think I'm having an affair. I knew I had to try and see her, so I waited until everyone was motionless and I knew they were asleep and made my way to the window. This was the first chance I had to escape so I had to try. I climbed down the side of the house barefoot and it seemed my hands were throbbing more than in the chair but I smelt freedom and it felt like I was going to see my family again. It's crazy but even though I woke up this morning like every other day with her it's felt like days since I've seen her.

I wandered throughout the roads unknowing of where I was for that matter. I saw under the street light there was a phone booth and thought I could call collect to Siri. I went to reach for the receiver but the phone rang instead. I jumped backward almost right out of the phone booth, it had to be three or four in the morning, in the middle of nowhere so just the fact that someone called that phone at that moment scared the crap out of me. I let it ring a couple of times but it wouldn't stop so I decided to answer it and they didn't say anything so I slammed the phone down and went to grab some change to call my wife forgetting that they have everything I own. The phone rang again and I didn't want to pick it up but I didn't know where I was or how I was going to get out of here so I answered. The line was clear again just silence and when I went to hang up I heard a voice say 'it's nice to finally speak with you Mr. Miller' It wasn't any of the voices I knew but someone new. He said I was in danger because I was outside and advised that I go back and let matters unfold. I never take advice from strangers so I asked him why should I go back to which he replied that we had mutual enemies who are extremely dangerous and would kill anyone to cover up their tracks, and not to trust them. He told me of a cell phone in a bag just outside the phone booth beside the garbage can, I looked and there was a little take-out bag, and after I had hung up and checked there was a phone in it. He told me this would be the only form of communication I could trust, there were eyes and ears everywhere.

He advised me not to call Siri for my house wasn't safe, if I called or showed up there it'd be bad. For her. My only option was to go back. I told him I was going to go back but not to sleep, I was going to kill them all so my family and I could truly be safe. I asked him to at least tell me his name and he told me I'd know soon enough, I couldn't figure out whether he was someone trying to help me or one of the bad guys trying to get me back to the house without shooting me in the street. Either way, I was going back to that house, I didn't have any weapons but it wasn't going to stop me.

When I entered the house it was quiet and kinda eerie. I crept through the halls making my way to Rog's room first. He was the biggest, so taking him out first was the smartest plan. I didn't get quite get to his room when I heard Cheeks behind me. He told me, he knew I left the house and asked where I went. I stood there motionless, expressionless, and had nothing to say. Thankfully he broke the silence and said it didn't matter where I went because I came back.

He asked if I wanted to know more about what I had to do tomorrow and would answer literally anything I wanted to hear over a beer. I wanted to hear what he had to say so I agreed and we went into the study. I asked him first to explain the Robinson file and how or where we were supposed to get it. He said it's the last piece of information in a web of paper trails they've collected. Obtaining it, proves its existence and in return saves Cheeks from ending up in prison like his friends. I again tried to ask him how he got his nickname since he had no scars or physical deformities on his face. He answered that it didn't involve his face and was going to tell me the story but the Russian guy came storming in, out of breath, and ranting on about something but it was either in another language or I just couldn't understand his accent. Cheeks stood up and asked where I went except this time he was serious about hearing an answer. I said nothing just stood up and walked towards the wall behind me. Cheeks pointed his gun and asked whom I talked to on the phone. I told the truth which was that I didn't know who he was but they said I was either a liar, a cop, or a rat. I claimed that I was none of the above and if I wanted to leave or get them busted it would have happened by now. I came back and they'd have to trust me as much as I'd have to trust them. I did the only thing I could think of I pointed to Rog who was on the other side of Cheeks, when he looked over his shoulder I grabbed the gun and they stood very still for a minute scared. I don't know why I didn't shoot them all but I threw the gun to the other side of the room. I don't know whether I said this to make them believe me or whether I meant it but I said we were doing this tomorrow as planned and we will do it as a team.

This defused the whole situation and everyone continued a more pleasant conversation.

I had a hard time getting to sleep because I feared one of them was going to kill me. I thought about killing them while they slept but I knew if I was going to take down my boss these guys could help. I fantasized about blowing up the house and even torturing them in contraptions of my own and that was enough to let me drift off to sleep. My dreams that night were of four masked men whom I presume were the three stooges and myself. We were dressed in pure white so the four of us stood out in the large black room. We were making our way towards a little green light on the other end of the area, but shadows were making it hard for us to move.

