

Taylor hasn't called or texted. *That's my girl*, I observe with an influx of melancholy, inexpressibly and suddenly all alone; I divert attention to the caged openings between the satellite facility's wall and ceiling. They look segmented, latched. And if I reach them they will be locked too.

"These places never have just one entry or exit." I announce. I start to wander. Not through the center of the plant like when I came in, but around its perimeter. "Otherwise, it's a county code violation."

Bonnie trails me. "No way," she hisses, pantomiming an interested schoolgirl. She silences the hundredth call to her cell in as many seconds. "So how much kickback money did your team take from TLI?"

"Kickbacks' is an incendiary term. Are you pretending you didn't receive an advanced copy of the exposé? Wouldn't exactly jive with what you told me ten minutes ago."

Bonnie kicks more gravel. It clangs weakly against thick piping. She is an amateur. "Yes, I got the article. Was the author's name redacted on yours as well?"

"Yes. I'm guessing someone must have leaked it."

"Info-terrorism. Cue me sharing my location. My hacker boys from my forum are still trying to confirm who sent it."

As if her cue were literal, there are bangs from the metal mesh doors.

I can distinguish at least three of them calling her name, their voices straining against the metal.

"Would those happen to be the same hacker boys who investigated the out-of-towner plotting to kill me?" I spit.

"Sure, bring that up again now. Play victim. Y'all always do."

*I was literally an intended victim, you bitch*, I almost yell. *Y'all? Y'ALL?* My head pangs. Taylor taught me to do breathing exercises to help stave off my painful headaches. I try. But this is no ideal environment.

I notice she glances furtively at her purported fan club without rushing to meet them.

"It's only that if they are, I question their accuracy," I manage.