

## **File #006**

### **Murderous Secrets**

**Report by: Detective Emma Stevens**

**Location: Philadelphia, Pennsylvania**

Life can be mysterious sometimes and things can come suddenly especially when we don't expect them. My life to this time has been a roller coaster there have been the good, the bad and the ugly times. One of the more better times in my life occurred recently when I met Detective Rick O'Malley. He was a true blessing. The more I learned more about him the better I liked him.

To be honest before meeting Charles and now Detective O'Malley I did not know if I could ever like or trust men again. I asked myself on several occasions why would I? I mean it was men, if you really want to call the Alphabet terrorist and his thugs men, that destroyed the beginning of my teenage years. It was the Alphabet terrorist, the first one of many men that night to rape me, that stole my innocence and caused me much pain for many years afterward. Even though my first encounter with the Alphabet Terrorist occurred years ago it still was fresh in my mind like it was yesterday. However, since working with Charles and Detective O'Malley those awful memories of that night have appeared less and less and I was quite relieved.

Despite my previous experiences with men I must admit I started admiring and perhaps even having a crush on Detective O'Malley. I was not sure exactly what it was that causing me to be attracted to him. Perhaps it was looks, he was quite handsome in my view, but perhaps it was his intelligence and the ease he had to solve his cases. Perhaps it was also his demeanor too as he remained calm throughout the last case and helped us and capture the Godfather of Time.

Although I haven't told him about our encounter with the Alphabet Terrorist I knew he would understand as he too had dealt with the terrorist before. He had briefly mentioned in our investigation but did not go into more detail though a part of me wanted to find out more about his run in with the Alphabet Terrorist. For the first time in many days I got a really good night of sleep and the next morning when I did some research on my computer I discovered something that shocked me. I had a sister and I didn't even know it.

"How could I have missed this," I asked myself in disbelief as I continued to look at the results. I checked all the records in England, and I had found out that my mother had given birth to a baby girl fifteen years before she had me and she never mentioned anything about it to me or to my father. It would have been wonderful to know I had a sister instead of growing up of being an only child, but I couldn't be angry with either of them now as both had disappeared when I was three.

There were several questions racing through my mind and in fact the more I thought the more I demanded answers. Did my sister know about me, and if she did why hadn't she tried to find me? Perhaps my sister didn't know anything about me either and that's why she hadn't tried to find me. The only reason I found out I had a sister was because I was doing research and was interested in seeing my family records and history through public records.

This new information piqued my curiosity. I was extremely curious as to what she did for a living and if she had a family at all. I was more than curious and anxious to meet her and as I thought about it the phone quickly rang causing me to jump up quickly to answer it.

"Hello," I asked somewhat enthusiastically.

“Hello Emma. It’s me Charles. I have someone who is here to meet you. They’ve asked me not to say anything except that you’re needed at the office,” Charles said over the phone.

“I will be right there,” I said as I quickly changed out of my pajamas.

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I had mixed emotions. Part of me was excited and part of me was nervous. I was nervous in that I was not sure of who was wanting to meet me. I had not had much of a social or love life and had not gone out much so I was bewildered by someone meeting me. On the other hand, finding out I had a sister did cause me some excitement and perhaps whoever wanted to meet me could help me find my lost sister. It didn’t take me long to get to the office where I was greeted by Charles and Rick.

“Good morning Emma,” Charles said.

“Good morning sir,” I said.

“Did you get plenty of rest?” Detective O’Malley asked.

“I was but I got up early and was doing research,” I replied.

“On your family tree,” Charles said.

“Yes, but how did you know?” I asked.

“You told me,” Charles said.

“I did. I don’t remember,” I said.

“Never mind Miss Stevens. It looks like someone else was doing a little research and beat you to the punch,” Detective O’Malley said.

“Maybe but in my search I did find that,” I began.

“That your mother had another child with another man before marrying your father,” the woman said.

“Yes,” I said. “But how?”

“As I said Emma someone beat you to the punch,” Detective O’Malley said.

“Have a seat Emma. I know this is a shock,” Charles said. Charles as usual had a way with words.

“Miss Stevens this is Elizabeth Richards,” Detective O’Malley said.

