

# Richter Case File

## Heartache

### Episode 1

I still couldn't believe that I was now alone. He had killed not only my mother but every other Mystic in the world. Mother had only started to train me and although I had taken to it rather quickly I still had a lot to learn. However one thing was clear no matter how long it took I needed to find Deathsong and make him pay for everything that he had done.

It wasn't long after my mother's murder that I started training. I wanted to learn everything that I could about who I was and what my people were all about. My mother told me that I was special but I didn't know what she meant until she died. I was the one that every Mystic had been waiting for; the one they called the "True Mystic".

I have worn many hats throughout my life as a lawman but never losing sight of my true objective and that was finding Deathsong. I was not looking for justice no it was revenge I wanted but something always got in the way. As I looked through what was left of mine and my mother's things I found a journal of everything that she had written about my people's history, our way of life and me. She was not a powerful Mystic but she was the most knowledgeable. It was from the grave that she taught me. Her words, writing, character and care made me who I am, however the vengeance and hatred I had I learned from Deathsong.

My mother didn't talk much about my father and she had no idea that her first son survived. My mother had tried to teach me as much as she could about the power that I was developing but there was still so much to learn. However something changed after our first battle and all the knowledge that I needed was suddenly there. I don't know if I was supposed to know all these things right away or if it was brought on by instinct or the heat of battle.

With the new knowledge of my power I did whatever I could to bring forth the vision of who Deathsong was. I saw what he had been through and the innocent boy that suffered at the hands of his horrible father was gone. The

only thing that remained was hatred and evil. I knew that there was no way to save his soul and frankly to tell you the truth I don't give a shit about his soul. The images of that night haunt me to this day but those thoughts would have to be put on the back burner for now. It's almost Valentine's Day here in Chicago in 1929 and I just got word that something big is about to go down with Capone!

It was the height of prohibition and the transport of and sale of any liquor was illegal. However there were steps set in motion to end prohibition and because of this there had been a scramble to make as much money as possible before that happened. Of course this wasn't information that was released to the public but there always seemed to be a leak somewhere. Although the agency I worked for wasn't yet called the F.B.I. we were sent to Chicago on a tip that something big was going down.

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## Episode 2

We had been investigating two rival gangs in Chicago; the South Side Gang led by Al Capone and the North Side Irish Gang led by Bugs Morgan. On the Morning of Thursday, February 14, 1929, St. Valentine's Day five members of the North Side Irish Gang were lined up against the rear inside wall of the garage at 2122 North Clark Street in the Lincoln Park neighborhood of Chicago's North Side. There were seven men total that were lined up there with all likelihood placed there by Al Capone.

The reason that we were brought in was because there had been evidence that Capone had cops on the payroll going all the way up to the top. Capone had been in Florida at the time of the shooting which would famously be called The Valentine's Day Massacre but that didn't mean that he wasn't responsible for the hit. We were too late to stop the shooting but we needed the evidence to not only pin this on Capone but find the cops that were on the payroll.

I arrived at the scene and it was a massacre. It was a surprise that one of those men shot survived. Frank Gusenberg was rushed to the hospital after the shooting. I went to speak with him but he denied that anyone had shot him even though he had 14 bullet holes in him.

Capone was one of the most dangerous men not only in Chicago but across the country. He was given respect but that all came out of fear. Capone was a criminal genius but he and the leaders of the other gangs had been tricked by the same person.

We had wire taps, informants, and snitches from inside gangs all over the country and they all seemed to be coming back to one name Daemon Roa. Who the hell was Damon Roa? We had no idea who this person was but from what we could find out is that he was the cause for the real cause of the massacre and the driving force behind almost every criminal empire across the country.

However for whatever reason no one would link him to anything. This Daemon Roa was smart and although he seemed to be controlling everything he did whatever he could to make the leaders of the gangs believe that they were in charge. I headed back to the crime scene to try and get a vision of what went down. I didn't think that I was going to get much considering all accounts of

what had taken place were the same but it was worth a shot. When I arrived the visions that I had seen were pretty much as accurate as what all the witnesses described but I needed to see something more.

Clearly I wasn't going to see anything else with the victims because they wouldn't be able to show me anything that happened during the planning of the shooting there was a possibility that one of the bullets recovered at the scene could show me what I wanted to see. I decided to leave and head to police station where the evidence had been collected.

