

Sometimes I question if I'm a bad person. Honestly. I have morals. I know what's right and wrong, but is there ever justification? What if I had no other choice?

"That is a lie, you know." Dmitri stood against the wall of Ana's room. She felt herself impulsively jump back and raise her arms in defense before taking a closer look at him. His navy blue sweater had fresh rips in its seams and Ana's eyes were greeted with a new scratch, accompanied with dry blood, on his left cheek.

"You did have a choice."

"You did too." Silence occurred. Only for a moment, though, much to Ana's dismay.

"That is right. However, unlike you," he pointed at her. "I know I'm a bad person."

"Your accent is still too obvious." Ana's hazel orbs refused to make contact with his.

"Changing the subject, I see?" Dmitri shook his head, "they are all waiting on you and you are busy writing your little diary."

"It helps me reflect." The girl promptly closed her laptop and directed her attention to an even larger monitor that was behind it. A few clicks filled the air and her screensaver was replaced by a camera feed. The camera in question was attached to another laptop atop of a long table filled with people who had been awaiting her presence.

A young, dark-skinned woman wearing a combination of a dazzling necklace and gold top that would bring Rumpelstiltskin to shame glanced towards the newly-lit screen and narrowed her eyes.

"This is practically your job," Her voice was silky yet stern. A faint French accent could be detected if one was able to successfully ignore the alluring tone. "I would think you realize it is unprofessional to be late to a meeting."

The girl next to her seemed to be younger, but not by that many years. She wore a puffy pink jacket and sat in a position Ana's mother would have considered "unlady-like." Upon hearing her co-worker's voice sneer at the laptop, she rolled her eyes.

Facing the two women was a Hispanic man who slightly smirked.

"C'mon, Ade. Be kinder. If we scare her too much through FaceTime, how will we ever have a successful work meeting with her in person?" Had his tone been genuine Ana would have been thankful for his comment. His hair, pulled into a ponytail, was noticeably dyed red as his natural roots-a color she found prettier than the shade of red-were beginning to show at the top.

At the end of the table sat a man with long, black locks wrapped together in a braid. In contrast to the darkness of his hair, his skin was very pale and covered in bizarre tattoos. His eyes were fixated on the edge of the table and he had a neutral expression on his face; a scene Ana had become so accustomed to she had begun to believe he was suffering from the flat affect.