“Elizabeth this is Emma Stevens,” Charles said.

“Hello,” Elizabeth said. I said nothing for a few moments as I quietly observed her. To be frank even though I knew by records I had a sister I still had a difficult time believing she was the one. For one, Elizabeth was a little taller than I was and much more beautiful. She was dressed somewhat eloquently and she had the most beautiful orange colored hair I had ever seen. She had dark blue eyes though she had a soft spoken voice much like I do.

“Believe me Miss Stevens I was just as shocked as you likely were when you saw that. The only question I asked myself was why did I not do this sooner?” Elizabeth said.

“Why didn’t you?” I asked calmly.

“I have just been too busy living life,” Elizabeth said. I shook my head with disbelief, but I also realized I could not blame her either. I had been doing the same thing as she was and it was just only recently I got interested in seeing my family history.

“I know what you mean,” I admitted.

“My husband was the one who showed me how to do research and find out my family history. I thought I knew it all but then I saw my mom had married another man and from there I saw they had one girl,” Elizabeth said.

“Me,” I said. “I am curious about one thing. What happened between mom and your dad? I never heard about this. My mom and dad were as inseparable as long as I can remember.”

“Mom, was miserable with my dad. She never was really happy, and neither was he from what I could recall. When she left I chose to stay with him. We never saw her again. We did not know what had happened to her. It just by chance accident I was doing research on my family history that I saw she got married and was happy and had one little girl,” Elizabeth said.

“Me,” I said.

“Yeah,” I said as tears began to fall down my face. “I just wish this could have happened sooner.”

“So do I,” Elizabeth said. “I too wish it had happened sooner but there is no need to dwell on the past. What we need to worry about now is the future and what we do with it.”

“You’re right,” I said. Still, a part of me wished this had happened sooner. Knowing I had a family out there that would have cared for me after my first encounter with the Alphabet Terrorist would have made those few awful years afterwards a little bit more bearable. Knowing I literally had no one, save for Sam who I met a year after the assault, made the years after the encounter all the more difficult.

“Since we just met, I know there a couple more people that want to meet you too,” Elizabeth said.

“Who?” I asked.

“Emma, I know this might still be a shock to you, but I want to introduce to you both your niece and nephew,” Elizabeth said.

“Niece and nephew,” I said with slight disbelief. It was not until I turned around and saw my young niece and nephew did, I really believe this was happening. I could not believe it. I was speechless. The two children were the most beautiful I had ever seen.

“Hello,” the little girl said.

“What’s her name?”

“Her name is Jessica,” Elizabeth said. Looking at Jessica I swear she looked exactly like Elizabeth. “And his?”

“I’m Justin,” the boy said. Justin was a short boy who had dark red hair like Elizabeth but unlike Elizabeth and Jessica he actually had brown eyes like me and his face was full of freckles. Neither of them had ever seen me before so it wasn’t a surprise that they were shy from speaking to me but finally a few minutes later Jessica spoke.

“Hello,” Jessica said as she slowly reached out to me. Justin soon followed and for the first time I in a long time I felt really happy. I was now an aunt and I wasn’t going to let anything or anyone hurt them like they’ve done to me. I can’t explain it but I felt reenergized and more determined to help Charles and Rick catch the criminals no matter what they’ve done.

“I found out about you only after I did research on my family history as well. Mom and Dad disappeared when I was three. They were in the British Royal Navy when they disappeared,” I said calmly.

“Disappeared,” Elizabeth asked.

“Dropped me off at my grandparents,” I said.

“And what happened to them?” Elizabeth asked.

“I am not sure. Given it has been twenty plus years I am assuming they are dead now but I will tell you all about that later,” I said. Elizabeth was shocked. I could tell she wanted to hear more but now was not the time I said to myself. Anyone besides Elizabeth or perhaps even Rick, which I would tell later, I would have normally had a hard time telling that to anyone but this

was my sister and I had twenty three years' worth of memories to tell.

"How long have you been doing this?" Elizabeth asked quietly.

"Only for over a year though I moved to the United States a couple years ago," I said calmly. I started to speak again when the phone on Charles's desk rang. Charles picked it up and immediately I knew we had another assignment.