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## Episode 3

I walked into to the police station and headed over to the evidence room. Although the shooting was only a few hours old the Chicago police were diligent in getting as much evidence from the crime scene as fast as possible and preserving it. As I entered the evidence room I could hear two voices quietly arguing towards the back. I would find out that one of those voices was the evidence clerk but when I got to the caged counter there was clearly only one man there.

I told him who I was and asked if I could see one of the shell casings from today's shooting but his answer was surprising.

"I'm sorry sir but I can't help you," the officer said.

"Son, I don't think you understand who I am. I am a special agent of the Bureau of Investigation appointed by J. Edgar Hoover himself. This badge and my title require that you assist me without question."

"I understand that sir and I have no problem doing what you ask if I could."

I asked him to explain what he meant by that statement and he told me that there were no shell casings for me to see. He told me that there was no shell casings recovered from the scene. I found that hard to believe with the initial statement but I could tell he was telling the truth. The officer was young and still a little wet behind the ears and the look on his face told me that he was being honest. He told me that the bodies had been taken to the medical examiner's office and that maybe they could help me with what they had found. The kid had a point. If there was no shell casings then maybe I could take a look at one of the bullets that our victims.

On the advice of the cop I headed over to the M.E.'s office in hopes of finding some answers. We knew that these men were at odds with Capone and it would have been simple for him to organize the shooting from anywhere but with the name Damon Rau jumping around in my head I knew that this was bigger than a crime war.

“Dr. Walsh,” I said in a monotone voice.

“Yes,” he replied.

“My name is Tobias Richter; I’m a special agent with the Bureau of Investigation...” I said to him as I flashed my badge. “...I’m investigating today’s shooting I was wondering if you had extracted any of the bullets from any of the victims?”

“No not just yet but I was just about to; you can wait outside if would like until I’ve finished.”

“Nah, I think I’ll stay and watch.”

“Most police don’t have the stomach for this kind of thing,” he said to me.

“Trust me doc, I’ve seen things that would make even someone in your line of work sick to your stomach.”

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## Episode 4

The doctor started doing his thing and when he pulled out the first bullet he was amazed.

“What is it” I asked him.

“The bullet is completely intact. It doesn't seem to show any signs of trauma to the sides, back or the front. No gun powder residue, no evidence at all that the hammer in the gun hit it at all and yet here it is.”

I walked over to take a closer look when the bullet just seemed to vanish right out of Dr. Walsh's hand. Let's just say that the good Dr. was surprised as was I.

“What in the good Lord's name happened? The bullet just dissolved, right here in my hand.”

I told the doc to keep working, which he did but with every bullet he pulled out within a minute of being extracted from the body dissolved into thin air.

“What are these, magic bullets?”

“There's no such thing as magic.” Magic bullets they weren't. I had seen close up what magic bullets were capable of and what they looked like and this was nothing like that. I needed to touch one of those bullets but at the rate that they were dissolving I wouldn't have enough time to get anything out of them. However at that moment I had an idea.

“Doc, do you have a small container; one with a lid on it that could seal the air in?”

He handed me a small plastic container. I pulled off the top and told Dr. Walsh to place the next bullet in the container instead of his metal drop pan. He pulled out what seemed to be the 15<sup>th</sup> or 16<sup>th</sup> bullet out of the guy. I had intended to keep count of every as they were taken out of the bodies but after the first one going 'poof' it didn't seem to be that important anymore.

He placed the next bullet into the container and I closed the lid. Within one minute, that's all it took for every other bullet to dissolve. However if I was right about my theory the bullet should be fine within this container. It worked; the bullet had been in that container for over four minutes long and it was fine.

It wasn't a magic bullet but I had guessed that whatever this bullet was made of was reacting to being exposed to oxygen. It was great that the bullet hadn't dissolved but if I were to open the container the same result would occur and the bullet would disappear.

With the disappearing bullet this was definitely bigger than just a crime war. I looked directly into Dr. Walsh's eyes and instructed him to keep working and to forget about the bullets completely. A simple bit of magic to make him forget what he saw. It wasn't for my sake but his. If anyone heard him speaking about magic bullets that disappear he would be sent straight to the loony bin.



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## Episode 5

I needed to be creative. Since I couldn't open the container with all likelihood that it would dissolve I had to find a way to get in physical contact without oxygen. There were a few things that were air tight that I could allow the container to be open however I still wouldn't be able to touch it. Although I am immortal I still need air to breath. There was a question that I couldn't answer. If the bullets dissolved when they came into contact with oxygen; how were they fired from a gun without dissolving until extraction?

