

The Ax by: Stacey Bell *Completed*

By : **Dolphin198818**

A rookie police officer, Sam Huntington, who just moved to New York City with his newly wife Chelsea. They seemed to have it all, until one day, when he gets a call that changed everything. Now that his wife has been murdered, will he find out who the killer is and get revenge....more importantly...will he ever find the murder weapon that killed his wife to help him catch the killer?

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Prologue

It was the year of 1998 when the accident happened. My wife Chelsea Huntington was at home in our apartment, which was located in New York City. I was at work, which was my first week, so they called me a rookie.

I was a policeman, and always wanted to be a police officer, since my dad was one. My mom always told me 'I don't understand why you want to be a police officer, after what happened to your father.' Don't get me wrong, I loved my mother. I was the baby and my brother John, was the oldest. My mom was the sweetest woman that you would ever meet. And I could see the look of sadness in her eyes that night that two police officer's knocked on the front door, and told my mom that our dad had been shot and killed.

Of course they found the shooter and arrested him, and he got life in prison, but my family had never been the same since. My mother began to work two jobs, and we never gotten to really see our mother since then. So, when my brother John was old enough, he moved out and gotten married and had a couple kids; he was a truck driver now.

Anyways, back to my story. I was at work, riding around with my partner Mr. O'Neil. I was working the night shift my third night in, when I got the call. I answered my cell phone, and it was our dispatcher, Patty. She had been working there forever, and was one month from retirement. Patty never called police officer's on their cell phones, so I was a little confused when she called mine.

'Sam,' said Patty. That was my name, Sam, Sam Huntington.

'Yeah Patty; why are you calling on my cell phone?' I asked confusedly as my partner quickly looked at me, then back at the road.

'Well, I have a call here and it's from your address,' Patty began, but paused before going again. 'I'm afraid it's Chelsea, and Sam, someone has murdered her.' I heard the sadness in Patty's voice. She had never met Chelsea, but I would always talk about her.

'What?' was all I could get out. I was feeling a whole lot of emotions when Patty told me the news. I was angry, confused, and sad.

'I'm afraid it's true. Everyone is there right now trying to figure out what happened,' said Patty on the verge of tears. I could barely talk, because I was mad and sad at the same time. *They had killed my wife?* I thought to myself. Who would do such a thing to a very nice woman.

I tell Patty thank you for letting me know and hung up the phone, and began bashing the dashboard of my partner's cop car, and making dents. 'Hey hey calm down! What is it?' Mr. O'Neil asked knowing that something was wrong. I looked at my partner with tears in my eyes.

'They got to my wife! They killed my wife!' I say angrily as tears were now streaming down my cheeks.

'Oh my God! I'll take you to your place, where do you live?' asked Brian quickly. I told him where I live and he must have been going a hundred miles an hour, because I look out at the buildings, and they were just a blur.

When we got to my apartment, everyone just seemed to be standing around doing nothing. So, I quickly got of the car, slamming the door, and running up to my apartment. I was crying as I pushed through the crowd of people heading to the room, which was on the third floor. As soon as I reached the doorway of my apartment, I just stood there.

There she was, my wife lying on the floor, motionless. She was lying on her back, looking up at the ceiling. So, I run over to her, and grab her in my arms as I cried. Why did this have to happen to her? She was the sweetest and nicest girl you could ever meet. Her nice straightened, blonde hair, with red streaks, was now in knots and covered with blood. 'Sam, I'm so sorry about your loss, but you have to let her go, so we can get the evidence,' says the captain as he tried to pull me away from her. I finally let her go, and just stand there as the C.S.I. team began to look for evidence.

'The blow to the head appears to look like it was done with an axe, but where is it?' asks one of the C.S.I. team into a tape recorder. She continued to talk into the recorder as she scanned the body. She found a note, lying beside the body on the floor and picked it up to read. It had a little bit of blood splatter across the note. 'We also found a note by our victim, but it's not a suicide note. The note reads, 'You have taken away what I love; now I take away what you love. We have to figure out what that means.' She then turned the recorder off, as she put the note in the evidence bag, sealed it, and wrote something on the bag.

I take a look at the C.S.I. person who is recording, and seen that she was very thin, had short blonde hair with red streaks. She was wearing coveralls with the C.S.I. logo on the back, and little booties so she wouldn't compromise the evidence. Come to think about it, she looks a lot like Chelsea.

As I was standing there watching her look over my wife, I began to hear a loud beeping noise. All of a sudden, I was awoken in my bed, sweating and yelling, before turning off my alarm clock. 'It was just a dream.' I say to myself as I laid back down with sweat still rolling down my face. At least that's what I thought, till I looked over.

N/A: There you have it...the prologue to my new book "The Axe." I hope that you guys enjoyed it and that I explained enough of what was going on. Don't forget to leave a message or hit the I like button if you liked it...and as always...thank you for reading!!!!

Chapter 2

Chapter 1

I looked over to Chelsea's side of the bed, and realized it wasn't just a dream. So, I look at the alarm clock, and it read six-thirty a.m. Oh man, I had an hour to get ready and head to work. I wiped the sweat off of my face with my hands, and quickly get into the shower.

Once I get out of the shower, I wrap a towel around my waist, showing my chest and muscles, before looking at my face in the mirror. As I look down at the sink, I noticed that Chelsea's pink toothbrush was still sitting in the toothbrush cup along with my blue toothbrush. I picked it up, and turned it in my hands as I say to myself. 'It's been thirteen years, and I still can't seem to throw away your things.'

I dropped the toothbrush into the sink, as soon as I heard my doorbell ringing, because I wasn't expecting anyone to ring my doorbell at seven a.m. I looked at my little round clock on the wall, beside the door to check the time. That reminded me that I should call into work, because I know that I'm going to be late. I walk out of the bathroom, and answered the front door.

When I opened the door, behind it stood the woman that was in my dream, checking the evidence on my wife. She had aged a little, but her hair color had not changed. 'Hey Sam,' says Rachelle as she looked at my chest, because I forgot that I was still in my towel.

'Rachelle, what are you doing here?' I ask when she walks in, and I close the door behind her. She was not invited in, she just walked in.

'I just thought that I would bring you a doughnut and a coffee, and drive you to work,' smiles Rachelle as she lays the bag of doughnuts down on the kitchen counter and handed me a cup of black coffee, just how I like it, but then I realize that I didn't have time to eat or drink anything, because I was running way late.

'The coffee is good, but I'm going to be late,' I told her not listening to what she had said before. I sat my coffee down on the counter.

'It's fine Sam, when I seen your truck out front, I called in and told them that you were going to be a little late,' she explains as she pulls out her doughnut, lay it on the napkin (that she pulled out of the bag before hand), and pushes the doughnut with the napkin towards Sam.

'Alright,' I say to her taking the doughnut, and being a little suspicious of Rachelle. I was always suspicious of Rachelle, because eve since my wife died, she would always pop up out of nowhere.

'So, I have to tell you; that I transferred over to being a police officer, so both of us will be partners, isn't that exciting?' she asks me with a wide smile, showing her teeth. She was sitting on the bar stool, and eating the doughnut.

I wasn't really happy about this, I liked my old partner, and he wasn't as crazy as her, but I lied. 'That's fantastic,' I say as I lied. 'What happened with Brian?' I ask. Brian has been my partner ever since I started at the police station.

'Oh, he transferred to a new police station this morning,' says Rachelle before taking a sip, and looking at me as I did so.

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This was strange; first of all, Brian would of told me if he was transferring, and secondly, he wasn't going anywhere, because he was retiring in a year himself. Rachelle looked over, and seen the wedding picture of Chelsea and I.

I remember that day like it was yesterday; we both had graduated college, so we where in out late twenties. Chelsea looked so beautiful in her white gown and veil, and I was in a black tux. The picture was taken outside underneath a big willow tree, since those where her favorite. The memory faded as Rachelle spoke. 'Was this Chelsea, beforeâ well, you know,' said Rachelle as she looked at the picture, and not at me.

'Yeah,' I managed to say, before I began to cry. Rachelle sat the picture back down before she spoke.

'Did they ever find the murderer or the murder weapon?' she asks curiously as she took another sip of her coffee.

'No,' I slowly say.

'How long has it been?' asks Rachelle.

'Thirteen yearsâ lit'll be thirteen years this Friday,' I say not wanting to really talk about the situation.

'Thirteen years, and they still haven't any leads,' says Rachelle. I didn't know if that was a question or a statement, so I changed the subject.

'Well, I'm going to go and get dressed, so we can leave,' I say before walking to my bedroom, and closing the door. I sat on my bed to think. *It's going to be thirteen years since my wife's murder, and they have yet to find the killer or the weapon for that matter.* 'I'm going to have to get back into the file and look over the evidence, I know I said I would never look into the case again, but I have to find your killer Chelsea, it's been thirteen years, and they probably have been killing for that long,' I say as if my wife was still there with me. 'Wish me luck,' I say before getting up, and putting on my police uniform.

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When we arrived at the station, I checked in with our dispatcher, Kelsey. She had token over the check in center when Patty had retired. 'Hi,' I say as I wrote my name down on the check in book, followed by Rachelle.

'Oh hey Sam,' Kelsey smiled back at me. I think she likes me, because I'm the only one who she smiles at in the mornings or in the afternoons when I leave. Don't get me wrong, Kelsey is gorgeous, with her long dark brown hair to the middle of her back, which is always straightened, she was a little chubby, but not that chubby, and she was in her thirties, which I was in my forties now, so I don't know what she would see in me, but I'm still in love with my wife, so nothing's going to happen.

Rachelle went to her desk on the other side of the building, and I went straight to the evidence room, where they kept all of the cases that were closed or still opened. The evidence room was on the fourth floor, and my office was on the third, so I had to take the elevator up. I didn't feel like walking the stairs today. When I reached the room, I had to sign my name and time I was there. The two chubby, bald, middle aged, policemen, buzzed me in, and I proceeded to find Chelsea's box.

It took about ten minutes to find her box. When I found it, it was sitting on the third row up from the bottom shelf, between Mr. Donaldson: which read cased closed on the box in black magic marker, and on the other side of Chelsea's box was Mrs. Nixon: her case was also closed. So, when I found Chelsea's box, I ran my

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fingers a crossed her name, before taking a deep breath, and letting it out, before removing the box from the shelf, and I carried it back to my desk.

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When I reached my desk, I sat the box down, and flopped into my rolling chair. I stared at the box for a few minutes, before sitting up straight, and taking the lid off, and sitting it down on the floor. I then proceeded to go through her file. As I grabbed her case file, and opened the file folder to the first page; I seen the picture of Chelsea lying on the floor in the puddle of blood. I felt a tear slipped from my eyes, and I quickly wiped them off, and sucked it up. 'I have to do this for Chelsea,' I say to myself, as I continue to flip through the file.