"Oh no, I see you have another assignment," Elizabeth sighed.

"It's not that Elizabeth at all. What I do is important to me," I assured her.

"Well Emma this is my home phone number," Elizabeth said as she handed me a paper with the number on it. "You can also visit anytime as my husband and I only live a few blocks from here. You should come sometime. He would love to meet you too."

Elizabeth knew that I was busy, but it was good to finally meet her and my niece and nephew and I cannot accurately describe how sad I felt as Elizabeth, Justin and Jessica had to go home while I went on another assignment.

"Where are we going this time Charles?" I asked as I turned around after Elizabeth and her two children departed.

"We are going to Philadelphia to help the federal government solve a murder case," Charles said quietly. Both Detective O'Malley and I were extremely thrilled, but I wished I could have seen my niece and nephew a little longer than I did. To be honest seeing my nephew and niece made me wish for the first time that I had children of my own but I felt that now was not the time but someday I would.

"Why? Who was killed?" Detective O'Malley asked.

"The federal government says the victim was CIA operative Jonas Davidson and that he was working on a case that has national security implications so the Chief Operative couldn't give me too many details over the phone. We will just have to wait until we get there," Charles replied. I didn't know what that meant exactly but I knew I couldn't wait to solve this case and get back to seeing my sister and her two children.

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We quickly departed for Philadelphia as the three of us caught the first flight out. It was not easy to say the least and I knew almost as soon as we boarded the plane that this would be one of those real aggravating cases. I was about to lose my temper when Detective O'Malley saw that I was getting frustrated and helped calm me down.

"It'll be alright. We'll return shortly," Rick told me assuredly and for the first time on the flight I felt relieved. The flight lasted quite a while and I was rather pleased that I got good sleep on the flight as I knew I wouldn't be getting much after we arrived in Philadelphia.

We arrived in Philadelphia several hours later and I wished immediately that I had brought my long sleeves shirts and long pants instead of my summer short sleeve shirts and shorts as the temperatures were dramatically colder than they were in Birmingham. Despite it only being September, it was already snowing here in Philadelphia and I was foolish for only wearing a short sleeve shirt and black silky shorts.

Fortunately, Charles was kind enough as he saw me freezing my butt off as he allowed me to go and shop for warmer clothes which I did extremely quickly. I normally like to take a while to shop but I knew there wasn't time and besides I didn't want my butt to continuously freeze so I quickly changed into jeans and a long sleeve shirt and jacket. I also got a few more pairs before we went to the federal building where we met FBI Agent Stoner.

“Hello Detective Early, it has been a long time since I last saw you. How’s life been treating you?” Agent Stoner asked quietly. Agent Stoner appeared to me to be about the same age as Charles but he was a bit taller and he had a bit more brown in his hair than Charles but he still had a lot of gray in his hair. Agent Stoner had dark hazel colored eyes and he had a clean shaven face but what frightened me was how rough and stern his voice sounded.

“I’ve been doing great but what is going on Agent Stoner?” Charles asked bluntly.

“Well Charles I wish I had good news but I really think we’re in trouble. One of the CIA’s best operatives was found dead and that he was working on a really important case,” Agent Stoner said.

“What exactly was he working on,” Charles asked quietly.

“I think the three of you need to come inside with me. I don’t want to discuss it out here,” Agent Stoner replied in such a serious and stern manner that it nearly frightened me.

We quietly went into the main federal building where Agent Stoner had his office located. His office was the furthest back on the top floor and it was such a long way to get there that I thought we would never get there but when we did I was the first to sit down as he began to speak.

“I’m sorry about that Charles. I just can’t have anybody listen to our conversation as some of what we speak about is classified. Does everyone understand that? What I tell you does not leave the three of you,” Agent Stoner said. The three of us nodded in agreement and Agent Stoner at once seemed to ease up a bit as he continued to speak. “Jonas Davidson, the CIA operative that was murdered was working on a very high profile intelligence case and was working very closely with naval intelligence as it is suspected that military intelligence was being sold to China.”

“What kind of military information is suspected of being sold to the Chinese,” Charles asked calmly.