It wasn't magic and since magic wasn't a factor it had to be technology but what technology could make that happen? I was good at solving crimes but not good at technology so I needed to find someone who could give me answers. The only person who could potentially give me those answers was a man named Cyrus Plum; Dr. Cyrus Plum to be exact. Dr. Plum was years ahead of our time in terms of technology, physics, science; you name it and there was no one else that could reach his potential of intellect.

He had been recruited by the United States government and given whatever he needed to work. Some people would say that where he worked was more of a prison but the good doctor could come and go as he pleased; however he almost never did. At the times that the doctor would leave his lab he was always escorted by guards. He was better protected than the president but there were reasons for that.

I entered Dr. Plum's lab and told him what I was looking for. He took the container in his left hand and with one word made me feel like I needed to go back to school. "Simple" he said out to me.

"Simple" I questioned; what do you mean simple?"

"The bullets did not dissolve while they were in the gun or flying through the air because they needed a chemical reaction to do so." He took his other hand and began opening the container. I yelled for him not to do that but I was surprised at the result when he did. The bullet was intact and he tossed it over to me.

As soon as I caught the bullet visions had begun to hit me like large balls of hail. These visions were jumbled and they were painful. Each one stinging and as the visions became more powerful so did the pain. I dropped the bullet onto the table and asked the good doctor how that bullet stayed intact.

“What you failed to see agent Richter is that the bullet has an almost invisible plastic casing surrounding it. The chemical reaction to oxygen I suspect only occurs when the metal of the actual bullet interacts with the oxygen in the air. This of course would prevent the extraction and study of the bullet. Now in order for that to occur the outer shell must be peeled away and I believe that can only occur with direct interaction with blood. “

He was about to cut his finger and demonstrate but I needed the bullet for further study so I took his word for it. He was amazed at the technology and when I asked if he of anyone working on something like this his response was...

“This technology isn't possible. I can theorize how it could be done but the technology to make it happen doesn't exist!”

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## Episode 6

I left the good doctor puzzled at what he said. He was so far ahead of our time that if anyone could give me the answers I sought he would. While he did give me the answers to how this was done he left me with even more questions. On top of that I couldn't understand what was going on when I touched that bullet. I couldn't understand why my visions were so strong and why was it hurting me to see them?

I was stumped I really hit a dead end. There were no more leads and I had no one else to turn to. It had only been a few hours since the shooting and regardless of what had happened it was getting pretty close to dinner time. I decided to get something to eat, have some coffee and go over everything that I had learned so far, although it wasn't a lot.

On the way to the dinner near my hotel room I passed the crime scene that was understandably still crawling with police but many of the people that were hovering around had gone. There were still a few stragglers hanging around but that was to be expected. I slowed down as I passed the scene when someone caught my eye. At the same time that this person caught my eye a sharp pain ripped through my body like a knife cutting through cloth.

In the visions that I had I saw a man, it was hard to describe even to myself what he looked like but I knew that the same man was now standing at that crime scene. I stomped on the brakes and got out of the car. As I got closer to the scene the man started to walk away. I started following him. With every step I took it seemed as if he was taking ten. I started running but I still couldn't catch him. He turned into an alley way that I knew was a dead end. I ran in after him but when I got there he was gone.

"What the hell" I thought to myself. He disappeared but I didn't know how. I didn't feel any magic in the area and there were no secret passages of any kind.

"Maybe they were wrong about you" a voice said from behind me. When I turned around I was surprised to see the man I had been chasing. I turned and looked at him with a puzzled face.

"I was told that you were smarter and much cleverer than you appear to be."

"Who are you" I asked.

"You don't know; so much for the world's greatest detective."

"Rau, Damon Rau"

"Ding, ding, ding; you're right, tell him what he's won Johnny." I looked at him again with a puzzling face; he snickered and then apologized. "I'm sorry; I forgot you don't know what that means yet, ha, ha, ha."

"Who are you?"

"Come on Richter didn't you answer that question yourself just now?"

"Don't play dumb with me; you know exactly what I mean."

"I am the man that is going to kill you."

"Well then you are going to be disappointed, I can't die."

"Yes, uncle you can!"

