He shuts the laptop. Too hard. The snap echoes in the silence.

Erik lingers. The stillness oppressive. A clock ticks somewhere.

On the table: A bottle. The cap already off. A glass, untouched.

He stares at it.

The chair creaks as he shifts. His hand hovers— Pulls back.

A beat. Then he swipes the glass away. It topples, shattering against the floor.

His breath sharpens.

The laptop's screen lights up again. He stares. The blog page is open. Blackwidower.

The cursor blinks.

A long beat. Then

He starts to type.