“Ah Charles as a former naval master at arms I know you will appreciate all that we do for the country and I will be darn if I let anyone especially I find out it is a local in it for the money to sell their country’s secrets to anyone,” Agent Stoner said angrily but continued to speak quietly. “To tell you all very frankly the British also have an interest in this case as they were working closely with the Americans on this military project and if it happens to be that the Chinese do have the secret it could cause problems for both England and for us.”

“Oh boy,” Charles sighed. “What kind of project were the British and Americans working on?”

“They were working on a very highly specialized missile that from here in Philadelphia could theoretically reach Moscow. It is a very specialized long-range missile which our government says is necessarily as our enemies are finding ways to build those things,” Agent Stoner said.

“Agent Stoner let me know if I’m correct in saying this, but it sounds like whoever sold the secrets to China is also our killer,” I said quietly.

“You are correct Detective Stevens. I received a call from Operative Davidson the other day but he was cut off. It is at this moment I believe he was killed. Agent Davidson, I believe had a suspect, but he never got a chance to tell me,” Agent Stoner said bluntly. “We’re hiring your agency for this because you’re the best. Your mission is to find out who killed Agent Davidson, and if they stole and sold secrets to the Chinese. You will also find out if there are multiple people involved in this case as I personally suspect there is.”

“Why do you say that Agent Stoner?” I asked.

“In cases like this Detective Stevens, people very rarely work alone. Look I’m getting a lot of political pressure on this one. I am getting it from the British as the British Prime Minister wants to prosecute the individual as well especially if that individual has harmed England’s interest. But I am also getting it from the American side too as the President and Congress wants these people’s heads. Also, let me assure you three that the President has made it clear that whoever it is that killed Agent Davidson, or those responsible in any way, we will prosecute first and seek the death penalty for that individual.”

“Understood sir,” all three of us said together.

“Now go get our man or men,” Agent Stoner said loudly as he dismissed us.

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We quietly exited the federal building as we stood outside for a few moments looking at the snow that continuously fell out of the sky. Snow. It was a beautiful sight to see as I had never seen snow before but it sure was colder than anything I had ever felt. I was standing there thinking about what Agent Stoner said until I turned and saw that Detective O’Malley had thrown a snow ball at me which hit my right shoulder. It didn’t hurt and for a second I was annoyed but that annoyance disappeared as I threw one right back at him which accidentally hit him in the face.

“I’m sorry. Are you alright,” I asked as I bent down. I knew instantly I made the mistake in bending down and seeing if he was alright as he surprised me with a snowball to my face as well. We were both laughing and carrying on as Charles was talking on the phone but when he ended his call we knew it was time to get back to business.

“Who was that mate?” Detective O’Malley asked Charles.

“That was the Philadelphia Chief of Police I was talking to. He will meet us over there at Jonas Davidson’s house to let us in and check for any clues or evidence,” Charles said as he turned and saw that both Rick and I had snow in our faces. “Another thing if you two don’t mind for right now don’t play in the snow. We still have work to do.” Both Rick and I understood though we had fun neither of us said anything as we went to the house of Jonas Davidson.

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Jonas Davidson had a relatively small house compared to what I’ve seen. I say small as it was not what I expected for someone working for the CIA to have. It was a small brick house which was very well kept and clean. The interior of the house was even better with a nice mahogany colored carpet. He also had a small dining room table and a small television which was about thirty feet away. It wasn’t much but it was very clean and so much so that when I approached his dresser I noticed his small journal.

The journal was a small black colored book which at first I didn’t think too much of but when I opened it and saw the first few entries I realized at once how wrong I was. There were about 722 entries and the one I was reading I knew was extremely important.

“Hey Charles, Rick come over here,” I said as I started reading the last entry.

“What is it?” Rick asked calmly as I showed him the book. Charles was also interested in seeing what I was reading as he took the small journal from me and all three of us started reading the last entry which was dated September 6, 1999.