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## Episode 7

Damon attacked Richter with a blast of energy which caught him off guard and threw him through a building in the alley.

“Funny I heard that you were better than this dear uncle.”

“I’m not your uncle,” I said from behind him and punched him threw the adjacent building. I still didn’t know what he was saying because I knew that there was no way that I could be his uncle but that didn’t stop him from continuing to say it to me.

He flew out of the building right into me and knocked me out into the street. One of the things that I could not let happen was to allow people to see that people like Rau and myself could do the things that we do. One person is different but a group of people tend to panic and it is harder to convince more than one person that you are not a threat. However that isn’t always true because I may not have been a treat but I know that there are those out there like Rau that are. My job is to protect these people but at that moment I was laid out in the middle of the street.

Rau was now hovering over me continuing to talk. I will never understand why the bad guy always needs to talk when they are fighting someone. Don’t get me wrong I like to talk too but I don’t usually give a monologue, I just kick someone’s ass and be done with it.

“You are much less powerful here than what I am accustomed to. This will be easier than I thought,” I said to him as I walked out of the alley into the open. Rau was hovering over an illusion and he was surprised at what he was seeing as much as all of the people watching.

“I really don’t know who you are but one thing I do know, I am not your uncle and the other is this fight here is over.” I didn’t know if I could beat Rau because in all honesty he was powerful, just as powerful as my bother Deathsong but in a different way. He had something more in him and it was something that I couldn’t pinpoint.

I raised my hands into the air, my head back releasing a light from my body. The light engulfed everyone and everything within viewing distance of us and then when the light diminished only Rau and myself were left. We were now on the outskirts of the city in an open field away from everyone and the city. I teleported both of us out of the city to protect the people there and simultaneously erased everyone's memory of the recent events. It was what I needed to do to ensure that everyone would be safe however it took a toll on me. It took a lot of energy to do what I did and although I was more than capable of doing the spell I had never tried something like that before. I was weakened and with Rau's power so high I was an easy target.

He realized what I did but he also saw that the spell had weakened me and made his move. His hands began to glow and he charged at me again through the air. As he charged at me I could see the energy in his hands change form to what looked like blades and he was coming for my head. At that moment when he was about to hit me another blade of energy came out of nowhere to stop his attack. I looked over and saw none other than Deathsong!

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## Episode 8

However he was dressed differently and Rau knew who he was but the name he called him confused me. "Philos" he said as the two fought. It confused me because Philos was my father's name. I didn't really know him as Deathsong killed him while I was still young but my mother told me stories about his heroics and he looked nothing like my father.

The two continued to fight in the air. The flashes of power looked like lightning and sounds coming from them were louder than thunder. I only needed a few minutes to compose myself after the big spell. If it were for this other person I never would've had the time to recharge. I was back to normal and although we were in the middle of an open field I needed to put an end to this fight.

I was able to do a lot of things but flying was not one of them. Something changed in me when this other person came into the picture. Not only did I recharge my powers I felt more powerful than ever. It was like I was injected with an energy boost of some kind. I couldn't understand it but I used it. I connect my two index fingers and thumbs in a diamond like shape, put both Rau and this other man in my sights through opening in my hands and then pulled my hands apart. When I pulled my hands apart the two men were separated. Then both looked down at me. Rau smiled, spun, and then disappeared. The other man did nothing and waited until I released him.

He came down from the sky and landed a few feet away from me.

"What the hell is going on and who the hell are you?"

"What's going on is that the man you know as Damon Rau wants to kill you and steal your powers, however where he and I come from he is not known as Damon Rau anymore; his name is Deathrite."

"What the hell are you talking about?" I asked him.

"In the future a demon vampire witch by the name of Medaile will bite and take the blood of your brother Deathsong. She didn't know what he was and instead of giving her power it started to kill her. For whatever reason his blood

impregnated her and the fetus slowly killed her from the inside. She searched for him in an attempt to find a cure and to kill the baby inside her. She was able to find him and he promised that he would help her but what he promised was a lie. He did make her feel like she was getting better but it was nothing but an illusion. He waited until the baby was close to full term and then murdered her and removed the baby from her womb.

He had a son and both he and his whore of a wife Deathcry raised him. He grew up with most of his father's powers but he had his mother's powers too. However that wasn't enough. He combined technology and magic together in hopes of being able to kill you but even that wasn't enough. He found a way to travel back to this time period where your powers aren't as potent in hopes that he could kill you here."