Chapter 3

Chapter 2

As I flip through my wife's file; I notice that Rachelle's name appeared on one of the witnesses' names list. But why would her name appear on the witness list, if she was the C.S.I. assigned the case? I would have to ask her about this, I thought to myself as I flip the page and found the evidence list. At the bottom of the list in red ink was written: The murder weapon was never found, but an axe was definitely the weapon that killed the victim. Also on the page were list of the neighbors that were in the building and their fingerprints. So they could match up with the murderer if they ever found them. Beside that was a statement of what they saw or didn't see. As I scanned through the list of names, I noticed that one of our neighbors had seen something that night.

It was Mrs. Edwards, awe yes, I remember Mrs. Edwards, she was the sweetest little old lady that you could ever meet. She was the first person who greeted us with a plateful of her delicious peanut butter cookies. On the paper it wrote: I seen a person dressed in all black leave the building. I could not see their faces, but I'm pretty sure that it was a woman, because she wasn't very tall, and they walked like a woman. She was also carrying a bloody axe. 'I need to talk to her as soon as possible. Maybe she remembers something else from that night.' I say to myself, before the captain walks in. Man, he should learn how to knock, I think to myself before closing the file and putting it away before he sees.

'Hey Sam, how are you today?' asks the captain as he sits down on the chair in front of my desk.

'I'm fineâ why?' I ask. Ever since my wife's murder, the captain has been worrying about me and checking in on me to make sure I was alright.

'I just know what Friday isâ and just wanted to see how you were doing,' he says as he looks at the file box sitting on my desk. Oh man, I've been caught; I might as well confess what I was doing with Chelsea's box, I think to myself before talking.

'I'm fine, I'm just looking through Chelsea's case file, that's all,' I confess. The captain looked to the box and the file folder lying on my desk.

'Sam, we went through everything, and we couldn't find anything about the murderer or the murder weapon,' explains the captain trying to get me to forget the whole thing.

'I know, but I need to talk to Mrs. Edwards again, I think maybe she has more on the subject,' I explain to him.

The captain sighs before scratching his bald head, and removing his glasses. 'Sam look, I know that Chelsea was your wife and it's going to be thirteen years this Friday, but take it from me, please let it go before you go crazy,' pleaded the captain. I put my elbows on my desk, and learned my chin on my thumbs before speaking.

'I have to find my wife's killer. I can't sleep knowing that their still out there,' I say. The captain then stood up, and put his glasses back on, and his arms to the side.

'Alright, but please do this on your own time,' the captain says before Kelsey busted through the door, scarring them. 'Jesus! What is it?' asks the captain after he jumped.

'It's Mr. O'Neil, one of the other police officer's found his body in the trunk of their cop car,' Kelsey says quickly. There was dead silence after she had said this; you could hear a pen drop. The captain stood there

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with his mouth opened, and I lay my arms down on my desk, with my mouth open. Mr. O'Neil was dead?' I thought to myself.

'Alright, I'm on the way! Tell them not to touch anything until I get there!' orders the captain quickly. Before Kelsey left she tells the captain 'yes sir,' and quickly went back to the crime scene. I quickly stand up to go with the captain, but he stops me half way to the door.

'What? He was my partner, and I need to see what happened!' I say quickly.

'Yes, I know that he was your partner, and that's the reason why you can't go. Sam, I need you to take a week off, with all of this happening, and the anniversary coming up, you need a little break,' orders the captain.

'But I don't want to take time off! I-

'No buts! You're taking time off, and that's that! Don't worry, you will still get paid for the week!' orders the captain before rushing off to go to the scene. I was left alone in my office. I turn and look at Chelsea's box.

'A week offâ..what am I suppose to do?' I ask myself, before walking over, and cleaning up my things before leaving.

2

I was a woken from a peaceful dream. I was with Chelsea, and it was just like old times. I was a woken by my phone ringing. I slowly reach over to pick up the hand held, and answer the call. I was lying face up with my eyes closed. 'Hello?' I say in a groggy voice.

'Sam, this is Rachelle. Can I come overâ 'this is urgent!' Rachelle says quickly. Before answering, I look at my alarm clock, and it read six a.m. She wants to come over now?

'Can it wait till later?' I ask tiredly. I was up all night looking at my wife's file.

'No Sam! It's important!' yells Rachelle into the phone. I had to hold the hand set away from my ear.

'Alright, I guess you leave me no choice,' I say as I sit up in bed.

'Ok, I'll be over in a few,' says Rachelle before hanging up the phone. I hand up the phone when I hear the tone. I tiredly get up out of bed, and get showered, and dressed. When I walk into the bedroom, wearing my jeans and just a blue t-shirt, and in my bare feet, I seen all the evidence sprawled out on Chelsea's side of the bed, along with her file. I quickly gather all the things up, and slide the box underneath my bed, before Rachelle rings the doorbell. Ugh! She always comes at a bad time. So, I quickly answer the door to get this over with. 'Oh Sam! The scene was horrible last night!' says Rachelle sadly as she walks in without being asked. I close the door with an annoyed look on my face.

'What scene?' I ask when I turn to look at her in her uniform.

'The Mr. O'Neil scene; Oh Sam, it looked just like Chelsea's scene, and the captain says that Mr. O'Neil was killed with an axe, just like Chelsea was,' Rachelle says quickly and panicky. She sat down on the couch before she I spoke.

'Did they find the weapon?' I ask.

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'No,' replies Rachelle. I start to think to myself. The two cases have to be related, because they both were murdered by an axe, and the axe was never found.

'Don't you think?' Rachelle asks. She must've been talking when I was thinking, because that's all I heard. Man, I do hate this woman.

'What? Sorry, I was thinking,' I say still standing.

'I asked if you thought that the murderer is back, since it is Chelsea's anniversary on Friday,' says Rachelle.

'Mhmmâ I never thought of that,' I say as I cross my arms and tap my mouth with my pointer finger as I thought.

'Well, I better get going. I'm going to be late for my shift,' says Rachelle as she looks at her phone. When Rachelle stood up, I remember that her name was on the witness list in Chelsea's file.

'Before you goâ I have to ask you a question,' I say before Rachelle reaches the door. She stops to turn toward me.

'Yes,' she says as she crosses her arms.

'I was looking through Chelsea's files yesterday, and your name was on the witness list. I was just wondering, why it was on there?' I ask. Rachelle looks at me as if she was searching for an answer to the question.

'Oh yeah, I used to live in this building, and on this floor. I thought I seen someone that I didn't recognize that night, but I was mistaken,' she explains to me.

'You used to live here?' I ask. I didn't remember seeing her on this floor when we moved in.

'Yeah, I used to live beside Mrs. Edwards; she's a sweet old woman, and I talked to your wife a couple times, she seemed nice,' Rachelle explains.

'Ok, that's all I needed to know,' I say, before Rachelle walks out, and I lock the door behind her.

I had a feeling that Rachelle was hiding something. If she had talked to Chelsea, then why did I not run in to her? And why would she ask if that was Chelsea in the wedding photo, if she had seen her before? And she used to live next to Mrs. Edwards, 'I'm going to have to talk to her today,' I say to myself as I walk into the kitchen to make some coffee.

Chapter 4

Chapter 3

When I finish my coffee, it was eight a.m. 'Might as well go and see Mrs. Edwards,' I say to myself as I put my mug in the sink, grab my notebook and pen, just in case, and walk over to Mrs. Edwards apartment.

When I get to her door, which has the number 24D on it, I knock, and wait for her to answer. It was ten minutes later, before Mrs. Edwards answers the door. 'Hey Mrs. Edwards, do you remember me? I live next door in 22D,' I say as I point in that direction then put my arm down. Mrs. Edwards looks me up and down trying to remember me.

'Oh yes, you live with that sweet young girl Chelsea, I think her name is,' she explains to me.

'Was,' I corrected her sadly.

'Was?' asks Mrs. Edwards.

'Yes, she was murdered thirteen years ago, do you remember?' I ask hoping she would. Mrs. Edwards thought a moment.

'Oh yes, I'm sorry Sam, old age,' she smiles at me. I chuckle a little at her statement.

'Can I come in? I need to ask you a few questions,' I say to her gently.

'Oh sure, I just made a batch of peanut butter cookies, so you can have some of them and milk!' she explains as she opens the door so I can walk in.

When I walk in, the first room I see is the living room. It had an old fashion couch, and loveseat, and recliner, with a little TV. on the stand. 'Right in here is the kitchen,' she says as she ushers me in. When I step in to the kitchen, it was like any other kitchen, but there was a small table in the middle just for two people. With a table cloth on top of it; which had apples on it. The whole kitchen was decorated in apples, and she even had apple dishes. She must not get too much company, I think to myself as I sit down and lay my pad and pen down. Mrs. Edwards walks over to the stove, in her day dress, and takes a couple cookies from the pan, and lays them on the plate. She then pores me a glass of milk, and sat it down, as she lays the plate of cookies and mug down in front of me. I pick a cookie up, dipping it in milk, and take a bite. Oh my God! It was like heaven in my mouth. I've must've been making some delicious noises, because she spoke. 'I'm glad that you like them, so what do you want to ask me?' she asks as she leans on the table, with her arms. I lay the cookie back down, wipe my hand off on my pants, before grabbing my pen, and opening up my notebook.

'The night that Chelsea died, you said that the killer was a woman, how do you know she was?' I ask as I write the question down and waiting on her to reply.

'Because, she walked like a woman, and didn't have the body of a guy,' she explains. I write down her answer.

'Now, I know that you seen the murder weapon, but did you see anything else that you may be forgotten to mention?' I ask before grabbing the cookie that I bit into, and finishing it.

'I don't think so, but I do have one thing that I found in the hallway the day after,' explains Mrs. Edwards, before standing up, and walking over to the cookie jar, and pulling out a ring that had a big diamond in the

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middle, and it looks like a wedding ring. Mrs. Edwards has the ring in a Ziploc bag, as she hands me the bag, and sits down, as I take the bag and examine the ring.

'This is Chelsea's wedding ring, but how'd you get it, because it was on her finger the day she was murdered,' I say as I look at the ring and was a little confused.

'It was lying on the floor, so I picked it up thinking someone would come back to get the ring, but no one ever did,' explains the old woman.

'That's weird that no one would come back to get a piece of evidence,' I say as I decide to get the ring out of the bag, to take a closer look. As I twirl my wife's ring in my fingers, I notice a chunk of blood and a piece of hair stuck in the blood. She must've fought off her attacker, I think to myself. I hurry to put the ring back in the bag, so I wouldn't lose any evidence. I wrote everything down about the ring and what Mrs. Edwards says.

'I have to ask you a few more questions, and then I won't bother you again,' I explain to her before going on.

'Don't worry Sam, you are always welcome at my house,' she smiles at me.

'Ok,' I smile back. 'Do you know a Rachelle that used to live beside you?' I ask.

'Oh yes, I remember her. She was the one that worked on your wife's case. Yeah, she was a sweet girl, but I could tell that she was sad and hurting,' explains the old woman.

'Why would you say that she was sad and hurting?' I ask as I write down what she had said about Rachelle.

Because, whenever she moved in, I went to greet her, and we got to talking. She then told me about her father who was stuck in prison for his entire life, she didn't say why he was in there and I didn't ask. She also has a sister I think, but I never gotten her name,' explains Mrs. Edwards, as I write. 'Anything else?'

