Capitol Angst

D.C. White

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by

D.C. White

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Prologue

"Why are you doing this? Do you know who I am?" he yells at his abductor. "You don't need to do this, I promise I won't say anything to anyone" he screams as he feels the first of many slices to his body. Waking up lying on a metal table, naked on a cold January morning, in a room devoid of anything but knives and torture instruments, Bill prepares to meet his maker. The bastard, I don't even know him. Who would have thought that I'd go this way, he thinks as his captor continues slicing his skin. First his legs, now his arms, he thinks while opening his mouth to scream, a burning sensation consuming him. His vision gets cloudy, the pain bringing him to the edge of consciousness.

"Wake up" he hears, and then he feels something like acid touch his arms. As Bill slowly reaches consciousness, pain greets him like an old enemy. He opens his mouth to scream only to find it filled with a foul tasting substance. A rag, he stuffed my mouth with a rag, he realizes. This is really happening, it's not a nightmare.

"There you are" an old hippie throwback says when he notices bright blue eyes staring at him in fear and loathing. With a smile showing rotted teeth, broken to the gum line in places and a stench that smells like rotted food, his captor slowly moves his knife into view, knife point moving closer and closer to his right eye. With a quick stabbing motion, he jabs the eye socket and in agonizing pain Bill escapes into the dark, never to surface again. "That gets them every time" his captor murmurs with a smirk and continues with the job of separating man from skin. Those sure were pretty blue eyes, he thinks as he examines the right one, now residing on a tray with his knives.

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Chapter One

Friday morning, four fifty-seven a.m. Meow, Meeoow, Meeeoooow, Meeeeoooooow . . . All right, Prissy," replies an exasperated Norma as she struggles with her walker, to get to the front door. "Stop your scratching and digging at the door, I'll let you out as soon as I get there.

Frustrated with the heavy door and all the safety locks that her son had installed just last year, ever since her previously safe neighborhood had become a lot more dangerous to live in, Norma finally gets the door open.

"Oh Prissy, what's that mess on the floor? That looks like blood. Did you kill another squirrel? You know how I hate it when you go out and kill those poor little defenseless animals. Don't you get enough food around here?" she asks, not finding it unusual at all to talk to Prissy. As she opens the door wider to investigate, she lets out a blood curdling scream and turns to get to the phone, to dial nine-one-one.

What's wrong with me? My chest feels funny. I'm dizzy. Everything seems slow. "Oooh" she moans as she collapses to the floor just as she reaches the phone, pulling it onto the floor with her but just out of reach. Luckily, she's wearing the 'I've-fallen-and-can't-get-up chain' that her son Bill insisted she have, just for this reason. So tall and handsome, I can see him so clearly now. He's not going to be happy about this. I didn't shut the door she thinks while she grabs the chain and pushes the button. That's the last thought she'll ever have and the last thing she'll ever see. She's saved some pain, never knowing that it's her son that's hanging on the door, skinned like a rabbit.

A call comes in to squad twenty two of the Metro DCFD "This is Anna from Life Watch. We've received an alert from a ninety three-year-old woman that lives alone. We've tried to reach her unsuccessfully. She's on heart medication, so we're requesting an ambulance to be dispatched. The address is one-one-three-four Decatan Street." As the ambulance arrives at the home, the driver and paramedic, Skeet, notices an unmarked police car already on scene and an officer that appears to be throwing up beside it. After Skeet gets out with his partner, EMT Patricia Keller, they approach the officer first and see its Bob Gaitlin, a thirty-year veteran of the force, and a friend of Skeet's brother.

"Bob, what's going on?" Skeet asks. Bob looks up, pale and gray and looking much older than his fifty eight years.

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“Skeet, in all my time on the force, I’ve never seen anything like this. I haven’t been sick like this at a crime scene since I was a rookie. I was just driving through the neighborhood when I heard the call come in on the radio, and I thought maybe I could help.

“Come on, Bob” Skeet says “it’s just a little old lady. We’ll take care of it. Cops are such wimps,” he says quietly to his partner, Pat. Before Bob gets the chance to say anything else, Skeet and Pat approach the Brownstone, seeing what caused Bob to lose his breakfast. There, hanging on the front door, is what appears to be the skin of a human body.

As Bob comes up behind them he says, “I’ve called the detectives and the CSU; they’re on the way. In the meantime, we need to get in there and check on the woman that lives here. She must be a mess. We’ll have to move carefully though, no disrupting the crime scene. The detectives will have my hide if you do, since I’m letting you so close.”

“Too late,” Pat answers after peeking into the foyer of the house, and seeing the old woman lying there. “It looks like we have another one for the coroner.”

Lieutenant Kathleen Thomas, department head of the homicide division, D.C. Metro One, and her partner, Detective Desdemona Rowald (Des), show up to start the crime scene. “Set up a perimeter, establish the crime scene and start the sign-in procedures before we get overwhelmed” Lieutenant Thomas orders.

“Alright Des, let’s start the scene. We need to take a closer look at the body. I believe we have a male” she says “age undetermined at this time. The skin, not being on the body, is so wrinkled it’s hard to tell. The hair on the head is pretty gray though and military short. Oh, man, check this out” she says, and “somebody grab that cat, he needs to go in with the medical examiners team. Hopefully he didn’t eat much.

“Hmm, they left the eyes. Now that took some time, but why attach them to the groin area? The eyes aren’t attached to the skin normally, and never in the groin. Although you know what they say” she says with a smirk. “Nice blue color though. Too bad the guy that owned them lost them, and what happened to the body that goes in the skin?” Kat asks Detective Des.

“Notify the Medical Examiner’s office, the scene is on the one thousand block of Decatan Street. It looks like a street that houses upper-pay-scale people.

“This is not your normal murder neighborhood, I wonder how the body on the door and the old woman are connected?” she murmurs looking at Detective Des.

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“How is it possible to totally skin a person, and take everything except the skin? It’s got to be some kind of message. Just what is it and who is it directed at?” Kat says as she walks backwards from the door, trying not to contaminate the crime scene. Several police cars with lights flashing, and sirens screaming, fly around the corner. After screeching to a halt, the officers jump out of their vehicles in excitement, everyone wanting to see what the big deal is.

“Alright” Kat begins “can I get your attention, everyone? I need the following Officers: Scott, Johnson, Biggs, and Stuart to start interviewing witnesses. I want to know everything, absolutely everything. Did anyone see or hear anything last night? If so, what was it? What about animals, does anyone have any pets that started acting up at anytime in the night?

“It looks like the murder took place awhile ago” she informs them. “I’m going to need your reports at D.C. Metro One, as soon as possible. I’d like them within the next four or five hours. We need to get started on this before the killer has enough time to get too far. Unfortunately he’s already got a lead. Lord knows how far away he is by now” she adds in disgust. As the Officers leave to start questioning witnesses, the medical examiner’s office shows up.