*I come home tonight from another long day at work and yet I find myself closer in solving*

*the case which I'm currently on. I find this case the most disturbing and the hardest of my career as I cannot describe how many millions of people it would affect should China or Russia get the secrets and sell it to terrorist organizations. I am most afraid for my country as well as my family and friends.*

*I know through my thorough investigations that there are two local individuals that are involved in the selling of the secrets and what disturbs me most is I don't believe it is about money as Agent Stoner might suggest. I believe the plot is much more sinister and that these two individuals while they may receive monetary payment they are really doing this for their hatred against the United States. I have found evidence and have enclosed it in my classified report that suggests that these two individuals are members of a terrorist organization. I can only write this and clear my mind and I truly believe these individuals are onto my track and may be plotting to kill me.*

"Well it looks like our friend Jonas Davidson was right. Whoever sold the secrets were the ones that killed him," I told Charles who seemed to agree.

"How are we ever going to find out who committed these crimes? It looks like we're no closer to solving these crimes than Jonas was," Detective O'Malley said softly.

Charles said nothing and neither did I as he continued to look around the house. Rick started looking around too but I couldn't ever figure out why as the house appeared to be extremely clean but a minute later I noticed something wrong about one of the pieces of furniture. I looked closely and noticed that there were two spots of blood on the handle of the couch.

"Hey Charles, look at this. I found blood," I said calmly as I pointed to a few blood spots on the floor.

"Great Job Emma. I do wonder how the police could miss these?" Charles asked to himself.

"We were about to miss them ourselves," I said as we both turned and heard Rick yell for us.

"Look at this you two. I found a small piece of a tooth beside the wooden stand which the television was on," Detective O'Malley said as he held a plastic bag with the tooth in it.

"I think it may be enough," Charles said as he took out special equipment he had in his bag and extracted the blood which was on the handle of the couch. "As long as it belongs to someone other than Jonas Davidson, we're in business."

"And as long as they are in the system," I added.

"Still it is a start. Good job Detective O'Malley. Let's get back and see if this evidence helps us get anywhere," Charles said.

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We wasted no time getting back to the federal building. Finding that diary and the blood stains and tooth was important. At the moment, we were still not any closer to finding our killers though Agent Stoner appeared to be pleased when he read the diary.

"Where was this diary hidden?" Agent Stoner asked.

"It was on his dresser," I said.

"Funny, I wonder why the feds and local police agents missed that. We combed through the house and found nothing like that," Agent Stoner said.

"It actually was in plain sight on his dresser. A little black book that might have easily

been mistaken as something else unless you looked through it thoroughly,” Detective O’Malley added.

“Great job you three. Whoever would have thought that a diary could be so important,” Agent Stoner said as she looked at the last entry. “So it appears as though Jonas Davidson thinks it is two locals who are in a terrorist organization.”

“Yes sir, and perhaps the DNA evidence will give us a clue as to who they are,” Charles said calmly.

“Still don’t know who they are yet,” Agent Stoner asked.

“Not yet but perhaps the blood and tooth will help us narrow the search. As you said and as Agent Davidson seems to believe it appears to be locals behind this,” Detective O’Malley.

“How is knowing that going to help us?” Agent Stoner asked. I could tell by his expression Agent Stoner seemed not to be impressed with this as he was hoping that we knew who their criminals were already.

“Well, perhaps knowing that they are locals will right off the back narrow the search. Agent Davidson in his diary indicated he believed the people responsible were not necessary doing it for the money but rather because they had an axe to grind with the United States,” Detective O’Malley said.

“Agent Stoner, I am sure you and the FBI keep tracks of those who have radical views and might be causing others to become radicalized,” I said.

“You bet Detective Stevens. We keep track of terrorists and terrorist organizations and anyone who is or might be a potential threat to the security of our nation,” Agent Stoner said. “That is part of our job. We keep track of them and obviously the FBI arrests them when warranted.”

“Let me get off that topic for a moment. Agent Stoner when was the last Time you called Jonas Davidson,” I asked quietly.

“It was approximately 6:45 p.m. on September 6. He told me he had just finished writing in his journal and that he was faxing me evidence indicating that two individuals were involved with the selling of the secrets,” Agent Stoner replied.

“6:45 in the afternoon so that means someone would have seen someone near Jonas Davidson’s house. Did you interview neighbors or people around the area,” Charles asked quietly.

“Everyone we spoke to said they didn’t see anything,” Agent Stoner replied.