'Nope, I think that's it and you've been a big help,' I say as I close my notebook, gather my things and stand up. I took another cookie, and ate it.

'No problem, don't forget Sam, you can come over anytime and Chelsea was a sweet girl,' she smiles at me, before giving me a hug, and letting go.

'Yeah, she was, and don't worry, I'll be over again to have some more of those delicious peanut butter cookies,' I smile at her as I rub my stomach. (I was holding my pen and notebook in one hand.)

'Ok,' she says with a big smile and excitement in her voice. We said our 'see you later' and 'goodbyes' before she closes the door, and I walk over to my apartment. I walk in and close the door as I sat everything down on the stand beside the couch, that held my phone and a lamp, and then my phone rang, and quickly picks it up.

'Hello?' I ask sitting down on the couch and propping my feet up on the coffee table. I had a cordless phone in the living room.

2

'Hey Sam, it's me Kelsey,' she says. Kelsey, what is she doing calling my home phone, I think to myself.

'What's the matter?' I ask, thinking something had to be wrong, because the dispatcher never called us on the home phones.

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'Nothings the matter; I was just wondering if maybe you would like to go to dinner with me? I know that you're not into dating, but it'll just be business, and we can talk about Mr. O'Neil's murder,' Kelsey explains. I think about what she says, as I inhaled and exhaled.

'I guess so, but it's not a date,' I say so she knows for sure. I still love Chelsea and probably will always love her.

'Alright, I know, so why don't I meet you at your place at about eight o'clock tonight?' she suggests.

'Sounds good,' I say, before giving her my address and hanging up. Going to dinner with a woman? The last time I was with a woman was with Chelsea.

I then look down and see the Ziploc bag lying out of my notebook. I put my feet on the floor, lean up and grab the bag, and lean back in the couch. I look at the ring that was in the bag. 'I have to tell the captain about this piece of evidence, I don't think I can trust Rachelle with it,' I say as I lay the bag on my lap, dialing up the captain's number.

There you have it chapter 3...let me know what you guys think of the book so far...this is my first time writing a mystery/crime story....don't forget to leave a comment or hit the I like button...and as always...thank you for reading!!!!

Chapter 5

Chapter 4

'Hello?' asks the captain on the other end.

'Captain, I have new evidence for my wife's case,' I explain to him getting to the point.

'What did you find?' asks the captain sounding eager to know what the evidence is.

'It's my wife's wedding ring. My neighbor had it all these years, and there seems to be traces of blood, and a piece of hair on the ring as well,' I explain to the captain as I pick the Zip lock bag up from my lap and look at the ring.

'Alright, bring the ring in first thing in the morning, that way we can get it processed and catch the killer,' explains the captain.

'Will do,' I say and hang up the phone. When I sit up on the couch, I lay the bag down on my notebook, and look at the TV clock on my dvd player. The clock read seven thirty. 'Oh no, I'm going to be late,' I say before getting up from the couch and quickly get ready.

2

Thirty minutes later, right on eight o'clock, Kelsey knocks on my door. I do some last minute touches on my hair, and quickly walk out. I learned from dating Chelsea, that you never keep a girl waiting for too long. 'Hey,' smiles Kelsey when I open the door.

When I open the door and look at Kelsey, I see that she's wearing a black sparkly dress that comes to her knees, with black high heels. She has her hair down straightened, in fact, she looks really pretty. 'You look pretty,' was all I can get out as I look her up and down. She took my breath away when I opened the door.

'Thank you,' she smiles before adding. 'You don't look too bad yourself,' she finishes. Really? All I am wearing are a pair of tan pants with black dress shoes, and a nice dress shirt. I think to myself, but I be polite anyways.

'Thank you,' I say.

'You ready? I have a reservation for eight thirty,' she says as she checks her gold watch on her wrist.

'Yeah, I'm ready,' I say as I grab my apartment keys on the stand beside the door, locking the door, and walking out.

As we reach the restaurant, I see that it was very nice on the outside. Kelsey had to park her silver Volkswagen beetle on the curb, because the restaurant didn't have any parking lots. When I get out of the car and close the door, I look up at the name and it reads *Grameroy Tavern*. I actually heard of this place, its suppose to have really good food. I was going to take Kelsey there when we moved here, but we never had the chance. 'Come on Sam,' Kelsey says as she waves me in by the doors.

When we walk in, I look around and see that it was a rustic yet elegant setting. The waiter walks over asks us how many there are, and grabs two menus, and shows us to our seats. To my surprise, the restaurant wasn't

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that packed. There was maybe a few people sitting up front and apparently, there are no people sitting in the back. The waiter sits us down in a booth, and hands us our menus. 'What would you like to drink?' the waiter asks in a famine voice. I look up at him, as Kelsey says diet pepsi. As I look up at the young kid, who had to be at least nineteen, he has a boyish face with short brown hair, he was skinny to. 'For you sir?' the waiter asks me in that feminine tone.

'Oh umâ 'I'll have a bottle of Budlight,' I say. The waiter writes the drinks down.

'Ok, I'll be right with your drinks,' he says before walking away.

'So, have you found anything new on your wife's case?' Kelsey asks as she looks through the menu. I look up from my menu with confuse eyes. How did she know I was looking in to my wife's case? Kelsey looks up at me, because I haven't answered her yet, and she notices the confuse look on my face. 'I seen your name written on the evidence room sign up sheet for Monday, and I notice that your wife's evidence box was missing,' she explains and then goes back to looking at her menu. I already know what I want, so I lay the menu down to go and explain to her, but the waiter walks over with our drinks.

'Do you know want you guys want?' asks the waiter as he held the paper pad and pen ready to write. Kelsey and I both say yeah at the same time.

'Kelsey, you can go first,' I motion to her.

'Ok,' she smiles at me before turning toward the waiter and ordering. 'I'll have the chicken Alfredo with broccoli,' she orders before closing the menu and lying it on top of mine. The waiter looks at me when he finishes writing.

'You sir,' the waiter says.

'I'll have the steak well done with a baked potato,' I explain to the waiter.

'Ok, that should take a couple of minutes,' he says before grabbing the menus, then quickly walks away. I take a drink of my beer, before sitting it down on the table to explain to Kelsey what I have found.

'So, I went to my neighbor today, Mrs. Edwards, and I asked her a few questions and she told me that the murderer was definitely a woman, and she had also handed me a ring, that was Chelsea's that someone dropped on the floor. I examined it a little bit, and the ring had some blood with hair on it, so I'm taking the ring to the police station tomorrow, so they can process it,' I finish explaining as I drank the rest of my beer.

'That's good, I hope you catch the killer,' Kelsey says with a smile.

'Me to,' I say. 'Excuse me, I have to go to the bathroom,' I say before getting up, and walking towards the bathrooms. At my age, drinking just that little bit, makes me have to pee.

3

Mrs. Edwards point of view:

I was sitting in my recliner, in my pink night gown, and pink slippers, with my hair in curlers and reading a book, in silence, when I hear someone knocking on my door. I look at my clock on the wall, and it read nine-thirty. 'Who will be knocking at this time of night?' I ask myself as I lay my book down on the stand next to my recliner and slowly get up to answer the door.

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When I open the door, the person was dressed in all black and had a black hood covering their face, except for their eyes, and mouth. 'What are you doing?' I ask, my eyes wide with fear and my voice sounding scared. The person didn't talk, but charges at me with the axe in their hands. I went to run before turning around, but I stumble into the stand beside the couch, knocking the lamp over and breaking it when the lamp hit the floor. I then fall on the floor, as I see the person leaning the axe against the wall, before rushing over and getting on top of me. I could not move, no matter how hard I try. I try to fight them off, but the person grabs my arms and I couldn't get free.

'WHERE IS THE RING?!' the person yells at me. The person was definitely a girl, because her voice sounds like a girl.

'I'm not telling you!' I yell back at her. When she hears me yelling at her, she let go of my arm long enough to slap me across the face, making my nose bleed and then grab my arm again.

'TELL ME WHERE IT IS!' she yells at me again. I could taste the blood running from my nose and into my mouth. Maybe if I tell her, she will let me go, I think to myself.

'It's at Sam's apartment,' I finally confess. There was silence for a few minutes, when the woman gets up, and walks slowly over to the axe, I couldn't do anything, because I had to catch my breath from her sitting on me. I finally look up, to see the woman grab the axe, and walk over to me. 'Please, no,' I beg as I put one hand up in front of me to try and stop her.

'I don't care how much you are going to beg, you're going to die, because you might've gave me away with that ring,' says the woman, before lifting the axe up over her head as she grasps it with both hands, and slamming the axe into my stomach, killing me.

4

About an hour later, my phone rang. Kelsey and I are walking to her car as it rang. 'Hello?' I ask after pulling the phone from my pants pocket.

'Sam, I don't know if you know this woman or not, but she lives in your apartment,' says the captain.

'What's her name?' I ask.

'Mrs. Edwards,' replies the captain.

'Yeah I know herâ what happened?' I ask sounding worried.

'Sam, she has been murdered, and it's pretty gruesome,' replies the captain. I pause; I couldn't talk because some had just killed the only woman that I could trust in my building.

'Alright, we'll be there right away,' I finally manage to say, before hanging up the phone and telling Kelsey what was going on.

When we arrive at the apartment building suplex, I quickly get out of the beetle and run upstairs, thinking to myselfâ this can't be happening.

Chapter 6

Chapter 5

When I arrive at the apartment, the living room is splattered with blood. I walk in, and see Mrs. Edwards body lying on the living room floor, her body covered in blood. The stand beside her couch is broken. Mrs. Edwards's body was cut ten times. The captain walks over to me, as I stare at her body in disbelief. 'I'm sorry about this Sam,' the captain says sympathetically, as he puts his hand on my shoulder.

'Do they know anything about the scene?' I ask. I was passed the sadness stage, and feeling angry. Who would do this to Mrs. Edward's, she was the sweetest person ever, I think to myself.

'The woman was murdered with an axe, but they didn't find the weapon, and they didn't find no finger prints, or anything to get us a subject,' explains the captain. When he explains this to me, I remember the ring that had the killers blood and hair on it, lying in my apartment on the coffee table, so I run pass the captain, and Kelsey, who was standing by the door way texting, and run over to my apartment.

As I arrive at my apartment, I see that the door is propped open about a couple inches. I slowly push open the door, to see that my apartment had been ransacked. I rush over to the coffee table to see if the ring was still there, but it was gone. I kick the stand with anger, sitting beside my flipped over couch, and it lands on the floor.

Everything is everywhere; whoever it was, has knocken down my big flat screen television, which was broken and lying on the floor. I walk over and pick up a picture frame that was lying on the floor, and see that it was a picture of Chelsea, but the glass was broken. The bookcase I had was lying on the floor with books scattered everywhere. As I go to sit down on the floor, I notice a note lying on the flipped over coffee table. I walk over and pick the piece of paper up, the note was written in red ink.