“Good morning, Doctor Zorgath, you look good as usual. How is it that you can always be dressed and ready no matter what the time?” she teases. He’s wearing a beautiful navy blue suit, probably silk, a gray shirt the color of smoke and one of his famous ties. This one has a navy background with small gray squares in varying sizes all over the front, probably silk, since that seems to be his favorite material. His trademark black hair with every hair in place, the spiked top messy, but sexy.

She did her usual jump out of bed, rush through the shower and threw on some wrinkled cloths. Then she pulled her slightly damp hair back into a pony. With a naked face and a glance in the mirror she’s ready to go. There’s no one she wants to impress this early in the morning, anyway. She doesn’t realize that she looks about fifteen and like she’s ready for some kind of high school sport.

“People never surprise me anymore with the ingenuity they use for the most evil of crimes. Let’s get this skin down, be careful with the eyes, Samantha” orders Dr. Zorgath. “That’s a unique signature, wouldn’t you say, Lieutenant?” he questions as he starts investigating the crime scene, making note of the same things that Kat had noted. He order’s his techs to bag the hands and bring the push pins in that were used to attach them to the door. “Be careful with the feet, bag them also, and make sure you get pictures of everything and every angle, especially the eye placement.”

As the team gathers samples from the door, porch, sidewalk, anything that looks out of place, Dr. Zorgath walks over to Kat and starts talking. “This

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one was nasty; the killers seem to get weirder all the time. Let's hope this is the only one like it. I'd hate to see anyone else go through this, Lieutenant. Unfortunately, I can't tell you much from this scene, but I can say definitively that this is not the real crime scene. There's not enough blood or noticeable struggle for this type of crime. I'll get a lot more information at the morgue when he's on my table. It won't take as long as other autopsies since we haven't got a body (so to speak) to look at" he says as they load the skin up from the door and put the eyes in special containers with lids, to protect them.

"I've gone over the scene, initially" Kat says. "It's going to be difficult to gain much insight into this. When I'm done here, I'm heading back into the office. I need to contact the Police Department in Staleyville, PA. They've had a similar murder up there. It might give us a few ideas as to what went on here."

Kat heads back to D.C Metro One to start looking for answers. Once in the car, she starts thinking out loud.

"What's the name of the owner of the house? Has anything suspicious happened in that neighborhood? Contact Staleyville Police Department and find out how similar the murder in Staleyville was compared to this one," she orders.

"On it, Lieutenant," Des promises.

"There's never any parking in this damn area" she complains in frustration. After circling the block three times, she finally finds a space out front, squeezes into it, gets out and auto locks the car all while muttering in disgust "you can't be too careful around here."

"It's always so noisy in here" she complains as she makes her way to the fourth floor squad room, "perps yelling and fighting with the officers that arrested them. Someone smells ripe, like they haven't showered in a year" she adds, disgusted. "This place is the closest thing to home that I have. Where else would you see transvestites in unbelievably tall heels and micro skirts? Drunks puking or sleeping as the need arises, and gang bangers lining the walls? Yeah, there's no place like home," she admits with a grin.

At least being a Lieutenant has its privileges. It gives me an office to work out of instead of being stuck in the bullpen with everyone else. It's damn near impossible to think in the bullpen. Not that my office is a prize. It's stark, dingy old white walls, a small desk next to the window which looks at the back of the Smithsonian, a broken down office desk chair that's seen better days, and a computer that works sometimes, it's a jackpot. At least I'm not looking at the dump. There's no place like home, Dorothy, no place like . . . It could definitely be worse.

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Kat heads over by the bull pen for a cup of that rot gut coffee that flows so freely in police departments. I sure miss the days when I had time to go to Mike's Coffee house. I wonder how he's been. I haven't talked to him in at least a month. I really need to put that on my mental list of things to do, she decides guiltily, as she heads back to her office.

"I have Detective Bob Monroe of the Staleyville Police Department on line two," says Detective Des.

"Okay, I'll get it in my office, thanks" Kat replies.

"This is Lieutenant Thomas of D.C Metro One, is this Detective Monroe?"

"Yes it is, Lieutenant. How can I help you?" he asks in a southern twang.

"Detective, are you there?" she asks.

"Oh, yeah, sorry, my mind flashed back to the scene. I'm having a hard time not seeing that skin" he admits.

"That's all right; can we focus on the crime now? I have a few questions. We may have had a similar occurrence in D.C, but I'm not sure what the connection is. Can you give me a little information about the case?"

"Sure, I'd be happy to" he offers. "Staleyville is one of the smallest towns in Pennsylvania. We're located at the bottom of the Alleghany Mountains in southern PA, surrounded by some of the most beautiful country God created. The only strangers we normally see are those passing through on vacation.

"We don't normally experience one unusual death and definitely not one as dramatic as this one. It really shook us all up. We're just small town folk here, Lieutenant" he explains.

"Yeah" she agrees "but we're not small town folk here, and we don't normally see something this nasty either. I guess we're on the same page with this one. What can you tell me, Detective?"

"The victim was a thirty-eight year old man, by the name of Tom Mason. He lived just outside of town in a small ramshackle house. He kept to his own, wasn't the real friendly type, although he did do a lot of handyman repairs and such for the folks around here. He was pretty well known in his own right. He wasn't rich, not even close, which was pretty apparent by where he lived. Although I guess some rich folks get kind of recluse and hide the fact of their wealth, but that wasn't Tom's case. Anyway, he didn't have a lot of friends in the area, either."

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“A guy that lived just down the road from him, Mike Walker, found him as he was driving by. He routinely drove past Tom’s after his weekly visit to the store here in town. It scared the b’jesus out of him when he saw him. Whoever did this, they skinned him like a rabbit” Detective Monroe repeats in a shaken voice. “I’ve never seen anything like that, not in my whole life. We haven’t found the body yet. Actually, we don’t have a clue where it could be, we’re just hoping some kid doesn’t come across it somewhere” finishes Detective Monroe.

“Do you have a coroner in town?” Kat inquires.

“Hell no, Lieutenant, excuse my language. This town’s too small for that. We sent the victim to the coroner is Althena. That town’s a lot bigger than we are. That’s where all homicides go from this area.”

“Have you received the report back from the Althena coroner, yet?” she questions.

“Yeah, we just got it back yesterday,” he admits.

“Is there any way that you can fax or e-mail me a copy, Detective?”

“Sure, I can fax it over to you right away.”

“Great, I appreciate it. Thanks for your time, Detective, and if there’s anything that you hear or that comes up regarding this case, could you let me know?”

“Sure thing, Lieutenant” he promises.

“Des, can you come in here? I didn’t get much information from the Staleyville P.D. They didn’t have much. It sounded like this threw them for a loop down there. It’s a small town, maybe three police officers in the whole town, and I would imagine Detective Monroe’s the only detective in town. Anyway, he’s going to fax us a copy of their coroner’s report so we can compare it to ours” she says. “We need to head over to the coroner’s office and see what they’ve got so far.”

