

Chapter One - Working Late

Sammy was tired. She looked at the clock on the wall, and it was already 09:43 pm. Where had the time gone? "These reports are due tomorrow, and I'm not even done yet!" She said to herself. All her fellow employees had gone home already, she was the only one left, as usual. Sammy was a Financial Administrator, it was month end, and there were endless reports to do. She always hated this time of month. She thought to herself, contemplating whether to sit it out and finish it, or pack up and go home. Eventually, after much deliberation, she decided on the latter. While packing up her laptop, and her piles of paperwork, she phoned John. "Hey, honey," was the reply on the other side. "Are you on your way home yet?" Sammy's husband was a policeman, working for the Crime Investigation Unit. He was a Lieutenant, Head of the Crime Investigation Unit. His many years of experience had assisted in his early promotion. He definitely was a force to be reckoned with. He was the love of her life. They had been happily married now, for almost 4 years. There were no children yet, as they both wanted to enjoy their time together, before settling down to have children, and their jobs were also much too demanding to have kids.

"Babe, I'm leaving the office right now. I'm still not done, but I'm going to bring it home with me, and see how far I can get. Are you still at the scene?" John had been called out to a murder scene a few hours earlier. This was the third womens'body found at these mine dumps, and was possibly part of a serial killers'spree. He was still stuck there, with the usual mundane tasks and procedures that were involved with such a scene. Waiting for photographers to come, busy with paperwork, waiting for the mortuary, the usual. "Yip hon and it looks like I might be a while. You know how it goes. Just please be safe, and give me a call when you get home, so that I know you are okay. I love you babe!" "Okay, will do. I love you too."

It was now 10:00 pm, and as Sammy looked up, she saw it was full moon. The moon had never looked that bright, and beautiful. The cold bit through her jacket like a rabid dog, seeping into her skin and penetrating her bones, sending chills down her spine. She looked anxiously around the parking lot, which was now deserted, except for a security guard, who was fast asleep, and a stray cat, that was looking for something to eat in the garbage. She clutched her handbag, laptop bag, and her paper work, as she made her way to her car, trying to shy away from the icy wind that was blowing through her.

She bundled everything into the car, jumped in, and immediately put on the heater, and also the radio, to break the awful sound of the howling wind. For some or other reason, she felt very paranoid, as if someone was watching her. As she looked into the rear view mirror, the guard was still fast asleep, and the stray cat had made a run for it. There was no one else around, but why did she feel so scared? She started to turn the key, and the engine of her old Palio, slowly started up, and idled... the cold was not doing it much good. As she waited for the engine to heat a little, Sammy sent John a message, telling him that she was in the car, and almost on her way, and that she loved him.

After that, she put the car into gear, and was finally on her way.

"Mr Grober, this is Officer Langley, he's the photographer." "Mr, Langley, thanks for coming out, and sorry to bother at such an hour. I have already cordoned off the scene, so you can go in and take the photos you need, no one will disturb you." with that, John looked down at his phone. Sammy's message had come through. He was always worried about her working late, and having to drive home at night alone. Being a policeman, he knew how dangerous the streets were, but his wife was not bothered about such things. She always says that everything happens for a reason..... She was one of the strongest, most independant women he knew. And he was proud of her for that. But before he could reply to her message, his attention was quickly diverted from Sammy, as the officer called him.

"John, this looks an awful lot like the previous murder last month. All the pieces are starting to match up. All the victims are female, to start with, all have long brown hair, and when we find them, each of them has a piece of their body missing, and a yellow daisy next to them?" Brad was always a very observant person. That is one of the reasons why John had him promoted, he had a brilliant future with the police, with his skills and knowledge. "I know, Brad, but we can't let the media get a hold of this information, it might send out unnecessary fear... we have to be certain of our facts here. Yes, all the pieces link, but there are small differences. For now, just write up everything you see, and do the rest of the paperwork, and I will see you in the morning. I'm calling a meeting first thing to discuss this. We will have a debriefing, and will map out all the information we have to date, and link evidence.

Sammy's on her way home, so I will see you in the morning." "Sure thing, boss, see you then."

John arrived home, to an empty, dark apartment. Sammy was not home yet. Strange, but he didn't think anything of it. She probably stopped off at the garage for something to nibble on.

He kicked off his shoes, and made himself comfy in front of the TV, waiting for Sam. He had missed her particularly a lot today, he didn't know why. He was flipping through all the channels on dstv, but couldn't really find one that interested him. His mind was too busy. He was thinking of tonight's' murder, the murder last month, skimming through evidence and important information in his mind. Somehow there were small things that looked very familiar to him, small things that were bothering him, which he just could not figure out. The yellow daisies.... His mother used to love yellow daisies they were her favourite flower. His father would even buy her bouquets of yellow daisies on the odd occasion, when they were still happy, and before she made the decision to leave them.

John's mother, Evelyn, had left him, his brother Brad, and their father, Patrick many years ago. Evelyn was always a good mother, although their fathers 'bad ways had eventually led her to flee. He was a gambling addict, gambled most of their money away. He was also an alcoholic. She, on the other hand, was always loving, and caring, would even read them bed time stories from time to time when they were younger. When their father would come home in one of his drunken stupors, upset that he had lost all their money again, she would always bake cookies and cupcakes, with the hope of mending broken hearts with her pastry delights. John could still remember the day she left. It played over in his mind as if it was yesterday.

He and Brad had just come home from school. It was a hot summers' day, the 12th of November in fact, 2002. They came home to the sweet aroma of cookies, and cupcakes. He can remember when he smelt that sweet delicious odour, something was wrong. Their mother was in the kitchen, sobbing. They had walked up to her to greet her, and when she turned around, she was covered in blood!! Their father had hit her, again. She held onto them, and through the tears, told them how much she loved them, but that she couldn't do this anymore. She told them that she was going to leave, but that she promised she would come back for them.

He remembered how Brad had grabbed onto her, and begged her not to leave them. Shortly afterward, their father came bellowing down the stairs, and pointed his 12 gauge shotgun at her, threatening to kill her. She calmed the situation as she always did, and eventually their dad passed out in the lounge on his couch. Their mom took them upstairs quietly, tucked them in, and told them how much she loved them. The next morning when they woke up, she was not there. Her cupboards were empty, except for a note, saying that she loved them dearly, and that she was sorry to leave them. They never did hear from her again. Their father did not take long to get a replacement for their mom. A haggard looking woman called Susan, not interested in two little boys, or their welfare. Drunk most of the time, never cooked or cleaned. They always thought her only reason for being around was to please their father.

She didn't do anything else.

Their father continued with his alcoholic ways, his gambling and his aggressive nature only got worse with time. It was always Brad that suffered under their father. He would beat Brad with sticks; lock him in the cupboard for days, without food and water. John would sometimes try and sneak food to his brother, but being 9 and 12 years old, they did not know how to cope with this type of anger and aggression. They coped the only way they knew how, and that was to stick together.... The new girlfriend, Susan, did not help much either. They had hoped that with her being there, she might help, might stop their father, but to no avail. If anything, she would look at what was happening, and in her drunken state just smile, and walk away, and retreat back to her room, where she spent most of her time only coming out to fill her glass again.

With that, John realized that he had not heard from his brother in years. He started wondering again how Brad was, what he was doing, where he was living. They lost contact after their big argument. John had started doing odd jobs to generate some kind of income when he was around 17. And at one point he had managed to save up about R 2000-00, which was a lot of money. John wanted to use this money for his studies... he wanted to study and make something of himself. He wanted to get out of that house. Brad knew about the saved up money, and one day while John was at work, Brad went into his savings box, and took all the money. He disappeared for about 3 days, going on a drinking and drug abuse binge. When he returned home, they got into a physical argument. Their argument got so heated, that their father, now a rundown old drunk himself, was forced to phone the police. After the police left with Brad, John never saw him again. And neither did their father.

John had never seen him, or spoken to him again. All he had was some pictures of them as kids, kneeling on the grass together, wearing their spiderman pyjamas. Two little boys so unaware of what hand life would deal them. Although he would never forget how Brad looked, with that terrible scar across his face. He would never forget the day Brad got that scar. He got into a fight at a bar, after flirting with someone's girlfriend, and called John at home, telling him to come and help him. By the time John got there, someone had taken a broken bottle to Brad's face, scarring him for life. He almost died that night..... There was blood everywhere.

John laid there, and a chill went down his spine, as he thought back to events of that night. The scar that Brad got that night, was not the only bad thing that happened. What happened during that fight, was something that John had tried very hard to forget, up until now.

They were always so close as youngsters, especially after their mom left. But Brad got involved in drugs, and gangs, and it went downhill from there. The two brothers did not see eye to eye anymore, as John was determined to be successful and make something of his life, despite what he had been through with his mom and dad. But Brad, on the other hand, was a different story. Always rebelled, always broke the rules, broke the law, but who could blame him.

After what he had been through, it was a miracle that he had not turned out to be some kind of serial killer.

When John left home to go and study further, he did not see his father again, he wasn't even sure if his father was still alive. He had considered many times going back to the house, see if his dad was still alive, maybe even reconcile, but after what his father put them through, he couldn't do it. He had heard at some point that Susan and his dad were still living in that house after all these years, but that his father's health had gone downhill. The alcohol seemed to have started taking its toll. He had made an informed decision to rather stay away, and refrain from getting involved in that again.

There were too many memories there, in that house, in that neighbourhood. John didn't want to face that. That part of his life was behind him.

For Good.

John gazed over at the clock, and jumped up!! It was 11:30!!! He rushed aimlessly around the apartment, and realised suddenly that Sam wasn't home yet... Okay, just be calm. There could be any number of reasons why she isn't home yet. "He tried to keep himself calm; he scrambled around looking for his cell phone. No messages, no calls. Here he was, day dreaming, drifting off to sleep, and Sam wasn't home. He started dialling her number, and listening intently, to his dismay, he got voice mail. Why was her phone off? He called the office, knowing that she had left already, but hoping, somehow that someone would pick up, or she would pick up. Nothing, the phone just rang, and rang, endlessly.

He pulled on his jacket and shoes, and made his way down stairs to his car. The only thing he could think of doing, was driving the route that Sam would drive, and maybe he would find her. Had her car broken down? "I should have sent that damn car in for that service", he thought to himself, thinking of 10 000 reasons why Sam is not home, and why her cell was off. Panic started taking over him and the adrenaline started coursing through his veins. Driving around, he found no sign of Sam, or that God Damn car. He tried again and again to call her on her cell, but all he got was voice mail. He stopped at the Shell garage along the way, asking whether they had not seen her, giving a description of the car, and of her, but to no avail. The cashier confirmed that Sam had not been anywhere near there. He also continued to tell John how slow business was that night.

John started to panic even more. He drove to the office, but all he found was an empty parking lot and a security guard fast asleep. He was at a loss. He drove the route back home, once again. By now he was hoping that maybe Sam had come home already, while he was out looking for her. The route was unfruitful, as there was no sign of Sam, or the car. When he got back to the apartment block, he raced up the stairs, only to come home to an empty, dark apartment once more.

He tried her cell again, - voice mail.

It was now 12:45 am, Sam left the office 2 hours ago, her office being only 8 km away, her cell was off, and there was no sign of her, or the car, on the route that she always drives.

Something was wrong.....

Chapter Two - Kidnapping

Slowly, as Sammy started regaining consciousness, she started to panic. She heard the rumbling of the car's engine, and she was in total darkness. She then realised that she was in the boot of her car. Next to her head, was her gym bag, which she should have taken out days ago, but just didn't have the time to. Her wrists were paining terribly, as she tried to loosen the cable ties that were wound so tightly around her wrists that it was cutting off the blood supply. Her feet. Her feet were also tied. What was happening!!!??? The panic started engulfing her, making her nauseous, as she realised that she was in some serious trouble. She started banging and kicking against the roof of the boot, trying to attract attention from someone so that she could be saved. But in the back of her mind she knew that it was useless. Who would be out on the road at this time of night....?

In her mind, she skimmed through all the things that John had always taught her. In emergency situations, there is always a way out, a way to deal with it. But he never prepared her for this. She was too panicked to even think straight, let alone come up with some way to get out of that boot.

Who was driving the car, where were they going, what was going to happen to her.? Her panic suddenly changed into brutal fear for her life. It felt as though she had been in that boot for hours.... who would do this to her.? Suddenly, the car came to an abrupt halt. She heard the car door open, and then slam shut. Then the boot opened. She tried to see who it was, but the shadows hid away the face of her captor. The moonlight only allowing faint lines of his face to be seen. "Get up!" was all he said to her. As she struggled, he put a thick wad of duct tape over her mouth. "If you scream, or make a noise, I will kill you!" And he started to chuckle..... Sammy could hear in his voice that he was serious, and that he would kill her if she did not do what he said. She managed to lift herself up, and he grabbed hold of her, and threw her down to the ground. He closed the boot, and turned to her. She could see his face now. His beard was not shaved; it was about 1 week old, his hair very short and dark. His clothes were a bit ragged, but not like a hobo. He seemed to be well looked after He seemed ferociously tall, but well built and good looking, except for a big scar on his face. He smelt of daisies. Suddenly a second man appeared next to him. She could hear a cars' idling nearby. The second man looked down at her, very well dressed, a suit in fact, and the next thing she knew, he hit her over the head with something. And she lost consciousness.

They then bundled her into their car, and made a few adjustments in her car, before speeding away into the night, like hunters with their prey.

All that they had left behind were her car, and her belongings.

When she woke up again, he was grabbing her by the arm and pulling her up. . he had untied her feet. when she started looking around, she realised that they were on some or other farm or plot... there was a huge white farm house, not very well lit, but well maintained. There were many rows of pine trees around the house, almost hiding it. She did not see any animals, but it was extremely dark. Old, wooden poles made for fences around the farm, she was not sure what it was there for. There was not a sound. She realized that they must be some way out of town, as she did not even hear the sound of a car, a siren, or anything for that matter. She kept wondering where the second man was. He was nowhere to be seen.

They got to the front door, and he pushed her in front of him. Her wrists still bound, she felt helpless. The house was dark, gloomy, and almost mysterious. The furniture was old, and dusty. There were no plants, the dust also an indication of a home that had been neglected over many years. There were no portraits or art hanging on any of the walls that she could see, except for one with two little boys kneeling next to each other on grass.

He looked at her and said "follow me". Still holding her arm, he started walking towards the back of the house; it seemed almost like a maze. As she walked through the house with this stranger, she tried to memorise and take in all that she saw. They came to the foot of stairs, and he motioned for her to walk in front. At the top of the stairs, was a wall, and 3 doors to the left, and two doors to the right. Here, too, the dust lay thick on the furniture and tables. No portraits, or plants. Sammy felt the gloom of this house engulf her. He motioned to her to go to the left, and when they got the middle door, she noticed that it had at least 3 or 4 locks on it. he fumbled around in his pocket, taking out a key. Unlocking the door, he pushed her inside. As soon as she was inside, he slammed the door closed, and locked it.

She listened to his footsteps grow fainter and fainter down the stairs, until she could not hear it anymore at all. She was sitting in the middle of a rundown room. Dark, dusty, there was a strange smell to it. A smell that made her nauseous. Her hands were still bound, and she started scanning the room for something she could use to free herself. She looked slowly around the room. The windows were bolted shut, and there seemed to be some kind of burglar proofing in front of it.

There was no bed, or cupboard, all that there was, was a dirty, smelly mattress, which was very old. Above the mattress were two chains with handcuffs bolted into the wall. There was a women's shoe lying in the one corner of the room. As she took a closer look, she realised that it had a few drops of blood on it.

The paint on the walls was faded, and there were spots that seemed to be peeling off, as if the wrong paint was used. Also next to the mattress was a plate of food that seemed to be untouched. The food was rotting already, there were maggots creeping all over it.

The smell was rancid. There was no pillow, no blanket either... just the mattress, and the shoe. And those chains..... and those maggots.....

There was a thick layer of dust, and many footprints on the wooden floor. What had happened in this room? What were those ghastly chains for? She just sat there. Helpless, not knowing what to do next, or where she was, or what was going to happen to her. She tried to swallow her tears back, but couldn't. The tears rolling down her face, dripping on her bound hands, she broke down, and crawled into a small ball, crying herself to sleep.

"Hi, this is Lieutenant John Gruber, I need your assistance immediately, get me Mason on the line please." John was in a panic. By the time Mason's voice spoke over the phone, John was contemplating firing him, out of sheer frustration. It felt as though it took years for Mason to answer. "Mason, Sam is missing!" "Sir, Missing, how do you know she's missing?" "Don't ask me stupid questions! She's missing, and I need a task force assembled at once to start searching for her. Get Alpha Team together at the station immediately for a debriefing!" John hung up before Mason could question any further, or even give an opinion.

At the station, the Alpha Team as they were known, were the best S.W.A.T team at that time. They had undergone vigorous training exercises, ranging from tactical shooting, to hostage negotiations, to sniper training, and especially catching armed and extremely dangerous criminals. John knew that they were the best team to use in this terrible situation. Throughout the night, every now and then, he would still try Sam's cell, and to his disgust, all he got was voicemail. Later on, the disgust was replaced with sheer remorse, as he kept phoning just to be able to hear her voice, to memorise it.

The team were assembled already when John entered the conference room. Mason was there too. Looking all flustered, and unsure.

John studied Mason for a moment, not quite sure of his strange behaviour, but his attention was quickly diverted to the task at hand. He began by explaining to the team what had happened that night. From the time that he spoke to Sam on the phone, to her sms she sent, and then the fact that nor her, or the car could be seen anywhere, and also that her phone was off. He began mapping out an area for them to start searching. He also tasked mason to try and trace her cell phone, even get cell phone records, and see what the last calls were, and to whom.

John took a quick moment to also brief the team regarding the serial killings that were taking place at that time, and that they needed to consider that she may be a victim of this. His heart started racing as the words slid carefully over his lips "she could very well be our next missing person..."

Mason rushed out of the room, while John continued with his debriefing. He gave them a full description of what Sam was wearing; there was no need to explain what she looked like, as everyone knew her quite well. She had often come to the offices to bring cookies, or muffins, but that was before she started at her new job. Now she barely got enough time to sleep. Everyone in that room knew just how important this job was, and they were all determined to make sure they found her.

As John was talking, he noticed how the faces of these hardened policeman slowly softened. The more he spoke, the more their emotions seemed to surface.

As John ended the briefing, and the men started standing up, a few came to him, and shook his hand, promising to make sure that Sammy was returned safely home.

Their re-assurances did little to comfort John. He knew that they only meant well, but he needed them to be focused, and as determined as he was to find his wife.

As he walked back to his office, his heart was pounding. It would have been easier if he had some kind of evidence to work off. But his wife, the love of his life had disappeared into thin blue air. Without a trace.

Without a stitch of evidence.

He plonked down into his chair, and put his head back. He was starting to get a headache from all the stress of the situation. His mind was running in hundreds of different directions, trying to cipher out a reasonable explanation as to where Sam could be.

His thoughts were interrupted as Mason burst into his office. "Sir, I think I might have found something!! According to the cell phone records, she made a call to you just before 10, sent an sms at about 10:02, and then, at 10:23, there was a call made to a tow truck agency. The call only lasted about 20 or 25 seconds though. That's awfully strange...." "Yes, that is strange, what's the agency's name?" John started to feel a slight bit of relief. Had her car just broken down, and that she had been towed, and was on her way home? Then he realized that it was 06:15 am, and that she was still missing. Why was the call so short? Surely that wasn't enough time to log a call to a tow truck agency? "the agency's name is South Rand Towing Sir,, its located in Germiston." "Right, let's go down there, get the full address, and lets go pay them a visit, maybe they will know something about Sam. The team can start on their search in the meantime."

All the way to the towing company, John was hoping that they would be able to divulge some kind of information, or that one of their drivers had maybe assisted Sam. When they got there, there was an oldish grumpy lady behind the counter. "Yes, what can I do for you?" her welcoming wasn't very welcoming at all. She seemed forlorn, too old to still be working, and not very happy to be where she was. It looked as though she had been doing the same mundane job for the past 25 years. John wasn't very hopeful that she would even be willing to assist them with anything. But he was not going to take no for an answer.

