

Black File — Interlude: “Too Much of a Good Thing”



The cake looked harmless.
That was the first mistake.

Safehouse.
Late.
Quiet.

On the table:
Six plates.
Six identical portions.
Dark.
Dense.
Perfect.

Shammy stared at them.
“...that’s it?”

Mai didn't look up.

"High-density composition. Elevated sugar and fat ratio."

Badger leaned in.

"...it's dessert."

HeavenlyFather:

"...no, it isn't."

Grouse stepped forward.

Measured.

Calm.

"...acceptable."

Ace sat.

Already decided.

"Rules," Grouse said.

Mai answered.

"No breaks."

A beat.

"No water."

Badger blinked.

"...that feels illegal."

Mai:

“Constraint required.”

Shammy:

“...I don't like this.”

Ace:

“Eat.”

Silence.

Badger:

“WHY IS IT ALWAYS THIS SIMPLE”

□

First bite.

Ace.

No reaction.

Grouse.

No reaction.

Badger.

Paused.

“...okay—yeah—this is actually amazing.”

Shammy took a careful bite.

“...oh wow—okay—this is fine.”

Mai:

“Initial phase.”

Badger:

“STOP SAYING THAT”

□

Second bite.

Still fine.

Badger:

“I SEE NO PROBLEM HERE”

HeavenlyFather:

“...wait.”

Shammy blinked.

“...okay.”

A beat.

“...okay.”

□

Third bite.

The weight began.

Not pain.

Not discomfort.

Mass.

Ace slowed slightly.

Barely.

Grouse adjusted posture.

Controlled.

Badger:

"...this is getting heavy."

Mai:

"Caloric density accumulation."

Shammy:

"I regret asking."

□

Fourth bite.

The sweetness shifted.

Too much.

Badger stopped mid-chew.

“...okay no—this is wrong.”

Shammy leaned back.

“...yeah—there it is.”

□

Halfway.

Silence settled.

No one spoke.

Ace continued.

Steady.

Grouse continued.

Slower.

Precise.

Mai watched.

“Threshold approaching.”

Badger:

“WHY IS THAT ALWAYS BAD”

□

Sixth bite.

Everything slowed.

The cake didn't fight back.

That was the problem.

It stayed.

Ace finished another piece.

Paused.

Grouse did the same.

They both felt it.

□

Seventh bite.

Badger:

“I CAN’T TELL IF I’M FULL OR DEAD”

HeavenlyFather:

“...both.”

Shammy stared at her plate.

“...this is psychological.”

Mai:

“Incorrect.”

A beat.

“It is saturation.”

Shammy:

“THAT’S WORSE”

□

Final phase.

Ace reached the last section.

Grouse was behind her.

But steady.

Badger whispered:

“...don't do it.”

Ace took a bite.

Stopped.

Not visibly.

Not dramatically.

But—

stopped.

She looked at the plate.

Then at the last piece.

Small.

Simple.

Impossible.

Shammy leaned forward slightly.

“...you’re slowing.”

Ace:

“Noted.”

She tried again.

Didn’t go down.

Silence.

Mai:

“Constraint reached.”

Badger stood up.

“THIS IS IT—THIS IS THE MOMENT”

Grouse took another bite.

Slow.

Deliberate.

Finished.

Set his hand down.

“...complete.”

Silence.

Ace looked at the last piece again.

Didn't move.

A beat.

"...accepted."

□ **Aftermath**

Badger:

"HE DID IT—HE ACTUALLY DID IT"

Shammy leaned back.

"...I never thought I'd see that."

Mai:

"Outcome confirmed."

HeavenlyFather nodded.

"...balance restored."

Grouse looked at Ace.

A moment.

“...good match.”

Ace nodded once.

“Yes.”

Flat.

Final.

□ Epilogue

Safehouse.

Ace sat.

Table.

Last piece of cake.

Still there.

Untouched.

Shammy leaned on the wall.

“...you’re leaving it.”

Ace:

“Yes.”

Mai:

“Optimal decision.”

Badger walked past.

“...that piece won.”

HeavenlyFather:

“...it always does.”

Grouse stood at the doorway.

Looked once.

“...complete.”

And left.

Because some challenges—

are not about finishing.

They are about knowing

when you can't.

End.

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