“The traffic across D.C. at eight a.m. sucks,” she complains to Des while trying to maneuver around all the people that seem to be sightseeing this morning. Everyone’s trying to get somewhere, but not very fast. “It’s a good thing I’m not a road cop” she mutters in frustration as she tries to move through the somewhat narrow streets. “Damn it, did you see that guy, he just freakin cut me off, then turned around and flipped me off like it was my fault. Where do people get the balls? If I wasn’t a cop, I’d chase him down and teach him some manners” Kat says.

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“Alright, there’s a spot. Let me get into it before another asshole beats me to it. Let’s head in” she demands as she tries to get out of the car before a passing car takes off her door.

“Think Dr. Zorgath is done with the body yet?” Des asks.

“I don’t know, probably pretty close. Let’s hope he’s got some information for us.”

Entering the medical examiners offices, Des mutters in disgust “You can actually taste death in the air.”

“Yeah, that’s why I’m always ready with the gum. I’d rather taste that then death,” Kat admits.

“This is my least favorite thing to do. You think all the dead bodies in here have spirits floating around, following us? It really feels creepy” Des admits nervously.

“No, and I think you said that last time we were here” Kat replies with a grin.

Entering the hallowed halls of autopsy, Kat finds Dr. Zorgath working on the ‘body’ from her case this morning. “So what have you got, Doctor, anything useful?” she asks.

“Well, let’s see, the body isn’t a body” he says in a teasing tone.

“No kidding.” Kat snorts out a laugh.

“Yes, well anyway, I’ve been able to get a few prints off the skin. There were also a couple of hairs that didn’t belong. They were too long and the wrong color, so I’ve sent them for processing. We may be able to get a DNA sample from at least one of them. Also, I’m running the fingerprints through CODIS right now; hopefully it won’t take long to finish. This was definitely a male, and with the fingerprints on the skin’s hands, I was able to identify the body.”

“Meet Mr. William Blaketon, the former House Majority Leader. Bet you weren’t expecting that, were you, Kat?” Dr. Zorgath inquires teasingly. Kat is one of his favorite murder cops.

“Actually I was, since the old lady that owned the home and probably died because of seeing him hanging on the door was Norma Blaketon, William Blaketon’s mom” she responds sadly.

“So, how did you get the prints off the hands of the skin, or don’t I want to know?” inquires Des.

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“Probably not, but it’s a relatively simple procedure. We just cut off the tips of the index fingers, and thumbs of both hands. Then I placed them over my gloved ones and viola. Fingerprints plump enough to run through CODIS,” he says with teasing look.

“Awww, man, gross” Des cries “I think I’m gonna be sick” she mutters as she runs from the autopsy suite, a hand over her mouth.

“I also finished the autopsy on the old woman” he continues as he turns to Kat. “She died from a cardiac infarct also known as a heart attack, probably caused by the trauma of seeing the skin on the door. And yes, it was Bill Blaketon’s mom,” he repeats what Kat had told him. “The poor thing, the only good thing was she probably didn’t know that it was her son since her death came pretty quickly.”

“Good, thanks Doctor, and would you please stop making my partner sick? While we’re waiting for the last results, I have a couple of questions” Kat says.

“Alright, bring em on” he offers in eager anticipation.

“First, can a body live without its skin, and second, how long can a body live without its skin?”

“Well, those are good questions even though they sound rather weird. The body can only sustain life for a short time without the skin, and that would be a small part of the skin, not all of it. The skin is essentially the largest organ of the body. There are so many blood vessels affected, the person will bleed out in short order, but in actuality, you can live for a short time, say maybe ten minutes, depending, of course, on how much of the skin has been removed. It’s an extremely nasty, very unpleasant way to die. Not that any murders are pleasant, but with all those blood vessels and the thousands of nerve endings affected, ouch. Those would all have to be unattached, usually by way of a knife. It’s comparable to the skinning of a fish, but a lot more difficult and it would also be a pretty painful way to die.”

A creepy sound starts making a racket in the background. “Hold on, let me get the phone, Kat.”

Jeeze, she thinks with a shiver “you’d think he’d change that ring tone, make it a little less loud and spooky sounding, wouldn’t you?” Kat mutters to Des.

“I know it scares the crap out of me every time I hear it” Des admits, having returned from hugging the toilet bowl.

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“Yes, you’re sure? Okay, let me pass that info on. Thanks. That was Selma in the lab. She got a hit on CODIS for the fingerprints we found on the body. They belong to a man named Elroy Wade. He’s from a small town in Ohio. All the pertinent information is being sent to your email by my directive Kat, so you should have everything you need. At least now, hopefully, you can find justice for this dead man and his poor dead mother” he remarks as he shakes his head, astounded by the murder and who found it.

“Thanks Doctor, I appreciate the time. We need to go. Call me if you get something else,” Kat requests.

“Do you think we could stop for some food?” Des asks hopefully. “This body, beautiful as it is, needs sustenance” she says with a grin. “Plus, I just lost breakfast and I need to refill.”

“Fine, what do you want?” Kat asks as she takes off from her parking spot in front of the M.E.’s office at a speed which is just slightly illegal.

“Come on, Kat, slow down or I’ll have to give you a ticket,” Des warns teasingly as she bites her lip to keep from smiling.

“Bite me” Kat says. “You want to eat? Then shut up. You only get one pass for food. After that, we wait till tonight.”

“Alright, whatever, how about that Chinese place on Reynolds Road? It’s on the way, and they do take out. I’ll call and order, it’s always ready in ‘ten minute’ Des adds with a laugh.

After picking up lunch, Kat heads back to her office, turns on her computer, clicks through all the safety programs to get to her email, all while trying not to contaminate everything with duck sauce.

Come on, come on, I need that info. Okay, here it is. Hmm, Elroy Wade, that name sounds a little familiar. Who knows, with all the names we go through here it could be anyone. Let’s see, who you are Elroy Wade? A fifty-eight year old male, ex biker, loner, lives in a small Ohio town called Mt. Buckhorn. So where’s Mt. Buckhorn? Get me the map, Des,” Kat yells.

After flipping through all the pages and passing the map of Ohio three times, Des takes the map back, turns it to the right page, and gives it back to Kat with a smirk on her face.

“Thanks, smart ass. I would have found it. I was trying to finish my egg roll. Okay, it’s just south of Toledo. Not a big name town, kind of unknown, just your mediocre Midwest town” she says to Des.

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“What brings you to D.C.,” Mr. Wade? Kat murmurs. “Let’s contact the Althena coroner, and see if they found any evidence from their crime scene. Set up an evidence board while you’re at it. I believe we’re going to need it. I have a feeling this one’s going to be big.”

“Yes sir, I’m on it.

“Kat, I just got off the phone with the medical examiner in Althena, a Dr. Coleman. He claims they found some DNA on the body, but they haven’t received the reports back yet.”

“Of course not” Kat gripes. “Small town, elected official, money problems.”

“Yep” Des says, “they had to send it to Philly for testing, and a city that size, things tend to get put on the back burner. The victim in P.A. wasn’t anyone important, just a small town hick, so that gets put on hold, same old, same old.”