"Madam, I'm Lieutenant John Grober, from the SAPS, I am investigating a missing person. According to her cell phone records, she made a call to your offices last night at about 10:23, and she has not been seen since. the call also only lasted for about 20 seconds. Do you maybe know anything about this, or have paperwork regarding this call?"

She immediately seemed disgruntled. They had intruded on her, and she was in no mood to assist anyone or go the extra mile. " Look, mister, I don't work the night shift. But I do get all the paperwork that the night shift guys do, in the morning, and there was nothing reported at that time. What car was she driving, and in which area was she when she lodged the call?"

By now, she seemed to have realised that she had no other choice other than to help, because John was not going anywhere without information.

" she was driving a blue fiat palio, and was in the boksburg region. are you sure there is no paperwork for her? " " Nope, nothing for a blue fiat palio."

Her arthritic fingers, shuffled the papers, and with her glasses perched on her nose, she skimmed through the paperwork. Shaking her head, she looked up at John, "sorry , you must be mistaken. if someone from our company towed her last night, there would be paperwork, and there isn't."

She saw John's reaction, and seemed to soften a bit. Her attitude now more considerate and helpful. Squinting her eyes she said " Although, I don't know whether this means anything to ya, but we have had these weird phone calls at awkward times in the night. where someone would phone, and pretend to talk to us about his vehicle that is broken down... but the calls only last for a few seconds though... there's been about three of those in the last couple of months. If you want, I can call Brendan in, he's the night shift operator, he's the one that's been answering these call. He might have some information that could help."

She opened a drawer, and ruffled through some papers to locate the phone number. John realised it was a dead end. This kid would'nt be able to tell them anymore than what she just had. Besides, the calls could just be prank calls.

John was at a dead end... what to do next? Mason suggested they go back to the station and make some calls, maybe ask around, if anyone had seen her. but John insisted on regrouping with the team, and help with the search.

Back at the old farm house, Sam was woken by ice cold water gushing down on her, like a waterfall. Startled, when she looked up, she saw him above her, holding a pale of water. This was her wake up call. He looked at her, and bent down, to her height, slowly bringing his hand to her mouth, he grabbed the duct tape off her mouth. as he ripped it off, it burnt her, and felt a lot like when she would go to the spa for her waxing. But she was relieved to be able to breathe properly again. She slowly slid herself back a bit, feeling intimidated by his presence so close to her, but he just knelt there, and stared at her.

For a long while, there was silence, until Sam mustered up the courage to ask " Sir, could you maybe untie my hands, they are terribly sore.... please.." she cowered back, expecting something bad to happen, but she had to ask, she had lost the feeling in her hands already, and she brought her hands forward, so he could see that it had started cutting into her skin.

But instead, the man looked at her, smiled, and said " not to worry, those will be coming off pretty soon.... we are going to get to know each other today, maybe even have some fun.!" and with that, he stood up, and chuckled again, walking away from her towards the door. Before closing it, he turned , went back to her and said " I almost forgot.." out of his pocket, he took out a yellow daisy, and placed it on her lap.

" for my pretty lady"

Chapter Three - Evidence Found

It was 1:30pm, John was a wreck. His wife had been missing now for more than 10 hours, Alpha Team were giving no positive feedback, and there were no leads. The towing agency was a flop, there, he was only lead into a dead end. Mason was out of ideas too. He kept the coffee coming, and obeyed Johns every order.

Mason was a strange person. He was one of those people that only seemed normal to those that knew him the best, like family.... To outsiders, he seemed weird, and strange, and mysterious. John had felt that exact way about him when he conducted his interview, but was prepared to give him a chance. Mason had very good records from school, prestigious results from his Degree in Psychology, the Human Anatomy and Criminology. His investigation skills seemed better than the average person. He also had a key eye for detail. And that was what John was looking for. Mason fit the requirements, he did exceptionally well in his Integra Tests, which consisted of Polygraph Tests, Logical and Reasoning, Personality Tests, you name it, he aced it. A good all rounder.

Mason was newly engaged, his fiancé, a manager at a store, they had known each other for about 5 years, and he finally got enough courage to pop the question. He never did speak about his private life though. John had always wondered about that. Mason seemed almost shy to talk about his fiancé. It seemed odd at times, but as John believed, "to each his own" Each person on earth was different.

Mason had no luck with the cell phone records, but was pushing for the trace on Sams' phone. Apparently things looked as though they may take a while. The trace on Sams' phone was all that john was waiting for. To him, it was his last lead, his last hope of maybe finding her, or finding out what happened to her.

At this point, they were where any Investigator dreads to be. A dead end. Lost. Once you reached this point in a case, you literally had to sit back, wait for the killer to make his move, and then hope with all your heart that he would make some kind of a mistake, which would then lead you right to him. But, as they all knew very well, this particular person, knew a little more than the average joe... he was clever, cleaned his tracks, kept everything low key.

"mason, please phone them again, please, God Dammit, how long could it take to get a trace on her damned phone!!" " no problem boss, I'm on it." Mason grabbed the phone, and again, explained how important it was to get the trace as soon as possible.

The lady on the other line was less than sympathetic, and Mason had no other choice but to use his harshest tone to get results. "Look lady, you better get those records to me within the next hour, or there will be hell to pay.! I will go to the media with this. This woman's` life could be in potential danger, and you are telling me to stay calm... an hour !!" " Thanks mason, good for you. didn't know you had a bad side to you. Just remember, focus on the task at hand, and not on the victim. " With that, John turned, and stared out of the window. It overlooked the Market Theatre, the highway, traffic bustling below. Dozens of people walking with shopping bags, stopping to admire and view little stalls displaying jewellery and keepsakes. People totally unaware of what life was really all about. He was trying to put off these thoughts all night. "I have to phone sams' parents.... what do I say to them. I know now for sure that something is wrong. and I can't keep this from them." " just be gentle, when telling them, and tell them that you have every available resource working to get her back safe and sound."

John didn't have the strength to make the call. Except for the fact that he was physically and emotionally drained, he never really got along well with her mom. Her dad was wonderful. They had gone hunting together, fishing (among their favourite things to do together,) duck hunting, you name it, even gone to the odd boxing match, and a few pubs. They were like two good friends. Her mom was another story. She was always critizing Sam, always correcting her, Sam was never really good enough for her. On many occasions she had Sam in tears after telling her for the hundredth time that she is her biggest disappointment! She was always finding fault, and if John had to call her now with this, she would probably blame him. He made the decision to make the call. His thoughts then drifted again...Maybe it was his fault. Why did he allow her to work so late? Why did he allow her to drive home alone at that time of night? Was it his fault?

He picked up the receiver, slowly. It was no use trying to use the training they had been given on how to deliver news like this, and he felt awful for having to do this on the phone, but there was no way he could leave the office now. He slowly dialled the number, as if it was the last call he would ever make.

To his relief, Sam's dad picked up. : Botha residence, Gregory speaking.." the old man's voice was strong, as always. "hey, pops, how are you doing>" John decided to take the subtle route, and use the best, least damaging wording he could think of.

"listen, I need to come past the house tonight, there is something we need to discuss urgently. Its important Greg, its about Sam." John could immediately the tone in Gregory's voice chance to a more stern, demanding tone. "son, what up?"

John started to explain that he would have preferred to come and see them personally, but that circumstances did not allow enough time for that. He had to be here, wait for that evidence to show up, and work from there. Gregory seemed to agree, but was still distant, as he tried to fish out the truth from John. "just give it to me straight son... no fooling around... okay.."

"Greg, she's missing. She's been missing since last night at about 10:30, on her way back from work. I was working another crime scene from that serial killer, and the last I heard from her was an sms saying that she was leaving the office. Now, its early day's we are still trying to find leads, and evidence, but I have Alpha Team working on it round the clock, and administrators hacking into cell phone, banking and vehicle tracking to find her. I promise you, I will find her pops.."

#####3

The response on the other end of the line was not totally unexpected. Gregory went quiet for a moment or two, processing the information, and said "son, I know you going to find her. You just leave mom to me... maybe best if I should speak to her about this... Its going to be alright. No one would harm her, shes as sweet as anything.. Who would want to hurt her? Give me your word, that you wont stop until you find her?" He's pleas came from the heart. A father that was on the verge of losing his only daughter. John could understand that this might come as a shock. But knowing his father in law so well, it would take some time for the details and the reality to sink in, nonetheless, he was always positive, and always believed in hope, all the way to the end. On some level, he even made Joh feel a bit at ease , and a bit better about this whole situation.

His emotions seemed to get the better of him, and when mason burst into the office, he had a tear running down his cheek.

he quickly wiped it off before mason could see, and turned to see mason waving a paper in his hand.

"they actually managed to find a trace!!!" "give it here, where,?" as john looked over the paperwork, his blood ran cold.... the trace was found in the mine dumps in springs..... that was where the other 3 murders had taken place. he decided not to dwell on that, and get there as soon as possible. mason and john jumped into the car, and sped off to the location. all the while, both men, thinking the same thing..... those other 3 murders were in that area, at those mine dumps. the serial killer that they assumed was on the prowl, was committing his crimes here, and leaving the bodies

here....

eventually mason spoke. "boss, its the same area." "i know, but lets not dwell on what could be, until we get there and actually see whats going on, okay." mason knew not to say another word. John was breaking down emotionally inside. his insides felt as though someone had taken a vice grip and was holding on as tight as they can, pulling at them. for the first time in his life, he said a prayer. he prayed that when he got there, that he would not find the body of his wife, even though, thats all he wished for, in the last 11 hours.

They sped across the hightway at top speed, mason was calling in for back up in the mean time, while john missioned through traffic. sirens blaring and blue lights flashing, they took the offramp, and made their way to the mine dumps. it seemed like forever, but eventually, they found the sand road, and slowed down. in the distance, john could see a blue vehicle. his heart raced a thousand beats a minute. he picked up speed, untl the blue fiat palio came into clear site.

he stopped the car abruptly and ran to sams' car. all the doors were closed, as well as the windows. he flung the drivers' door open, and immediately fell back. on the seat was a yellow daisy. along with sams' cell phone, and her personal belongings. john felt his blood run cold, his heart felt asif it was going to jump out of his chest. mason ran to him helping him up, and when looking into the car, saw the daisy. he knew immediately what that meant. the serial killer that they had been following and looking for, had johns' wife. they didnt know who he was, they didnt know where to find him. all they knew was that the daisy killer had her.

at the moment, the rest of the vehicles stopped there, with clouds of dust and sand everywhere. john immediately tried to gather himself, and started making some phone calls. he phoned the photographer, and he phoned the fingerprint specialists, so that they could dust the car for prints. perhaps this bastard left some prints somewhere, even a partial would do. he went back to his car to get his surgical gloves, so as not to disturb any prints that might be in the car. slowly, he started processing the car. going through the glove compartment, searching underneath all the seats, hoping to find something other than than damn daisy, that could give them more clues. as he was searching through the car, for any fragment of evidence or a clue, his heart was racing. it felt as

though a part of him had been ripped out, and for the first time, he felt alone. his mind racing, he decided to open the boot, and when walking back to the opened boot, he slowly started putting the pieces together.

there were small traces of blood near the gym bag. he saw that the boot was very much scrambled around, with things lying everywhere, as if there was a struggle. he also noticed the foot prints on the roof of the bonnet, it was sam's foot marks. she was in this boot. john's mind raced in a thousand different directions. at this point he didn't know if she was alive or dead. did the serial killer know him personally, and that's why he kidnapped sam and left the daisy? either way, john was more determined than ever to find this creep, and find his wife and bring her home safe and sound.

within about 20 minutes, all the necessary people were there, working the crime scene, making notes, taking prints, taking photographs... john and mason were comparing notes, and trying to figure out the reason for the serial killer, which they had now named "DAISY", because of his signature daisy that he leaves at the bodies of his victims. they could not come up with anything. eventually mason looked at john and said "boss, not to be rude, but you really need to go home and try and get some sleep. we will process the evidence, and all the information that we have so far, and we can tackle it tomorrow morning with a fresh pair of eyes, and a rested mind." "there's nothing more you can do here boss. we have to process all the information first, anyway."

John knew that mason was right, but he somehow felt that if he were to go home and sleep, that he would be doing sam an injustice, as each minute that goes by, is a minute to not finding her alive. he assured mason that he was fine, and once the crime scene was processed, and the car was towed in, john sent mason home, and made his way back to the station. he couldn't bare to go home.

to that empty apartment. it would all just remind him of sam, her smell, her clothes, no, he wanted to be here, looking for her, and putting all his power and time into solving this and getting her back. no use going home and sleeping, that won't bring her back.

he made himself a very strong cup of coffee, and made his way to his office. his desk was full of files, photos, notes, all pertaining to the last 3 murders at those mine dumps. out of all his cases, these have definitely been the most difficult to solve. somehow the serial killer was always one step ahead of him, and it felt as though the serial killer knew him somehow. he just couldn't figure

out how, but he sure as hell would not give up ...

he decided to start from the beginning... the started with the first case, read through the case file, the evidence, the photos, the modus operandi, then onto the second case, and then the third. without even realising it, he got up, and started mapping the three cases out on the notice board. he was pinning photos up, prints, the daisys`, all the information that he had available. and before long, he took a step back, and looked at what he had just done. somehow, he just managed to find a way into the killers mind. for the first time, he started to understand, and started to recognise small things that bothered him terribly. the daisies though... that stuck in his mind.... on some level it bothered him to his core, and to such an extent that could not stop thinking about it.

now, more than ever, he was determined to find the daisy killer.

" this is lieutenant Grober, let the whole team know to report to the conference room 07:00am tomorrow morning, we have work to do!"

Chapter Four - Day of Fun

The door burst open, and there he was. sammy's kidnapper, with an evil smile on his face. she didnt know what to expect. she was starving, thirsty, and still nauseuos from the putrid smell in the tiny dusty room that had now become her cage. was it her destiny to die here? what did this captor have in store for her? He slowly came closer, as she slid backward against the wall. in his hands was a small knife, which, with one flick, cut the cable ties off her hands.... what a relief she felt. she slowly rubbed her wrists, the

dry blood flaking off, as she ran her fingers over it... the cable ties had cut into her skin... her hands were almost blue. He looked down, and took her hands softly, saying "im sorry about your hands, i didnt realise the cable ties were so tight." he seemed almost friendly, almost caring.

he got up, and told her to follow him. unsure, she got up slowly, but stayed with her back against the wall. he looked at her with anger, "i said, follow me, do you want to eat or not?" she slowly started to follow him, but before they were out the room he turned to her "try and run, and i will kill you." she believed him, as before, and she thought she would play this out, and if she does see a gap to escape, she would take it. she also decided to play the calm route, and politely do what he says, and keep him "happy", not make him upset. not until she got to know him a bit better, and see what type of person he is. from what she did see already, he did seem to have some kindness in him. she would definately use that somehow, she just wasnt sure how or when, but she was determined not give up, and not to allow this criminal to take her life.

as they were walking, she started thinking about all the things in her life, that meant something to her. all the things that were her reason to live. she appreciated everything on a much higher level now, now that she was faced with this horrible situation, and the fact that her life could very well come to an end soon.

he lead her once again through the dusty old house, to the kitchen. the kitchen was spotless. it was modern too, not like the rest of the house! it was freshly painted out, there were modern appliances in it, marble table tops. the kitchen did not match the rest of the house at all. although sammy found it strange, she did not dare comment about it, or ask why. there was a table set for two. with a full english breakfast, bacon, eggs, toast, rashers, even orange juice. he lead her to her chair, and put a chain around her ankle, which was in turn bolted into the chair. so she could not escape. the chain was heavy, and it hurt her, but she was not bothered. all that she could think of was to eat. she immediately started gobbling down the food, when he looked at her, enraged. "where are your manners? is that how you always eat? for god sakes, behave yourself like a lady!" surprised, sammy put down the food, and picked up her knife and fork, and slowly started chewing each bite, and swallowing slowly. his behaviour was so odd. she could not place him, she could not understand why type of person he was. one thing she knew for sure, was that he had terrible mood swings, and got enraged very easily.

after each and every bite was finished and her plate was empty, he started conversation with her. they had been eating in silence the whole time, and sam was too afraid to utter a word. " your name is sammy, right, or, sam" "erm, yes, how did you know?" she started to get a bit nervous, how did he know her name? then it struck her that he probably just looked in her handbag, and saw her id or licence.

"i want to tell you a little story..... and you better listen real careful now... you are married to John arent you? the bigshot detective?" sammy was scared. she now realised that he hadnt in fact just browsed through her handbag, but that he in fact, knew much more than he was supposed to. was he someone that john had arrested, and put away for a few years? and now he wanted payback? "um, yes, i am married to john." "well now, you have been married for a few years now, so i assume john tells you everything right?" " yes... um... he does, why do you ask, how do you know all these things about us?" " has he told you about his childhood? and about his mother and father and brother?" "yes, he told me how his mother left them when they were young, and he had a brother named jason." " oh, i see, did he tell you about what the father did? How the father used to abuse jason.?" " erm... yes, he did..."

sammy was slowly starting to see the anger well up again in the mans` eyes. how was it that he knew so much? how did he know all these things? has he been stalking them?

"ive known john my whole life, sammy. " this really threw her back... she didnt understand, yet, when she looked at him, she saw familiarities, that she couldnt quite put her finger on... " excuse me, but, what is your name? i mean, you know mine, its only fair that i know yours..." " mmm, curious little one, arent you... you will find out in due course. but enough talking now, its time for fun and games..." with that, he got up, and unchained her foot, taking her by the arm.

again, leading her through the maze that was this old run down farm house, until they got to a door that was bolted shut with at least 4 or 5 locks. sammy started to grow nervous, she felt physically sick. the place smelled terrible, it was gloomy, and dark, and she had a terrible feeling inside her that something bad was about to happen to her, and she was powerless to stop it.

as he led her down the dark, wooden steps, he was humming a strange tune, that she was not familliar with. when they got to the bottom of the stairs, he turned on the light switch, and her worst

nightmare had come true. all around her, were pictures of pornography, with loose women, showing themselves shamelessly to anyone willing to look. their dignity lost with their childhood innocence. there were many many shelves, with bottles. in these bottles were fetuses, small unborn animals, and body parts. fingers, toes, eyes... sammy gagged, and slapped her hand over her mouth to stop from vomiting. she didnt want to look around anymore, but her curiosity got the better of her. she just stood there, in awe, in the one corner of the basement was a bed, with a camera. there were plastic sheets everywhere, and there was something that resembled an operating table, as well as a dentists' chair. this room was a torture chamber. a chamber of death. she could smell the rancid smell of blood.

next to the one wall was 3 freezers, and she didnt even want to guess what would be lurking or lying in there. there was a table that had a spread of surgical equipment, razors, knives, saws, drills, and all kinds of horrific instruments. sammy now knew that she had to get out of there. her life was in danger, and she knew that if she didnt get out of there, that she was going to die.

She was startled when the man led her to the dentists chair, and told her to have a seat. she refused, and put up a fight, trying to push him away with her injured wrists burning, he then grabbed her, losing his short temper again, and slung her into the chair, strapping her in, in such a way that she could not move her arms or her legs. he sat on the stool next to her, and started lowering the chair she was lying in. she started to scream, and he took duct tape and stuck it over her mouth. " looking down into her tear stricken eyes, he held one finger to his mouth, and said " shhhhhhtttttttt....."

Chapter Five - The Meeting

It was 07:00 am at Germiston Crime Intelligence, and everyone was gathering for the much anticipated meeting that John had called up. When entering the room, they were shocked. in front of them was a huge board, the size of the whole wall, with all three murders, as well as the kidnapping of sammy all mapped out, and all interlinking with notes, photographs and evidence. john was sitting in a chair facing the wall, drinking his 20th cup of coffee, still wired, and

tired beyond belief. he had not slept now for at least 2 days. he could not bring himself to sleep. his mind kept racing around, processing information, evidence, modus operandi.

after everyone was seated, he got up, and addressed them. he thanked them all for attending, and made sure that each of them had note pads and pens to make notes. this was one of the most important presentations that he had ever made. he had made a break through, and he was more determined than ever to catch this serial killer.