-Sam,

How do you feel about all the people that you love being taken away from you, like I had me? I had to kill Mrs. Edwards, because she knew too much, and you will never see that ring again. Oh, and a big surprise is coming; you didn't think I would forget about your wife's anniversary this Friday.

P.s. If you loved Kelsey that much, you would stay away from her, unless you want her to die to!

I look to see if the killer has signed the note, but they didn't. But how did they know about the ring? The only three people that new about the piece of evidence was, Mrs. Edward's (who was now deceased), the captain, and Kelsey (who I just told at dinner tonight), I think to myself. 'Sam, what happened?' asks the captain as he walks in, and looks at my things scattered everywhere.

'The killer was here!' I say angrily, as I hand the captain the note I just read. The captain reads the note. Kelsey walks in as the captain is reading the note, and asks the same question.

'The killer was here, and left Sam a note,' says the captain before handing the note to Kelsey for her to read. 'Sam, I'm going to put a police car out front of your apartment, and Kelsey's house,' he says as he went to dial a number on his phone, but I stop him.

'No, I don't want a police car out front. If they want to come, let them come, because I want to know who it is, but put a car out front of Kelsey's house,' I say to the captain.

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'Alright,' says the captain as he went off to make the phone call, leaving Kelsey and I alone.

'Sam, I think you should stay at my house. It's not safe for everyone to be split up,' suggests Kelsey.

'I don't know Kelsey, the killer knows your name, and they might come after you,' I say caringly. I know I said before that I wasn't going to fall in love again, but I think something is happening here. I really do care about this woman, as much as I did Chelsea, but I still love my wife. Kelsey touches my arm gently, her touch was warm and comfortable.

'I don't care, let them come,' she smiles at me. I think for a moment, maybe it would be safer for us two to be together under one roof, I could always sleep on the couch.

'Alright,' I finally give in. 'Just let me grab some clothes.'

'Oh, grab some nice clothes for tomorrow, because Mr. O'Neil's funereal is then,' she says before I walk in my room to start packing.

A lot of things has happened in the last couple days. Yesterday, which was Monday June 4th, my partner was found murdered and now his funereal is tomorrow, and tonight, Tuesday June 5th, my neighbor was just murdered, I think to myself as I pack. When I finish packing, I sit on the bed, and just take in the quietness. I miss when it was quiet. After a few minutes of sitting there, I decide to get up, and grab my suitcase, and walk out where Kelsey was waiting on me to leave.

2

As we arrive at her house, I grab my things, get out of the car, and close the door. Kelsey had pulled into her driveway, and parked. When I look at Kelsey's house, it was small enough for one person. The outside was brick, with a shingle roof.

When we walk in, the living room was small enough for a couple of people to sit in. 'I know it's small, but it's only me here,' says Kelsey as she takes off her shoes, before walking in. I do the same thing. 'So the house isn't every big, so I'm sure you won't have any problem finding your way around,' she smiles at me from the couch.

'The house is fine,' I says as I look around to take in my surroundings.

'Ok, you can sleep on the couch, I have some cover for you in my room,' says Kelsey, before going and getting them. I put my suitcase beside the couch, before sitting down. Kelsey walks out five minutes later, with a white sheet, and a flowered comforter. 'Sorry about the flowers,' she says as she hands me the linens and I take them and sit them beside me.

'That's fine,' I say. Kelsey looks at the DVD player clock, and it reads eleven o'clock.

'We should be getting to bed since we have to be at the funeral by ten,' she explains.

'Ok, thanks for letting me stay here,' I say politely.

'No problem,' says Kelsey as she smiles at me. 'Well, I'm off to bed,' she says, when I tell her goodnight, and she walks to her bedroom, and closes the door. I get in my suitcase, get undressed, and find a pair of flannel pj pants that Chelsea got me for Christmas one year, puts them on, fixes my bed on the couch, and lie down.

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I lay there for about half hour just thinking about everything that has happened, until I drift off to sleep.

Chapter 7

Chapter 6

Before I know it, Kelsey is shaking me awake. 'Come on Sam, it's nine o'clock, you have an hour to get ready,' she tells me as she quits shaking me, because she sees me open my eyes slowly. As I slowly open my eyes and see her standing in front of me. She is already dressed in a long black dress to about her knees, and black high heels with her hair in curls and a ponytail.

'Ok, I'm up,' I say tiredly as I whip the flower cover off of me, and slowly sit up.

'I'll go start the coffee as you get ready,' Kelsey says as she walks off to the kitchen as her high heels make a click-clock noise as she walks. I get up tiredly and root through my suitcase for my nice pair of black dress pants, a black buttoned up dress shirt, and some nice black dress shoes. I walk to the bathroom, with my clothes in my hands, and gets dressed.

Kelsey has the coffee already poured and already to go when I enter the kitchen. The kitchen is small like the living room and is decorated in roosters. I sit down at the table, and start to drink my coffee out of my mug. Kelsey is standing as she drinks hers. 'We only have a few extra minutes to spare, because we have to leave,' she says when she sits her mug down on the counter and checks her phone for the time. It was almost nine-thirty.

'Alright; I'm almost done,' I say as I finish all of my coffee, get up, and put the mug in the sink. 'Ready?' I ask.

'Yep, just waiting on you,' Kelsey smiles.

2

When we arrive at the funeral, there are a lot of people here. His wife and two children (the boy, who is about thirteen, and the daughter, who is about eleven); I walk up to Mr. O'Neil's wife to pay my respects. She is standing beside the wooden casket with each child standing on the sides of her holding their hands. Mrs. O'Neil is wearing a black skirt to her knees, a black dress shirt with black high heels. She is wearing a black hat with a veil over her face, and she is crying, along with the children. The boy is wearing a black suit, with black dress shoes, and the daughter is wearing a black dress with black high heels. 'Mrs. O'Neil, I'm so sorry for your loss. He was a very good man and partner,' I say sadly.

'Thank you,' Mrs. O'Neil cries. The captain walks over to us. He is wearing his police uniform with white gloves.

'I'm sorry for your loss,' says the captain sadly to the wife. 'Sam, I need to speak with you,' the captain whispers to me.

'Ok,' I say before we walk outside away from everyone.

'So, I see that you and Kelsey are getting closer,' says the captain as he gets into his pants pocket and pulls out a Marlboro Red pack with a blue lighter and lights up a cigarette. I put my hands in my pockets before speaking.

'Yeah, but I'm still in love with Chelsea. How can I date someone else if I'm still in love?' I ask as I see the captain take a hit of his cigarette and blows smoke out of his mouth.

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'Don't worry, that will all eventually pass,' the captain says to me.

'But how do you know for sure?' I ask him. I look over and see Kelsey talking to one of her friends. She looks beautiful in the sun light as it bounces off of her hair.

'Because you will know when the time is right to move on,' says the captain before finishing his cigarette and stomping it out on the ground. 'Now come on, I think the funeral is starting,' says the captain as he puts his hand on my shoulder and we walk into the funeral home.

3

After the funeral is over, Kelsey and I pile into her Beetle, and drive off to her house. (The insurance man won't be to my house till tomorrow morning.) 'The funeral was nice,' says Kelsey as we walk in to her house.

'Yeah, it was,' I say as I sit down on the couch and she sits down beside me. Mr. O'Neil's funeral brings back the memory of my wife's funeral, and I just lose it. I can't hold in the tears anymore.

'What's the matter?' asks Kelsey with a worried look on her face, and sadness in her voice.

'All these murders, and the funeral today, it just brings back the day when I buried my wife,' I cry as I look at Kelsey with tears rushing down my face, and she puts her hand on my back for comfort.

'I'm sorry Sam, I really am, I don't know what to say,' Kelsey says as she looks at me with sad eyes. It's quiet for a few minutes before I lean in and kiss her passionately. When we stop kissing, we pull away from each other, before leaning in and kissing again.

When I kiss Kelsey, it reminds me of the first time I kissed my wife. The kiss was like heaven, I could kiss Kelsey all day. 'I think we should take this to the bedroom before it goes any further,' says Kelsey in between kissing.

'Alright,' I say as I kiss her neck, stand up, take her by the hand, and walk her to the bedroom.

4

As I lay there staring at Kelsey as she slept, all I can see was Chelsea. I knew now that I definitely love Kelsey, but I just need to find out who killed my wife. Maybe if I find my wife's killer, then I can move on.

Just then, my cell phone goes off, so I hurry to reach it from the night stand beside Kelsey's bed, and see that it is a text message from an unknown number. So I click on the message so I can see the message.

-Sam,

I warned you to stay away from Kelsey, now you gotten in too far.

-the killer

I am furious when I finish reading the text message. How did the murderer get my number and who is it? So, I text them back.

-Sam,

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Who is this? And you better stay away from Kelsey.!

-The Killer

-Sam,

You don't tell me what to do and you should be getting your surprise in the mail tonight, and since you're staying at Kelsey's house, it will be in her mailbox.

-The killer

I wrote them back after reading the message.

-The killer,

How do you know where Kelsey is and her address? I want to meet up to find out who you are and why you killed my wife.

-Sam.

-The killer,

Believe me Sam, you will know soon enough. This conversation is over.

-Sam

I didn't write them back. Instead, I close my phone, get up from the bed gently, being careful not to wake Kelsey, and get dressed. Maybe if the killer texted my phone, I could get them to pinpoint where it was from.

After getting dressed, I leave Kelsey a note telling her everything about the text messages and explaining what I am going to do, grab her car keys, and drive to the police station.

Chapter 8

Chapter 7

When I arrive at the police station, I put my cell phone into my pocket, and rush up to the captain. The captain is in his office sitting in his chair, looking at a case as I bust through the door. 'Captain!' I yell as I pant out of breath, because I was running up to the captain's office.

The captain drops his file folder on to his desk, removes his glasses, and looks up at me, as I pant. 'What is it?' asks the captain with a confused look on his face.

'The killer just sent me text messages to my phone! You can trace them can't you?!' I ask as I quickly stroll down to find the messages that the killer sent me. The captain quickly gets up from his chair, rushes over to me, and grabs the phone to look at the number and messages.

'It's from an unknown number. It may take them a couple days, since it's from an unknown number, and they are backed up in the lab,' explains the captain as he looks at me.

'A couple days?!' I yell. The captain puts his hands out to motion me to calm down.

'Please Sam, calm down. Yes, it'll take a couple of days, but I'll try and put a rush on it,' says the captain before he rushes out to take my phone to the lab.

I take a seat to wait for the captain to come back. I haven't really got to take a look around his office, so I take the time to do this now, as I am alone, sitting in the chair in front of his desk.

As I began to look around, I notice to my left that there was a bookcase full of books, mostly for law and some forensics books as well. The bookcase is five shelves tall, one's that you can buy at any store. On the wall behind his desk are a couple of degrees from universities. There is one from Harvard Law, and University of Phoenix. This one is interesting to me, because Chelsea had also enrolled at the University of Phoenix as well. On my right side is just a water cooler and some plants.