“Why don’t you call Philly, and see if you can light a fire under them. Tell them this is a top priority case, and that we’re suspicious of a possible copy cat, maybe even a serial killer. We need to know now, one way or the other, yada, yada, yada. After you’re done, meet me in the bull pen, we’ll see if any of the officers got anything during the witness interviews.”

“Okay” agrees Des “give me five, and I’ll meet you there.”

Kat walks down the narrow hall, thinking about skinning a human and how long it could take, how long before death would occur. I’ll have to thank Dr. Zorgath for answering my questions about the skinning. Eyes narrow, she walks into the bullpen. “Okay, Officer Biggs, did you get anything from the witnesses?”

“Yes, Lieutenant,” Biggs says as Des walks in and takes a seat in the back of the room. “I spoke with the woman that lives four houses down, same side of the street. She said she heard some kind of commotion, but it was in the middle of the night, and she was in bed. She said there’s always something going on in that neighborhood anymore, so she never bothers to go check it out.”

“Did she say what exactly she heard?” Kat questions in a dry tone of voice.

“Oh, yeah, she said it was some kind of noise, maybe a scream, but it didn’t last very long, so she thought it was just some kids messing around. She never even got out of bed, Lieutenant. People just don’t want to get involved anymore. They’re too afraid, especially the elderly.”

“Okay, thanks. Officer Johnson, got anything?”

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“No Lieutenant. I knocked on all the doors of the houses on the opposite side of the crime scene; no one answered. They were either not home, or like Jimmy said, they don’t want anything to do with it. Too many fear retribution.”

“Alright then, Officer Stuart, please tell me you got something.

“Um, well, I actually did get something, Lieutenant.”

“Okay, WHAT IS IT?” Kat yells in frustration, feeling her blood start to boil while watching the day go to hell.

“Well, the woman that lives next door, she actually saw something. First she heard something, and then she actually went to the window to look, but not before she turned off all her lights, so no one could see her looking, if you know what I mean.”

“Officer Stuart, the point?”

“Oh, sorry Lieutenant; she said she saw a man, average size, but heavy through the middle. He was wearing a black coat, and had a knit hat pulled down over his head. He had longer hair in the back that stuck out of the bottom of the hat, and it looked pretty scraggly, light colored, maybe gray. She said she could see it because of the moonlight; it made it bright enough that she could see, but she couldn’t see his face, although he didn’t seem to be fighting with anyone, just clumsy maybe.”

“She said it looked like the other person just kind of fell to the ground. But the black-coated guy, he helped him get up and they limped together towards the neighbor’s house. She just thought they had a little spat and got over it. Then she went back to bed. She said it didn’t seem bad enough to be a murder or anything. Maybe a lover’s spat, but nothing really bad.”

“Okay, thanks Officer Stuart.”

“Officer Scott? What have you got”?

He stands up, pulls out his pocket notebook, flips to the right page, and proceeds to read. “Well, I interviewed a man by the name of John Campbell. He said he sleeps on the other side of the house, so didn’t see anything, but he said he heard plenty. Someone screamed once, pretty loud, and then there was a lot of yelling, and some music. He said it seemed like an hour, but he didn’t have his watch on, said he doesn’t wear it to bed. Goes to bed at ten o’clock every night, and bragged that was the reason for his old age and good health. He said he was sleeping when the noise woke him. He’s ninety years old and swears he doesn’t get up in the middle of the night for anything, even pounding at his door, which he wanted to file a formal complaint about. He said it’s “happening all the time anymore and that the neighborhood’s gone to hell,” his words Lieutenant, not

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mine. “That’s all he had to say on this subject, but he sure could go on about other stuff. He seemed like a lonely old guy” Officer Scott says, his voice dwindling after seeing the expression on the Lieutenant’s face.

“Alright, thanks everyone, if you hear anymore, keep me informed. Let’s go, Des, we have things to do.”

While walking back to her office, Kat orders Des “Call Althena back, and call Philly again. I’ll be glad to talk to them. I’m done waiting. In the meantime, I want a little more information on Elroy Wade.”

Why does that name sound familiar, Kat wonders? After typing it into her computer’s data base, the name Bad Ass comes up, a nickname for the perp. Bad Ass; I remember, it was about twelve years ago when I went up against one of the bikers from that group that was in Mike’s Coffee Shop, Snakes group, and when I left he followed me and had the gall to try to attack me.

Yeah, Snake thought he came to my rescue, idiot, she thinks with a grin. A nice guy, I’m glad he’s been in my life off and on for the past eleven years. He has some awesome eyes, I could drown in them she admits wistfully to herself, wishing he’d see her in a different light. Oh well, that Bad Ass dude must have got caught after succeeding with someone else after his failure with me. And now she thinks sadly of the woman he was probably successful with.

After more typing, “Bingo, her name was Beth Simmons, age nineteen, University of Nevada, 1999, raped, brutalized, rapist Elroy Wade, convicted and sent to Ely State Prison, Ely, Nevada. He was paroled a year ago” Kat reads.

“Well, well, Elroy, been a busy man, haven’t you. Let’s see, where did you go after prison? Home address listed as 17249 Blossom Road, Mt. Buckhorn, Ohio. Yep, same info I heard from Dr. Zorgath earlier. I wonder why he moved to Ohio, that’s a boon dock destination; he must have some kind of connection there.”

“Lieutenant, I got it. The information from Philly was they got a match. The suspect’s name is Elroy Wade, from Mt. Buckhorn, Ohio. Same suspect as the one here.”

“Okay, my suspicions confirmed,” Kat replies. “We need to talk to the Captain. It looks like we could have a potential serial killer on the loose.”

Kat picks up the phone and dials her captain’s office, requesting a meeting. “Give me five minutes Kat, and then come on up” he commands. “Des, we need to go; you’re with me.”

They head toward the elevators up to the second floor. The captain’s office is in the newly remodeled section of Metro One. After the elevator opens,

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Kat gives out a little appreciatory whistle. Clean, new, bright. “Nice place” she says. “I wonder who their decorator was, not that it matters; no one’s going to re-decorate the working rooms of the precinct where all the criminals hang out. Who’s going to spend a fortune only to have drunks puking and pissing everywhere” she says in grim amusement. Des just smirks.

The captain’s secretary sees them coming and gives them a little wave. Kat’s known her for years; she went to college with her for a year, was in some of the same classes. “Hey, Leslie, how’s it going?” Kat asks.

“All good with me, the Captain say’s you’re to go on in when you get here.”

“Thanks, Leslie, I’ll talk to you later.”

“Sure, Kat, see ya.”

Kat had just lifted her hand to knock when the door opened from the inside and there stood Captain David Hall. Tall, blonde, built. Unfortunately, he’s been happily married to Denise for the past ten years, a beautiful wife and two awesome kids. All the good ones are taken she thinks as she enters his office with Des trailing behind.

Des has always gotten tongue tied around the Captain. I do believe she still has a crush, Kat thinks with a smile.