"good morning , all, thanks for attending."

im going to get straight to the point. we have three murders here, and also the kidnapping of my wife sammy. i have mapped out all four cases, and have managed to find links, and evidence showing that these crimes are all being committed by the same person.

First, we start off with the murder of Clare Cummings. aged 25, long brown hair and well built. she was kidnapped, coming home from a party at around 11:30 pm. the details of how the kidnapping occurred, are still unclear. we know that she was transported in the boot of her own car, because when we found her car, the roof of the boot was riddled with foot and scratch marks, obviously her attempts to escape. but she was kidnapped, and 4 days later, was found at the mine dumps in springs, with her hands cut off, and a yellow daisy lying next to her decomposing body. Her hair was neatly combed, and her body appeared to be washed. She had broken ribs though, and it seemed that she had been violently assaulted.

Then we have monique strydom. aged 28, also, long brown hair and well built. she was kidnapped coming home from work also around 11:00 pm. details of the actual kidnapping also sketchy, but also bundled into the boot of her car, and ending up at the mine dumps in springs with her cheeks removed, as well as her feet. she was found only 2 days after her kidnapping. again, a yellow daisy next to her body.

then we move onto michelle de jager, aged 23, long brown hair and well built. kidnapped coming home from work. again, details of actual kidnapping sketchy, but yet again, bundled into the boot of

her car, and also ending up at the mine dumps in springs. her left breast was removed, as well as three of her fingers. found a week after her kidnapping with the infamous yellow daisy lying next to her body.

Finally, we have, erm, my wife, sammy. she was kidnapped coming home from work. the trace we had on her phone led us to the mine dumps where we found her car, and in the drivers seat, was a yellow daisy. other than that, we have absolutely no more information. there was a lead that took us to a towing company, but that turned up to be a dead end. Although the lady working there did confirm that they have received strange phone calls over the last couple of months, 3, infact of a person phoning and pretending to need their assistance, but the phone calls only last for about 10 or 20 seconds... we are not clear on this yet, so we will look into it. it could just be pranksters.

it almost seems as if this serial killer pretends to be stranded along the road, and wants to make a call to a towing company, he doesnt actually phone them, and then somehow manages to overpower the women, and kidnap them.

the following points are present in all four cases : all the women are in their twenties. they all have long brown hair. they all have some part of their bodies removed after being murdered. and they all are left with the yellow daisy."

It is also apparent that the killings dont take place at the mine dumps. there is absolutely no evidence of that. he leaves their vehicles there, takes them to a different location where he kills them, and then he comes back to leave their bodies where their vehicles were. obviously, the second location has to be remote, somewhere where he has the freedom to injure and abuse these women.

The autopsy reports also show semen present, so injuring these women, is not enough for him. the body parts that are missing, are also removed while they are alive... the pathology and autopsy reports confirm this.

Mason looked at John in awe. he now understood the rumurs that circlced about John. And that made him anxious. It was a well known fact that john was one of the best detectives in his time. he had a keen eye, was very observant, and has never lost a case, or a criminal. he apparently had dealt with one or two other serial

killers, and had managed to get them put away for many many years. it was also well known that when working a case, he would be very dedicated, and would not stop until the suspect was caught.

"are there any questions so far from anyone?" the silence meant that each person in that room had understood exactly what john was saying. they had a serial killer on their hands, he had the same modus operandi, he had already successfully killed 3 woman, and was now holding john's wife captive. no one was sure how long she had to live, or what the captor was going to do to her. looking at the evidence they already had, the outcome was not going to be good either way. john continued with his presentation.

"at each and every crime scene, after being processed, the suspect leaves absolutely no fingerprints, no dna evidence, not a trace. he obviously is very experienced, and knows what hes doing. also, he has to be well built, to be able to overpower these women, and bundlethem into their boots. from my research, this man has not killed before. he killed once, and has started enjoying it. he seems to get some kind of satisfaction out of the killings. and he is doing something with these body parts that he is removing. whether he is keeping them as trophies, or whether he is a cannibal, is still unclear. this man will also not stop killing, until he is caught. he seems to be some kind of perfectionist, in some ways. the parts of the bodies that are removed, are done with presision. the bodies all also seem to be washed, and cleaned before he leaves them at the dumps. he even goes so far as to comb the victims' hair and make them presentable. all the victims are also always found lying face down.

all these signs show that he might not have remorse for what he is doing, but on some level, he does recognise dignity, although that might be a bit difficult to understand right now. you dont have any dignity if you are killing people. but it seems that he does have some kind of soft spot - if you can call it that, for these women.

this is a good sign. we can use this. it means that should be able to locate him, and even make contact with him, negotiations could well be successful.

we have named him the daisy serial killer. because of the fact that he places these daisies next to his victims. we are not sure what the meaning of this daisy is. it obviously means something to the killer, its his signature if you want to call it that.

what we have to concentrate on right now, is the fact that he has sammy, my wife. we are not sure if he kidnapped her because he knows me, and maybe wants payback, or if she unfortunately was in the wrong place at the wrong time. but i doubt that, as he seems to calculate each and every kidnapping and murder very precisely.

Guys, please, not only as your lieutenant, but also as your friend, i need you all on this right away. its my wife he has out there. god knows what hes doing to her, and what hes going to do to her.

Mason, i need you to start by drawing all the cell phone records for all the other victims. lets see whether he used the tow truck agency as a modus operandi.

I want the rest of you guys to search the data base for any other murders, which remotely seem to coincide with these, even small similarities can mean something. if you do find something, bring it to me immediately.

i also want you to scour the neighbourhoods where these kidnappings took place, find out if anyone saw anything, speak to colleagues, families, find out who their enemies were. maybe they all knew this guy, and all we need is a name...

Thanks, im counting on all of you in this."

the meeting was adjourned. all john could count on now, was that somewhere, someone had information, or that someone, somewhere had seen something that could be of use to them. he called sammys cell again, just to be able to hear her voice..... the voice mail was all he had right now.....

Chapter Six - The torture Chamber

Sammy had never been this scared in her life. The man looked at her with pure evil in his eyes. she felt helpless, as she tried tugging on the straps that had bound her arms and legs to that chair. she could not even move her head, as he had now tied a strap around her neck as well. she was lying there, totally at his mercy. she started thinking of her husband, john, what he had always told her to do in bad situations, but nothing could ever prepare her for

this. the man got up and walked slowly to his table. running his finger over each and every instrument, it seemed as though he could not decide which way he wanted to torture her. eventually he picked something up, and came and sat down next to sammy again.

her tears and sweat were stinging her eyes now. her vision a bit blurred through all the tears. she tried screaming, but to no avail. no one could hear her anyway. the man looked down at her and said "i dont want you to be scared. theres no reason to be. you see, each and every one of us is put on this earth for a purpose. and i believe that i was put here to enjoy women. just as i am going to enjoy you. unfortunately, i also enjoy pain, and causing pain. and you have to endure pain to appreciate life. do you understand what im saying to you?" sammy knew that this psycho had lost the plot years ago. he was not speaking like a sane person.

He started running his fingers down her cheek, then down her neck, and then her arm. stopping at her hands. " you have the most beautiful hands, sammy, i must say. i thought tracy had beautiful hands, but you, you defintaly have the best. the skin is so soft, so well looked after." " i like that in a women. she must always look after herself." smiling at her, he lifted up her fingers, and brought out a set of pliers. slowly, cautiously, he brought it closer to her nails, and she started to cringe. suddenly, he jerked away, and said "no! i wont spoil these beautiful hands, not to worry."

he got up, and walked to the table, placing the pliers down again, and picking up a syringe. in a small cabinet, he took out a small bottle of liquid, that he placed in the syringe. sammy had no idea what he was going to do now... she was relieved though that he was prepared to spare her her finger nails.! walking slowly over to sammy, he started to hum again, seeming so content, and happy.

without a word, he injected the liquid into sammys` arm, and within moments, she lost consciousness.

He untied her, taking her over to the surgical table. Here, he placed her face down, and went to his table spread again. he picked up a whip. he carefully loosened her shirt, exposing her back. he started to lash at her back. each stroke ripping small pieces of flesh out of her back. the blood started to drip down her sides, as he kept lashing and lashing. " this is for you john.... this will teach you to forget about me, and abandon me....."

when he was done lashing sammy, he took her upstairs, bathed her, and placed her on the old musty mattress in the small forlorn room where she found herself in the first time. he left beside her, a yellow daisy.

Later that night, sammy woke... slowly opening her eyes, she laid dead still. she looked around her, and realised that she was back in that rancid smelling room. she noticed that the mattress smelled of urine, and it made her feel sick. she immediately felt a terribly stinging pain down her back. she cringed with pain. looking down at her shirt, in horror, she saw blood, her blood. what had this psycho done to her? she checked the rest of her body, and realised that she still had all her fingers and toes. her head was pounding. and where he had injected her, there was a blue mark on her skin..... what had he injected her with? how long was she out for? the pain felt worse and worse, she could not move, without her whole back burning.

as she laid there, she tried to sum him up. she looked at the yellow daisy lying beside her, and she picked it up and flung it across the room. what was the deal with the daisies? this man was somehow obsessed with women, but why torture them? and that hideous scar on his face? was that from some other victim that managed to cut him with something? sammy could not shake the feeling that she was missing something. she knew there was an answer to this mans' identity , but she couldnt quite put her finger on it. she cringed, when she remembered looking at him while he was at his table, gathering his instrument, and she could swear he looked just like john... their jawline seemed to be the same. not the eyes though, john had soft, loving eyes, whereas this man had dark, mysterious, evil eyes.

still, she could not quite place him.... she drifted off to sleep again, her back burning terribly. she did not want to be awake. she wanted to drift off to sleep. it was the only way to be away from this awful place. the only escape she had right now.

"get in there, you bitch!" "please, im beggin you, let me go.... i'll do anything !!!!!" sammy jumped up, startled, immediately cringing with pain, with her back burning like fire. the shouting and screaming had woken her with a scare, and she was not quite sure what was going on. before her, was a youngish, girl, long brown

hair, fearing for her life. had he gone out and kidnapped someone else as well? He looked down at her, and out of his pocket came the yellow daisy. he looked into her eyes as he knelt down to her height, and said "you and i are going to have lots of fun. you behave now, alright."

"whats your name?"sammy asked the girl, who was now cowering in the corner of the room. her eyes wild with fear, her hair a mess, hair hands bound with cable ties. her dress was pulled up high, from the fall, and she tried pulling it down, as she looked at sammy and answered " uhm....Charmaine. who, who are you?" she was battling to talk through her tears. "my names` sammy. he kidnapped me too... ive been here for about 2 days already." sammy realised that at that point, she had to do something to get out of this mess. here was this young girl, fearing for her life, who would most likely die in the next couple of days. god alone knows how he would kill her. or what torture he would put her through.

"wha, what is he going to do to us?" "i dont know, i dont know who he is, or what he intends to do.!" sammy realised that she had to take charge here. she almost felt responsible for this young girl, who was cowering there in the corner, full of fear, and anguish. sammy looked at her, and realised that she couldnt be more than 20 years old... " charmaine, how old are you?" "i, im, 18.... im scared... i want to go home..."

"how did he kidnap you? do you remember anything ?" " uhm.... i was driving home after cheerleading practice, and i saw this guy next to the road. he flagged me down, mmm, and i stopped. it looked like his car had broken down, the bonnet was open and stuff... so he asked me if he could borrow my phone to phone a tow truck agency, and i agreed.

he seemed to talk to them on the phone for a short while, and uhm... then uhm... then when i turned to walk back to my car, he hit me... then i woke up here..... in the boot of his car..."

She burst into tears, and held her legs tightly in front of her chest. she was only a child. a young child that had to clue about the world, that was obviously still living with her parents. she had her whole life to live. and now, mabye she didnt even have that anymore.

Chapter Seven - The Breakthrough

Mason ran into johns office shaking a bunch of papers around... "i found something !! i actually found something !!!" " john looked at him and eagerly held his hand out for the papers, to see what it was that mason had accomplished. "i managed to pull all the cell records, and it seems that each and every number did in fact contact that towing agency. all calls were roughly 10 to 20 seconds long. " " okay, so that tells us, that he obviously stands next to the road, and pretends to have car trouble. he flags the women down, and when they stop, he pretends to phone for a tow truck. after he makes the

call, he then somehow overpowers them, and bundles them into their vehicles. but , wait !! that means that he must have an accomplice !! how does he get his own vehicle back, and also drive the victims' vehicles to the mine?" john sat back in his chair, mauling over the new information, trying to piece it all together.

" Boss, i think you onto something there !!" mason was quite impressed with john. he had not had the pleasure of working with john on his previous serial killer cases, but from what he could see before him, it was no wonder john held the position that he did. They now finally had a clue, something to go. Slowly but surely they were putting the pieces of the puzzle together, and slowly but surely, they were starting to make sense of it all. this serial killers' days were numbered.

"Right, mason, get in touch with the teams, and hear from them if they havent got any feedback? Then, go to the lab, and see whether they havent been able to lift any successful prints off sams car. Im going to South Rand Towing. i think if i probe a bit, i might even get something useful out of them, now that we know he keeps using their number."

Mason left in a hurry. john gathered his coat, and id, and made his way to his car. for the first time, it felt as though he was actually getting somewhere in this case. hopefully forensics would come back with some positive information as well. it can only get better from here. on the way to the towing company, he thought of sammy. he wondered where on earth she could be, if she was alright. john started going playing out the events of the night before she went missing. she was home at 6:00pm, he was late, as usual. but when he got home, she had already prepared dinner, they ate, laughed over a glass of wine, and then snuggled on the couch to some love story. he never really liked those love story movies, but he watched it for sams' sake, she was crazy about them.

he rememberd holding her tightly in his arms when they went to bed, and waking up the next morning, with her big brown eyes staring at him, holding a cup of coffee.

He loved sammy. up to this point, he never realized just how much she actually meant to him. had he taken advantage of her all this time. had he appreciated her enough. had he showed enough affection, enough love and support. he was going crazy with all these insecurities. he was going crazy with worry. all he wanted was to have her back with him. he was nearing the entrance to the towing yard, and he put his mind right. he had to go in here, with

his game face on. these people must have some kind of information that could help him. he was ready for this.

As john neared the counter, he was once again greeted by the oldish lady that assisted him last time. "mister, i told you, we had no records, why are you back here?" "firstly, hello to you too! secondly, are you the manager here? if you are not, please get me the manager. i am here on official police business, and im not leaving until i have the information that i came for..." "yeah, yeah, just have a seat, I'll call Allan." she disappeared into the back of the shop, and was gone for quite a while. it seemed like years that she was gone. john just wanted to get this done... he was getting very edgy and anxious, when finally the oldish lady appeared, along with a younger looking gentleman. john assumed that this would be alan.

"Hi, sir, im alan, i understand you are from the police, and you need some information. im glad to help. would you like to come through to my office?" "yes, hi, im john, sure thing, ill follow you." john felt good about this, it seemed that he might get a bit more information out of this gentleman, than out of that old bag at reception. as he followed alan through the hallway, he noticed the walls, filled with pictures of tow trucks, all in immaculate condition. beside them, were proud drivers, posing with their tools of the trade. the business seemed to be doing well. the offices were freshly painted, there were plants, to bring in a feeling of calmness and comfort, and when he stepped into alans' office, there was state of the art equipment. he had a dell laptop, a very fashionable phone, cordless, and the seats for his guests were not just any chairs, they were soft, comfy chairs, that made you feel at home.

He walked to his side of the desk, and motioned john to have a seat. with that, he phoned through to reception, and requested that some coffee and cookies be brought through to his office.

"well, john, i didnt get your surname?" "its grober, lieutenant john grober." "right, mr grober, how can i be of assistance?"

"well, alan, im from the Crime INTelligence Unit, here in Germiston. Currently i am investigating 3 murders, possibly linked to a serial

killer. this same serial killer has now kidnapped my wife aswell. she has been missing now for 2 days. the reason why im here is that we had all the victims cell phone records pulled, and around the times that they were kidnapped, the suspect phoned your offices. even though the calls only lasted a few seconds, this is the only lead we do have so far. and thats why im here. im hoping that mabye you can provide me with any information that could assist us in this investigation. we are trying to understand why the suspect keeps using your number to do his fake calls. the fист question i would like to ask, is, have you mabye had any empolyees, in last year or so, that mabye worked for you, that have left, or had a strange way about them, etc. do you have any employees that left under bad terms, that type of thing."

"well, mr grober, i have not really had many employees coming in and out here, but there was one particular person that did stand out a bit. he worked here about 8 months ago. "had a terrible scar on his face, never asked how it got there either. seemed very mysterious, came in one day, looked all haggard, asking for employment. he was literally willing to do anything. i didnt really have any vacancies at the time, but decided to give him a job anyway. you see, im not the kind that can turn someone away. its not how i operate, always try to help people out."

"alright, well, tell me a bit more about this person, what was it that was weird or awkward about him?" " well, except for the way he looked, i gave him a job washing the tow trucks to start off with. i told him that in a few months, if he was still around, and was doing his job right, i would look for something more permanent for him to do. as i do with all my employees, i asked him to fill in an application form. its just a standard form containing all personal information, address, telephone number, etc.. and he was reluctant to fill it in. at first didnt want to, but when i made it clear to him that if he didnt complete it, that he wouldnt be able to work here, he finally gave in. had a terrible handwriting... anyway, he started working here, and after about 3 weeks, things started to go missing.

not big things, some money here and there, out of the locker room, a cell phone here and there, but we never managed to find out who it was. he then started coming to work late. then, everytime money went missing, or a phone, he didnt come into work for a few days. i got fed up at one stage, and finally told him that his time was up. on that particular day, he came to work reeking of alcohol. guess he ahd an all nighter. but, i none the less, gave him his wages for the time he had worked, and he left. havent heard from him or seen

him since."

"right... do you still have his employee application by any chance.?" " as a matter of fact i do.. im one of those that saves everything.. lucky for you i guess. you think this might be the chap you are looking for?"

john was starting to panic. scar on his face? the daisies.....
no, it couldnt be. never!! he would look at the application and see, that it was someone totally different. alan disappeared out of the office and again seemed to be gone for ages. God, was it jason. was it jason that was killing these women...? no, it couldnt be. john refused to believe or even contemplate that the serial killer could be jason. jason was probably off somewhere, married with kids, all settled down. with his bad past behind him.

"here you go mister, funny... the applicant carried the same surname as yourself...."

Chapter Eight - torture continued

" you are going to be alright, charmaine, okay.. you just need to relax. you're not alone here, alright..." " but, um, sammy, is he going to kill us? " sammy managed to calm the young girl down somewhat. it had been about 3 or 4 hours since the man had pushed

her into the room, and she was at a point now where you could actually talk to her without her bursting into tears. who could blame her? here she was, this young, fragile girl, kidnapped by this psycho. sammy didnt have the heart to tell her about the torture chamber that was waiting downstairs. how could she tell this innocent girl what terrible things are down there.? she decided to keep quite for now. telling that young girl what was downstairs would only freak her out agian, and just now she does something stupid.

" are you not afraid? i, mean, you seem really calm, and this is such a bad situation to be in." sammy looked at her, cringing from pain, she turned slowly to face charmaine. " ive been here about 2 days already. i just decided to be strong, and to fight, and give it all ive got. im scared, dont get me wrong, but we have to be strong, and stay positive. my husband is a detective with the police, i just know that hes out there looking for me. the way i know him, he is probably very close to finding us. he wont leave it. so we have to be strong, and be patient. just do what this guy says, try not to upset him too much."

" what did he do to you? you covered in blood, and whats wrong with your back?" " he injected me with something , and i lost consciousness... when i woke up i had all these wounds. it feels like he cut my back open, im not quite sure. it hurts like hell though..."

with that, the door handle started to turn, and they heard the key being placed into the hole. he was coming for them. sammy moved up against the wall, and so did charmaine. both cowering and shying away from the door. they didnt know who he was coming for, or what was going to happen next. he came into the room, and walked straight to charmaine. "today, its your turn love, we are going to go and play some games... now you be a good girl, and dont scream or try to attract attention, because no one is going to hear you anyway, and like i told sammy girl over there, if you try and run, or scream, i will kill you." charmaine looked into his evil eyes, and knew that he was not playing around. he seemed quite serious. he grabbed her by the arm, and led her out of the room.

as he led her out, she glanced back at sammy, her eyes filled with tears, and fear.