“What phone did Agent Davidson use to call you that night,” I asked quietly.

“From his cell phone,” Agent Stoner snapped as I knew he was getting bothered by our questions.

“Thank you sir, for your time,” I said.

“Detective Stevens don’t tell me you are thinking what I think you are thinking,” Detective O’Malley said.

“We need to go,” I said.

“Thank you again,” Charles said to Agent Stoner as the three of us went outside.

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Charles, Rick and I went outside for a quick break. We had several pieces but none of them added up to anything definitively. Agent Stoner we knew was being bothered by the questions we had. Even though I did not suspect him or had any reason to, and neither did

Charles or Rick for that matter he was still being defensive. But I also suppose losing one agent to traitors would cause anyone to become more irritable quicker.

“You know Charles if he called Agent Stoner on his cell phone call it would be easy to find out,” I said calmly.

“Well yeah but we have so much to do and so little time to do it,” Charles replied.

“Well let’s split up then,” I said calmly.

“Alright you and Detective O’Malley go and get the records for the cell phone calls made by Jonas Davidson for August and September. I will go throughout the city and talk to those who might have known Jonas,” Charles replied. I wanted to go by myself this time and started to protest but I said nothing as I understood his reasoning.

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It did not take Rick and me long to find the cell phone company which Jonas had used prior to his death. The company was more than willing to help us in our investigation as they gave us his phone records for August and September.

“Look at this Rick,” I said.

“Most of his calls went to two numbers,” Detective O’Malley said.

“Yeah one of which is Mr. Stoner’s,” I said.

“Mr. Stoner’s is going to be that number likely,” Detective O’Malley pointed out.

“How can you tell?” I asked.

“Look at the first three numbers. That is a standard prefix CIA agents use in their numbers,” Detective O’Malley said.

“Okay. So that number belongs to Agent Stoner,” I began.

“But who does the other number belong to?” Detective O’Malley asked.

“Let’s find out,” I said as I began dialing the number. I waited for an answer and after several minutes of waiting someone finally answered.

“Jonas, what in the world,” the voice said irritably.

“I’m sorry this is not Jonas,” I began. I didn’t know who it was, but I knew it was man speaking on the other side of the line as he continued to speak.

“I wish Jonas hadn’t given my number to all these agencies. Now I’m a target for helping the government find the men who will be leading an attack,” the man said. The phone cut off before I could hear anything else, but I quickly realized Jonas Davidson had been using an informant to get his information.

“You know Rick,” I said as I turned around to him. “Jonas Davidson was using an informant to get his information. That was whose number occurred as frequently as did Agent Stoner’s. But the phone cut off before I could find out about anything else.”

“Well Emma let’s go find Charles. Perhaps he has been having better luck than we did,” Rick said calmly.

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Little did Rick or I know that Charles had much more success than either of us did as he went throughout the entire city of Philadelphia talking with different people who personally knew Jonas Davidson. Most of the people whom Charles talked to had nothing but good things to say about Jonas. It was a wonder of who really wanted to kill Jonas and why they would do

but Charles would soon find out. Charles had traveled throughout downtown Philadelphia finding the same information he found everywhere else until he walked into one old pawn shop whose owner seemed to really know what was happening.

“Hello sir. My name is Detective Charles Early,” Charles said quietly. The owner was an elderly white man who had lived in Philadelphia all of his life. The owner was short and was nearly blind but he could hear extremely well and he understood everything he was asked.

“How may I help you sir?” the owner asked calmly.

“Did you know a fellow named Jonas Davidson,” Charles asked.

“Ah yes Jonas Davidson. What a guy. He was an extraordinary officer. It is such a shame someone killed him. He really didn’t have any enemies until the last couple months,” the owner said calmly.

“The last couple months,” Charles asked. “Tell me what did these enemies look like? Can you show me what they look like?”

“Ah I can do even better. Now that I think of it both of these gentlemen he was investigating for something but he didn’t tell me what. One of them was from Iran and the other was from Spain. Their names are Omar Khindle and Miguel Santos.”

“Omar Khindle and Miguel Santos. Do you know what either of these gentlemen did sir?” Charles asked.