Kats got her cop face on. She has that intense look, no smile, no emotion. “Please sit,” orders the Captain. After everyone sits, the Captain says “Okay, give me the good news about the murder this morning. Tell me you know who did it, and where we can apprehend him, Kat.”

“Yes sir, the murdered victim was Congressman William Blaketon, age sixty-one, House Majority Leader of the U.S. Congress, and the elderly woman that found him was his ninety-three year old mother, Norma Blaketon.”

“Ouch, that sucks” exclaims Captain Hall. “What else do we know?” he asks.

“We’ve contacted Staleyville PD and found out that their murder victim from one week ago was Tom Mason, a thirty-eight year old handyman with no known connections to William Blaketon. We do know that the fingerprints from a man by the name of Elroy Wade of Mt. Buckhorn, Ohio, were found on both the body of Blaketon and of Mason. We called Mt. Buckhorn Police Department and requested they go to his address and informed them that he is a person of interest in two murders. We’ve also put out an APB with the Ohio State Police, the Pennsylvania State Police, and the Staleyville Police Department, the Capitol

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Police Department, Washington D. C. State Police and the local Leo's. Hopefully he'll fall into one of those nets."

"In the meantime, the next step is to contact the Capitol Police Department, Special Investigations Unit and the FBI BAU, Metro Headquarters. It looks like this could be a serial killer in progress. Two kills, one week apart. Hopefully he's done, but we can't be sure, so we need to find him as fast as possible. I've had officer's combing the neighborhood looking for witnesses, unfortunately, the neighborhood consists of the elderly and no-one saw anything useful" Kat finishes formally, the tone she uses in front of superiors.

"Thank you, Lieutenant, keep me apprised of any changes, and call the Capitol Police to set up a time to meet. Maybe you should aim for tomorrow morning. Now, it looks like you need to take off before you fall on your face. You've been at this since early this morning. It's now getting after seven, so go home and come back refreshed, ready to meet the agents."

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Chapter Two

Tall, dark and handsome walks into Metro One Homicide Division, Saturday morning at seven a.m. “I’m looking for Lieutenant Kathleen Thomas” he says to the first officer he see’s, rookie Officer Scott.

“She’s back there in her office” Officer Scott responds with a wave in the general direction of the back wall of the bullpen. Capitol Police Deputy Chief Devon Callander just shrugs and walks toward the back of the room.

“I’d be happy to show you” offers Officer Kim Patterson as she jumps up from her desk in the center of the bullpen, almost falling in her haste to help him. After gaining control of her feet, and turning a bright shade of red, she shows him to the Lieutenant’s office. Who is that guy she wonders as she stares at the door that was just closed between her and him. I wouldn’t mind his shoes under my bed in the morning. I wonder if he’s married.

“Looks like you got it bad, Patterson. You know, you could always hook up with me” offers Officer Johnson suggestively.

“Drop dead,” says Patterson “cause that’s what it would take to interest me. You, dead.”

“F*** you, Patterson” Johnson replies and looks back down at his desk, dwelling on the day he’ll get even.

Kat feels at a big disadvantage, since she’s sitting at her desk when Callander walks in, introduces himself, and then shuts the door. Nice, Kat thinks, tall, dark and handsome. This could get fun she decides, rising and reaching out to shake his hand while introducing herself. “I’m Lieutenant Thomas; please have a seat.”

He accepts, with thanks. “Lt Thomas, please call me Devon, that’s what my friends call me, and since we may be working together closely, formality can get in the way.”

“Sure, thanks” she replies “You can call me Kat” she offers.

She takes a seat and thinks, WOW, that’s Capitol Police Deputy Chief? No way. This is gonna be interesting, she mentally rubs her hands together.

“Do I know you?” she asks. “You look familiar, but I’m not sure from where or when” she admits.

“I don’t remember meeting you” Devon replies cautiously. “I’m a quadruplet, so you may have met my brother Eli. He works out of the Los

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Angeles FBI office, he's an SSA with the FBI" he says with eyebrows raised in query.

"No, I don't think so, unless he was in D.C. she replies, "I've never been to California."

He moves forward, he's heard the "have we met" at least a million times before. His looks are the type that makes people think they've met him before, and it gets a little old after awhile.

"So, Lieutenant, what have you got? I heard about a skinned body found on Decatan yesterday morning. Have you received anything back about that yet?" he asks, steering the conversation back to work.

"Yeah, we have some information. The victim was Congressman William Blaketon, the House Majority Leader, and the woman that found him and most likely died because of what she saw was his ninety-three-year-old mother, Norma."

"Awe, that's awful," he replies in sympathy.

"Yeah, it was a sad thing."

"So when were you planning on notifying the Capitol Police of this crime? This is my jurisdiction."

"I know, and I was just now preparing to notify you, but you beat me to it. Anyway, the reason we stalled notifying you was because of a murder that occurred a week ago in Staleyville, PA, that has a similar MO to the William Blaketon murder. The person found dead was from Staleyville, PA. The victim was skinned the same way; it looks like the same calling card. The traveling distance is only about an hour forty-five, give or take" she estimates. "I assume that the Capitol Police had already heard about the Staleyville murder?" she inquires politely.

"Well, actually no, we weren't contacted" he admits. "That's quite a connection, any idea who the murderer is?"

"Yep, we got that information yesterday and put out an APB in the two states and D.C.: in the home state of the killer, the first victim's murder state, and, of course, in D.C. The suspect was identified with DNA, and prints were found on both bodies. Our suspect's name is Elroy Wade. He's a fifty-eight-year-old ex-con from Elwood Prison in Texas; an ex-biker nicknamed 'Bad Ass.' We're not sure where the biker group hales from, but we do know that Elroy's home-town is Mt. Buckhorn, Ohio. At least it has been since he got out of prison last year. We haven't been able to locate him yet, but we're hoping to in the very near future."

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“This is a priority case, Deputy Chief, don’t you think?” she inquires in a calm but firm voice.

“Yeah, I’d have to say from what you’ve just told me it could be a serial killer, or possibly a copycat killer but we can’t rule out terrorism either, because of the victim’s political position” he explains. “Have you done a search to see if there were any other murders with the same MO that occurred since the suspects release from Elwood Prison? What were the prison charges against Wade, anyway?” he asks.

“It was for the rape of a nineteen-year-old woman in Texas, and, of course, we’ve run the search, Deputy Chief. We may not be Fed’s, but we’re no small town boon-dock here” she replies with a smirk. “You know, when I heard the name, I remembered something. It’s been about twelve years now, since I was attacked here in D.C. while walking to class at Capitol Hill Community College. I’d forgotten about it, since it was such a long time ago, and I didn’t get hurt, so I just kind of let it drop from my mind, until now.

“The reason I’m remembering it now is, I believe his nickname was Bad Ass. At least that’s what the bikers called him, so I guess it could be the same guy.

“I thought his name was familiar when I first heard it. Elroy Wade, AKA Bad Ass. If it’s the same guy, I got pretty lucky back then, I guess,” she admits. “I was only fifteen at the time but I could take care of myself and fortunately for me, he didn’t know that. If it is the same guy, he grabbed me off the sidewalk and pulled me into an alley.