He led her through the house, the dusty house, to the door with all the locks on it. when they approached the door charmaine immediately smelt that putrid smell coming from the basement. "

what are you going to do to me? where are you taking me? please, just let me go, i wont tell anyone, just let me go. plllleeeeeeeasssee." he stopped, and turned to look at her. " you know what, you talk an awful lot... much more than the other gals, probably because you still so young... dont know enough yet about life, to know when to shut up !!" she immediately kept quite, and they walked further down the cracked, wooden steps. as sammy did before her, she looked around, and was disgusted with what she saw. the bottles of body parts, the unborn animals, the pornography, it was just too much. she immediately leaned forward, and vomited. The man looked up at her and slapped her across her face... a small drop of blood trickling down her lip, where he had struck her. " behave yourself, its not that bad..."

at the bottom of the steps was another man.... he was the same one that was there when they took her out of her boot, and put her in the other car... charmaine panicked, she felt afraid, anxious, she felt sick..... she knew she wasnt going to get out of this easily, or mabye not at all. there are two of them, and this place is disgusting, who know what they are going to do to her. as she looked around, she saw the dentists chair, the surgical table, the bed, the camera, the table with all the instruments..... it was horrible... it was a torture chamber.

The man looked at her with hate in his eyes. " Here, take off all your clothes, except your underwear, and put this on..." he slid a shoe box to her. "If you dont, or if you take too long, im going to kill you, so hurry up. get undressed, and do it fast!!" Charmaine, slowly started to unbutton her dress, and started sliding it down, to her ankles, all the while, trying to cover her exposed body. "open the box, and put them on, and throw your clothes to the side over there." she threw her clothes to one side, and started to sob. as she opened the box, she found a pair of blood red high heel shoes. normally, at home, if she had received something like this, she would be extatic, but now, they only represented her torture, and her freedom that had been taken away so violently. she took them out of the box, and put them on her feet. they were a bit big, but only by inches.

"right stand over there, im going to take a photo of you. and you better pose nicely, and give me a nice big smile. non of that crying crap..." charmaine, put her hands on her hips, and the man turned on two very very bright lights infront of her. they were so bright,

that she could no longer see him behind them. she heard a camera clicking away, and just stood there, biting her lip, waiting for this to end. for some or other reason, her body felt so heavy, she felt as though her knees were like jelly, and that at any moment she was going to fall down, but she was determined to live.

It was difficult for charmaine, as she was a very well cared for young lady. Her dad, a Director in a company, her mom a very successful Phsycologist, both very well known in the community. their 6 bedroomed mansion was on the top of a mountain, overlooking the city below. with 2 maids, and a butler, they lived in the lap of luxury. her 17th birthday present was a new fiesta sport. their mansion, was full of beautiful work of art, paintings, statues, longhaired, plush carpets, their money was never ending. she was one of those children that got everything her heart desired. she was an only child. her parents were way too busy to have any more children. but she didnt complain about that. she was fine with being the only child.

she though of her home, her little yorkies, venus and sasha, both very spoilt. they used to sleep with her in her bed at night, get treats every day, she would take them for walks. and her cat, sanvannah, with a beautiful white and chocoalte brown colour, she was one of the most beautiful cats she had ever seen. she remembered how beautiful the view was from her bedroom window at night. there were hundreds of lights to see. she missed her home, her bedroom, her pets, and most of all, her parents.

Suddenly her trail of thought was broken when the man turned off the lights, and came walking toward her with a pair of scissors. she started backing away, but lost her balance with the high heels, and tumbled backwards. " get the fuck up, i just want a piece of your hair. what? did you really think i was going to stab you with the scissors, or hurt you with the scissors. no dear, that would be too easy." he grabbed her hair, and cut off a piece, and put it down neatly on the table. "Get dressed."

Charmaine was too happy to be able to get dressed again, she felt humiliated standing infront of this man with only her underwear on.

He waited for her to finish, and then put the high heels neatly into the shoe box again, and then led her to the bed. there were straps on the bed, it seemd to come out of the mattress. the bed was covered with an old smelly blanket, it might have been pink at some time or other, but with the dust, and dirt, it looked almost a mustard colour. it smelled of urine, and vomit. as he shoved her onto the bed, she started to scramble around, trying to escape... with all the strength she had in her, she tried pushing him away from her, and tried getting off the bed, but it was useless. the other man was there within seconds, pinning her down. she just wasnt strong enough to fight them off.

as her sobbing filled the room, they strapped her onto the bed. her arms pinned down, her legs spread, but pinned down also. " the second man went over to the camera, and turned it on.... " so, you gonna smile nice for us, arent you?" " please, im begging you, please dont hurt me, i will do anything, please..." the man that came to fetch her from the room, sat on the bed next to her, and came closer to her, moving his nose slowly up her nck, sniffing... as he did this, charmaine turned, and bit him on his cheeck..... he jumped up, slapped her again, and looked at his accomplice " i dont want this one, too feisty, you take her..."

"mmmm, no problem... " the second man came closer to her, slowly pulling down her panties.... his hands moved up to her chest, and he ripped open her white dress. he started kissing her softly. she screamed, and tried again with all her might to get loose. he looked at her, and started taking off his shoes.... he took off his socks, and shoved one into her mouth. he undid his pants and eventually stood infront of her , naked. he got ontop of her, and slowly started to penetrate her. he grabbed her hair, thrusting harder and harder, until he climaxed....

charmaine just laid there. she tried not to think, tried not to smell. Tried not to breathe. She laid there, trying her best to think of happy things, and happy memories that she had, but it was no use. " wow, nice one, got it all on tape, another one for the shelf..." the other man was standing filming it... smiling. " that was nice, i must say...nice to get the virgins.... havent had one of those in ages..." " right, im taking her back up there...."

charmaine was not registering.. her mind had left her for a while... whe was humiliated, she felt abused, and used, and dirty. she didnt even want to look at her hands or touch anything... everything felt

dirty. She felt sick to her stomach, and violated.

he led her back up the stairs, and up to the room where sammy was eagerly waiting for her... when she entered the room with him, and sammy looked at her, she immediately knew what they had done to her. they had taken this child, and robbed her of her innocence. bastards!!

charmaine looked at sammy, turned away from her, and went and laid on the floor in the corner in a featal position, softly sobbing. eventually she sobbed herself to sleep.

John looked at the piece of white paper in front of him. He skimmed through the document, quickly, looking for one specific detail... He felt his blood run cold, and he got a shiver down his spine. Forgetting that Alan was sitting in front of him, he started shaking uncontrollably... He adjusted his position in the chair, and could do nothing else, but stare at that piece of paper, and read the name over and over again.

"full name and surname : " JASON GROBER.....

"mister, are you alright, you seem a bit flushed..." pressing a button on his phone, he called for the receptionist to bring in some water... " are you alright?" he looked at John in amazement. John slowly looked up at him, coming back to reality. He started putting all the pieces together... the daisies, his mother's daisies..... God ! how could he have not seen it earlier !!!

"Look, Alan, thank you so much for all your help... I really do appreciate it... but I have to be on my way... " "No problem, if you need anything else, you know where to find me. I hope that the information will at least point you in the right direction."

John left in a hurry. there was so much to do. he had to call Mason. He had to get the team together. He had to make a few other calls, to verify the information on the application form. His brother, Jason... could it really be him that is doing these terrible things? Had his rebellious ways turned him so far around, that he now was one of the most notorious serial killers in the East Rand? " Mason, I've got a positive lead, meet me at the office in about half an hour, we need to talk. Also, make sure that the team are assembled at about 06:00 pm tonight, I want to organise a bust."

"Sir? what lead ?" Mason seemed a bit edgy, but not more than he usually was. He was looking anxiously around John's desk, trying to make out what it was that John had come across. For some or other strange reason, John got a sick feeling in his stomach. for the first time ever, he looked at his partner, the one he was meant to trust more than anyone, and he didn't like what he saw. he looked at Mason, and saw this fidgety man, dark, mysterious eyes, well presented though, but somehow hiding something. for some reason he didn't trust Mason. and John always following his gut feelings. they had always gotten him through some really thick spells.

for example, the once he had a partner that was assigned to him, and they were working a huge drug case. they obtained information about a big drug deal going down, and john got a funny feeling about his partner. long story short, the partner was the informant for the drug lord, and he was the reason why john and the task team could not pin the guy down. but john finally pieced it all together, and realised that the guy was a rat. after eliminating him from the equation, they captured and obtained enough information on the drug lord within 2 months, to put him away for life. and that was the same eery feeling he just got now with mason. looking at mason intently, john was trying to figure out how to manage this situation. give mason too much information, and that could be detrimental. john still didnt know how mason was involved, or if he even was involved. all he had to go on was his gut feeling.

john thought about it, and decided to give it the benefit of the doubt. " i managed to track down one of the places where our serial killer worked for a while. he was dumb enough to fill out an application form for the job, and put in all his real details. but mason, i need to discuss something with you. this isnt just any case, we have to handle this with the utmost care and please, consideration." "well, yes boss, sammy's been kidnapped, we all understand that. we havent leaked anything to the media. all the guys know not to go talking to the wrong people and blurting out the details."

john gave a big sigh. for some reason he felt ashamed. at the same time, disappointed, and hurt. but mostly ashamed. here he was, the big shot detective at the moment, heading a squad of 40 detectives and two task teams, built up an uncanny reputation, and its his brother thats the serial killer. what are the media going to do with this? they are going to have a field day! his thoughts darted quickly back to mason, and sammy. the fact that sammy was in the hands of this lunatic. "look, i know who the serial killer is. i've looked at the evidence, and this employment application is the missing link. but the identity of this killer, is somewhat sensitive." Mason looked at him in bewilderment. " boss, you have lost me here. is it someone in the government? thats what you making it sound like?"

" mason, its my brother." john handed him the paper. mason stared at the paper, and john couldnt quite make out what his facial expression was. on the one hand he looked puzzled, but suddenly he

seemed to get very uneasy. "whats the matter, mason?" john was trying to sum him up, try and figure out what these weird actions were. but, consumed with hope of finding sammy, and finally getting a lead, he let all suspicions pass, and he concentrated again on the task at hand.

"well, im just surprised, sir. your brother? your brother being the serial killer, you must admit its very unnerving, even confusing." "i know, but we need to put confusion aside for now. Ill meet you out at the car. we going to go and visit this address... see if theres any leads there. I doubt it though, this paper was filled in months ago, and after all the theft at work, im sure he moved."

ONce again, in the car, JOhn could think of nothing more than finding sammy. he was trying to cling to the deepest hope that she was still alive. he was also still trying to figure out whether Jason knew who sammy was. he wasnt sure if jason had kidnapped sammy because he knew she was johns' wife, or if this was just a freak coincidence. none the less, he would not give up until he found her, he couldnt take it anymore, not knowing.

mason and barry sat quietly in the car. both contemplating to start up some kind of conversation to ease the tension, but none had the guts to do it. they figured that they'd rather sit in silence. "Right, you guys know the drill, I will take the front door, you two go to the back."

John was trying to figure out what he would say to his brother, if his brother were still there.

Mason was anxious....

Sammy looked at this young, innocent child, her innocence stolen, she had obviously been degraded, and humiliated. as the young girl lay there, asleep after hours of crying and sobbing, she carefully studied the young girl. her long brown hair, now a tangled mess. her cheeks, blackened by the make up she was wearing, barefoot now, and her white dress, now stained with blood, and open in the front. the buttons were ripped open, obviously. she seemed a very well built girl, well looked after. Sammy knew that this child's parents would definitely be searching for her, and in the process do everything and anything they needed to, to get her back. As Sammy looked at the girl lying there on the dusty wooden floor, between all those footprints, she realised that this girl might not be alive for very long. what was their plan with her. She dabbled in the thought that it could maybe be ransom, simply because when looking at this girl, you could see her parents were very well off.

but then she looked around the room, at the shackles bolted to the wall, she remembered the surgical table and the torture chamber down stairs, and realised that these were sick killers. killers that enjoyed what they were doing, and would not stop until they were caught, or killed. instantly, instinct kicked in with Sammy. she started working on a plan to try and escape, get Charmaine out of there as well. she knew it was going to be difficult, because they were permanently locked up in this old dusty room. the only times they were allowed out, was when it was time to go to the torture chamber.

she shuddered, as she thought of that basement. all those jars of fetuses, those fingers, eyes, hands, God only knows how many people they have killed already to have accumulated so many body parts.. and the freezer, what was that for? she could not remember seeing any doors leading outside, or any windows for that matter, so trying to escape in there, would maybe be pointless, the only way in or out, was up those stairs that lead into the house.

Her thoughts shifted then to John. She thought back of their last night together, their last words to each other that morning when she left for work. She thought of how unfair it was that she had finally found the man of her dreams, a man that loved her, and appreciated her, and how she ripped away from him, and might never see him again. Never feel his arms around her.

She wished he was with her now, to hold her, she always felt so safe in his arms, so protected.

As her mind drifted away, she heard footsteps coming up the stairs again. Her heart started to pound, it felt like it was going to beat out of her chest, her fear started to consume her. She huddled into the corner on the mattress, and looked over at Charmaine. Charmaine had woken, and was cowering in the corner, her legs tight against her chest. Tear stricken, and also consumed by fear.

the door burst open. and there he was. the same man that had been torturing them for days. the same man that had ripped them away from their lives, and confined them to this dusty, hideous room, filled with terrifying, horrific memories. he stepped into the room, and looked over at Charmaine. " so, pretty lady, how you doing? did you have enough fun yesterday? it was good wasn't it? i have some more special plans for you, but first things first..." he looked over at Sammy. " You and i need to chat a little bit..."

He walked toward her, and grabbed her by the arm. Once they were out of the room, he closed the door, and bolted it shut again. Leading her down the steps, he did not say a word to her. His grip on her arm was getting tighter and tighter as they made their way through to that door. that door that led them to the torture chamber. Sammy's heart was pounding, she didn't know what to expect. as he opened the door, and they made their way down the steps, the putrid smell of rotting flesh, blood, and must, choked her like someone putting their hands around her throat. she immediately started to gag, and tried desperately not to vomit.

Against the one wall, she saw something that she had not noticed before. there were fotos, and on each foto, a lock of hair. All the photos were of girls, and women, all standing in their underwear, wearing red high heel shoes. some of them were wearing shoes that were obviously too big or too small for them, but each and every one, had a pair of red high heels on. what was the meaning of the lock of hair on each photo? keepsakes? his trophy wall?

Sammy was disgusted, but at the same time afraid, there were at least 100 photos up there, if not more. there were also some DVDs, each marked with a woman's name. of those there were at least 40 or 50. Suddenly, her eye caught a photo that looked like Charmaine!! as she looked closer, it was Charmaine, with a piece of hair clipped to the photo. She knew now for sure, that this was definitely a trophy wall.

a sick reminder of all the lives this killer taken, and all the poor women he has tortured. she felt sick to her stomach.

"i hope you are not too afraid sammy, my pretty lady. Today i have a surprise in store for you. We are going to play a little game." He took her, and shoved her to one side of the room. Same as with Charmaine, he told her to undress, and leave only her underwear on. She looked at him, startled, and slowly did what he said. " you better make it quick, i dont have all day." he then slid a shoe box to her and told her to open it. After throwing her clothes to one side, she opened the shoe box, and as she suspected, she found a pair of red high heels.

She slowly started to put them on, and suddenly two very bright lights went on in front of her. they were so bright she could not see anything. the lights were almost blinding. she heard his voice from somewhere behind the lights. " pose, and smile, smile like you enjoying yourself." she thought back to those photos, and remembered seeing each and every woman with their fake smiles, behind those smiles, fear, pain, and memories of torture.

She heard the clicking sound of the camera, and realized that she was going to end up on that wall. TO her surprise, the lights instantly were turned off, and he came walking toward her with a pair of scissors. he grabbed her by the hair and pulled her closer to him. he cuts off two locks of hair. smelled it, and carefully laid it down on the table. " Get dressed."

Sammy quickly grabbed her clothes, and put them on as quick as she could. she felt so humiliated. this pig, this killer was here taking photos of her in her underwear, so that he could display it on his wall.

What was he going to do next??? Was her here photo going up with the rest of them?

She watched, disgusted, as he looked at the locks of hair, stroking it, and once again picked them up, holding them up to his nostrils, and taking a long, deep sniff.

With that, he turned to look at her, and grinned. She noticed his eyes, glinting, with evil, evil intent, this man was filled to the brim with hatred, hurt and evil. It was at this point, that Sammy accepted that she might never make it out alive.

Her life, was now in the hands of this man.... this mysteriuos, evil man..

Chapter Eleven - Search of the House

"Mason, read out that address to me again, please." John had that determined look on his face. the same look he gets when hes really close to catching someone. Mason remembered from previous cases where John would go into a "zone", and be so determined to find and catch these criminals. He wondered how awesome it would be to have a case that John would never be able to solve, mabye bring him back down to earth. John had an office where he would re-make scenes. he would take the scene, and lay everything out as if it was the actual crime scene, and sometimes he would sit there for hours, with his files, making notes. and usually when he came out of there, he would have some kind of lead.

But not this time. somehow this killer or kidnapper had always been one step ahead of him. Mason was thinking of how bad it must be to be hunting down your own brother. And then Mason got an evil smirk on his face. to hide it, he looked away, and unfolded the piece of paper that had the address on it. " its number 15 Long Street, Boksburg. Do you know how to get there?" "not 100% sure, will use the GPS. Just look back and make sure that we dont loose the teams in all this traffic. I hate this God Damn traffic."

John was getting adgitated, he had to get to this house. he had to see if Jason was still there, he had to see if his beloved sammy was there. a rush of adrenalin was pumping through his system, he was almost excited at finally having a postive lead. But at the same time, he was scared of what he might find at the house. He wasnt sure what to expect. He knew already that the killer, his brother, Jason, was violent, and obviously very dangerous. He even contemplated, that perhaps it wasnt Jason. Mabye it was just by accident that Jason was working there, or mabye, someone had the same name surname as Jason. Whatever the outcome, he was determined to find out.

As they turned into Long Street, they started reading the numbers on the houses and walls. They stopped infront of Nr 15. John thought to himself that something did not seem right. He distinctly remembered the address being Nr 14. He looked back at Mason. " Are you sure this address is correct? I remember it being Nr 14. Give me the piece of paper." With that, Mason looked at the piece of paper again, nervously, and said "OH, sorry, it is Nr 14.. My bad.."

Eventually they found Nr 14, and John stopped outside. He looked at the house, and quickly assessed it. It was totally run down. The white paint on the walls had faded, some were even peeling off. The grass on the lawn had grown at least knee high. All and any plants or flowers that were once planted, were all dead, and brown. There was a big oak tree in the front yard, that had shed many many leaves, and these leaves had scattered all around the premises.

The number 14, was simply hand painted onto the wall. There was no postbox, and no sign of life for that matter. There was a garage next to the house. The door a big steel roller shutter door. The driveway leading to the door was overgrown with a grass. There was no sign of any motor vehicle driving there for at least a few months.

There were curtains hanging, but these were torn, and a dark musty colour. You could see that the curtains had never been washed. ON the front porch was an old chair, all broken, and the wood had begun to rot.

" we dont know what to expect here, so just go with caution, you know the drill." Everyone climbed out of their cars, and drew their firearms. John and his team went straight for the front door. wading through the long grass, assessing each and every window, looking for any signs of movement or life. The other team went to the back door, and the other went to both sides of the house. All bases were covered. The officers all crouching underneath the windows, waiting to hear the sound of John ramming down the door.

John slowly approached the front door, Mason and Barry behind him. He knocked once, standing to the side of the door, so as not to be in plain sight. He knocked again, "Police, open up"... nothing, not a sound or any sign of life came from the house. He motioned Barry, and Barry rammed the door. The hard knock and shattering of the door falling over, gave signal to the officers to enter through the windows and back door.