I remember one grabbed me and it was hard to struggle against it but I did manage to shake it free. I saw whom I believe was Rog due to his size turning pure black until he was one of them too, then the others followed until almost everyone except me were now shadows. I ran for my life towards the green light until it was right in front of my face and I could've touched it but I didn't for some reason, I wanted to run as far away from it as possible. I was tackled to the ground by the last shadow man and I landed right on the green light. There were shadow people all around so I couldn't move a single muscle all I could see and feel was blackness for a moment. I felt them loosen and suddenly instead of just a green glow in the black world, I saw everything again. The shadow people all had little white yellowish lights or circles right above where their hearts would be. I looked around and I could see someone who also wasn't a shadow person but he was blurry, I could now crawl so I made myself towards the figure. When I was close he came towards me and I recognized him as my boss. He ordered a bunch of shadow men to pick me up and bring me face to face with him.

I looked him in the eyes and tried to scream but I couldn't even whisper, only observe what was happening. I saw a shadow man right beside my boss and watched as the bright light on his chest blinked and fell to the ground. I couldn't take my eyes off of it, he was the only shadow who didn't have eyes, just blackness. He made a wave or swing of his arms and suddenly I dropped to the ground and so did every other shadow person in the room. I stood up as soon as I could but no one else did, only three other people were standing. me, the two people in front of me: My boss to the left and the shadow person to the right. No one spoke a word but I could sense the whole conversation as if they were. My boss was pleading for me to give the green light to him because he's been set up just like me. It could help both of us escape. I looked at the shadow person on his right and he just held out his hand. It became very apparent they wanted that green light.

I looked and Cheeks was now standing beside me. He was a shadow person too with the little white light above his heart but he wasn't trying to take it, he stared at the other two. My boss pleaded with me again to give it to him but I could sense his evil intentions and told him he was never going to get it and there was no way I was about to give it to a creepy shadow person either. Cheeks said giving the file to either of them would be walking it right into the hands of the people who want it destroyed and everything we've sacrificed would be for nothing. I gave the green light to Cheeks and everything changed, I couldn't move again just staring at the creepy shadow person in front of me.

He lifted his hand towards where the white light on his chest would've been and it turned blood red. I couldn't stop staring like I was hypnotized or something, his finger also kept a red glow as he lifted it towards his temple and it started spreading throughout his head. He told me to think and opened his eyes and suddenly everything turned white. I was pushed back to reality by the feeling of vibration in my pocket. I awoke and was flooded with questions about my dream and couldn't understand what it meant at first. Was he telling me to use my brain or open my eyes? What was up with the lights on their chests? Enough about the dream because time is precious and every minute brings me closer to my demise, I would hate to die without getting to the good part of this story.

Without waking anyone I left the house as quickly as possible and when I was walking down the road I passed a little diner that was closed. I knew it'd be open this morning, I don't smoke so I needed a coffee to calm me down. That hope didn't last long when I realized I didn't have any money. I sat down before I remembered the vibration from the mobile phone the stranger from the phone booth gave me last night. I had a new message. It read 'things are not as they seem and you need to see clearly before the vision can be properly understood, see you soon'

It didn't say who it was from. After that dream I just decided to run. Things were way too messed up for me to comprehend logic and reason at this point. I didn't get far before I noticed a car down the road pull a U-turn and pull over, I stopped dead because a few men in very nice suits got out and walked towards me. I also pulled a U-turn and walked even faster in the opposite direction, when I turned the corner I started to run.

They couldn't see me anymore and I wanted to get away. I turned into an alley and noticed a homeless guy ahead of me asking me if I'm the one who brings the change. I told him I had no money to which he replied he didn't want money, but change. Then asked if I was the one who brings it. This was weird and creepy. He started walking toward me and I could see why, it was the weird bearded dude from the other day. I wanted to see him least of anyone I have met recently and even wished I was back with Cheeks tied up rather than converse with this guy for some reason. I ran back out of the alley and was about a block away from the hideout when I saw a police car creeping down the road.

I hid behind the bus shelter and the phone in my pocket rang again, I went to see what the message said when I realized it was a call and I had accidentally answered it. I said hello but no one answered and as I was about to hang up when the voice from last night spoke up. He said he had to be brief and told me I was being followed. If I called the police they would pin everything on me because I'm an accountant for one of the companies involved. I asked if everyone was out to get me, how could I even trust him. If I cannot tell the police about this plan who can I give the file to, to thwart said plan? All he had to say to that was the answer to all my questions would be revealed in time but things have to go according to plan.