I’m pretty sure his plans were rape, but he never got the chance. I actually had the upper hand before another biker named Snake, stepped in, beat the crap out of an already injured Bad Ass and warned me about walking around D.C. on my own and not paying attention. Jeeze, I haven’t thought about that in years” she admits.

“Hold on a minute” Devon says. “You were fifteen you said and on your way to class at Capitol Hill Community College. What were you, a child prodigy?

“Well, actually, I was a little advanced for my age” she admits. “But the point is, I believe I met Elroy Wade twelve years ago.

I need to get something to eat, man. I haven’t eaten in two days. I can’t just walk into a store though, Elroy thinks. Someone might see me and get suspicious. Maybe some little old lady left her door open. I could find some food

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easy that way, and get some company, too. I hate staying in the shadows; I had to do that too long in prison. You really don't want anyone to notice you in prison; he thinks as he breaks into a cold sweat. Those damn times still make me sick to my stomach, even though it was over a year ago. I'm never going back to prison, he promises himself. I'd rather die. I'm glad those days are over, he thinks in relief. D.C. sure brings back the memories and not all good.

We used to come out here, back then, for some mighty fine drugs, he remembers. I miss those biker days, the "Waco's Revenge" group. That group should have been mine, he thinks in anger, and it would have been except for that bastard Snake.

Just because he was younger; and started the group, big deal. He actually ordered everyone around and expected to be followed. We used to be like bros back then; they was family, he remembers wistfully.

At least they've been throwing me some work once in a while, they owe me that much. So what if I change things up a little, have a little fun? I'm doing fine, I did my time. Geez, I shoulda been a poet he thinks as he smirks in the dark. I should never have got caught; I ever find out who snitched, they're dead meat. I still think they should have let me back in, those bastards. I was a good biker; I pretty much ran that group. Snake or no Snake, they needed me, he decides.

Now, all I have to do is wait for the dark, and find me some dinner, and then some fun in that order. This is gonna be a great night, I can feel it. He rubs his hands together and settles in to wait.

Thirty five minutes later, Elroy doesn't know what hit him, one minute he's hunkered down, the next he's laid out by a shadow while a blade is being stuck in and out of his stomach, the fire the knife is leaving causing his breath to catch. He knows he's bleeding out, but he still watches as the killer tries to move his ass to the car.

I'm glad I got bigger in prison, he thinks as his vision slowly fades, I ain't makin it any easier on that asshole he decides, his last thought "guess I don't get dinner again."

"So, when did you graduate from high school, Lieutenant?" he inquires.

"I was fourteen," she admits with a shrug. "What's the big deal Deputy Chief?"

"That's genius level," he murmurs.

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“Yeah, so . . .”?

“Nothing” Devon replies. “I was just thinking out loud. Pardon my rudeness, Lieutenant. So, there’s no word on the suspect yet? No leads, no one has called anything in, saw him or anything?” he asks.

“Nope, no report of any sightings, as of now,” she answers shortly.

“I’m sure we’ll hear something soon” he says.

“Can we go visit the crime scene, Lieutenant?” he inquires.

“Sure, give me just a minute to let my partner know where I’ll be,” she says in agreement. She picks up her phone, tells Des what’s going on. “No, you aren’t going,” she remarks as she gets up, grabs her coat, says “let’s go” and they both leave. All the way through the bull pen there’s an unusual stillness in the air and a lot of furtive glances at the Deputy Chief that’s walking behind Kat. Yeah, Kat thinks, I’d be staring too. This is going to be fun, she decides as she grins on the inside.

Once outside, she grabs the car keys out of her coat pocket and says “I’m driving, my cars right over here.”

Devon offers, “We can take my car.”

“Mine’s closer, and I hate riding shotgun,” she responds. “Besides, I’d rather drive.” Once they pile in, she takes off like it’s the Indy. Devon grabs the stability handle above the door, and groans.

“Earth to Devon, are you with me here? You’ve been kind of quiet since we left the station,” Kat remarks.

“Oh, sorry, Lieutenant, I was thinking,” he admits, glad that she can’t read minds.

“Okay, here we are,” she says as she pulls up to a nice two story Brownstone where crime scene tape is flapping in the wind, creating a grotesque picture in this elderly neighborhood.

“You wouldn’t think this was a neighborhood where these things happened,” he says thoughtfully.

“Yeah, on the surface it looks like an upper crust neighborhood. Unfortunately, its past its better days and the riff raff have moved in. Looks can be deceiving,” she admits quietly.

As they both get out of the warm car, they stand facing in the freezing cold weather, the wind whipping their hair, a little sleet mixed in with the snow that’s falling in a steady, accumulative fashion. “Looks like we’re in for some

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more nasty weather," she remarks. "We don't usually get too much of this here, so it's going to cause problems later for traffic. Fortunately for us, it's Saturday, a less busy day in D.C. Hopefully by Tuesday, the worst day of the week for traffic, this will have blown through, otherwise, it could be a nightmare," she says while Devon shakes his head in agreement. "Let's get this done so we can get back in the car. I hate this weather," she complains.

"Okay" he agrees as he wanders around the perimeter, stares at the door where the skin was hung, and thinks about the poor guy that was killed in such a brutal way. We need to get this bastard, before he decides this was fun and does it again. "Okay, I'm through here, Lieutenant; let's get out of here," he decides.

As they head back to Metro One, he starts thinking about what needs to be done next. "I'm going to call the FBI. I'll get them working on the serial angle while I work on the terrorist angle. We're going to have to question the House of Rep's and see if they have any ideas about what might have gone on. Unfortunately, it's the weekend, and they won't be back in session until Monday and on Monday, it'll probably be a skeleton crew."

"Didn't you notice the lack of media attention? They usually know about this stuff before the police, but we've been able to keep it under wraps for twenty four hours plus," she brags with a grin, pretty proud of that accomplishment, knowing that it's not something that's easily done.

Devon laughs, impressed with that feat, "not too many can pull the cover over the media's eyes anymore, with everything that's digital" he admits.

"Oh" she says, "that quiet neighborhood that you remarked on, it was full of old people. Old people usually mean no cell phones, no computers, no eye witnesses either which sucks, but it does keep things on the downside. There's a little good about it, a little bad. Luckily, there were fingerprints. The public won't know about this happening until the news breaks sometime later today," she says as she pulls up in front of Metro One.

"Shit, I guess they know now" she mutters as she maneuvers around four different media vans all with tall antennas on top, their star reporters standing around shuddering with cold while waiting for someone to come out to interview. Rule is they're not allowed in the station for interviews, they learned that lesson a few years ago. "Here they come" she says as she gets out of her car to head in to the station.