As JOHN and the officers stormed in, and started yelling "police!" they slowly made their way from room to room, clearing each one, making sure that no one was hiding. they checked all the cupboards, underneath the beds, anywhere where a human being could possibly hide. but there was no sign of life.

As the officers convened in what seemed to be the lounge, John told them, they could go outside, so that himself, Mason and Barry could check for any clues, and search the whole house thoroughly without any evidence being trampled on by all the officers.

John stopped and looked around the lounge. the couches that were standing there, were broken, the material was torn, and there was so much dust, he could hardly breathe. there were all kinds of stains on the couches, along with what looked like food that had dried out, and become part of the couch. the wall paper that was on the walls were faded, and peeling off in some places. the roof also had holes in it, cracks, and stains. there was an old fireplace, that you could see had been used, not recently, but there were pieces of dried wood, some of burnt. who ever lit the fire, did not use it for very long. there was what looked like a photograph in the fireplace, laying between the logs. it seemed to be burnt, but not entirely. John bent down to try and fish it out, without disturbing all the logs. he wasnt sure how fragile that photo may be, or if there was any more evidence. He slowly picked the photo up, and stepped back.... the photo fell to the ground, and lay there. he looked at it, asif it were a snake, about to bite him. He gathered himself, and went closer, and again picked up the photo.

The photo was of a man, well built, a scar on his face, exactly the same as what his brother had, which meant that the man in this photo was his brother, Jason. John looked at the photo, and at the face of his brother. Wondering again, what could have gone wrong? He was surprised to see that his brother had not carried his years well. He was good looking, well built, but his face carried alot of anger, hurt, hardship. His attention then shifted to the man standing next to Jason.

He looked at the photo again, and his hand dropped. The photo dropping to the dirty floor.

He once again picked up the photo, and stared at it intently. The man standing next to Jason was someone that John was very well acquainted with. The man looked a lot like.... "No,! this cant be !!"

He looked at the photo again in disbelief. Now alot of things started to make sense. He realized that his whole investigation thus far, had been manipulated, and that is why it had taken so long, and had been so difficult to catch Jason.

The man standing next to his brother, was Mason.

Chapter Twelve - The Torture of Sammy

She stood there, aimlessly, looking around the room of horrors. How many women had he not brought here, and tortured. Her eyes drifted again to the freezers, and she couldn't help wondering what he was keeping in there. Then again, she was too scared to even know. Considering what he was busy with, it could only be horrific.

He suddenly appeared in front of her, and grabbed her by the arm again. He led her over to the surgical table. "Get down, and you better lay still." His voice sounded so harsh, so reprimanding. For the first time, Sammy looked into his eyes, as she laid down on the cold surface. He had dark brown eyes, mystical almost. She saw a lot of hurt, and even hatred in his eyes. His eyes were bloodshot too. He had a few wrinkles on his face, but none of them could cover that scar that he had. That scar was all the way across the one side of his face. She wondered what had happened to him to cause that scar.

With a jolt, she realized where she was, and the fear started consuming her again. She had not eaten in days, and was weak. Her skin, pale, her cheek bones starting to protrude a bit. Her mind functioning on the same level as when she would drink a sleeping tablet on those restless nights when work would not allow her any peace of mind. Her finger nails dirty, some chipped off and broken, others long.... Her reactions, slow, and almost stupid. She had no fight left in her. Her mind was not where it should be either. Here she was assessing this man, while he was strapping her onto this cold, hard, table. He stepped over to his table with all the tools on it, picked something up, and came closer to her. "I think we need to send John a little present, don't you?"

Her heart racing at speeds, enough for it to jump clean out of her chest. Her weak body, filling up with adrenaline. She looked terrified, at the instrument he was holding. He looked down at her, with his dark mysterious eyes, pure evil on his face, and this evil grin that she would never be able to forget, or get out of her mind.

He held the sharp double edged knife up to her. Its edges, glinting in the dim lights that lit up that musty old basement. The handle, pitch black, and his fingers wound tightly around the grip. He was gripping it so tightly that his knuckles had started going white.

"Its a pity that we have to damage these beautiful hands of yours.. but what else can we cut of and send to hubby?" He lifted a few of her fingers, and studied them, looking distastefully at the dirt under her nails. He slid his fingers up and down her hand, murmuring something sinister to himself. Sammy could not quite make out what he was saying. With that, he grabbed her left hand tightly, her arm still trapped in, and he started sawing away at her fingers. Sammy screamed as the pain seered through her body, her flesh being cut open. She could feel the flesh separating, and the pain becoming unbearable. The blood started dripping endlessly all over her hand, and onto the floor. The burning sensation of her muscle, and tendons being cut open. She felt herself losing consciousness as the pain overwhelmed her body, and slowly her screaming stopped.

He kept on sawing and sawing, without pause, until four of her fingers were off, only leaving her thumb. He took the fingers, and placed them in a bowl of ice. He then injected Sammy with a sedative. He looked down at her lifeless body. her hand bleeding profusely, and then looked back at the fingers now in the bowl of ice. He had to preserve them, so that they could reach the destination they were intended for.

He went back to his table, got a bottle of water, and started washing off sammy's bloodied hand. The blood was oozing uncontrollably out of her hand now. He then took a fish hook, with some gut, and started sewing her skin back together where he had removed the fingers. Carefully, he sewed all the wounds closed, and once again washed her hand. The bleeding had gotten less, but he took a bandage, and bandaged her hand.

With that, he unstrapped her, and carried her lifeless body back up to the room. Unlocking the door, with Sammy over his one shoulder, he saw charmaine cowering in the corner.

He carefully placed Sammy on the forlorn dusty mattress, and covered her with a thin, piece of stained cloth. almost as if he was trying to tuck her in to bed. He did not utter one word to Charmaine. As she watched him, he seemed almost sincere, but still had that hateful look about him. He seemed almost friendly, caring. Underneath all that angry, hurtful exterior, might be someone nice. Someone that was not meant to do all these terrible things.

Sitting in the corner she watched as the man looked at Sammy, and at her bandaged hand, and laid a yellow daisy next to her. "For my pretty lady" was all he said, and then he left the room. She listened as he locked the door again, and heard his footsteps going down the steps again.

With that, she scrambled toward Sammy, and carefully lifted her bandaged hand. She tried to wake Sammy, but she was in a deep sleep. Sammy was the only person in Charmaine's world that was a friend, someone that she felt close to, even though they had not really talked much. Charmaine now felt guilty that she had not made more effort to talk to Sammy. Charmaine, terrified, laid next to Sammy, and sobbed herself to sleep.

Chapter Thirteen - The search of the house

"Mason???" John was flabbergasted !! He didnt know what to think, or what to do. He immediately realized that he had to get Mason out of that house! He knew that if there was any evidence to be found, Mason might compromise it, and until he was sure about Masons` loyalties, and whether he was involved in these crimes, he would rather be safe than sorry.

With that, Mason came into the living room. Slowly, John crumpled the photo, and stuck it into his pocket, making sure that Mason did not see it. " Mason, let someone drop you off at the office, and start phoning around, and draw a report of all missing persons in this area over the last 5 years, also include their addresses, names etc... We need to cross reference here. Possibly the kidnappings that occured here, could be linked to Jason. I will let you know when im done here." Mason seemed to be disturbed by this, and tried to talk his way out of it.

"but sir, surely i could do that for you when we are done here, i mean, theres alot to do here, alot of stuff to go through? dont you rather need the extra help? those report are quick to do." John realized what Mason was trying to do, and he knew that he had to put him in his place. "No. go to the office, and start on those reports, ive got enough help here."

Mason walked out of the house, almost in a hurry. He seemed very unhappy and also very edgy. He looked back at the house a few times, and took his phone out of his jacket. Before he was in the car, he was talking to someone on his phone. John stood there, watching this mess unfold infront of him. He knew that Jason would always be one step ahead of him, because Mason was the informant for him.

As Mason drove off in the distance, John was still standing in the same spot he was before Mason left. Thoughts kept running through his mind of the case, and the progress so far, he thought back to all the tasks he had given Mason regarding the kidnapping and serial murder cases. He had inadvertadley put his wifes' life in danger, without even knowing it. He had possibly condemned some of those kidnapped girls to death. How could he have missed the signs.? He thought back to times when Mason seemed edgy and anxious, but he always seemed that way.

Working with, and meeting so many different types of people in his lifetime, John had come to accept that each and every person was different, each and every person had a way about them, their own characters, and that's why he accepted Mason for the edgy, anxious, even sometimes mysterious type.

He realized that after Sammy had been kidnapped, he seemed to lose track, he derailed a bit. Was way too emotionally involved, and that's why this had happened. As he looked around the yard, at some of the officers standing there, some having a cigarette, chatting, laughing, as if this was just some mundane task that was taking up their precious time. He looked at each one, and realized that Mason might not be the only person involved. Who else could be in on this? The old man at the towing company had not mentioned anything about Jason being friendly with anyone, or even having any friends for that matter. John realized at that point, that he could not trust anyone.

This case was quickly becoming more complex and more sinister than he could ever have imagined. There was so much happening, except for his wife being the latest kidnap victim, - that he knew of, and all the new evidence, there was this house that he still had to process, with the hope of finding some or other clue to the whereabouts of his evil brother. Then there was the fact that he had to deal with his brother being the actual Daisy Serial Killer. He had been everywhere in the newspapers, made front page of all local magazines, and here he was, the brother of this monster, the one person trying everything he could to track Jason down, and stop him. And now Mason. The one person that was supposed to be trustworthy, supposed to be there to serve his community, and all the while possibly the assistant to Jason.

He picked up his phone, and decided to make a call to someone. Someone he knew deep down that he could trust, beyond doubt... he would know what to do.

"Captain, it's John. We need to talk." The voice on the other end of the line was a bit groggy, old in years, but wise. "No problem son, come through, just give me a few minutes to wash up, and get decent. I will have Maggie put on a pot of tea." "I can't right now, Andrew, but I was hoping to steal some of your time tomorrow morning perhaps. I'm in the middle of something right now, and I can't leave. And I'm not sure how long I'm still going to be here. But it really is important that I come and see you." "Okay then, give me a ring in the morning, and then we will get together. Are you alright John? You sound awfully flustered.?"

" No, just peachy, dont worry, we will talk in the morning. Say hi to Maggie for me."

The phone went dead. John knew that there was no turning back now. He had turned to his last resort. tomorrow morning he would go to Andrew, tell him about all this madness, and hopefully Andrew would have the answers, or even be able to point him in the right direction. John had never felt this way. He was always in control, always motivated, determined, steadfast, instead now, he had turned into this self pitying, confused man, that had no sense of direction, was out of ideas, and gravely mistaken regarding those around him. But he knew that Captian Andrew Turner, his mentor, his instructor, and long time friend, would know what to do.

Former Captain Andrew Turner, was one of Johns best mates.

When John had decided to join the army, Andrew had turned out to be in his regiment, and was his platoon commander. They were not very well acquainted then, but that changed after the war. John had come back, and then joined the south African Police Force, where Andrew was already. Somehow they had met up again, and had been friends ever since. Andrew, being a few years older than John, had ensured that his training at police college was gruelling, but John made it. Andrew would always say to him, that it was only to make tough, and make him one of the best. Andrew, then became a Captain in the South African Police Task Team, they were the elite team, only the best, had to go through hell just to get into the programme, and those that passed, and survived, were heroes. But, sadly, after only serving 5 years in the Task Team, Andrew was diagnosed with prostate cancer, and it started spreading quickly through his body, leaving it frail, and weak. He eventually could not work anymore, and went on early pension. His wife Maggie never left his side.

John always saw Andrew as a mentor. He looked up to him , not only in the army, but in the police as well. He Always had good advice, always motivated john to keep up the struggle, and make the best of a bad situation. When he was diagnosed with cancer, everyone around him were distraught, and sad, but he kept his chin up, and told them all to stop wining. he had decided to give it all hes got, and fight as long as he can.

John made an effort to go and visit hiim as often as he could, work had become hectic though, and their long afternoon chats over tea, sometimes a few beers, had now scaled down to a couple of minutes chatting on the phone. Andrew had become increasingly weak over the last couple of months. The last time he was at the doctor, the prognosis was not a good one. but still, andrew kept up the fight. that was one of the many reasons that john had so much respect for him.

he was not only his mentor, and best friend, but he was wise, determined, and that special spark he always had, had never left him.

Chapter Fourteen - Sammy and Jason Begin to Talk

It was late the next afternoon, when Sammy awoke. She was a bit dazed, dizzy, the same feeling she had experienced before when she had had a little too much of that red wine she loved so much. She took a few moments to look around the room, and noticed Charmaine, lying next to her, huddled in the fetal position. And then it struck her, this searing, burning sensation in her hand. She suddenly got flash backs of what had happened the night before, and the realization hit her like a brick to the head. She had lost not only her fingers last night, but the will to live. As she looked down at her bloodied hand, in bandages, she realized that it had been almost a week there, and that if John had not found her by now, that he probably never would.

She sat there, dazed, wondering how long she would still be alive. She also thought then about the fingers that psycho had cut off... What would Johns reaction be, when he got them? Would he carry on searching, or would he give up? The way she knew him, it would only make him more determined. She was always the one to tell him never to get too emotionally involved in his cases, and here she was, not only the victim, but his wife. How could he not get emotionally involved in this? She looked down again at Charmaine, sound asleep. Being in a state of sound sleep seemed to be the best place to be right now. It was a better place, a place not only far away from this hell hole, but a place where anything could happen, a place where you were in control, and could plan things according to what you wanted them. A place where all this torture and undignified pain and anguish did not exist. That was the place where dreams could become more than dreams, they could lead you back to days when you were still innocent, trustful of others, and had hope for the world.

As she studied her hand, she noticed that the blood had started seeping through the layers of white bandages, leaving blotches of blood here and there. the pain was unbearable. In a way she felt disappointed. Disappointed that he had not just killed her and gotten it over and done with. Before yesterday, she had all the intentions of fighting this, and finding a way to escape, and show these bastards, that she wouldnt allow them to get the better of her. But today, her perspective had somewhat changed to that of a soul, lost, confused, and that had given up on that big word they call hope.

In rationality, there was no escape. She, and Charmaine for that matter were at the total mercy of the man they still did not know, the man they only knew as the well built mysterious, evil looking individual that would only appear with that rotting disgusting food, or when it was play time in the torture chamber.

With that thought still lingering in her mind, sammy heard foot steps coming up the stairs again. She recognized them immediately, and started shaking charmaine to wake up. Still half asleep, she heard the foot steps too, and instinctively huddled closely next to sammy, clutching her legs in front of her.

When he appeared today, he seemed almost calm. He didnt have that evil grin on his face, that had been there over the last couple of days. He pointed at Sammy... "You, come!" She hesitated for a moment, and got up slowly. She looked back at Charmaine, and tried to assure her that everything was going to be alright. Leading her down the stair case, he spoke. His tone of voice, precise, almost dignified. " I've been meaning to talk to you, and it about time that we finish that talk we never got a chance to finish. Will take a look at that hand of yours too." Sammy felt that fear again, but in a way, felt safe... he didnt seem to want to hurt her anymore. None the less, she had woken up, feeling so depressed and so negative about the stituation she had found herself in, that she was expecting anything to happen. Nothing good had happened over the last couple of days, so what would make today any better. As she looked around her at that dirty, dusty, antique filled house, she couldnt help wondering and thinking about John. What was he doing? Was he close to cracking this case yet? Should she try and fight this until he found her? Would her find her? As she daydreamed, he suddenly grabbed her by the arm, and put her down on the kitchen chair.

Looking around the kitchen, it still appeared to be in pristine shape. She now took a little more time to look around, to try and get a feel for this monster. Firstly, she couldnt help wondering why the rest of the house was so neglected, except for the ktichen. " im making tea, do you want any? You should be thirsty as hell." "erm, yes, please, i would like that very much !" Sammy answered in an almost beggin fashion, hoping to keep him under the impression that he was still in control, and that it would remain that way. As he opened one cupboard after the other, she noticed that all the cutlery, crockery were all packed precisely. Each and every thing had their place. The cupboards had not a speck of dust on them.

The stove was so clean, that one could almost say it had never been used. The applicances that were spread out along the cupboards, also, all prestine.

On the windows, hung white curtains, with blood red daisys on them. The walls, half pained white at the bottom, and the top half red, the same red as the daisy on the curtain. It then occured to her that this man really had a thing for daisies, dare she ask why? She decided to sit back, silently, and hear what it was that he wanted to talk to her about. And she would play it by ear, and take it from there.

After he had made the tea, she was surprised to see, that he had used only good china. the sugar was placed in a small sugar pot, with a sugar spoon, the cups, in saucers, and even the milk was in a small jug. Very professional....

How could such a monster have such good etiquette? Such good manners? It was at this point that sammy realized that there was more to this killer than met the eye. Deep down inside, he had a story to tell. And she was now determined more than ever to find out just what that story was.

He sipped his tea, and placed the cup in the saucer. He looked her straight in the eye, and began the conversation. "Do you remember the last talk we had.? I told you that I knew you, and knew John, your husband. Well, today im going to let you in on some information, and then mabye you will understand the motives behind my actions a bit better. You see, Johns is my brother." " He got straight to the point, no warning, no small talk... sammy felt a stabbing pain the pit of her stomach. She felt as though her throat was closing up, and she couldnt breath. She felt herself blush not out of being shy, but out of fear. John had told her everything about Jason. And after fearing him as much as she did, here she was, his captive. At his mercy.

"my name is Jason. and I see by the look on your face that John has told you all about me. Probably even mentioned that he suspects me being the daisy serial killer. Never missed a thing, that man. even when we were at school, he always did better than i did. always more intelligent, got better report cards, moved in the right circlce of friends, even had a future plan that he wanted to work towards. Me on the other hand, I would always wing it. I always went wherever the day took me. never did fit into school very well, and always ended up mingling with the wrong crows.

Im sure he also told you about our childhood, and what that fucking idiot of a father put me through. at one stage, i just couldnt take it anymore, and ran away from home."

"John did tell me about you, yes. Hes never really spoken badly about you, wondered from time to time how you were doing, because you werent in such for so many years. he told me about how you got that scar on your face too." Jasons' mood seemed to change somewhat. "yes, bar fight. those were bad years for me. my days consisted to drugs for breakfast, lunch and supper, and in between that, to wash it down was any alcohol I could get my hands on. We lost contact and respect for each other, because he chose to go the honest route, and make something of himself. I on the other hand, knew that i would never amount to anything, would always be a drop out, a useless piece of white skin. I made peace with that many many years ago..

"can i ask you something then, seeing that you have decided to speak to me about all these things?" He studied her for a moment, pondering over her request, and seemed to lighten up a bit. He seemed almost amused by all of this. And on some or other, it seemed to be like some kind of confession for him. Perhaps the final confession of a killer, who could not walk around live with the guilt and the torture of knowing what he had done, and how many innocent lives he had taken and how many families he had destroyed.

"sure, within reason of course...." " are the daisy serial killer, and if you are, what is the deal with the daisies..." Sammy had decided to be straight and upfront with him. the fact that she might die while being held captive her was almost inevitable, so she might as well find out as much as she could. what was the worst he could do to her? cut off the other fingers she had left over? She was surprised at the self control and power she had seemed to muster up while talking to Jason. She seemed and felt fearless, and also tried to appear undrestanding for his part. Building some kind of trust relationship might even be a good thing.

" i dont know if i should be answering that ... what would you say if i were? and why would you ask that ? sammy felt that this was her chance to get some valuable information out of him. she had to try and understand him. and on some or other weird level, she felt compelled to listen to his story. She remembered all the stories that John had told her about their childhood, but she always felt that he never quite told her everything.

"okay, look, im gonna tell you this once, and only once.... you can have ask a few questions, but i will decide which ones i will answer, and which ones i wont." he seemed almost sincere, almost as though he was trying really hard to act human, and have feelings. Up until now, he had only appeared as this grotesque, evil man with evil intentions, and nothing but hate in his eyes.

Sammy looked at him, and put her hand on his, softly. Trying to connect with him, and show him remorse, and show him that she was a person, that had feelings, and that cared. perhaps if he could see that in her, he would not be so compelled to want to hurt her.