I turn to face the front and see the captain's desk. There is a computer sitting on one corner, the file that the captain was looking at when I came in sitting in the middle, a telephone on the other side, and the captain's golden name plate sitting in the front of the desk, so everyone can read his name when they walk in which reads Captain Richard Brown on the plate.

As my attention goes back to the University of Phoenix degree, I begin to wonder if he knew Chelsea, since she went there before we had gotten married, but probably not, because she was way younger than him. When I finish my thought, the captain finally walks in, closes the door, and walks over behind his desk to sit down. 'I tried to put a rush on the phone, but they are just too backed up, but you should have it back within a couple of days,' explains the captain as he looks at me.

I can't believe it's going to take till Friday to get a trace, I think to myself. 'Alright,' I say depressingly.

'I'm sorry that I can't get it any faster, but I want to catch Chelsea's killer as much as you do,' says the captain as he leans on his desk with his arms.

'That's alright,' I say.

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'So, anything new between you and Kelsey?' asks the captain changing the subject. I decide to tell him what happened when we got to her house after the funeral.

'Well, I kind of slept with her after the funeral,' I explain to him. There is silence for a few minutes.

'Do you love her?' The captain asks me.

'Yes, I'm afraid I do, but I still love Chelsea,' I say.

'Of course you do, she was your wife,' says the captain.

'But what am I suppose to do? I'm in love with Kelsey, and I'm still in love with my wife who has passed, will I ever move on?' I ask the captain sadly. Ever since Chelsea died, the captain was like a father to me, helping me through everything.

'Sam, you will move on, it just take time, meeting Kelsey is what's going to make you move on,' says the captain.

'I hope so; I mean I love Chelsea, and will always love her, but I need to move on, because it's killing me not to,' I explain to the captain.

'Listen Sam, this is normal to feel this way after meeting someone when your spouse dies, but it will pass, and you will feel a whole lot better,' says the captain to me reassuringly.

With this said, I look at the round clock on the wall to my right, and it read nine o'clock. 'I better get going, Kelsey will be worried,' I say as I get up from the chair. The captain also gets up to walk me out.

'I should have your phone ready in a couple days,' says the captain as we walk out in to the hallway. Rachelle walks up when she sees us standing there.

'What about your phone?' she asks me.

'The killer texted him today, and now we can trace the text messages,' explains the captain before I could stop him. Rachelle looks at me with a stunned look.

'Really?' she asks.

'Yup,' I say noticing the look on her face.

'Well, I better get going, I'm going to be late for my shift,' says Rachelle before looking at her watch, and walking off. I tell the captain 'see ya later' before walking out and driving to Kelsey's house.

2

When I arrive at her house, it is about ten o'clock. I walk in and I smell something coming from the kitchen, Kelsey is making me something to eat. I take my shoes off at the door, and walk into the kitchen. Kelsey is in her black silky pajamas as she is making spaghetti. She looks so beautiful. As she is making spaghetti, I walk up behind her, and wrap my arms around her stomach, to gently hug her. 'Hey,' I say as I kiss her cheek.

'Hey,' she says back, as she mixes the spaghetti in with the sauce. 'I read your note, and decided to make you something to eat,' she says as I sit down to wait on the food.

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'Good, I'm starving,' I say.

'Did you find out anything about the text messages,' asks Kelsey as she puts the pan in the middle of the table with a spoon, before sitting down. I take a couple of scoops full before answering.

'I won't get my phone back for a couple of days,' I say as I eat, and Kelsey gets some spaghetti.

'A couple days?' asks Kelsey.

'Yeah, I guess they're backed up in the lab,' I say as I eat.

As I lay down my fork, I notice a manila envelope lying on the table with my name on it in black magic marker. I pick it up, before asking Kelsey. 'What's this?' I ask.

'I don't knowâit was in my mailbox,' Kelsey replies as she eats.

Then I remember what the killer sent me in text message. 'You will get a surprise in the mail tonight, and since you live at Kelsey's, I will put it in her mailbox.' I lay the envelope down and just stare at it.

Chapter 9

Chapter 8

I decide to open the envelope when Kelsey is at work. When I get up, make my coffee, and sit down at the table and just stare at the envelope. It is six in the morning, getting up early all your life for a job, your internal clock just decides it's time to get up that early every morning, even on days off, and besides, the insurance man is suppose to be at my apartment around ten. I take a drink of my coffee in my mug, as I stare at the envelope lying on the table. 'Just open it. Your going to have to sooner or later, and it might help you to solve your wife's case, so you can move on,' I say to myself as I stare at the envelope. I stare at it for a few more minutes, before taking it from the table, ripping it open, and dumping out the contents.

When I dump out the contents onto the table, I see some pictures, a letter, and a tape, that is in the hand held recorder. There is also a file folder with Chelsea's name on it, and some papers inside of the folder. Whoever the killer is, obviously went through all of this trouble to get me these things. I decide to pick up the pictures first.

When I pick up the pictures, and begin to look at them, I see Chelsea having coffee with the captain. I notice a date at the bottom of the picture, and it is dated 1997. What? A year before we even knew about the captain, Chelsea was having coffee with him, I think to myself. I grew angry and confused, because she had never told me about her meeting with the captain and confused, because how would she know the captain a year before we moved to New York? I flip through the pictures to the second one. This one is of me and my father before he was murdered, but why would the killer send me a picture of just me and my father? In the picture, my father is wearing his police uniform, and I am in my college graduation gown with my diploma in my hands. My dad had one arm around me as we smiled for the picture. I flip through the last picture, and it is a picture of my father's killer. It is a picture of an old man with a white beard and white hair in an orange jump suit. I don't understand and these pictures and why the killer would send me them? I lie the pictures down and pick up a letter that is written from the killer. It reads:

Dear Sam,

Enclosed in the envelope are the following:

- 1): Three pictures*
- 2). A tape recorder with a tape*
- 3). A file folder with Chelsea's name on it with papers inside.*

Now you must be wondering why I have sent you these items. Well, all these items are linked to finding the killer. Who the killer is, is up to you to find through these items that I have sent you. Since today is Thursday, you have to midnight on Friday, which is tomorrow to find out who the killer is.

P.S. I'm sure that you will be a bit surprised at what you discover.

-The Killer

Great, I only have a day to go through all these items to find out who my wife's killer is, I think to myself.

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First thing I do, is look at the rooster clock that is on the wall in front of me. It reads six thirty, so I still had some time to look through everything. I know one thing already, is that I'm going to have to talk to the captain about Chelsea, and the photo. I finish my coffee, go and grab another cup, sit down, and open the file.

2

Kelsey is sitting at her desk doing some paper work on the computer, when someone busts through the front door of the police station with a ski mask, and a gun pointed at her. The police stations is a little empty at this time, with everyone out doing their rounds. Kelsey quickly puts her hands up. 'What are you doing?' she asks scaredly with her hands up, and a scared look on her face.

'You are coming with me!' yells the woman as she holds the gun to Kelsey.

'Why? I didn't do anything,' says Kelsey quickly with her eyes wide.

'Yes you did! You got too close!' yells the woman. The woman quickly rushes over to grab Kelsey, and puts handcuffs on her.

'Please, let me go!' pleads Kelsey.

'No! I told you not too get too close, but you did, and you ruined the plan by getting too close!' says the woman as she rushes Kelsey out the door.

'Please! I didn't get too close! I told you everything there is to tell!' yells Kelsey. The woman opens the back door to a cop car in the parking lot. It is the only car parked there.

'What about the phone?! You could of tole me that he was going to turn it in!' yells the woman. Kelsey is leaning up against the cop car with the woman standing in front of her.

'You texted him! You should of known that he was going to get it traced!' says Kelsey.

'But I was suppose to have someone helping me make sure he doesn't do anything like that,' says the woman angrily in Kelsey's face.

'Just please let me go, and I will get the phone for you,' pleads Kelsey.

'No need now, I already sent Sam what I needed to send him, so now he's going to know everything,' says the woman.

'Then why are you mad at me, and have me in handcuffs?' asks Kelsey.

'Because, you didn't stick to proceeder; you got in too deep, and now you must go,' says the woman. Before Kelsey could say anything, the woman shoved her in the car, closes the door, rushes to the front, gets in, and starts the car, and drives off with Kelsey in the back.

3

I am looking through Chelsea's file, when I see her back ground information. I begin to look through the information, and I see Chelsea's maiden name which was Chelsea Lynn Brown (which sounds familiar to me, but just can't pinpoint at the moment), Chelsea's mom's name which is Tabitha Ann Johnson (she is divorced), and then I notice Chelsea's father's name which I remember right away, and know why Chelsea's last name

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seems familiar. Her father's name is Richard Brown. I pause and just stare at her father's name. Her father is the captain?

I have never met her father because Chelsea's parents are divorced, and they never spoke of her father. Then that took me back to the University of Phoenix diploma that is on the captain's wall. That must have been why Chelsea went to school there. She must have found out that her father went to school there, and that's probably how she figured out where her father lived, since everyone knew him there. I then find the picture of her and her father having coffee. Why didn't Chelsea tell me that her father is the captain and lived in New York City?

I want answers, so I pick up my phone, and dial the captain right away. 'Hello?' asks the captain after a few rings.

'Captain this is Sam, I need to talk to you immediately, can you meet me at the police station right away?' I ask not knowing if he's there or not, and with urgency in my voice.

'Yeah, I'm already here, you can come right away,' says the captain sounding a little worried.

'Alright, I'll be right there,' I say as I hang up the phone, gather my things, and catch a taxi to the police station so I can get some answers.

Chapter 10

Chapter 9

As I wait for the taxi to pull into the police station; I get the picture out of Chelsea and the captain and also the back ground information on Chelsea, that shows that the captain is in fact Chelsea's father.

When the taxi pulls into the parking lot, and parks in front of the building, I pay the driver, and rush to get out. As the taxi spins off, I run up the stairs and into the building to the captain's office. As I enter his office, the captain is sitting in his chair reading the newspaper, (not knowing about Kelsey missing yet.) As I approach the captain's desk, I fling the papers on the desk, so he could see the picture of him and Chelsea. 'Why didn't you tell me?' I ask angrily as I lean on the desk. The captain throws the unfolded paper down on the floor, and looks at the picture with a stunned look on his face.

'What are you talking about?' the captain asks as he looks up at me, before picking up the picture and looking at it.

'Don't play that game! You knew that Chelsea was your daughter, but you never told me, why?!' I ask yelling at the top of my lungs now.

'Sam, please calm down and I'll tell you,' says the captain calmly. He lays the picture down, as I sit down in the chair in front of his desk.

'Ok, I'm calm, so tell me,' I say patiently.

'Alright, me and Chelsea's mother had gotten a divorce when she was five. Her mother thought that it would be too hard on Chelsea to be torn between the two of us, so we made a deal that I would move away and pay child support, until Chelsea was old enough to fend for herself. When she graduated high school, somehow she had managed to find out what university I graduated from, and she went to school there, where she found you. As she was dating you, she was asking around campus to the teachers who knew me, and they finally told her where I moved to. I never fall out of touch with my teachers. Anyways, she found out where I was living and working, and we started to get to know each other again. And when she found out that you and her were moving here, she was all excited to get to know me better, and we could hang out more,' explains the captain to me.