He assured me that I wasn't alone in this and I had help but I'd have to trust him. I still didn't know whom I was talking to and I was getting sick of people telling me I'd have to trust them, I said I wasn't saying one more word until I knew his name, I would destroy the phone and walk away from this whole thing. I knew I had the upper hand now because he suddenly wanted to answer. I said I only wanted one answer and that was his name. He told me the smartest thing I should do was go back to the house. I remember he was persistent in not revealing his name and kept changing the subject. He said he understood if I didn't trust him but I must retrieve the Robinson file that's when I cut him off, WHAT'S YOUR NAME? I should have listened and asked him more questions because he told me that I'd be stuck in almost the same situation I'm in right now and he could have told me how to get out of it. I didn't let him I just asked him his name and he said this would be the last time that we could speak over the phone, but I could call him Rondulph.

Once I hung up there wasn't anything I wanted to do more than leave this city forever. The only way I saw myself doing that now was getting this mystery file, so I stood up and surveyed the street. Nothing was out of the ordinary and the police car was gone so I went into the hideout confidently. Once inside I quietly shut the door and I could hear they were awake and talking in the kitchen so it wasn't like I was trying to sneak in. Cheeks was looking over a set of blueprints or large pieces of paper and when I looked closer, I noticed the second person wasn't a guy but the woman from the chair. I didn't have my glasses and I didn't want to make eye contact and be awkward so I pretended to look at the plans too. She left with the Ukrainian man in a hurry and I asked Cheeks who she was, he said it was Rog's sister Serenity and changed the subject. They informed me of my boss working on a way to frame me for the missing money and even put a hit out on me before I could prove my innocence. I didn't believe them until they showed me a voicemail message that proved he was going to do both.

I had no choice but to expose his plot before he had a chance to blame me for it. Cheeks spent the next couple of hours explaining things to me in detail and it just occurred to me how intricate and well thought out this plan was. It's been in the works for years, and had so many steps involved. He had every detail mapped out from blueprints, work time-sheets, and even complete inventory lists. He had a blackboard like we had in school and it looked like he was planning football plays. The play for tomorrow is what he wanted to show me.

It was positioned in which we'd move through the building, there was an X where the filing cabinet containing the file was and four numbers were us. He drew out plans and described the whole thing to me and asked if I understood it. At the time I had no idea, I thought I would be playing number four but I found out I was number one when it was way too late to turn back.

I was able to sleep and the next morning, I was ready to end of all this. Get the file and be done with it all. We were about to leave when I realized I was supposed to wear what I thought were dirty mechanic rags in the corner but apparently was part of the plan. I suited up and we headed out. We got to the destination and I was to sit outside and pretend to be homeless while they went inside and got into formation. I was to wait until I saw a bald man with a turtleneck sweater enter the bank and then I was to follow him inside. Nothing went to plan.

I was waiting for longer than I had expected and was getting kinda antsy. The bald man was late. I saw a man across the street also sitting on the ground, staring at me. I didn't have to go across to know it was the bearded guy from the other day. This made it official, he was stalking me. I didn't know what to do so I stood up and started to walk away from the building but the man stood up and started to walk towards me. I kept thinking what if he was a cop and he was about to arrest me? My thoughts were running wild. I was thinking he might even work for the socialites and might be about to kill me. He tapped his wrist again and honestly, I had no idea what he wanted but I didn't want to wait around and see. I went to walk inside and ran straight into a police officer. He grabbed my arm and pushed me forward. I thought he was trying to arrest me but thankfully he was helping me regain my balance. When I turned around there was no bearded guy anywhere in sight. The cop, thinking I was homeless, gave me enough for a coffee and left. I had a gun in my waist so I'm glad it never fell out of the rags. Just as I might have just dipped and left this whole operation I saw the bald guy walking ahead. When I went inside I saw Cheeks in the corner posing as the blind guy, Rog in the other corner with the Ukrainian guy acting like they were discussing something important. Once they spotted me they knew the plan was put into action and Rog left for the bathroom.

There were about ten people inside and we had only planned for maybe, six; we would have to work around it. Once the bald guy was inside he walked towards the back room and I looked for the thumbs up from the Russian. This meant that he's disabled the cameras and we can move to phase two. I then looked for Cheeks to get up and walk towards the lineup but he signaled me to go anyways without him. I stood in line, waiting to be served. I put my hand on the gun that was sitting on my waist, I didn't want to use it but it was my only protection if our plan didn't work. I quietly inquired about the Robinson file to which she replied that I would have to speak up...