She looked into his mysterious eyes, and said "im listening....."

Chapter Fifteen - Search of the house Continues

As John put the phone down, he started to feel a slight bit of relief. He was spinning out of control, and talking to Andrew, would really help right now. He decided to leave all his thoughts and worries behind, and focus on the task at hand. With Mason gone, he could now search the house in peace, and rest assured that no evidence would be tampered with. He gave strict instruction to the team outside to patrol around the house, and make sure that no one goes in, or comes out without his okay. He assigned Barry to assist him in the search. Barry had been on the force a long time, was one of those cops that started out fresh, willing and able, and over many many years of dead bodies, missing docket, and the injustice in the court system, his job had become just that, a job.

He was still a good cop though, had a good eye for detail, and was always very observant. John regretted not assigning him, instead of Mason in the first place. But it was too late to ponder on that now.

John decided to start in the farthest bedroom. In total, the house consisted of 3 bedrooms, one bathroom, the kitchen, a dining area, and then the lounge. The yard was not much to talk about. The grass was long, and forlorn, there were no flowers, no lawn ornaments. The house was not only deserted, but forgotten, neglected. It had a lot of potential though.

As he made his way through the passage that led to the bedrooms, he noticed that there were no pictures on the walls, the wall paper was coming off, there was also a strange musty smell in the air. As he went into the first bedroom, it smelled of urine, and after putting his gloves on, he lifted the mattress off the bed. There was no bedding on the bed, just the mattress. On the floor were some old shoes, and lots of newspapers. The cupboards were empty. There were no curtains hanging in front of the window, and in one corner of the room was a bag of rubbish. As he opened the bag, the stench of maggots and rotting meat overwhelmed him. Someone had eaten take out, and just left the container in that bag. He noticed the name of the take out being Moes' Diner. He had eaten there before, they made the best steak in town. He closed the bag quickly. He couldn't stand maggots, or the smell they caused. That's the one thing he could never learn to live with in his job. The only other thing left in that room was a saucer, filled with cigarette butts.

he made his way into the second bedroom. here, at least, was a cloth, used as a makeshift curtain. not covering the entire window, but at least giving some kind of privacy. the bed had also only a mattress on it, but also a thin piece of material, which he assumed was used as a blanket. he noticed in the mattress along the side though, a slit. as if someone had taken a knife, and cut through it. he opened up the slit and peered inside. there didnt seem to be anything inside the mattress, but he was immediately smelled the marijuana. They must have used this as their hiding place. He laughed at the silliness of it. Thinking that no one would ever think to look in a mattress for stash. - that was the first place anyone would look. His eyes then drifted over to the cupboards. they were closed, and based on his luck in the first room, he assumed that these would be empty too. none the less, he still opened them to check, and to his surprise, he found something.

In one corner at the bottom of the cupboard was a bag. He immediately got a flash back of the last bag he had opened, with those disgusting crawling maggots, but decided to chance it anyway. He slowly pulled the bag closer in to sight, and realized that it was quite heavier than the other bag. upon opening it slightly, he saw 2 or 3 tapes. old tapes. they had womens names on them. He slowly picked up the top one, and took it out to get a better look. On it, said, Shirley. He placed it down carefully and took out the second tape, on it, said Clare. The third tape was not marked. underneath the tapes were pornographic books.

Boy, he could still remember the days when they were youngsters, and when one of them found one of these types of books in their dads' stash at home, they would be the most popular guys in school. all the boys would meet at an abandoned location, and all hover over the magazine, oohing and aaahing over the X rated pics inside. Their minds filling up with images of sexy lingerie, beautifully toned and tanned bodies. - the good old days.

John took the tapes, and put them back into the bag with the magazines. "Barry, come over here, I've found something." Barry was busy scrumaging through the kitchen, quietly going about his task. As he came into the room where john was, he said : " wow, good, what did you get? " "its tapes and some dirty magazines... wont you put it in the corner of the lounge for me. When we leave, we will take with all the evidence we found, and go and process it. I just dont want anything catching a pair of feet and disappearing." " no prob..." He lifted the bag carefully, and did as he was told.

other than that bag, there wasnt much more else in the cupboard. all he could find were some pieces of paper, that were crumpled up, and some grand-pa powders.

He started feeling a bit dismayed, but at the same time excited. those tapes could mean something. those tapes could even be a piece of evidence that could help him....

As he walked into the main bedroom, the stench was unbearable. It smelled of a mix between urine, faeces, blood and maybe even a dead rat. the bed was covered in papers, and plastic bags. you could see that the person left in a hurry. the floor was scattered with old shoes, some pieces of clothes. this room seemed to be more lived in than the others. maybe the others were just room the druggies used to get high, and then leave. as john started moving the papers and bags off the bed, the smell hit him. he knew instantly that something was under those papers and bags. He called to Barry to come and help, and as they started moving everything off, the smell got worse, and more intense. suddenly they saw it. the mattress was full of blood. In the middle of the dirty old musty mattress was a stain of blood. judging by the pool, it seemed to be quite alot. JOHN and Barry had just uncovered a murder scene.

He motioned Barry to call the necessary people. They would have to take blood samples, and carry on searching the house. If the blood was here, where was the body? He heard Barry going outside, instructing the officers to cordon off the yard, as this was now an official crime scene. He was then on the phone with photographers, and some other specialists that had to come out to take the blood samples, dust for prints maybe. Barry came in, and asked "sir, do you want me to call Mason. He should probably come down here, and help." "NO!" John blurted it out before he could stop himself. "um, no, its not necessary, I have you here, and he has other things to do anyway. I will call him myself and let him know of the developments. You just continue searching. And dont leave any stone unturned. I Think call the dogs out here too, let them go through the yard, and the house again, make sure we have covered every inch of this place.""

Barry left without asking any further questions. The last thing John needed was for Mason to pitch up, and stuff up any chances of him getting together some actual evidence.

He walked around to the other side of the bed, and opened up the small bedside cupboard. in it were some magazines, and bottles of 500ml cokes empty, but filled up with cigarette butts. there was nothing else really of interest. he then walked over to the other bedside table, and opened it. inside, were some condoms, some batteries, and some bottles of pills. He picked up the bottle, and read the label. 75 ML VENLOR to be taken twice daily. The Pharmacy was in Germiston, and the doctor was DR D DU TOIT. Thank God!! A lead... luckily when dispensing medicine, the pharmacy had to put all the particulars on the labels. But Venlor was an antidepressant. He rummaged around further, and found sleeping tablets, mood stabilizers and meds for panic attacks. The patients' name, Jason Grober.....

John grabbed the bottles, and stuck them into a forensic bag. he held onto them tightly. he had him.... his brothers days of torture were coming to an abrupt end.....

Chapter Sixteen - Sammy and Jason Complete Conversation - the meeting of Jason and Mason.

"how is your hand?" He looked at her injured hand, the pain still coursing through her veins, the bandages, now a little stained with excess blood that had started to seep through.

"it's fine. Would be great if you could give me something for the pain though..." He got up and walked over to one of the cupboards, and when he opened it, the cupboard was neatly packed with all kinds of creams, and medicines. Something for any occasion that could arise. he picked up a box marked Gen-Payne, and gave her two capsules, with a glass of water. Sammy gulped the tablets down, and drank the rest of the water that was in the glass.

He came and sat opposite her again, and started to talk to her in a low, childlike manner. "i dont think its a very good idea for me to actually be talking to you about this. Im going to get into heaps of trouble, and believe me, after what I have to say, your life will never be the same again." Sammy felt fearful, but tried her best to put it aside. she swallowed hard, and told him to continue.

Before he started, he looked at her hand, and said "you know, im sorry about that. its just that when i get into that state of mind, i dont really think. its like some or other powerful force that just takes over me. and you have to understand why im doing this. john has to pay for his mistakes. he has to pay for what he did to me."

sammy was scared. her mind racing a mile a minute. but she tried her best to keep her emotions at bay. she slowly pulled her hand closer to her chest, and sat back in the chair, waiting for Jason to continue.

" you see, when John and I were younger, we were very close you see. We did almost everything together. After my mum left us, he was my big brother that always looked after me. He wasnt any use against my pops though, he used to lock me in this cupboard for days without food and water. As i grew older, i got mixed up with the wrong blokes. We smoked, sniffed, drank, everything that was illegal or wrong, we did. We used to steal from shops, hijack cars for fun. You know, when a couple of boys get pissed together, and then get up to all kinds of shit... But one day, i got into a bar fight. "

Putting his dirty fingers to his face, he ran his fingers along the scar.

"john was doing some odd jobs to earn money, and one day, i borrowed some of the money, and disappeared for a few days. when i came back, john was furious. we got into a fight, and it got so bad that our father had to phone the police to get us to quit. after that, we never spoke much to each other. i was going to give the money back, but he would hear none of it.

"And then one night, you see, i got pissed as usual, and a fight broke out. one of my mates phoned john, and by the time he got there, it was a full on bar brawl. everyone was fighting, even people than didnt have anything to fight about were fighting. john ran to help me, and started punching this one guy. the guy broke the bottle he was holding, and stabbed me in the face... thats where this scar comes from... then john goes crazy on him and grabs the bottle, and starts stabbing him back. the guy never stood a chance. john just stabbed and stabbed and stabbed, until the guy was dead...

he went into some sort of crazy state. he then started beating up the rest of the guys that were standing around there. when i heard the coppers coming, i grabbed him, and we ran down the street. we were both covered in blood, and had nowhere to go. later that night we ended up at some shelter. they took us in, gave a hot bath, some food, and stitched up my face for me. the whole time, john never said a word. he wasnt right that night. he wasnt himself. " sammy was shocked. her throat was starting to close up, and she felt as though she couldnt breathe. But Jason just kept talking... His mouth seemed an never ending whole making sounds that she didnt want to hear.

I woke up the next morning at the shelter, and john was gone. i thought that he had gone back to the house, but when i got there, he was gone, and all his clothes were packed. i was furious. he had left me there. left me in that fucked up house by myself with my father and his drunken whore.!! i wanted revenge. I decided that day, that no one would ever hurt me again. and that no drunken whore would ever get the better of me, the way she did. looking on as my dad starved me in that cupboard, my dad beating me with sticks and hose pipes, and then my brother deserting me.... i could never forgive him."

Sammy was distraught. her hands were cupped over her mouth as she listened to this man describing her husband to be something that she never in her wildest dreams could imagine him being. Was he this monster, this feelingless, killer. He actually killed someone. He left his brother to his own demise. yes, Jason stole from him, but all of have brothers or sisters that take our things, and we fight about it, and its over. she didnt want to hear any more, but at the same time, her curiosity had gotten the better of her, and she was leaning forward in her chair to hear more.

"i did some jail time, after running away from home. didnt have family, and the only friends i had were in the crack and whore houses. i had a couple of jobs but could never hold a job longer than a month. guess i wasnt cut out to be that working type. i made a few friends on the streets, some of them cops, and if i gave them information, they would give me money, or they would give me some crack. ja, i got hooked on crack within my first two weeks on the street. i was using before, but not as much as when i left home. i even sniffed glue if i could get some. One day i got this job at a towing company, and started working there. Good old man he was, the one that gave me the job. said he had nothing, but was still willing to give me a chance. i did odd jobs around there, washed the vans, and thats how i met the cop.

"what cop?" sammy was intrigued. here was this maniac, who for the last hour or so had almost seemed normal. he seemed just like the rest of us, had a very bad past, was abused, traumatized, forced to live on the streets, and fend for himself, and was just trying to scrape by. but what could have led hiim to do what he does?

"they called him mason. he came to the towing yard one saturday, all roughed up, and in a terrible mood. i had seen him there once or twice before, but never greeted him. he always seemed so wound up and edgy. always looked stressed for some reason. but i always stay far away from the coppers. he came in to see mr alan, hes the owner. you see, they were involved in drug running. they had no idea that i knew. and it seemed that there was another towing company that had now come into play, and was taking over their turf. mr alan was supposed to keep the drugs running, and mason was supposed to keep the vultures at bay. that day, it seemed the vultures had gotten the best of him. apparently threatened him with his life, if he didnt stop the whole drug running business.

the opposition had given him a choice. either he stops the drug running with mr alan, or they kill him.

"how did you know about all of this?" well, when you are a jack of all trades in a towing yard, its not hard to look busy. i just made sure i was within ear shot to be able to hear what mason and mr alan were talking about. And while they were talking, it came to me.. i got an idea.. i saw an opportunity. when mason was leaving, i confronted him, and told him that mabye there was a way out of this mess. he didnt seem very interested, but listened to me anyway. i told him that we should cut mr alan out of the equation, and start our own thing... make the oppostion believe that we were on their side, and working for them, and in the mean time, steal their money, and when we have enough, just disappear. he told me to meet him later that night at Moes'. when i got there, he was sitting at the bar, and then we got talking. he told me about all the bad debt that he had accumulated with the opposition, i think he said the guys' name was Louis. he apparently owed him more than R200 00-00. and he had no means of paying it back.

but he seemed very intrigued by the idea i had, and slowly but surely we put it into play. Louis and his crew started trusting us, and within a month or two, we were in the circle. we were partying hard, we were running drugs, and all the while mason stayed a cop. he was there to make sure that all suspicions were diverted immediately, and also so that Louis could keep track of what raids were happening where, and what houses the cops were looking at breaking down. this carried on for quite a while, and they all seemed to start trusting us a whole lot. there were women, by the dozens, each one willing to do anything that you desired. i had more women in those few months, than 100 men put together.

i was also so hooked on the drugs by then, that i started to loose my mind. i started feeling asif my soul had left me, as if i wasnt a person anymore. i knew that i had to get out of there. i had lost respect for women, i had lost respect for alot of things. yes, i was a bad person before that, but i still knew right from wrong. i started getting flashes more and more often of john stabbing that man to death. and of that whore that my father had taken in. i started feeling strange things, and having strange thoughts. i even went to see a doctor at some stage, and they put me on pills to make me feel better. aparantly i was unstable. there was even talk of admitting me to some or other hospital, and i never went back to that doctor.

and then, one night, while mason and i were out, mason had this chick with him. she was kissing him and feeling him up, and she said something to him, that made him really angry. suddenly he grabbed her by the hair, and started slapping her. it was just the three of us at home.... he pulled her by her hair, and started kicking and beating her. and thats when it happened. he looked over at me, and told me to come and help him teach that bitch how to behave properly. and something in me snapped.

i kicked her, and punched her, and pulled her hair. i even forced myself on her, and funny enough, i enjoyed every minute of it. we even got it on tape. her name was clare.

she was the first girl i ever killed. I remember her hands, she had the most beautiful hands..... I kept them....

she was number one.

John was up 04:00am the next morning. He had been lying in bed tossing and turning all night. There were about a thousand thoughts running through his mind. IN all the chaos he was slowly trying to process all the information and make some sense out of it all. Amidst all of the problems with the investigation, he couldnt help but wonder how it was going with Sammy. And if she was still alive. He couldnt help but wonder what torture Jason was putting her through. At one point he went and sat in his garage again stared blankly at all the post its, notes, photographs spread across a huge board, all joining together to form one big story. A story of hurt, pain and anger. a story that isnt like those you read in fairy tales. these dont have happily ever afters, well, at least he thought so.

There was a piece of the board, with the heading "Suspects", and as of last night, his name was underneath the name of Jason Grober. John had sat there in that cold garage all night, pondering on his thoughts, milling through it all, trying to make sense, trying to tie evidence together, somehow find a way to link Mason to all of this, but it was impossible. he had not slept or eaten anything in days, he was tired, he was confused, and he was at a loss for the first time in his life. the once strong, determined detective was now a whimpering child.

He got up off the couch, in the living room, after falling asleep there, while making notes during the night. it had started getting a bit too cold out there in that garage, with all those photos, and notes, and he started feeling so alone, so he had no other choice but to come inside. Being inside gave him a feeling of being home, belonging somewhere, and home was where Sammy was. He could still smell her perfume, her clothes still lying next to the bath where she had left them. As he peered through the window, the sun had not come out out. the cold and the darkness of the night, still had its grip on the earth. birds had softly, slowly started to chirp, and chat, but other than that, there was utter calmness outside. He strode over to the kitchen, and decided to drink a strong cup of coffee. he was already thinking about all the things he had to do today. he had that meeting with andrew first thing, and then it was onto the case again. he also had made the informed decision to not assign any one else to the case. he would work alone from now on. it had always been better that way in the past. he didnt trust anyone else, and after the whole Mason thing, he felt disappointed, and used.

As he was sipping his strong coffee, he leaned against the kitchen counter, going over everything he was going to tell Andrew. There were so many things to tell him, he almost didn't know where to start. But, he felt almost a relief, knowing that he could talk to someone. In this whole ordeal, he had no one, or at least, he thought he had Mason. He needed to just get it all off his chest. He felt the urge to scream... his chest tightened, and he battled to breathe a bit. His thoughts, and his worries starting to get the better of him, slowly consuming him inch by inch. He took a deep breathe, and started pacing up and down the kitchen, breathing in deeply, and letting the air out slowly.

He was getting a panic attack. Suddenly, as if out of nowhere, the phone rang, and startled him.

"Leutenant, it's Henry here at the station... um.. a package has just arrived for you... I think you will want to come and see this....." John put the phone down without even thanking the officer on the other end of the line. His heart still pounding wildly in his chest, he ran into the room, grabbed a jacket, and his wallet, and was out the door without even closing it properly. The road to the station seemed endless and long, the traffic seemed to stand still, not moving at all. He kept wondering what it was that was there. Was it a letter, a ransom letter, a piece of evidence, a statement from some witness that wanted to remain unknown, that gave valuable information that would lead to the arrest of Jason? He couldn't keep his mind still. The radio was playing, but he didn't even hear it. His mind was now a cluster of information all mawling around into one tight ball.

He sped around corners, and weaved in between traffic. He was usually the one pulling people over for driving like this. But today, right now, was totally different circumstances. He had to get to that station, and fast.

As he entered the station gates, he looked quickly around for the nearest parking, skidded to a stop, and ran towards the doors. As he entered the doors, he was calling for Henry. Everyone was quite, and evasive. He didn't get the usual proper greeting and friendly faces that he had become so used to over the years. Everyone seemed different, but he didn't let it bother him too much. He wanted Henry, and he wanted that package. Henry appeared from the corridor leading to the exhibits section. He had a worried, anxious look on his face, almost pale. ": okay, where is the package." In the process of all the excitement and adrenaline, John had seemed to forget all and any manners.

he did not even greet henry properly. henry must have thought he was a mad man.

"sir, its in your office, on ice." "what? on ice, what are you talking about?" john was confused, but ran to his office, and there it was.

as he stepped into his office, he saw a silver bowl, packed with ice cubes. as he came closer, he noticed that the ice was not there to keep a drink cold, it was there to keep something else cold. as he looked into the bowl, he saw four fingers. four human fingers, and on the second one was a ring. the nails had nail polish on them, the same pink that sammy as so crazy about. out of shock, he took a step back, and fell down. "sir, are you alright? there was a note too, and this.." henry was standing behind him, holding a piece of paper, and a yellow daisy. he was dumbfounded. john had lost all the feeling in his legs, it felt as though all the blood had left his body. those were sammy's fingers. that was her wedding ring, the same ring he put on her finger the day he married her.... his eyes welled up with tears, and he put his head between his legs, clutching them with all his might. with that mason came barging into the office.. "whats'going on?? boss, are you alright??" john slowly picked up his head. the sound of masons' voice, triggered something inside of him, and he slowly started to get up, all the while staring at the bowl with his wives' fingers in it. he turned to mason, and ran towards him, tackling him off his feet. Henry tried with all his might to get them off of each other.

obviously by now, all the office personnell were peeping in through the office windows to see what the commotion was about. and suddenly there was scuffling, and everyone seemed to disapate. The General was coming closer to see what was going on, and everyone noticed except for mason and john. john was pounding away at him. all the anger and frustration that he had been feeling over the last couple of days had all come together in one fit of rage, that had now spun out of control. he couldnt help feeling this way. he was jerked off of mason by the general, who slung him to one side.