'Why didn't she tell me about you?' I ask sadly.

'Because, she wanted me and her to get to know you to me, before introducing you to me, she was going to tell you, that's what we were discussing here,' he begins as he points to the picture of them having coffee, 'but she died before she could,' he finishes sadly.

'Did you have anything to do with her murder?' I ask him looking up at him.

'No of course not! She was my daughter, and I loved her with all my heart! I could never do anything to hurt her!' says the captain angrily, because I asked him that question.

'Anyways, how'd you get all of this?' asks the captain as he dumps the rest of the contents out onto his desk. He is reading the note the killer had written to me, that I have read earlier.

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The killer sent me this stuff in Kelsey's mailbox last night. I only have till midnight tomorrow night to find out who murdered my wife,' I explain.

'Well, I can help you to look through this, that way it won't take you that long,' says the captain as he found the picture of my dad's killer.

'Whose this?' he asks as he holds the picture up of the old man.

'That's my dad's killerâ I don't know yet why the killer would send me the picture of him,' I say confusedly.

'Well, what was your father's name, and I can pull up his case file,' explains the captain. 'You should know how to do this, since you're a cop to.'

'I know, but with everything going on, my mind has been racing,' I explain. The captain turns to his computer to get ready to type what I say.

'Ok, well I can help you; what was your father's name?' he asks again.

'Oh, it was Kevin Huntington,' I reply. The captain punches in my dad's name on the computer and his file came up. He found the man's name that killed my father, grabs a pen from beside the computer, and wrote down his name, Jeremy Stevens. When the captain finishes writing down the man's name, he punches it into the computer and brings up his file.

2

As Kelsey woke up, because the killer had put a rag over her mouth with something on it to make her fall asleep, she notices that she is chained to the wall in a building with no windows, but one door that leads in and out. The woman killer walks in and it's just dark enough so that Kelsey can not see her face. Kelsey also seen that the killer is dragging a red ax, kind of like the floor.

Kelsey is crying as she is trying to break free of the chains, but they won't budge. Kelsey is sitting on the floor as the killer kneels down to her level. 'Please, let me go!' cries Kelsey.

'No! You know who I am, and you didn't follow procedure, so you have to pay. How is he suppose to get revenge if you don't stick to the plan!' says the woman angrily in Kelsey's ear. The woman is close enough to Kelsey's ear, that she can feel the woman's breath.

'I'm sorry,' cries Kelsey.

'Sorry doesn't cut it! Because of you, he might not get revenge,' says the woman angrily. 'I am saving you until midnight tomorrowâ !..that way everything that Sam loves is gone in front of his eyes,' says the woman before dragging the bloody ax as she walks out, leaving Kelsey in the dark crying.

3

As the captain punches in the man's name, his file comes up. He looks at it before he reads the information to me. 'It says here that he died this year, and he was survived by two daughters,' the captain explains to me.

'Two daughtersâ !..does the file have the names of the daughters?' I ask him curiously. The captain looks before answering.

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'Nope, their names and locations are unknown, but I have a hunch. If you find out their names, then that might help you find the killer,' says the captain as he turns back to the file.

'I guess we're back to ground zero then,' I say sadly.

'Not necessarily, we just have to find out who his daughters are and we can bring them in for questioning,' says the captain as he looks through Chelsea's file.

Just then, an officer rushes in. 'Captain, we have a problem!' the young police officer says.

Chapter 11

Chapter 10

'What is it?' the captain asks as he sounds worried.

'Kelsey is missing; she was here this morning, but now no one has seen her since then,' says the young police man quickly.

'What? She's missing?' I ask being surprised and shocked. I can't lose Kelsey like I lost Chelsea, I think to myself.

'Put a pba out on her right now! Let all of the officer's know, and I'll send out information to all of the police stations around here,' says the captain before getting on the computer and notifying all of the police stations immediately about Kelsey.

'What can I do to help?' I ask quickly as I stand up from sitting in the chair.

'Sam, you can look through the files and the things that the killer sent you. By looking through the files and the other things, you'll be able to find the killer so they can be caught, and we can find Kelsey,' says the captain as he cleans up the contents from the envelope, and putting them back in, before handing the envelope to me. I take the envelope before speaking.

'What are you going to do?' I ask curiously.

'I'm going to do what I can. I will look over your father's file and your father's killer's file again; maybe we missed something, and I'm going to see where they are on your cell phone,' says the captain quickly. 'The best thing for you to do now, is to go home, and look through the things; I will call you if anything more develops.'

'Alright,' I say before telling the captain bye and quickly walking out.

2

As I arrive at Kelsey's house, I got out of the taxi, paid the driver, and walk into Kelsey's house. When the door closes behind me, the house felt empty. It feels empty, since Kelsey is not there with me. I take off my shoes, and notice that there is a message on the answering machine. I walk over to the stand beside the door, and push the message button so I can listen. 'Sam, by now you probably have noticed that I have kidnapped your lovely girlfriend. The only way that you will see her alive is that you find out whom I am by midnight tomorrow night. I assume that you get a move on it, because you have less then twenty-four hours to find her. If you figure out who I am before midnight tomorrow night, then I let your girlfriend lose and turn myself in, and I am a woman of my word,' says the killer. The message then ended with a beep. I could tell that it is a woman, but don't know who, because her voice is muffled. I quickly rush to the kitchen, get everything out of the file, and begin looking for something that I have missed.

As I notice the time on the rooster clock, I see that I have missed the insurance guy at my apartment, but I shrug it off, because Kelsey's life and finding my wife's murderer is more important. The first thing I grab is my wife's background information; maybe there is something else in there.

I didn't find anything else on the sheet of paper, so I move on to the other sheet of paper. It is my father's killer background information. I search through the information, and see his name on top, and see that he in fact

died this year.

Maybe that has something to do with the killer coming out now? So, I scroll down and see the information about him being survived by two daughters, and a wife. There is an address underneath the wife's name, so I decide to pack up the contents again, grab Kelsey's notepad and pen by the door, put my shoes on, and rush out to catch a cab. Maybe the address will get me closer to my wife's killer.

3

Captain's point of view

I rush to the lab, to see if they are done with Sam's phone, after I have notified everyone about Kelsey. As I reach the lab, I walk in and see Lori working at her desk. 'Have you done the phone records on Sam Huntington's cell phone,' I ask the blonde haired skinny woman, with a white lab coat on over her black dress pants, yellow tank top, and yellow high heels. She also has her hair in a ponytail.

'Sorry, I'm still working on this other case first, but I should have them in by ten p.m. tomorrow night,' explains Lori.

'Ten p.m.,' I say angrily.

'Yes, I'm sorry but you see we are short staffed, and I'm the only one working, so yeah not till ten p.m. tomorrow night,' says Lori as she looks up at me from sitting in her chair.

'Ok, well just let me know when you get the phone records,' I say before walking out, and entering my office at the end of the hall. When I sit down at my desk, I take a deep breath and just sit there for a few minutes. 'I can't believe at what has happened today. Sam figured out that I am Chelsea's father, and now Kelsey is kidnappedâ.after all of this is over, I am glad that I'm retiring,' I think to myself.

I turn to the computer to begin looking at Sam's dad's file and his killer's file to see if I spot anything else. As I look at Jeremy Steven's file, I realize that his last name sounds so familiar, but why? So, I sit there pondering on why I thought his last name sounds familiar.

N/A: Sorry about the short chapter, but I wanted to end there and not give too much away towards the ending!!!!

Chapter 12

Chapter 11

As I arrive at the address that was on the background information of my dad's killer; I see that the house looks completely abandoned. The house is brown on the outside, with brick walls, the grass has grown to almost the windows, some of the windows have holes in them from being abandoned, and no one taking care of them. There is one big old tree in the front yard. The house is in the middle of nowhere, with no one for miles. I get out of the taxi, and pay the driver, before he squeals off towards the city. I guess he doesn't want to be here anymore than I do.

As I look in the windows, the inside looked like the outside, completely abandoned, minus the grass. There is a mailbox at the end of the gravel driveway that has the Stevens written on the sides, in white paint. The mailbox looks were down like the house. After looking in the windows, I walk up on the old ruined down porch, and knock on the brown painted door, just to make sure that no one lives there, before walking in.

So I knock, and wait for ten minutes, before trying the door. When I turn the doorknob, the door opens, and I slowly walk in. 'Mrs. Stevens!' I yell as I walk in, leaving the door open. 'Mrs. Stevens, this is Sam Huntington, I'm a police officer, and I just wanted to ask you a few questions!' I yell before walking in to living room, and looking around. As I look around the living room, I see that there is a mantel on one side of the room with pictures on top of it, a dusty coffee table in the middle of the room, followed by a dusty old red couch, which was once new. I also notice, that there is no television set in the living room. The living room is small enough to fit a decent sized group of people, and the house looks like it can only fit maybe two people. I can see the kitchen from the living room, but I don't notice anyone in there.

I turn my attention back towards the old dust mantel with the pictures on top, and walk over to take a look. I see a picture of my dad's killer and pick it up to look at it, when Mrs. Stevens walks up behind me, scaring me, and I drop the picture, smashing the glass as it lands on the floor, and I turn around. 'Oh, I'm sorry,' I say trying to be polite, and picking the picture from the floor. Mrs. Stevens had must have been in the bedroom, since I didn't see her in the kitchen.

'I never get any visitor's anymore!' says Mrs. Stevens as she grabs the picture from me, and puts the broken picture back on the mantel, dusting it off with her dirty dust rag. After speaking, Mrs. Stevens, walks over to her old rigidly rocking chair, and slowly sits down, as she begins to slowly rock, making the chair creak. When I look at Mrs. Stevens; I see that she is a very old lady, who is about in her late seventies, has old raggedy grey hair, that hasn't looked like it hasn't been washed in a while. Her grey, greasy hair is up in a ponytail, and it looks like she has false teeth. She is wearing an old sunflower dress, that looks like it hasn't been washed in decades, and she is wearing old worn down pink slippers. I also notice that her hair is greasy, and her nails are dirty. She also has dirty finger nails.

'What do you mean by anymore?' I ask as I sit down on the dirty looking couch.

'Ever since my husband has gone to jail for shooting that police officer, everyone quit coming over,' explains the old woman.

My dad had worked for the police station in New York City, while we lived on the outskirts.

'Yes, can I ask you a few questions about you and your family?' I ask as I open up my notebook, and get my pen ready for writing. The old woman stares at me blankly, before answering.

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'Sure,' replies the old woman.

'Ok, besides you and your husband, do you have any other family members?' I ask as I write down the question and wait for her reply. I wanted to get straight to the point, because I didn't want to be in this house any longer than I want to be. The house had a creepy feeling to it, and it hasn't been cleaned in years.

'Yes, I have two daughters, that live in the city,' replies the old woman as she rocks, holding her dirty dust rag.