So I did. She asked if I was the person that was coming to activate the account. That's when things started to get weird and not according to plans we talked about. I asked her to give me the Robinson file so no one would get hurt. I was acting like a terrorist and not just a dirty homeless man in line. I ordered everyone to get on the floor and raised the gun into the air. Everyone did go down except the girl behind the counter, the Russian guy, and Cheeks. I pointed the gun at the girl and told her I wanted the file.

While I watched her type away I realized a man was standing behind her, in the hall, and he was pointing a gun at me shouting about my tattoo -almost describing it out loud. It was the bald man in the turtleneck and he thought I was this guy named Fox so I played along for some reason. He kept saying stuff like 'put the gun down Fox, this doesn't have to end like last time' or 'please do not do this, your streak is over' We both had guns pointed at each other and neither of us were backing down. His gun was probably real so I knew he would win in a shootout but I wasn't letting him know that. We stood in a stare-down until the girl at the counter broke our silence, declaring out loud the Robinson file had been activated. All of a sudden I heard a loud bang from behind me and the bald guy dropped to the floor. Rog was out of the washroom and shot him but it looked like I shot him to anyone who was there for sure.

To anyone that's listening please know that I didn't want anyone to die, nor did I kill a single person. My gun is fake and I've been..”

BANG..click.BANG.

“Anyways back to my story, I hopped behind the counter but there were no filing cabinets anywhere in the room. I walked towards the back hallway when I heard more shots, I turned around they were shooting everyone else. Suddenly everyone was dead except me, Rog, Cheeks, the Russian, and the girl behind the counter. As soon as the last person hit the ground the girl filled a bag with something out of a few drawers. I yelled 'what's going on here?'

Cheeks replied that the plan was successful and the five-way split meant they were all rich. I shouted 'where is the Robinson file and what is going on?' I was still very angry over the murder. A voice behind me said 'Don't you get it we're the bad guys, there never was a Robinson file' it was the bald guy walking past. I thought about the splitting five ways thing because by my count there were the three of them, the girl, myself, and now the bald guy. That's six people... who wasn't getting cut into the profits? Rog laughed at me and asked If it wasn't clear enough and suddenly it was. The bald guy lowered his collar and I saw the fox, the same fox that is on my neck. I'm the patsy, the buddy being set up, I walked right into this situation. I was an accountant working for one of the biggest companies in this corruption ring; it would be so easy to frame me. Rog confirmed my suspicions when he pointed to Fox's missing finger, mine was made to look like his. They're going to shoot me and wait for the police to show up then I'll be framed as the Fox. I tried saying they'd never get away with this once the cops found out. They laughed so hard when I said this but I didn't see the joke yet. The bald guy took the bags and while laughing, gave me the stupidest bow/wave combo I have ever seen and left.

I was backing up slowly while Rog was walking towards me with his gun, waving it and asking me if I had any last words. I was confused and knew the cops should be coming soon... so I asked how they'd explain their presence at the scene of the crime. I was going to tell them everything, I knew the plan. Cheeks cut me off by saying they're waiting until the police show up.

They're going to frame me and no one will ever be the wiser.

They explained that the cameras show me pointing a gun at the girl, who is now the only living witness before Rog cut the vide. Now everyone's dead.

I give Cheeks credit, he did plan the perfect heist but he didn't plan for me to do what I did next. I asked him again how he was going to stay here and get away with it. He reached into his pocket and showed me his badge, all three of them were cops, I didn't see that coming. I couldn't even wrap my mind around what this meant. I get it now, they were going to pretend to be first on the scene. I asked them 'and what about him?' and pointed to the corner. It was enough for them to turn their heads and I ran into the hall. I leaped behind the first door I saw and locked it. I heard gunshots outside trying to get in here but they can't. It's designed for this.

Cheeks probably called for backup stating I was heavily armed and already killed multiple people.

I heard them say they were out of ammo. That didn't matter though, in fifteen minutes when their police friends get here they'll have new guns and ammunition. I already tried the phone Rondulph gave me but I'm pretty sure I'm in a vault of some sort, so I cannot make, or receive any calls. I thought I wasn't going to be able to tell anyone what happened to me the past couple of days until I saw a voice notes menu on this phone and I see this as my only way to clear my name. It's been about twenty-five minutes since I started recording and..."