“I am afraid not. But I do know they did hold very anti-American views,” the owner said.

“Why do you say that?” Charles asked.

“They came in to my shop occasionally. Although I did not interact with them really much I do know they were both in the business of collecting guns and ammunition,” the owner said.

“They must have tried to buy some off you,” Charles said.

“They did and I refused to sell them any,” the owner said.

“Why did you refuse to sell to them?” Charles asked.

“I just had a bad feeling about those two. I mean when they came into the shop the first time they gave me bad vibes,” the owner said.

“Can you explain sir what you mean by that,” Charles asked.

“I knew seeing them for the first time they were likely trouble. Miguel had quite a mouth on him. Omar was more reserved but I still got the same feeling. Miguel on more than occasion shouted out profanities and began making many anti-American remarks. I do not recall ever feeling like my life was in danger as I did when they came in,” the owner said.

“How did they react when you refused to sell them guns and ammunition?” Charles asked.

“Miguel nearly lost it. He just about took out a knife except he did see a couple of police officers that were in the shop that was ready to act if he had done anything,” the owner said.

“That’s good to know. He has a temper,” Charles said.

“Aye. He did,” the owner said.

“Ah thank you very much sir for your time. You have been most helpful,” Charles said as he received perhaps the best news of the day and it was not but a minute after leaving the shop he received a call to go back to the federal building.

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Rick and I arrived at the federal at the same time Charles did. None of us knew what this

was about but we knew the lab doctors had found something as we were called back to the laboratory. We quickly followed Agent Stoner who was more excited than I had ever seen him as we finally entered the lab.

“Hello and I trust everyone is having a good evening. We have a pleasant surprise for you all,” Dr. Scott said.

Dr. Scott was a tall but hefty dark colored man who had been working for the federal government for over fifteen years but his size didn’t stop him from moving quickly and being one of the best scientists they had. He turned his computer screen and from what everyone else and I saw the screen was divided into two samples.

“What are we looking at Doctor?” Detective O’Malley asked.

“Here, if you all take a look at the sample on the right. This belonged to Jonas Davidson,” Dr. Scott said.

“That’s his blood,” I added.

“Yes detective. This is Jonas Davidson’s blood which is type A positive,” Dr. Scott said.

“I’m no genius but the blood on the left does not match,” Charles said.

“That is because it is different. The sample on the left is type O negative. Anyone wants to guess whose blood this is?” Dr. Scott asked.

“Dr. Scott, if you don’t mind. I am going to take a guess at it. Based on evidence we have collected and the interviews I have had with people I would say it can be of only one or two people. Either Omar Khindle or Miguel Santos,” Charles replied.

Rick and I were both stunned by Charles’ statement as we still had no clue of who we were dealing with. Stunned I was but not surprised as Charles always had a way of solving difficult cases.

“How did you know it was Miguel Santos?” Dr. Scott asked.

“To be honest I didn’t know who it was exactly, but I knew after talking to people throughout the city that it had to be one of the two. Jonas Davidson was investigating the two for what I think was espionage and selling classified military material and since they didn’t want to get caught one of them had to kill Mr. Davidson,” Charles said. “But how was he in the system?”

“Miguel Santos is a convict. Twenty years ago he was convicted of first degree rape and attempted murder, but hang onto your hats he still has outstanding warrants for tax evasion and armed robbery,” Dr. Scott said as he read it off the computer. “Do you know something else? We found out whose tooth that was you found.”

“Let me guess Omar Khindle,” I said. It was only a guess, a sarcastic one at that, as I did not think I would be correct.

“Yes,” Dr. Scott said. “The tooth you found belonged to Omar Khindle.”

Neither I nor anyone else said anything for a moment. We were elated that now DNA evidence linked the pair to the killing of Jonas Davidson. Although we could have them arrested for murder at this moment Charles, Rick and I still wanted to prove they were the ones selling the secrets to Russia or China and the only way we could do that is get search warrants.

“You know what this means,” Charles said.

“Time to get warrants and arrest those clowns,” I added.

“Correct Detective Stevens and I must say excellent work detectives. You and Detective O’Malley go pick up Miguel. Charles and I will go to Omar’s house. On the way I will make a call and have a judge to sign off the warrants,” Agent Stoner said as he left the office.