"Lieutenant, Lieutenant Thomas, LIEUTENANT Thomas, I have some questions," Sydney Norwood yells over the commotion, the most well known newscaster in D.C., from WKTL Channel 7 News, Metro Area as she pushes her way to the front with five cameramen trying to keep up. "Lieutenant, is it true

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that Congressman William Blaketon was killed yesterday, found by his mother and that there was a similar murder in Pennsylvania just one week before this one? Do you think we're looking at the same killer, Lieutenant? Have you found out anymore about this murder? How long till someone is apprehended? Do you think the public should be worried about this happening in their neighborhoods? Do we have a serial killer, Lieutenant?"

Well, we may have put a lid on it and had a temporary reprieve, but the cats out of the bag now, Kat thinks in disgust. I really hate the media, she admits to herself. Now that they know, it's going to be crazy trying to keep them from following every little thing I do and now that they're going to know the Capitol Police and the FBI's involved. It's going to be a media circus, she thinks on a groan.

Okay, here goes she decides as she and Deputy Chief Callander move into the spotlight together. "Can I have your attention please?" she yells at the anchors and cameramen. "I will give a brief statement, so pay attention, because as you know, I don't repeat myself. You get it the first time; that's your only chance. This is Deputy Chief Devon Callander of the Capitol Police. A murder occurred on Friday, time of death approximately two thirty a.m., on the one thousand block of Decatan Street. The victim, Congressman William Blaketon, was discovered by his mother at approximately four-forty-five a.m. while letting out her cat. The sight so upset her, we believe she suffered a massive heart attack and died at the scene." Questions come flying in; gasps are heard throughout the media.

"Lieutenant, is it true the victim was skinned, that you found only his skin and that his actual body is still missing? Do you think this could be organized crime?" yells Sidney. "We've never had this type of murder in D.C. before. Should the public, the House of Representatives, the Senate, even the President be concerned for their lives?" she asks insistently.

"I'll let you address Deputy Chief Devon Callander with those questions; he may be able to offer more insight into that area than I can."

"The investigation is ongoing at this time; we are actively pursuing any information pertaining to this crime. Since this is an active case, I am not at liberty to discuss this subject in any detail, but I do want to thank you in advance for your understanding. I want to say, the Capitol Police is at present looking into a possible copycat killer. We will be calling in a few different specialty departments today. That's all for now, thank you," he says and amidst screams, yells, light bulbs flashing and a general feeling of chaos, Kat and Devon escape into Metro One.

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Chapter Three

"Thanks for throwing me to the wolves, Lieutenant, I appreciate it" Devon remarks dryly. "Next time you decide to pull something like that, a heads up would be nice."

Kat just looks at him amusingly and says, "Sure, sure, what . . . ever! But I thought the Capitol Police were trained to handle such things" she adds with a smirk. "As long as I don't have to handle it, I'm good."

"Alright, let me make a few calls" he says and turns away to talk while Kat picks up the reports that were laid on her desk in her absence.

"Alright, cool" she says. What she sees may help a little. When Devon gets off the phone, he notices her looking at something,

"What have you got there?" he asks.

"It's a report, and it gives some history on Elroy Wade. It says he spent about seven years with a biker group, there's not much information during that time. It does make mention that he's an experienced taxidermist, not professionally, mostly just for friends or friends of friends. It doesn't look like there's any real money in it, just chump change thrown in his direction. Enough I suppose, to keep him from starving or dying of thirst" she adds with a smirk. "That information seems to have come from this past year, something he's been doing in Ohio.

"Of course, during those biker days, they probably would have taken care of each other, at least I would assume. He didn't have to do anything really. He just followed the group and went along with whatever undertaking they came across and decided to do. It sounds like he's always been a follower, she says. He definitely isn't leader material" Kat continues while thinking out loud.

"During his biker years, I would guess drugs would have been their method for obtaining enough of a cash flow to keep the gang going, since there's a lot of money in that. Enough to support everyone in the gang and keep everyone fed while still maintaining some cash. It's not cheap to buy those types of bikes, the loaded Harley's that they seem to prefer, so whatever they were doing I'm sure it wasn't legal. There's no money in legal things, especially not enough to keep a whole group going" she admits.

"I don't suppose you have an address for the biker group? I phoned my office and asked for the serial killer unit to meet tomorrow morning, here at Metro, if that's okay with you? Then I'm planning on getting the organized

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criminal investigative group in this with us. I want to make sure that we've got all the bases covered.

"I would also like to suggest that we take a ride to Staleyville, PA, tomorrow afternoon after we meet with the other agents. I'd like to talk to the officer in charge of that case and also the coroner that handled the body. Can you reach them and set it up?" Devon asks.

"Absolutely, Deputy Chief, that's not a problem" Kat promises "but since tomorrow is Sunday we'll have to set up a special meeting time with the Detective in charge and the Coroner. I'm sure they want this guy as bad as we do, so that shouldn't be a problem.

"There are a few things about the D.C. case that the media doesn't know, which will help us determine if the crime scenes are from the same killer. Hopefully we won't experience a leak," he says. "We can leave here about noon tomorrow, if that's alright with you?" Devon asks quietly.

"It sounds good to me. Now I think I'll head out, no lunch, breakfast either for that matter. This has been one of those days" she remarks with fatigue. "I'll see you here tomorrow Devon. Just pull the office door shut when you leave; it's already locked" she adds as she leaves.

"I'm Lieutenant Kat Thomas, this is my partner Detective Rowald of D.C. Metro One Police, and this is Deputy Chief Devon Callander of the Capitol Police Department" Kat says as she reaches out to shake hands.

"Welcome to Staleyville, Pennsylvania. I'm Detective Bob Monroe," he adds as he shakes hands all around, "and this is Dr. Jimmy Cornwall, of the Althena Medical Examiner's office."

"Glad to meet you. That was a long drive you just made and not in the best of weather, either. I wasn't sure if you'd actually make it here today. I know a lot of people that wouldn't travel any distance with the weather the way it was. Near blizzard conditions for awhile for us, although I'm not sure what it's like in D.C. I don't think you normally get the same amounts of snow that we do" says Dr. Cornwall.

"Actually, no, we normally get just an inch maybe two; although I'm sure we had more than that when we left today. I think there's more now, but we can't let that stop us," Kat assures them. "We have a murder to solve."

"Would you like some coffee or anything before we get started here?" offers Bob.

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“No thanks, we’ll just get this done so we don’t take up your whole day off. What can you tell us, Bob, about the murder? Have you received any details that weren’t in the report?” Devon asks.

“There were a few small details that weren’t included. We like to keep some of the things away from the public if we can, but for such a small town like we are, this became the quickest spreading gossip in all my years on the force. I think some people knew about this faster than I could drive out to the site.

“Anyway, poor guy, no one should have to die like that. What we didn’t tell anyone, so only me, my boss the Sheriff (he apologizes, by the way, for not being able to be here today to meet you, he had a previous engagement), and the Althena coroner here, Jimmy Cornwall, know is he was actually attached to the front door by push pins. If that isn’t sick, I don’t know what is” he says in disgust. “First to be skinned and then push pinned,” Bob just shakes his head in disbelief.