"in all my years.... john, what the fuck is going on here?!!!
mason, go see a doctor, have that lip stitched up. dont come back
to the office until Wednesday. and you..." he looked over at john.
:"have you completely lost your mind? what is going on with you.
john, we all know and sympathize with sammy being gone, but we are
all doing everything we can to find her. you are not going to
accomplish anything by brawling with every person at work.... he
looked over at the table with the bowl. henry, have that taken down
to forensics, let them process it." john got up, wiping some blood
off his lip, and took the note that henry had put down on the table
next to the daisy. it read :

"Dear John, well, what to say...

Shes beautiful....."

sammy sat there stunned. she had no words. her mind was a blank. here she was, sitting in front of a self proclaimed serial killer, and he was just talking and talking, and revealing his innermost darkest secrets to her. confusion set in, and fear. after listening to him tell his story, she was sure that he was some kind of lunatic. he got pleasure out of torturing these women. he enjoyed seeing them suffer, and feel pain. and she was no different to the rest of them. what was he planning to do to her. how long would it be before her photo was up on that disgusting wall. how long before she became nothing more than just another trophy. she had so many questions racing through her mind. why did john never tell her about the murder, why didnt he tell the truth about him and jason, and how he just abandoned jason? she couldnt make sense of it all.

she snapped out of it, when he took her arm, and told her to follow him. he was leading her back up the stairs to the room. After unlocking all the bolts and locks, he led her inside. Charmaine jumped up, out of relief that sammy was still alive.

without a word, he turned, and walked out, bolting the door again. they heard his heavy footsteps going down the steps, and fading as he went further down into the house. Charmaine looked at Sammy with a confused look on her face. "Whats going on? where were you? I was scared..." Sammy looked at her reassuring her, that there was nothing wrong, and that everything would be alright.

Charmaine got up slowly, and walked over to the window, that had all that burglar proofing on it. Her white dress still stained, now laden with dried blood, dust, she looked haggard. her hair now all messy, knotted, her make up, a mess. She stared out of the window, allowing the sun to fall on her face. She lifted her head and stared out over what seemed to be some kind of plot or farm where they were being kept. "You know, i took my folks for granted... I had everything. The perfect life... My dad is a big shot Director, owns his own company, my mom, a stay at home mom. When i turned 16, my dad bought me my first car... I always dragged him to car dealership and showed him this Ford ST, black... it was my dream car, and he bought it for me. My mom, i miss her. I miss coming home from school, and having lunch with her out on the patio, laughing, eating her delicious food. God, im hungry. I miss my room, my friends, my dogs, my cat...."

I should never have pulled over to help him. If i ever get out of this alive, i definetaly wont do it again. Am i going to die here Sammy?"

She turned to look at Sammy, tears now rolling down her cheeks. Sammy looked at her, and didnt know how to answer that. She didnt know what to say. She got up, and went over to Charmaine. "you know, i dont know. i'm not going to paint a pretty picture for you, and tell you that this is just a bad dream, and that they are going to let us go just now. I really dont know..." She decided not to reveal what Jason had told her earlier. She knew that if she had to tell Charmaine about that conversation and all the terrible things he told her, that she would freak out. And as it was, Sammy was battling to keep herself grounded and sane. They both turned and stared out of the window. Silence overwhelming them. Each of them thinking of what they had, and how they didnt appreciate it, and how they might never have it back again.

A cloud of dust, and the familiar sound of that old engine, snapped them both out of their daydream. Coming up the path towards the house, was that same old bakkie. the one they both recognized from their kidnapping. there was only one person in there. Charmaine recognized him as he came up in front of the house, parked the bakkie under the willow tree, and got out. She cringed... Sammy noticed, and held onto her. "hey, its gonna be alright.. im going to get us out of here, okay. just need time to think of a way how." Charmaine did not move. Her eyes fixated on Mason...

He got out of the car, stood, lifted his arms, and gave a huge sigh as he stretched. Bringing his arms down, he dug into his pocket, and took out a cell phone, it was ringing. " Hello, Mason here." "Mason, its John. Where are you?" Charmaine noticed how Mason seemed to get anxious, and started pacing up and down as he was talking on his phone. "oh, its you. um, im just out doing some errands. had a couple of things to do. why? what do you want?" "listen, just wanted to apologize for earlier... my feelings got the best of me... im sorry." before mason could say anything else the john had dropped the phone.

He put the phone back in his pocket, and when he looked up, he saw Charmaine. She cringed, and stepped back, out of his sight. She went and sat in the corner again. Not saying a word. Sammy was over on the mattress. Her hand had started aching again. The pain was at first unbearable, but had now calmed down to a dull, aching pain.

It was bearable, but she missed having that luxury of just going into her handbag, and dosing herself with tablets to take away that numbing pain. she was now at the mercy of someone else. her well being not her own responsibility anymore.

In the silence, the two girls heard voices downstairs. the voices seemed angry, they seemed to be arguing over something. Sammy went over to the door, putting her ear to it, hoping to catch a couple of words, and try and figure out what the two men were arguing about, but it was difficult. the voices wer muffled, and she couldnt make out enough to figure it out. Charmaine had also come closer, to try and listen. They both scattered, as the voices stopped, and the footsteps started up the stairs. each one, backing into their corners, their "safety nets".

sammy realized then how exposed they were. they were here in this room, nowhere to run, nowhere to hide.

the bolts on the door started unlocking, and the door opened. There was jason. smiling. he looked down at charmaine. he walked over to her cowering in the corner, and knelt down infront of her. squeezing her cheeks, he looked into her eyes and said "how you feeling today? you up for some fun? " She looked at him, terrified.... her eyes darted over to sammy, looking at her, with fear, and with longing.

sammy looked over at jason, "you dont have to hurt her. why dont you let her go, take me... leave her, shes a child, she hasnt even lived her life yet. come on..." she had no other choice. all she could think of doing, was to offer herself up, and that mabye then, they would let charmaine go. use her instead.

jason turned to look at her. his smile now gone. his eyes turned almost black with rage, as he got up and started walking over to her. "you think now you can tell me what to do you fucking bitch!!!!!!!!!!??? my house, my fucking rules.. shut the fuck up!!!!!!!!!"with that, he slapped her across her face, hard. her head hit the floor boards hard, and as she lay there, a small trickle of blood running down her forehead, she saw how he plucked charmaine up, and dragged her out of the room. charmaine, kicking and screaming.....

she forced herself up, and ran towards them. she grabbed onto charmaines legs, and was being dragged with her. jason turned around, and screamed at sammy to let go. suddenly the second man, unknown to sammy, appeared at the foot of the stairs, came running towards them. he grabbed hold of sammy, and started kicking at her stomach, to get her to let go. sammy felt the blows to her stomach, almost losing her breather, but held on to charmaines legs, and refused to let go. in the scurry, and chaos, jason had grabbed hold of charmaines tangled mess of hair, and was making his way to the stairs. charmaine realizing that this might be an opportunity to escape, she kicked and screamed and fought with everything she had.

as sammy looked up at charmaine, and shouted telling her to fight, she saw mason with a gun in his hand. she saw him lift it and point it at her. "let go of her fucking legs...!!!" she still refused. she was not going to allow them to take this child and kill her. he came over to her, and grabbed her legs and tugged hard. she was losing her grip on charmaines legs, and with one final tug from mason, her grip loosened, and she came crashing down, face first onto the wooden floor. she felt a hard blow to the back of her, and lost consciousness.

mason dragged her lifeless body back into the room. "fucking bitches are getting way to clever for their own good." jason was already half way down the stairs with charmaine, when she started sobbing, her kicking and struggling getting less and less. through her tear stricken eyes, she saw mason drag sammy back into the room.

jason walked through the house again, and made his way down to the basement with charmaine. as he opened the door to the basement, he lifted her up to her feet, and pushed her down the stairs. charmaine, trying to stop her fall, putting her hands in front of her, but to no avail. she came crashing down the wooden steps, and came to an abrupt stop at the bottom of the steps when she fell against one of the freezers. her head cut open badly, the blood running down the side of her head, and over her ear. she just lay there, dazed, and in terrible pain.

jason came down the stairs, giggling. as she lay there, her eyes caught the photos. she looked at all the photos on the wall, and realized what it was. her sobbing started again, uncontrollably, as jason walked past her, and made his way over to the table. she watched with confusion as he turned to her, sat down, and picked up a cup with what smelled like coffee. he just sat there, smiling...

sipping on his coffee, as though nothing was wrong. he sat there as someone that was sitting on their patio, overlooking a beautiful view, while enjoying their morning coffee. she summoned all the energy she could, and started to move her arms, to get up. her head aching and throbbing with pain, she wiped a small trickle of blood off her face, and slowly started to get up.

at this point, charmaine lost all control, and started screaming. as she rose, she started for the stairs, looking back at jason, she saw a means of escape. with the last any power she could summon up, she started walking towards the stairs, putting her hand on the railing. feeling dizzy, she fell forward, and then continued crawling up the stairs, out of pure desperation. looking back at jason, as she made her way up the stairs, her sobs now turning into pure adrenalin, she looked up as the door opened at the top of the stairs. she was two steps away, when mason kicked toward her, connecting her head, and charmaine flew back down the stairs, landing at the bottom, unconscious.

mason closed the door behind him, and made his way down the stairs to where jason was sitting still sipping his coffee. "jesus, man, were you just going to sit there and let her go?" "i knew she wouldnt get far... hehehehe." his giggling continued, as he watched mason take off his jacket, and roll up his sleeves. "what we gonna do to this one???" jason was watching as mason was now dragging charmaines lifeless body towards the table. in between the huffing and puffing of his hard labour, he looked up at jason and smiled... "i want to try something different this time.. lets give those assholes at the station something new to investigate..." jason was liking the sound of this. he got up and walked over to a wall with a whole lot of shelves on it, containing huge jars, with body parts in them. when he looked at the jars, he didnt see body parts, he saw beautiful pieces of art.

"can i keep some souvenirs?" his request was almost child like. "you can keep whatever the fuck you want..." mason was lifting charmaine onto the table, and started strapping her in. his mind now consumed with anger, lust, evil.... his evil grin extending all the way across his face. his eyes glistening. as he looked down at charmaine, still unconscious, he ran his finger down her face... memorizing each and every contour of her face.... the lines, the cheek bones..... as he looked back, jason was holding one of the jars close to him, almost caressing it... muttering to himself.

"you can put the photo up on our wall so long.... i want some time alone with this one..." jason made his way over to the wall, and was looking for a pin to pin the photo up with. he wasn't bothered with what mason was doing. when he got to the wall, he started looking at the photos. there were many up there that he was not familiar with, he had nothing to do with their murders... when him and mason became friends, they made a joint wall, together, as friends. he only had 3 up to now.. and charmaine would be his fourth... he was proud of it. he was proud of his wall. he wanted to be like mason..

as he turned to mason, he saw him picking up a scalpel. " come over here, come get another lesson, in how to collect your precious souvenirs..." jason took a seat again and picked up his coffee. as he sipped slowly on his coffee, he watched as mason put the blade to charmaine's now naked skin. he placed the blade under her chin, and started making a clean, neat slit through her skin, all the way up to her ear. and then went back to the starting point, and made another incision through to the other ear. charmaine was out cold. he had also injected her with a sedative, to make sure that she would not wake up while he was busy.

by the time he was done, he started pulling and cutting at the muscles and tendon and the skin on her face... pulling it back inch by inch. he had decided he wanted her face... when he was done, he placed it in a pan of water, and stepped back to admire his work.

jason, still sitting sipping the last of his coffee, watched as mason walked over to the basin, and washed his bloodied hands. he turned to jason and smiled, "your turn, that's all i wanted...." jason jumped up, excited, and started examining her body.... he looked over at mason, "i want to hang her up....." the basement filled with laughter, as mason dried his hands and walked over to him. " alright.. get the rope..." he was like a proud father, whose son had just come up with a brilliant idea. jason returned, with rope and they tied up her feet with the rope, securing it tightly.

they then threw the other end of the rope over the bellows above their heads, and started hoisting charmaine's body up. now hanging upside down, her arms, lifelessly hanging, her long hair stained with blood. jason looked at her, and said "i want us to wake her up..... she must be alive.. i want her to feel her face gone, and i want her to feel each and every single bit of pain....."

i want to see how long she can last...." mason, almost flabergasted, got up and started walking over to the hanging body... "wow, okay, you getting the hand of this now, becoming quite adventuruos arent you?"

"the stuff i injected into ther, will only last another half an hour or so.... what you want to do in the mean time?"

jason seemed determined... "i want to dig a hole....."

Mason looked at him, puzzled. "What? what for?" Jason was looking over at Charmaine, and nodded... "oh my god, you want to bury her alive, dont you??? hahahaha, you sneaky bugger... awesome, theres a first time for everything..." Mason made his way to the stairs, as he continued giggling. Jason made sure that Charmaine's rope was hanging securely, and followed him up the stairs...

Charmaine was left there, hanging upside down, without a face, without clothes, her innocence lost, her life, not yet lived out, coming to a slow, agonizing end.

The basement was quite, you could hear a pin drop. Charmaine was slowly regaining consciousness. She was confused, dazed, in terrible pain. She wiggled her fingers, and felt strange. She realized that she was hanging upside down, her bloodied hair pricking against the skin on her arms. Her face was on fire... there was blood dripping into her eyes... she slowly brought her hand up to her face, and touched raw flesh. As her finger tip touched the flesh, it burned... she jerked her hand away. She hung there for a few more moments, keeping her eyes shut. She felt a cold draft on her body, and slowly brought her bloodied fingers up to her body. She touched her stomach, realizing that she was naked, running her fingers from her stomach, up to where her legs were.

She dropped her hand again. She hung there another few minutes. Her mind was slowly starting to function again, and the realization set in. She started to panic, her head pounding, her face burning, aching beyond anything she could ever have imagined. Her naked body hanging there, exposed, aching. She tried to open her eyes, and it burnt, and the blood kept trickling down into her eyes. And it was too painful to touch her eyes, to wipe it away. She tried to wriggle her feet, and realized that the knot around her ankles, was not going to come loose easily. She tried to lift her hands again, to haul herself up, and try and feel whether she could untie the knot binding her ankles, but she didn't have enough strength to, and she dropped her arms again.

Outside, mason, and jason were digging around in the tool shed, looking for shovels. Mason was also trying to scoop out the ideal spot to bury charmaine. "We cant put her where someone would easily see. we must find a nice quite spot..." as he looked around, he saw it. the perfect spot. next to the tool shed, was a small path that led down to a slow running stream. next to the stream was a huge willow tree, and he though it would be best to put here there, as no one really ever went there. " You gonna go get her?" he looked at jason, who was filled with excitement... "not yet..." was the reply he got. jason was now scrummaging around, taking out a bucket, and half a bag of cement... he looked at jason " what the fuck are you doing? what are you going to do with that?" jason wasnt even listening to him.. " you know what, you've had your fun. shut the fuck up... its my turn now..." without even looking at mason, he continued with his search.

He went to willow tree, and started digging a trench. Mason made himself comfortable on an old plastic garden chair, a little way away from jason, and took out a packet of Marlboro from his pocket. As he lit the smoke, and inhaled, he looked out over the plot. About 500m out, he could see the road passing their plot. There was never really much traffic there. That is what made this the perfect place for their games. He sat there thinking of John, the investigation. As he took another drag from his cigarette, he felt a sharp sting in his lip. He remembered the fight of yesterday. He had never seen John react like that. He was also sitting there wandering what was happening in the case, and how far John had come. That house was bothering him.

He looked over at Jason, still digging, and digging quite fast. The hole was already at least 3 meters deep. "listen buddy, we need to talk about something." jason gave a sigh, and without looking at mason, continued with his digging. the sweat already starting to drip down his forehead. " that house of ours... they found it. I was there the other day, with John...." the digging stopped. Jason lifted his head, and looked sternly at Mason. " we have nothing to worry about. theres nothing there that would lead him here. i cleaned out the place before i left. he wont find anything. why the fuck didnt you tell me about this sooner.?" he seemed edgy, agitated. Mason could see his anger welling up, and tried to calm the situation. deep down, he had this weird fear of jason. jason was alright, as long you didnt anger him. when he got angry enough, he was capable of doing anything. " just making sure, theres nothing there. I tried to stay and help search the house, so i could keep an eye on things, but was told to leave. I dont know if they are on to me....."

Jason had started digging again. "you on your own....." Mason felt used. " what? what did you say? you fucking idiot, if it wasnt for me, you would never have been where you are now.... what the hell is your problem.. im not on my own, we in this together...." he stood up, threw his unfinished cigarette into the hole that jason was digging, and said "im leaving, the wifes got some due on at work tonight. suite and tie, fuck !!! i hate that shit.. clean up this mess when you are done. and dont even think of touching the bitch upstairs without me here... i'll phone you later."

jason didnt even look up, just continued with his digging. he dug asif there was a treasure to be found underneath all that sand. He knew that things were becoming tense between him and mason, and that they were going to have to decide on who got to finish off sammy. she was his. he went looking for her, and he was the one that found her, so that makes her HIS!! he was going to use sammy to teach john a lesson, and he smiled, as he started day dreaming, conjuring up mental images of john kneeling before him, asking his forgiveness.....

revenge would be so sweet.....

It was almost dark, when he had dug a hole almost 5 metres deep. putting the spade down, he wiped from his face. As he looked up to the house, he saw sammy standing in the window, watching. he wandered how long she had been there. he placed the bag of cement down, along with the bucket and made his way back to the house. Mason had not called yet, probably busy.... but that didnt bother him, he still had alot to do... the night was still young.

charmaine got a fright, when he heard the basement door opening, and heard the footsteps coming down the stairs. her heart racing, her face still on fire. she had given up. her life force had left her, and she had no energy to fight. no will to fight. jason came down the stairs looking eagerly to see whether charmaine had regained her consciousness yet. he came up next to her, and poked her shoulder, waiting form some kind of response. She cringed. she slowly started crying again, and the tears, mixed with her bloodied face, dripping to the ground. "pllllease, please dont do this..." her pleas went unheard, unanswered.

he walked slowly around her, examining her. looking for any reaction. he was admiring her, memorizing each and every part of her. he went over to the table and picked up the camera. he went over to her, and started taking photos of her. he imagined that he was a world renound photographer, and she was his model. he was taking photos from different angles, talking to her, telling her how beautiful she was. she was sobbing all the way through it, and eventually just decided to let go. she blocked out the sound of his voice, and concentrated only on her thoughts. she started to picture her mom and dad, her home, her pets, her bedroom, her bed, with the soft, silky bedding, the warm blankets, the smell of lavender. she concentrated on the garden where she would go and lay on the grass, in the shade of the tree, listening to the birds around her, the sound of her dogs running around, playing, barking.

she thought of the sound of her moms voice in the morning when she came to wake her, or when she came to say goodnight. she thought of her car, her friends, the fun they had had together. she thought of her dad, and the day he bought her her car.. the speech he gave her, telling her to always drive responsibly. she had thought it so unnecessary that day, and had questioned his faith in her. and now, she wished she had listened more intently. she thought of the movie nights her and her parents had once a week, they would make bowls and bowls of popcorn, and vege out on the couches and watch comedies, and laugh until their cheecks hurt.

she jumped out of her day dreams with a thud. she felt her aching body, and burning face on the ground. she was dizzy from being upside down for so long, her face, touching the floor, and her feeling every inch of it on fire. the blood dripping uncontrollably. she still kept her eyes shut. it was too painful to open them. she felt a tug at her arm, and felt herself being forced up onto her feet. jasons voice was the next thing she heard. " come on, beautiful, its time to go outside a bit." she felt him leading her up the stairs, and she concentrated very hard not to fall. opening her one eye only slightly to be able to see where he was taking her. she hadnt realized that she had started sobbing again. she once again tried to picture all her happy memories again, to be able to just forget about where she was, and in how much pain she was....

her eyes started to burn when they came out of the basement, and into the hallway near the kitchen. the lights were on, and it felt as though someone was putting fire into her eyes. the lights were much too bright for her right now. she shut her eyes as tightly as she could.

she suddenly felt a gust of cold wind, as jason opened the back door, and started leading her outside. she tried to cover herself with her one hand, while he was tugging at the other. she felt humiliated. she was not sure whether the other man was there or not, and she hoped he wouldnt be.

she felt the cold night air on her naked body, and the gravel under her feet. as she walked over the tiny stones, it felt as though they were needles pricking into her skin. her legs had felt like jelly after being upside down for so long. her hair, sticking to her neck, where the blood had started to dry. the cold wind on her face was almost a relief. her head was still pounding, and she tried with all her might, to open one eye, so that she could see where she was going. all she could see was a small tool shed, with a light burning outside. she saw a big willow tree, and heard the faint sound of running water. other than that, she could not really make out what was happening, or where she was being led to.

with a sudden movement, she fell to the ground. jason had pushed her off her feet, onto the gravel. her elbows, scraping on the coarse gravel, starting to bleed. she lay there, helpless, powerless, and all she could hear was the sound of frogs and crickets, all coming out for the night. in the distance she could hear the faint sound of cars engines, but she had no idea how far away they were. she lifted her head, and tried again to open her eyes. far out in the distance, she could see the headlights of cars passing. there werent many, but there were one or two. the thought of getting up and running towards those head lights seemed easy enough. she wanted more than anything to do that, but she just did not have the strength to. she turned her head away from the headlights, and lay her head down on the gravel, closing her eyes again. she had given up.

jason was busy mixing cement in to the buckets. little by little, he made the mixture, and churned it, until it was just right. he realized that he would need much more, to fill that hole. He went back into the tool shed, and brought out a few more bags. He layed them down, and started mixing more. he then walked over to where charmaine was lying and pulled her to her feet. she was limp. she could not stand on her own. "you are going to lay down now, and you are going to do everything i tell you to... okay? and i dont want a struggle now, you hear?" she turned her head to where his voice was coming from and said " you fucking idiot, does it look like im going to put up a fight. you win. do what you want to, i dont care. i hope you kill me.... it will be better than this.... " her voice quivering...

she had lost that fire her mother always said she had. she had no hope now of ever coming out of this alive.

jason took her, and pushed her into the hole he had dug. she yelled as she fell blindly into the hole. her body falling clumsily into it, and her head hitting the sand hard. Her raw face, scratching again the hard surface floor of the hole, she screamed out in pain. She couldnt get up. she had lost too much blood, her body was weak, and she had no strength to fight her way out of this. Charmaine laid there in silence, in pain, as jason started pouring the cement over her. her sobs started to become fainter and fainter, as the cement started filling the hole. the cold slippery cement burning her skin. her eyes closed, she blocked out the images of what was happening to her..... she thought of all her happy memories again, and slowly drifted off to sleep, never to wake again. her weak, tired body now just an empty vessel.

jason continued mixing and pouring cement, until the hole was completely full. when he was done, he put down his tools, sat next to the patch of cement, revealing the only link to where charmaine was, and lit a cigarette.

his phone rang, "ja.." " are you done?" " yip,just finished. its looks beautiful....." he said, as he looked at the patch, smiling.....