"You're telling me that he is doing this out of greed for more power?"

"That and revenge against you for imprisoning his father."

"What the hell are you talking about? Wait a minute what role do you play in all this and who the hell are you?"

"I am here to make sure that he doesn't kill you because if he does then my life will be over."

"Why is that?" I asked him and his response was nothing less than surprising; "because; I'm your son!"



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## Episode 9

“What,” I said to him.

“Listen I wish that I had time to explain but we don’t have time for 20 questions. He’s coming back, I can feel him.”

Strangely enough I could too. I didn’t know if what he was telling me was the truth or not but I knew that Damon Rau, the man he called Deathrite was back for round two and this time he wasn’t alone. He appeared out of nowhere with a group of men that were dressed similar to him.

“I’ve got Rau; you take care of his men.”

“Hey who put you in charge here?” I asked him.

“No offense dad but I can handle him better than you right now. “

He was right; although I was able to stop them from fighting just a short time ago he was stronger than me. I didn’t know if this was really my son or not but I knew that he was stronger than me. He went after Rau and I was left with six guys of my own. The odds weren’t very favorable; Rau should have brought more men.

Philos took to the sky and charged at Rau and his men came at me. Rau and Philos were moving so fast and using so much power that they couldn’t even be seen. The only thing that could be seen and heard were flashes of light and what could only be described as loud bangs of thunder.

On the ground however things were a little different. These six men that Rau brought to the fight were stronger than I expected and they were very versed in the use of magic. They didn’t fly like their master but they mastered the art of short distance teleportation. They would attack and disappear, and attack and disappear. I tried to hit back with both brute strength and magic but they were too fast. I even anticipated where they could reappear but even that didn’t work. The numbers that they had made it difficult to anticipate where they would strike next.

They were hitting me pretty hard and I was getting pretty pissed off. One thing that some of these guys shouldn't do is piss me off. I may be the most powerful Mystic ever but I have all the same emotions as anyone else and when someone becomes angry things happen. Endorphins are released from the brain and just like everyone else I got a surge of power. The only difference is that with me it becomes a lot more powerful.

It took no more than a second or two and I put a shield around me to block off the attacks. However what they didn't know was that if one of them hit the shield they would be pulled in and then it was my turn. One of them hit the shield and was sucked in and since he was no longer part of the others he was fair game. One by one they would hit the shield be sucked in and fall. Once there was only one left I dropped the shield and kicked his ass the old fashioned way.

# Heartache

## Episode 10

After I had taken care of the last guy I saw one big flash of light in the sky and then something fell fast to the ground causing a hole about 10ft deep. I went over to the hole and saw Philos lying there bloodied and battered.

“How pathetic” a voice said from above. I looked up and it was Rau descending toward me. “Your son is a fool. He may have found a way to follow me to this time period but he didn't find a way to keep all of his powers at full strength. Traveling to this time period is only half of the equation. When I first traveled here I notice that my powers lost their potency so I solved that problem. Full strength while you son is weak and since you are not as powerful as you are in my time you can join him in death!”

He was right the power that he was generating was incredible. He said that Philos wasn't as strong as he was in their time but he was still stronger than me and with all the fighting I had been doing there was no way that I could beat him. However I have always been known to be stubborn and I have never backed down from a fight. If death was going to be the result of this fight then at least I was going to go out with a bang.

“Goodbye uncle!”

He raised his hands and I took a defensive stance. His hands began to glow and just as he was about to attack a blade ripped through his chest from the back. “What the fu...”

“No one kills Richter but me!”

I couldn't believe my eyes. The man wielding the blade was my brother and Rau's father Deathsong.

“Do you have any idea who you just killed?” I asked him.

“Of course I do, but he isn't my son yet and since he won't be for quite a while I will make sure to teach him better manners.”

"Sorry but I don't think so." Philos was no longer in the 10ft hole but behind Deathsong. He touched him and he disappeared.

Philos told me that he had teleported his uncle away from the scene and erased any knowledge of the recent events.

"I can't believe I have a son."

"I'm sorry dad but you still won't know for a long time. I have to erase your memory too. No one should know too much about what's coming, you taught me that."

"Well even if I don't remember at least I know at this moment that I will have a child."

"Something else you taught me dad, nothing is written in stone. Just because you saw what happened here doesn't mean that is what will happen; until we see each other again, goodbye dad!"