“I can take you to the crime scene if you’re interested” offers Bob.

“That would be great” Devon accepts, enthusiastically.

“Before we head out, are you staying in town tonight, Bob asks. We have a real nice Bed and Breakfast just outside of town; it’s clean, with good food. I happen to know the owner personally, and if you want, I can call him up and let him know to expect you,” he offers.

“No, but thanks Detective, we have to get back to D.C. tonight,” Kat replies.

“The victim in D.C. was a politician, Congressman Bill Blaketon. Everyone heard about this on the news last night, so there’re going to be a lot of upset people on Capitol Hill tomorrow. We’ll probably have our hands full. We need to interview all of them about this, maybe hold some hands as well,” she says with a sigh.

“Yeah” echoes Detective Rowald.

“Well if you want, we can go out to the crime scene and talk on the way. It’s only about a four mile drive. It is backwoods, which means the roads aren’t great under normal circumstances and after a snow like we just had, it’s dicey. We can all go in my vehicle; it’s got four wheel drive,” offers Deputy Monroe.

“Thanks,” Devon says in relief “we appreciate it.”

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“I guess I was expecting something a little different” Kat admits after viewing the crime scene in disbelief. “It looks like one of those hunting shacks I’ve seen on TV” she adds.

“The victim actually lived here all the time?” Devon inquires.

“These are really primitive surroundings; I’m surprised anyone found him out here, especially as fast as they did” Kat says thoughtfully.

“Yeah, it might not look like much, but it was all he seemed to need. That door right there, you can see the blood stains on it, that’s where he was left. We haven’t found the body yet. I’m not even sure where it could have been put, but if it was anywhere in the surrounding woods it’s probably become someone’s dinner. We have bears and mountain lions in this area, and they don’t miss that kind of stuff lying around. The smell will call to them making for a nice easy meal and they don’t leave anything behind, they eat everything. So I guess what I’m saying is, the hope of actually finding the body is pretty slim” he admits.

“It doesn’t look like all the blood was right here. Did you notice if there was a more primary crime scene Bob?” Kat asks. “It would have had a lot more blood, soaking into the ground, maybe with leaves and grass trampled down?”

“Did you find any other evidence that wasn’t in the report, Dr. Cornwall?” Devon inquires.

“Well, not including the fingerprints we found on the body, and the push pins that were used, we did find some hair that didn’t belong and we recovered some DNA from under his fingernails. It looked like he fought his attacker pretty good. From the looks of the skin, a stab wound to the chest was the cause of death. He didn’t suffer too much, it was a relatively quick death, he probably bled out within about minute” Dr. Cornwall assures everyone. “He wouldn’t have known what was being done to his body, that’s for sure.”

“This is the only crime scene we found, but we’ve had close to a foot of snow a week for the past month,” Bob admits uncomfortably “and that makes crimes scenes around here hard to find, because as you can see it’s pretty much a wilderness out here.”

“Yeah,” Kat agrees with disappointment.

“Well,” Kat says after getting back to D.C. “what are we going to release to the press, Deputy Chief? We need to keep to the facts and be able to calm the fears of the public and at the same time inform them that we believe there are a few commonalities with these murders. All our evidence is pointing to the two murders having one killer. We’ve searched all the databases around and haven’t

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found any matching murders with the same MO. I'd like to get him before he can commit another murder. At least we know who he is, now we just need to find him" Kat says to Devon as she walks to the Captains office.

"Captain, I have a report for you on the capitol murder. All the evidence that we've obtained meshes with the medical examiners for both Pennsylvania and Metro. Elroy Wade's prints were the only ones that were obtained from both crime scenes. We also found hairs on the skin of both victims, those also belonging to Elroy Wade. His DNA was found in the system, since he was convicted of rape more than ten years ago in Texas. He was released last year, after serving his ten-year sentence. All we need to do now is find him before he commits another crime. An APB was issued for Elroy Wade to the Metro Police Department" reports Kat "and a teletype has gone out for all police in the U.S."

"Good work, Lieutenant Thomas, Deputy Chief Callander" remarks Captain Hall. "We have an interview with the press in fifteen minutes. They've been pounding on the doors for the better part of the day for some news" he warns them. "I expect the both of you, and your partner present, for this release."

"Yes, sir," Kat responds.

"Another thing, Lieutenant; I expect your presence on Capitol Hill tomorrow. The House will be in session, and I'm sure all hell's going to break loose. This hits them pretty closely since it's one of their own. We also need to interview all the members of the House. Someone may have seen this guy hanging around. What we don't know is why. Why William Blaketon, and why Tom Mason? What did they have in common? What made the suspect choose them?" Captain Hall asks. "Unfortunately, those are questions we don't have answers for yet."

"It's crazy in this room" Kat yells to Des, Deputy Chief Devon Callander, and FBI SSA Mallory Callander. Who could have known that Deputy Chief Callander would have siblings in the FBI? Not only quadruplet siblings, but all are federal agents. One's in charge of the serial killer unit, and from what Devon said yesterday, he's got a brother in California that's in charge of the West Coast counter terrorism unit.

I wonder where the last brother is. He hasn't mentioned anything about his other brother. He must not have followed his other siblings into police work, she thinks. I wonder why he wasn't mentioned. Maybe he's the black sheep of the Callander siblings, every family has one. I'll just bet that's an interesting story.

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“I’ll start with the Speaker of the House; you can start anywhere you want. We need to talk to all of these people as soon as possible” Kat reminds everyone quickly.

“Oh, shhhh, the Speaker of the House is getting ready to say something” Des whispers.

“Thank you for being here this morning,” Virginia Moore, Speaker of the House announces. “You have probably heard about the murder of our fellow congressman, William Blaketon, and the death of his poor mother, Norma. It was a terrible shock to all of us. From what I’ve heard, this was a random murder. The police have already identified the person responsible and are working frantically to locate this person. I’m sure no one here needs worry, they did reassure me that it was random,” she says.

“There are police and FBI throughout the room at this moment. They would like to ask each and every person here not to leave until you have spoken with a Metro One Police Officer, a Capitol Hill Police Officer, or an FBI agent. I would also like to let everyone know that there will be a memorial service for Bill on Wednesday morning at ten a.m. at the Chapel on the Hill, with internment at Capitol Hill Cemetery. Both Bill and his mother are being cremated, so the memorial service will be for both since there is no family left for either Bill or his mother, after his father passed on over ten years ago.

“So, as Speaker of the House, and with the president’s wishes, we would like you to keep the flowers down to a minimum. We’re recommending donations be made to a favorite charity in their names. Thank you for your time, and please remember, don’t leave until you’ve talked with an officer,” she concludes.

“Alright everybody, let’s tone this down. It’s been a long day, and we need to head back to Metro One to complete the reports on everyone’s response to the murder. I’m hoping we got some information on the sighting of our perp. The sooner we get this guy, the happier I’m going to be” Kat admits. It sure would be nice to close this up before the funeral, but I have a feeling that’s not going to happen, she thinks.

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