"BANG..click..BANG..click"

"I hear them now finally about to open the door so it's time for me to face what's coming to me. if I die today at least I got to tell you my story. Siri, you were right about everything, I love you..."

## Conclusion.

The message does continue but it's mostly speculation from here on out. It starts with the sound of the phone hitting the ground and then several loud bangs and scuffled movements. Brian could be heard breathing heavily under the desk for about a minute before he faintly said "I don't get it, what happened?" and then a few seconds later "It was you all along wasn't it, but why me? And how did you know?" There were other voices saying something but it was too quiet to hear. I don't know who sent me this recording but I've been going a little bit crazy ever since trying to find out what happened. I desperately need to know what happened to Brian Miller and The Robinson File.

I first heard this tape about fourteen years ago and I've been digging around trying to uncover this story ever since. I became an insomniac trying to find him or anyone else that might be able to explain what happened when the tape stopped. I did find out Brian got out of that vault and is alive somewhere but I've been unsuccessful in locating him. I couldn't tell you where, or what he's doing today, but I was able to track down a man named Roger Morrow. He admitted to being the same Rog from this tape, he's incarcerated and serving a life sentence but I was able to interview him. He told me the same story that I heard on the tape which didn't help me much but he did tell me that Alexandr was the name of the Russian guy, and offered information about the location and date of the heist. Once I found out where it happened, I then found out about the surveillance video in the vault. I went to court for months trying to gain access to it. I had to have a good enough reason and writing this won me the chance to see the video.

I watched it and I saw Brian in the video hiding under the desk recording the message and I got to the point where he put the phone down and the door opened by Roger followed by Alexandr and two other figures, none of which turned out to be Cheeks. They had their guns drawn as he tried to explain himself but didn't get a chance to say a word. They started firing and it looked like fireworks were going off inside that vault. I watched as roughly twenty gunshots from Rog and Alexandr were fired in Brian's direction.



When the firing stopped Brian was still standing there patting his body down surprised to be alive. I saw the two other officers point their pistols at Rog and Alexandr and then arrest them.

They left and another man came into the room. Brian and the man stood looking at each other for a minute or two. It was so quiet that this next transcript is part guess work on my end so bare with me. He said they'd been watching and following Rog for a while and knew they were the ones behind the circle cycle. They thought this plan was amazing but they didn't expect Brian to hide in the vault, they needed him dead so they could make it look like the bad guy died.

When Brian hid they had to change their plans and the man said if he hadn't been following him, the cops would've never noticed was being set up being set up. These officers really would have thought he was robbing this place and shot him. This is when Brian must have first recognized the guy because it was the part on the tape where he said "it was you all along" then the second voice said "the only way to protect you and arrest them, would be to let them prove to the police their own corruption. They were told before entering the vault to only fire if provoked. I knew you weren't going to provoke them so I thought to play their trick on them. They were handed guns with blank rounds because I knew they would pull the trigger carelessly. I don't know where Adam is, or Cheeks as you would know him, but he must have been wise to our plan. I don't know how, but he is gone. The other two will spend a long time in jail and so will the female witness. Speaking of females, I think I need to tell you something about your wife Brian." Brian recognized him now, he had long mangy hair with a matching beard. He looked right at the camera and I saw the creepy bulgy eyes and knew it was the creepy guy Brian kept running into, the one person he didn't want to see ended up being the only one who could help him. When they started to walk out of the vault Brian was asking questions about how they pulled this off but just stopped and said thank you to the bearded man but stopped. He asked his name and he said to call him Rondulph.

Here's a quick note: I have looked for several years trying to find any cop or detective with the first or last name Rondulph... but there is no one. There isn't even a cop by the first name Ron and last name Dulph, so my search goes on. There are still so many questions I have about this story and blanks that need to be filled. Who is Rondulph? What happened to Brian Miller after that day? What about Cheeks where is he? How... Did he get his nickname? Did he meet up with the Fox? Where is the money the girl wired

out when she activated the Robinson account? Did he set up Rog and Alexandr so they didn't have a cut of the profits?

These are just a few of the questions I don't think I'll find the answer to, but at least I now know how Brian got out of that vault, and that's all I set out to find in the first place. If anyone knows the answers to the other questions please contact me I would love to do a follow-up report to this story but I hope this has intrigued you as much as it has me. If you find yourself in a situation like this I have one piece of advice for you: Don't snoop around because sometimes what you get may be way worse than what you expected to find.

Coming soon

**The Circle of Socialites**  
**Book 2**  
**The Fox...**