“Yes sir,” I said.

“You heard him,” Charles said. “Let’s go.”

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Charles went with Agent Stoner to Omar Khindle's home while Rick and I went to Miguel Santos's home. Neither Rick nor I knew what to expect but as soon as we knocked on the door I heard loud footsteps as though they were trying to run and just as we were about to enter I heard a loud gunshot which barely missed Rick and me.

"Run," I heard a voice shout as I heard people begin trying to leave.

"Knock it down," I said.

Rick wasted no time kicking down the door and as the door opened Rick barely avoided being shot by Miguel and his three men who were trying to shoot at us and escape.

"Freeze," I shouted. Miguel turned and took a shot at me. I was able to avoid being hit but Miguel was not as fortunate. As Miguel had shot at me Rick shot at Miguel and hit him in the arm. Miguel despite being hit kept shooting at us and running as his three friends managed to escape but before he could escape Rick had tackled him onto the ground and put the handcuffs on him.

"You won't stop us," Miguel began.

"That's enough from you. My friend you are under arrest," Detective O'Malley said.

"What about the others?" I asked.

"We will radio Agent Stoner and tell them we have many more suspects. Perhaps Miguel, if he knows what is good, will tell us who they are," Detective O'Malley said.

"Never," Miguel said.

"Alright. Don't say I did not warn you that you are looking at either death, or life at the supermax prison they have in Colorado," Detective O'Malley said.

"Go to-," Miguel began.

"Alright let's go," Detective O'Malley said.

"I will be out in a few. Just going to look a little more," I said.

Although I was relieved when he apprehended Miguel at that moment my first concern was how did Charles and Agent Stoner fare but as Rick put Miguel into the car I continued to look around Miguel's house. Immediately when I entered his room, which to be honest left little room for the imagination, I quickly found evidence which indicated that he had received a wire transfer in the sum of a half billion dollars from Russia. I continued to look throughout the room and just as I was about to leave I turned and saw a classified military weapons manual which I immediately picked up and put into the evidence bag. Other police officers finally arrived and their search turned up nothing else that Rick or I didn't find.

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Charles and Agent Stoner went to Omar Khindle's house with several officers from the FBI, CIA and the US Navy. They had begun quietly surrounding Omar's house when he and all his friends began opening fire on all the officers. Agent Stoner and Charles were caught off guard a little as just a few minutes into the shoot out as several officers were killed.

"Did you see how many people were in there?" Agent Stoner asked Charles.

"I'm sorry sir I didn't have time to look as I was trying to avoid getting my head blown off by Omar's machine gun," Charles said as he and Agent Stoner heard the thunderous shots coming from Omar's machine guns.

“We need back up,” Charles yelled over his radio and within minutes Rick and I arrived at Omar’s house.

Fortunately Omar and his gang didn’t see either me or Rick and it didn’t take us long to realize Omar had a back door which we could sneak through to apprehend him. Despite what was happening Rick and I were determined to bring Omar and his gang to trial rather than kill them in a shootout. Omar and his gang kept shooting at Agent Stoner, Charles and the other surviving officers while Rick and I snuck in quietly through the back door.

“Stop where you are at. It is over Mr. Khindle,” I said as I took a warning shot. Omar and his friends were surprised by our sudden appearance as they dropped their guns. Charles and Agent Stoner quickly entered from the front as soon as the shooting had stopped, and the other officers also entered as they apprehended Omar and his friends.

Our search through Omar’s house produced more than enough evidence to ensure neither Omar nor Miguel would ever get out of prison as we found stacks full of cash and even more classified documents which had been electronically sent to Russia and China. Neither Omar nor Miguel cared for each other at the moment as both gave each other nasty looks as both were thrown into CIA and FBI cars.

“Great job Charles. You and your team have done the country a great favor. It looks like we got all the evidence we need to put them away for life,” Agent Stoner said happily. It was the first time I had seen him happy and neither I nor the others said anything to spoil his mood. Neither Omar nor Miguel really cared to look at each other at the moment as both were taken into custody by the FBI and CIA agents and the three of us watched.