'Two daughters that live in the cityâ what are their names?' I ask curiously. As I ask the question; the atmosphere in the room changes from weird to hostile. The old woman has an angry look on her face, before speaking.

'Who'd you say you where?' asked the old woman suspiciously.

'Oh, I'm Sam Huntingtonâ my father was Kevin Huntington, the police officer that your husband had killed,' I explain to her.

'So, you know that you have caught your father's killer, and he has died in prison, but yet you still want to hound me and my family about it?!' says the old woman angrily as she stops rocking the rocking chair.

'Ma'am, I'm sorry if this sounds like I'm hounding you, but my wife had been killed thirteen years ago, come Friday, and now the killer is back, I think all of this is linked togetherâ I just need to ask you some more questions, then I will be out of your life,' I try to explain to the old woman.

'I am not giving you anything else! I want you out! I think my family has suffered enough!' yells the old woman as she gets up from the chair. As she is standing there looking down at me, I decide to close the notepad, and stand up, and not push the issue. 'I can't believe that you people would have the nerve to come back here after all these years! Please, just leave me and the rest of my family alone! I don't even leave the house, because everyone knows what happened!' yells the old woman as she begins to walk towards me as I walk backwards.

When I begin to walk backwards towards the door, I notice a family picture hanging on the wall beside the mantel. Before the old woman manages to push me through the door, I get a chance to look at the picture, and don't believe what I see. Before I knew it, the old woman is slamming the door in my face, as I stand there not believing who I have seen on the family picture.

2

Captain's point of view:

As I sit there pondering why Jeremy's last name sounds familiar, I decide to go through all of the police officer's names that are on rochester. There are over three pages of names, so I knew that this is going to take a while. After about an hour or so going through the police names, I finally reach the last page of the names. I am losing hope, as I almost reach the end of the list, where I see the last name Stevens, and why it sounds familiar. The last two names have the last names of Stevens, but I couldn't believe who they are. The possible killers could be police officersâ why didn't I see this before?

Just as I went to grab my phone to call Sam to tell him who I thought the possible murderers are, someone bursts through my door. 'Captainâ we have an emergency,' the person says urgently, as they walk in closing the door behind them. I look up and notice that it could be one of the possible murderers.

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'You? Your last name is Stevens, and I never put two and two together, because I never had till until now, and now I see what you really are,' I explain to the person.

'And what am I?' asks the person with a confused look on their face.

'You are one of the possible murderers,' I say. There is quiet for a few moments, before the killer spoke.

'So, you have figured out who I am! Now you must die,' says the killer as they draw their gun from their side and points it at me.

Chapter 13

Chapter 12

Captain's point of view:

'You will never be able to get out of here alive,' I say to them as they pointed the gun to me.

'That's true, but that's why you are going to walk yourself out,' she says.

'What, no I'm not,' I say. 'I am the captain and I say that you are fired and you are going to jail for the murders of Sam's wife Chelsea, Mrs. Edwards, and Mr. O'Neil,' I say angrily, as I stand up from my chair.

'You have no proof that I have killed all any of those people, so I say again, you are walking yourself out of here, with me, or the next funeral will be yours,' orders the killer as she walks over to me, pulls me by the arm, and walks me out.

2

Sam's point of view:

As I stand there on the porch thinking about who I have seen in the family picture, and I grew angrily. I get my cell phone out, and go to tell the captain what I have seen. I let it ring and no one answers, so I decide to leave a message. 'Captain, you will never believe who I seen in the family album that I seen of my father's killer's familyâ 'I think I know who the killer is,' I explain before hanging up. As I hang up the phone, I notice that I had walked over to the side of the house, and notice the doors that lead to the basement. Before opening up the doors, I get my cell phone, and dial the police and tell them to be here as soon as they can. The dispatcher that is currently taking Kelsey's place told me that they would be there in an hour, and I hung up the phone, before opening up the basement door, and looking down into the dark basement. Before I walk into the basement, I take out my cell phone, and turn on my flashlight so I can see, and then I begin to walk down the old, rigidly, broken, steps into the basement. I close the basement door, so no one will notice that I am in here. When I reach the bottom of the steps, I look into the basement. I shine my flashlight over to the left of me, and notice something leaning up against the old dirty covered brick wall. So, I quickly walk over to see what it is, and see that it is the axe. I run my flashlight down to the bottom, and kneel down to see that there is in fact, blood on the axe. 'This is it! This must be the murder weapon that killed my wife, my neighbor, and my partner!' I whisper to myself. It is dark and quiet, when I hear someone sobbing in the background. 'Whose there?' I say loudly across the wall behind me.

'Sam,' I hear Kelsey as she cries. My flashlight finally finder her chained to the wall, and sitting helpless on the floor. 'Kelsey?' I ask as I slowly walk over to her, not knowing who she really is at first.

'Sam, please help meâ 'she has gone crazy!' cries Kelsey as I notice the cuts and bruises all over her body. She also has a black and blue eye, and a bloody lip. I go and try to help her to get unchained, but then I realizeâ '!

It was her along with Rachelle that I seen in the family portrait hanging on the wall. I stop helping her, as she looks at me with a confused look on her face. What if she is helping Rachelle? What if she is one of the killers that helped kill my wife? I think to myself.

Sam pleaseâ '!.help me,' cries Kelsey, with the look of helplessness in her eyes.

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'I will, but I have to ask you a few questions first,' I say as I kneel down in front of her, still holding the flashlight on her, so I can see her face.

'Can this wait?' Kelsey asks, as she cries.

'No, I need to know a few things. While I was in your mother's house, I seen a portrait of you, Rachelle, and the rest of the family. Kelsey, I just need to knowâ 'did you help kill my wife?' I ask.

Kelsey is quiet for a few moments, before answering. 'Sam, I was helping Rachelle to find you and to get to you, because she told me if I didn't help her, then she would kill me, but I didn't do any of the killingsâ .that was all Rachelle. She killed your wife, because you and your family sent our father away to die in prison, but I didn't have nothing to do with the killings, Sam, you have to believe me,' cries Kelsey.

I stare into her eyes, and know somehow, that she has been telling the truth. 'Kelsey, for some reason I believe youâ .maybe it's because I'm in love with you, but why didn't you tell me who your family was?' I ask.

'Because, you never asked, and that would have been Rachelle away, the she would have killed me,' explains Kelsey as tears run down her cheeks. I feel so sorry for her, because of what Rachelle has done to herâ .her own sister. I lean in, put my hand behind her head, and kiss her gently and passionately. Besides Chelsea, I really do love this woman, and know that I want to spend the rest of my life with her. 'What was that for?' she asks me.

'Because, I love you,' I say as I smile at her and she smiles back at me. 'Nowâ 'let's try and get you out of these chains,' I say as I get up, and go over to grab the axe that was leaning up against the wall. When I reach the place where the axe was leaning, I go to reach for it, but nothing is there. 'What the hell!' I say as I frankly search the wall for the axe, but don't find it.

'What's the matter?' I hear Kelsey asking.

'There was an axe here, but now it's missing,' I say, before I hear an evil woman laughing from the darkness. I jump as I shine my flashlight towards the area where Rachelle is laughing, as she has the bloody axe around the captain's neck.

'Now that we're all hereâ 'the fun can begin,' says Rachelle evilly.

3

'Please, let everyone else go, they didn't have nothing to do with your father going to jail, it was me, so please, leave them go,' I try to plea with Rachelle.

'No! Everyone that you love has to dieâ .including you! That way the plan will be done and my father's death will be revenged,' says Rachelle angrily.

'Rachelle, father wouldn't want you to kill everyone. He would want you to go on and live your life,' says Kelsey trying to reason with her.

'YOU SHUT UP! You have betrayed me, and you don't deserve to talk to me about my father!' yells Rachelle.

'Rachelle please, just let everyone go,' I try to plea with her.

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'No, I'm going to kill everyone in here, starting with the captain!' yells Rachelle, before pushing the captain out in front of her, so she can kill him with her axe. She plunged the axe into the captain's head, making him fall to the floor, with the axe stuck in his head, and blood going everywhere.

'YOU BITCH!' I yell as I go to lunge after her, but she pulls a gun on me, and I immediately stop.

Chapter 14

Chapter 13

'And what do you think you're going to do?' Rachelle asks as she points the gun at me.

'I'm going to give you what you deserve,' I say angrily.

'And what's that?' Rachelle asks.

'Well, I have notified the police and they should be here any moment to arrest you, and put you in jail, where you deserve to be, as you sit your whole life thinking about all the people that you killed, while we go and live our lives!' I say to her. After I spoke, Rachelle begins to laugh her evil laugh again, that echoes the entire basement.

'If you did call the cops, where are they?' she asks me.

'Oh believe me, they will be here momentarily,' I say to her.

'Well then, maybe I should kill myself,' Rachelle begins as I see her put her glock that she is holding in her hand, to the side of her head. 'Then that way you won't get your justice that you have been looking for,' she says, as I hear her cock her gun, and then I charge at her just in time to knock Rachelle on the floor, and grab the gun off of her. I sit on top of her, as I empty the shells out of the gun. 'Go ahead, you can arrest me, and put me in jail, but I will find a way out to revenge my father,' she says to me as I sit on top of her to hold her down.

'Why revenge your father? He was a cop killer, and he killed my fatherâ I should be getting revenge on you,' I say as I look at her eyes. I am still holding my phone in my hand, that has a flash light, so I can see Rachelle.

'You did get your revenge. My father died in prison, because he shot your father, and because of that, I didn't really get to know my dad, and after they arrested my father, and branded him the cop killer, they fired me from my job, and my mom didn't work, and she couldn't go out, because everyone knew who she was, and for Kelsey, she was always my father's favoriteâ I don't know why I didn't kill her to begin with,' explains Rachelle.

'Because, she is your sister, and you still care about your family and I'm sorry that you gotten fired from your job, and your mom couldn't go anywhere,' I say sympathetically.

'Sorry pleaseâ you don't feel sorry for me, like everyone else doesn't feel sorry for me. I am a cop killer's daughter, and no one's going to feel sorry for me, because of what my father had done,' explains Rachelle.

'But what about Kelsey? Kelsey is his daughter to, and she has a job, and is making a better life for herself,' I say to Rachelle, still sitting on top of her.

'I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but she isn't really my sisterâ I'm parents adopted her before they had me, because they thought that they couldn't get pregnant, but then I came along,' explains Rachelle.

'What? That's not true,' cries Kelsey from the darkness.

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'It is trueâ your mom was sixteen whenever she had gotten pregnant, and your father was only seventeen at the time. Your real mother's parents didn't want your mother to keep you, because she was too young to have a child and raise it, so they gave you to my mom and dad,' says Rachelle. I begin to think to myself: I am actually relieved that Kelsey wasn't related to Rachelle, now she isn't the cop killer's daughter.

'Why didn't they tell me?' cries Kelsey from the darkness, as I look over and look at the captain dead lying on the floor, with the axe still stuck on his head, and he is lying in his own blood, which I can start to smell now.

'Because, they loved you, and they were afraid if they would of told you that you were adopted, then you would leave them for your real mom and dad,' explains Rachelle. I hear Kelsey sobbing from the darkness, and I want to run over and just hug her and hold her, but I can't move and leave Rachelle go.

Just then, we hear the basement door opening, and a couple of police officer's walk in with flash lights, and guns. 'Hello? We're police officers!' they yell as they walk into the basement.

'Hands up!' yells one of the police officers as he points the gun at me. I then look down and notice that Rachelle is wearing her police uniform, but I am in a pair of jeans and a white tank top. So, I slowly stand up, over Rachelle as I have my hands raised.

'I'm Sam Huntington, one of your police officers, and I was the one who made the call. Rachelle is the killer, and I have the evidence to prove it, and Kelsey is over there,' I begin as I point in her direction, 'and she needs help to get unchained,' I explain to them. The officer stares at me, as he still points his gun, when the second police officer walks up behind him, and recognizes me.

'It's ok,' says the police officer. 'He's one of ours.' The first police officer lowers his gun as the second police officer walks up to me. 'What happened?' he asks me. I explain to him everything that has happened. 'Alright, Mr. Blue, you arrest Rachelle, and I will go and get the bold cutters from my car, and get the coroner, so they can get the captain out of here and the CSI team, so they can get all of the evidence,' orders the second officer. Mr. Blue arrests Rachelle and reads her her rights as he walks her to his police car. I hurry over to Kelsey, to wait for the other officer.

'I can't believe I'm adopted,' cries Kelsey. I kneel down in front of her.

'Well just think, your not related to Rachelle, and once we get you out of here, we can find your real parents,' I say to her reassuringly.

Kelsey didn't have time to talk, because the officer along with everyone else, rushes in. The officer runs over to Kelsey and cuts her free. As soon as Kelsey got lose, I grab her and hug her; I didn't want to let her go. 'Come on, let's get you home,' I say as I help her up, and put my arms around her to walk her out.

As we walk outside, our eyes had to adjust from being in the dark. I look over on the porch, and see Mrs. Stevens standing there just looking at everyone. Kelsey then, let me go and walks over to her mother. 'Why didn't you tell me?' Kelsey asks with tears rolling down her cheeks.

'Tell you what?' her mother asks.

'That I am adopted,' replies Kelsey. They both stood their for a few minutes in silence.

'Who told you?' asks Kelsey mother.

'Rachelle,' replies Kelsey. Kelsey's mother sighs before telling Kelsey.

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'I'm sorry, but I didn't want you to leave me,' says Mrs. Stevens.

'You didn't know if I would of left you or not, but now I am. Have a good life, and I hope you have a good time visiting your daughter in prison, and as for meâ don't worry, because I have Sam now to protect me, and I don't need your anymore, so don't bother to come and look for meâ goodbye Mrs. Stevens,' says Kelsey before storming off and climbing into the cop car. I look over at Mrs. Stevens who is standing on the porch in tears, before climbing in the cop car, beside Kelsey, closing the door, putting my arms around her as she cries, and then the police officer drives off as the others finish the job.

Chapter 15

Chapter 14

As we arrive in the city; the two police officers take Rachelle in for finger printing and booking. The news of her killing the captain has gotten out already, and whenever the two officers bring Rachelle in, all the police officers lined up by the door, clapping, as she walks in. Kelsey and I are right behind them. At one point, I hear an officer say to Rachelle, 'You are a cop killer just like your father and I hope you die in jail, just like your father did.' If looks can kill, Rachelle, would have made the officer drop dead right there on the floor. Mr. Blue pushes Rachelle so she would start walking again.

2

A couple months laterâ :

I am dressed in my cop uniform, and Kelsey is standing beside me, wearing black long pants, and a black shirt. She is recovering from her wounds, because of what Rachelle had done to her, so she didn't want to wear pants, and show her beat up legs. We are at the captain's funeral, and they are getting ready for the twenty-one gun salute, as I begin to think of the things that happened to me over the years. I think to myself, 'I have lost a lot, but gained so much more. I have lost a wife and best friend, who I have loved dearly, but also gained another best friend, who could possibly be my lifelong companion. I have lost a neighbor, a partner, and a captain, but I am still standing tall. I have finally found and caught my wife's killer, who is sitting in jail, awaiting her trial. I can now finally move on, with my life, knowing that Chelsea's killer is going away for a really long time.'

As I end my thought, I look up from the captain's casket, as the officers begin their twenty-one gun salute, and smile up at the sky, knowing now, that my wife is with her father, and they can rest peacefully, until I meet her again.

3

It took them a couple of months before they took Rachelle to court for the murders. They finally have gotten all of the evidence that they needed to legally convict her. They have gotten all of the evidence from the axe which included: Rachelle's fingerprints, along with my wifes blood, my neighbors blood, my partners blood, and the captain's blood. They also had gotten a search warrant for Rachelle's mother's house, and found the ring that Mrs. Edwards had given to me about four months ago. I am sitting in the back of the court room, with Kelsey by my side, as she holds my hand, because she knew that I have been waiting patiently for this day to happen.

Kelsey has cleared up pretty well, and is back to her old self. We have been going steady ever since the captain's funeral, and we love each other very much. As I look over to the right of me, on Rachelle's side, I notice that her mother is sitting in her purple dress and has her greasy hair up in a ponytail; she is sitting silent, waiting for the trial to begin. When the judge walks in, everyone stands as one police officer announces his arrival. 'Will you please rise, for the honorable judge, Matt Day,' says the chubby, bald officers as he stands with his hands to his sides.

'You all can be seated,' says Mr. Day, as he motions us to sit down. We all sit down as he sits down. As I look at the judge, I notice that he is in his late fifties, has grey hair, and has to have glasses to read. He skims through the file before he talks. 'Ok Rachelle, we have substantial amount of evidence here to convict you of four murders, and possibly life in prison, how do you plead?' asks the judge as he looks at Rachelle through

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his glasses, and leaning on his desk. We stare as Rachelle slowly rises as she's wearing an orange jump suit with numbers on the back. You can hear a pin drop in the court room, as everyone is waiting for her to plead.

'I pleadâ guilty,' says Rachelle. As soon as she says this, the whole court room gasps and begins talking to each other, as I sit there smiling, knowing that I wouldn't have to sit through the whole trial. The judge bangs loudly with his gavel to calm everyone down.

'Order in the court!' yells the judge as the court room falls silent again, and the judge turns back to Rachelle. 'Are you sure?'

'Yes but your honor, can I say a few things before you sentence me?' asks Rachelle.

'I guess,' replies the judge.

'I just want everyone to know that I am sorry for what I did, and know what I did is wrong, and now have to pay the consequences,' she begins as she turns the crowd behind her, as everyone watches her with eager eyes. Rachelle turns to Kelsey and I first. 'Sam, I am sorry for what I have put you through. I know that I'm probably not going to see the light of day again, but believe me when I say that I am a changed woman, and had a lot of time to think about what I did. I have killed your wife, for revenge on my father, but I found what I was really looking for was love. I was looking for love, because I have never gotten that from my family. So, Sam, I am sorry for what I have done, and asking you for forgiveness, because now, I know that I have found love in God, which is all what I really need, but I want your forgiveness, because then I know that you are moving on with your life, and not dwelling on the past,' finishes Rachelle. I didn't say a word as I squeeze Kelsey's hand harder, before I smile at Rachelle and nod my head in agreement. Rachelle then, turns to her mom. 'Mom, I am sorry that I am a bad daughter. I don't want you to worry anymore about me, and I will understand if you don't ever want to see or talk to me again,' says Rachelle as she turns back to the judge, and sits back down. Before Rachelle turns and sits, I could swear that I see a tear or so running down her cheeks. I look over, at Rachelle's mother, and see tears rolling down her cheeks, because she knows that she will never see her daughter outside of jail again.

'Are you finished?' asks the judge.

'Yes I am,' says Rachelle.

'Ok, for the murders of Mrs. Huntington, Mr. Brown, Mr. O'Neil, and Mrs. Edwards, I give you life in prison without parole,' says the judge. 'Bailiff, you may take her away, and the court is adjourned,' says the judge as he bangs his gavel down, dismissing the court room, and walking into his chambers. The police officers handcuff Rachelle and take her away.

4

As Kelsey and I are standing outside talking, Mrs. Stevens walks up to us. 'What do you want?' asks Kelsey.

'I just came to say that I am sorry for not telling you that you are adopted, but that doesn't mean that you have to be out of my life for good. I did raise you, and I was your mother at one point,' explains Mrs. Stevens. I stand there quietly, waiting for Kelsey to speak.

'I know that you have raised me, and I thank you for that, but you should have still told me; I'm not going to be out of your life forever, but I do need some time, before I can talk to you again, and all of this stuff with Rachelle blows over,' says Kelsey.

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Mrs. Stevens smiles at the fact that Kelsey has told her that they can reconcile their differences. 'Ok,' says Mrs. Stevens. She smiles at the both of us, before slowly walking away to get into a taxi.

'That was nice of you,' I say to Kelsey as I turn to her, after Mrs. Edwards leaves.

'Yeah, she did raise me from a baby, and I can't be mad at her forever; it's not healthy,' Kelsey says to me as she puts her arms around me. 'So, what do you want to do now, knowing that your wives killer is behind bars, and you can move on?' she asks me. I smile down at her before talking.

'Live my life with you,' I say before kissing Kelsey and taking her by the hand to start our new lives together.

The End

Chapter 16

Epilogue

It's been a year since everything has happened with Rachelle. Kelsey and I have gotten married in the winter, and are expecting our first child, a girl, which we have both decided to call her Chelsea. Kelsey had found her real mom and dad. They both are married and have two kids, and live in California. We are expected to go and visit them in the months ahead. Kelsey is excited about meeting with her mom and dad and brother and sister. I guess Kelsey's mom and dad have been searching for her a couple of years now.

Kelsey and Mrs. Stevens have become close friends, but don't speak of Rachelle. Mrs. Stevens goes about once a week to visit her daughter in jail, and she cries every time. I moved out of the old apartment, and decided to move on the out skirts of the city, and bought a two story house. It's in a secluded area, so it'll be nice for the baby, when she gets old enough to play.

I retired after Kelsey and I have gotten married, and after the incident with Rachelle, Kelsey quit as police officer, and became a writer. She's a really good writer, and is on her third book. You would of liked Kelsey, she is kind of like you,' I smile as I am standing by my wife's grave. It's the fourteenth anniversary of our marriage. 'Oh, and don't worry; I will always come back here on our anniversary to put flowers on the grave, and to say hi, no matter where I am at, or how busy I am, and I love you, and makes sure you say hi to your father for me, he was a good man,' I smile, before leaning over to touch the grave stone.

'You ready?' asks Kelsey to in her black dress, that shows her baby bump.

'Yupâ how's the baby doing?' I ask as I gently touch her stomach.

'Fine, but she's hungry again,' smiles Kelsey.

'Alright, we can go,' I say, as I hold Kelsey's hand, say goodbye to Chelsea's grave, and we walk away towards the car, as happy as can be.

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