Chapter Twenty - John finds clues

The note that John had read from Jason, had struck him to his core. His wife was in the hands of a serial killer, a man that had no remorse, no sense of dignity. It was early hours of the morning, and John couldn't sleep. He wanted to start processing the evidence he found, but the General gave him an instruction to go home, and get some sleep. Apparently he had been awake for days on end, not sleeping, and the General thought it would be best to have a rested mind before tackling the evidence.

John knew deep down that he was right. you need a sobriety, rested mind to process evidence especially in a case like this one. You can't afford to make any mistakes, or even miss a vital piece of information that could break the case. He was frustrated though. he couldn't stand being at home. this was where his wife was supposed to be, not in the hands of that fucking lunatic. what was he doing to her? john knew for a fact that she had to still be alive. his brother had made this personal. he wouldn't just kill sammy for the fun of it. john knew that his brother had every intention of making him suffer. and that is what worried him. an unstable person like jason, on all those tablets, possibly drugs as well, were not a good combination. and where exactly did that little rat mason fit into all of this. John was determined to find out.

he looked at his watch, and realized that it was 05:00 am. he decided to get dressed, and head over to the station. this was mostly likely to be the day that he managed to nail jason, and mason for that fact. he had a lot of evidence to process, and a lot to do.

He picked up his phone, and dialed Barry's number. A groggy voice picked up on the other end " Good morning sir..." "Barry, get your ass down to the station, we have some work to do..." "no problem, will be there shortly." john felt good, not rested, but he felt confident that he was finally in control of this case again. He remembered suddenly that he was supposed to go and see Andrew, but that would have to wait for now. He had much more important things to do. gaining back his sanity would have to wait for another day.

Fourty minutes later, Barry entered his office. He seemed well rested too. John was sitting in his chair reading over some of the case files, with a hot cup of coffee in his hands. "Get yourself some... and come have a seat." Barry made his way over to the coffee machine, and returned with his own cup.

"right, we have 3 bodies, and two missing persons. The autopsy reports on the 3 bodies are quite simple.

We will start with Clare Cummings, the first victim. The Autopsy report tells us the following :

She was 25 years of age, had been dead for approximately 4 days before she was found. Both of her hands had been removed, with a very sharp object, possibly a very sharp knife, as the cuts were clean. There were no signs of it being sawed or something to that effect. some of her finger nails had been torn into the flesh. This we know happened while she was scratching on the boot of her car, because we found the pieces of her nails stuck there, and this was while she was trying to escape. She had a few broken ribs, consistent with being beaten, or handled roughly. other than that, there was also signs of sexual assault. the sperm samples taken from her, came back a negative, they could not be matched to anyone on the database, so that was a dead end. Her body also appeared to have been washed, and the wounds, (being where her hands were cut off), there was evidence that someone had attempted to fix it, there was medication applied to these areas. so the killer cut of her hands, but tried to nurse it as well. Sick bastard. And not forgetting also, the yellow daisy next to the body.

Then we have Monique Strydom, the second victim. The Autopsy report tell us the following :

She was 28 years of age, and had been dead for about 2 days, before she was found. Both her cheecks were removed from her face, very precisely, as well as both her feet. As before, the cuts were clean. Obviously a very sharp tool used to removed them. As before, she also had internal bruising, broken ribs, and there were patches of her hair that seemed to be pulled out. Also, there were signs of sexual assault, again, samples taken, came back with nothing. Her body, too, seemed to be washed. her hair was neatly brushed, and the wounds were also taken care of. and, the daisy found next to the body.

Then theres michelle De Jager, the third victim. The autopsy report tells us the following :

She was 23 years of age, she was only found 5 days after her disappearance. Her left breast, as well as three fingers were removed. again, the sharp object used. Also,, as before, signs of sexual assault, bruising and also a few broken ribs and internal bleeding found. again, the daisy found next to her body, and the wounds also seemed to have some medication on them, creams etc. her body, also washed down, hair combed neatly.

now, what information do we have that appears in all three cases :

firstly, their bodies are all found in the same place. Those fucking miine duumps in springs. its a deserted place, so the killer wont have any problem going about his tasks. he wont be disturbed. all three bodies thus far, have been found by people on their way to work in the mornings, and using the veld as a short cut to the taxi ranks.

secondly, the daisy appears on all scenes, so that is his trademark, his little signature.

thirdly, all the girls are left with bruising, broken ribs, hair that has been pulled out, and that, along with the evidence of sexual assault, means that he rapes them, but is one of those people that get off hurting his victims while raping them. he is very rough with them, and seems to enjoy causing the pain.

we also see that this fuck removes body part, but only certain parts on certain women...."

"thats sick boss, why would he do that? Barry was sitting quietly in his chair with his coffee, intently listening to john go through all the evidence. Barry had done a few cases of murder before, but had never been exposed to this type of murder. there were things that shocked him, and made him wonder how someone could possibly do something like that.

"baz, he might be one of those killers that likes a certain part of a women so much that after he kills her, he wants a trophy, a reminder of her. they tend to keep it, either refrigerated, or in some kind of solution to preserve it. people like this, serial killers, they need trophies, reminders of who they have killed. i know its sick, but this is reality. this is what is happening here."

As john studied barry's face, he could see that he was not used to this type of stuff. he was just your average detective, that handled the same mundane cases each day, theft, house breaking, nothing extreme, nothing too unsettling, and here he was, pushed into this case, and forced to face all these gruesome details. he was excited at first to be part of the case, but he hadnt realized what it entailed. john looked at him, and realized that he had to give a bit of a diversion. "lets go up to forensics, and see what they have come up with so far. they must have something..."

"sir,..." barry turned to john, and with a solemn look on his face, said, " i know this is hard on you, but we going to find her....." john realized then that barry wasnt as soft as he seemed, and that barry was the right person to have working with him on this case. he just wasnt 100% sure yet whether he could trust him enough to tell him about mason, and his involvement in this. in cases lilke this, you never really knew who you could trust, and trusting the wrong person at this critical stage of the investigation could result in sammy's death.

As they got into the lift, and waited, as each number lit up on the console, indicating which floor they were on, john closed his eyes, and allowed himself to be emotional about his wife. all this time, he has tried with all his might to not allow his emotion to get the better of him, out of fear of overlooking some vital piece of information. but he missed her, he missed his wife, he wanted his wife back home, safe and sound. he missed coming home to her, holding her, the smell of her hair, of her skin. he missed seeing her in that sexy little black number she sometimes wore for him. and then he realized something. something that he had been putting off for years.....

he wanted a baby.....

Sammys' quite sobbs, had slowly turned into louder crying. With tears rolling down her cheeks, she stood and stared at jason, and at that patch of cement. she had been stading at that window the whole afternoon, watching the murder unfold. she saw every detail, she saw charmaines lifeless body on the gravel, and then being pushed into that hole. She was beside herself with emotion and fear. it was at that point that sammy realized that she was never going to get out of this god forsaken place. she was going to die here. she was next.

jason finished his cigarette, and started packing all his tools away. he then went inside, and came out with a yellow daisy. he placed it on the patch of cement, and stepped back to admire his work. "rest in peace pretty lady" . His headaches had come back. his head was pounding. after a few moment, he made his way inside again, and started scrumaging around the drawers for his tablets. he picked up the bottle, and opened the cap in a hurry. when he felt inside, he felt nothing but emptyness. but how could this be. disbelieving, he peered into the bottle, only to find that his fingers told the truth, his tablets were finished. but how could this be? He started to panic. he couldnt go without those fucking tablets. his mind started racing, trying to remember where there could be others. and then he remembered his bedside table. he rushed upstairs, and opened the drawer. relief crept over him as he saw that he had two tablets left in the box, and that would be enough until morning. he would have to pay a visit to Dr Du Toit again.

he made his way down the stairs, and with a small glass of water, swallowed the tablet. immediately, his head ache seemed to subside, and his mind become almost peaceful again. he was afraid of those images that would pop up into his mind if he didnt take his tablets. his mind would spin out of control, and horrid images of his father, would creep in, and slowly take over his mind. he sat now at the kitchen table, with the empty glass in his hand... he would have to let mason know that he had to go into town the next day. he felt in his pocket for his phone, and brought it out. as he tried to dial the nr, the tablets started taking effect, leaving him with nothing more than a blurry vision... he felt as each of his limbs started relaxing, and almost going into a state of paralysis. he tilted his head back, and enjoyed the effects of the tablets.

he was startled a few minutes later as his phone rang loudly. he jerked his head forward, and saw through blurry vision that it was mason. " yes..." his voice was slow, and medicated. " im going down to the station tomorrow, wanna see what the status is on the investigation, and try and figure out what they managed to find in that house.. are you sure that there is nothing that they would have found..? "mason was anxious, scared. he knew that if john had found anything, he would not stop until he figured it out. "nope, they wont find anything... just relax. im going into town tomorrow, need more pills, i've got one left." "what!? no, you cant.. you cant leave the house...!" mason was frantic.. he had given jason strict instructions never to leave the house.

once a week he would bring supplies. cigarettes, food, the usual stuff. he was always afraid that jason would be somewhere and someone would recognise him. and with john, it was a very real possibility that jason could be spotted. "i dont give a fuck what you say, im going to town. are you going to stand in for me while im gone? take care of little lady upstairs?" mason, sighed, knowing that he would not be able to talk jason out of this. the dr had given him at least 5 months supply the last time he was there. for R500-00, doctors are quite lenient. He wrote out a prescription for each month. mason would simply go to the chemist and renew the prescription at the end of each month. it was easy. but those pills were finished, so a trip to the doctor should ensure at least another 5 months' supply. "fine, i'll be there at about 10. and dont take the whole fucking day, i need to go down to the station and start finding out what they found, and if they found anything."

jason dropped the line. he wasnt in the mood for masons` anxiety and nervousness. he smiled as he remembered that he still had one lady left. one lady left to have some fun with. and then he remembered that mason also wanted some of her. but he was not going to allow it. she was HIS...

upstairs in the room, sammy was frantic. she didnt know what to do. there was no way she could get out of this room. the windows were sealed shut, and the burglar proofing would have to be removed with some or other electric saw, so the window was not an escape route. the only thing she could think of, was to try and get that door open, and somehow escape that way. she felt lost. as she sat on the mattress, and looked slowly through the room, from wall to wall, she was overcome with emotion and sadness. how could this ever have happened?

she thought of John again, and how much she missed him. She realized that there was still so much she needed to tell him, and that now maybe she would never get the chance to. She wanted babies, and she wanted a family with him. But it was maybe too late now.

Suddenly she heard foot steps coming up the stairs again, and she heard the bolts on the door unlocking. In came Jason, with a smile on his face. He had a plate of food in his hand. He put it down in front of her, without saying a word, and went and sat down on the other side of the room. Sammy moved closer to the plate, starving, and started eating without even looking at what it was. She was able to get in a few mouthfuls before she started feeling tired, and weak. With horror, she looked down at the food, and realized that Jason must have put something in it.... The last image she saw before falling back into unconsciousness, was his smiling face.

A few hours later, Sammy awoke. As she slowly started regaining consciousness, she felt her head pounding, and she carefully lifted her head up, to look around. She saw that she was in the basement..... That putrid smell sank into her nostrils, and made her gag. She tried to get up, and realized that she was tied to the table. Her arms and legs were bound, and she could not move. There was soft music playing in the background, but she could not make out what it was. She was alone down there, Jason was nowhere to be seen.

She struggled for a few more minutes, hoping that if she moved around enough, that the knots would come loose, but to no avail. Eventually she gave up, and just laid there. She was terrified. After what she saw earlier she was not sure what they were going to do to her. Suddenly she heard someone coming down the stairs. As she lifted her head, she saw Jason. He was humming again. In his hand was a yellow daisy... She lay her head down, and closed her eyes. As she laid there, she started concentrating, and trying her best to locate all the best and happiest memories that were now buried deep inside her mind. She had gone from an overworked administrator and loving wife, to a soul desperate to live.

Jason walked over to where she was laying and moved the stool next to her. He took a seat and laid the daisy on the table. "You know, you can open your eyes miss. I need to talk to you..." Sammy opened her eyes, and tilted her head towards him. She saw his eyes and his face now, up close, for the first time. Her anger, and frustration at her situation had given her enough courage to say "are you going to kill me now or not !! " Jason looked at her, puzzled. "" you mean, you want to die?"

Sammy at that moment, lost it, she lost all sanity and all clarity, and all patience. "just fucking kill me, we both know that's what is going to happen any way. You're a fucking coward, you kidnap women, and bring them here, and take those fucking photos, with those high heels, and then you torture them to death, and all that's left is your fucking sick, perverted trophy wall with all your photos. " She was breathing heavily, her eyes filling with tears, and she looked the opposite direction. She had said what she wanted to say now for a long time, and she needed to get it out.

"well, im glad to say that i wont disappoint you. you will die, and you will suffer. you see, unfortunately for you, you're going to suffer the worst of them all. See, John has to be taught a lesson, and you, my dear, are the bait"

Chapter twenty two - the forensic results come back, and dr visit for jasons info

As the lift door opened, John was yanked out of his emotional day dream. He looked sternly ahead of him, the long corridor to the forensic office, seemed so far away. As he stepped out of the lift, he heard Masons' voice. Immediately his heart started pounding as though it was going to jump right out of his chest. He knew that he could not allow his emotions to get the better of him again. He ignored the sound of mason's voice, and continued walking towards the office. Barry was right alongside him. When they reached the office, Gregory seemed excited. He was one of the top forensic specialists in the police force. That man had managed to pull evidence from objects that no one else though possible. He had assisted in many arrests, and putting evil criminals behind bars. Many of the investigators owed their success stories to him. He was that silent partner that never really got mentioned when the lime light was shining. But Gregory wanted it no other way. He loved his work, and wasnt much interested in the spotlight, and the glory, he left that to the investigators.

As john walked towards his desk, Gregory looked up with eyes shining. That could mean only one thing. " hi greg, i take it you found something.." JOhns' heart was racing. He was anxious, and excited at the same time. As he got closer to Greg, he was running some prints on their data base. The images on the computer screen were flashing with hundreds and hundreds of prints. "we lifted some prints from that take out container that you found from Moes' Diner and there were enough to put on the system, and look for a match." John looked at Greg, and knew that he had more valuable information. His eyes were sparkling the same way they always do when he is onto something. " While the prints are running, come and have a look over here. The tapes that you brought in, they feature none other than your first three murder victims. The ones that were found at the mine dumps. Its confirmed, they are on these tapes. We had a look at the tapes, and i think you should too... it shows not only the murder, but something else as well. " For the first time ever, gregory looked on edge. "Look, ive brought this under the Generals' attention, but this is your case, and he said that once you have been here, you are to go straight up to see him. You will understand why when you see the tapes." John was puzzled. he couldnt figure out what was going on, but he knew that something was up.

"Then we have some hair fibres, found on some of the clothes that you brought in, and im still running some tests on that. Also, the blood samples taken from the mattress, get this, they belong to victim number three, Michelle De Jager. We compared the dna to hers that was taken when the autopsy was done, and they are a match. Michelle De Jager was killed in that house." He was on a role... greg walked gallantly over to the next table.... " Here, we have what was found by the dogs... what we have here, is some weed, or more commonly known as marijuana. Good stuff i might add, this definetaly isnt the same shit that those street kids are usually found with, this is top notch quality. They also found some stash of herione, neatly packed into these small plastic packaging, a gram a piece. Also, very good quality, who ever these guys were buying from, definetaly know their shit. And then we move onto the tablets. 75ml of Venlor. Now, this is actually an anti depressant. Used in patients that are usually moody, depressed, have suicidal tendancies. very strong meds, not for the faint at heart. these things will knock you out if you not used to them. This , though is a very high dose for an individual. That said, and me being the wonderful, hard working, dedicated forensic specialist that i am, i went and looked up this Dr Du Toit whose name appears on the bottle. Hes the doctor that prescribed this stuff. I phoned him up, and hes expecting you guys to come around today. Said he would be glad to help. He is a very well know Psychiatrist. And, its a pleasure.."

John was amazed. he stood there looking at Greg with no words. he was stunned. and glad. he had leads. "greg, fuck, youre a genius.. thanks..." With that, greg handed him a piece of paper with Dr Du Toits' address and telephone numbers on it. "and now, for the finale.... as you know, the guys also dusted the rest of the house for possible prints, and we did come up with a few matches. One of the matches will be discussed by the General with you.. Classified stuff, you will understand when you have spoken to him." as he said this, the computer made an alert tone, and when they looked at the screen, there it was. there was a match.

John rushed to the pc, and sat infront of it. The screen showed two sets of fingerprints, with small arrows indicating where both prints matched. In a bright red block, read MATCH FOUND, and below that, there was a button you could click on to find out who the match was. As john moved the mouse pointer over the button, he held his breathe. He clicked it, and up popped a screen with a photograph on the top left hand corner, a set of fingerprints on the right hand corner, and a detailed description of the assailant below. John stared at the screen, without uttering a word.

It was Jason. This photo was taken that night with the bar fight. John had forgotten all about that. Those guys had Jason arrested for Assault. How could he have forgotten about that. He looked at the photo of the teenager on the screen. The teenager's eyes, empty, lifeless. Filled with nothing but hatred and pure evil. Barry came up behind him, and sat next to him. Looking at the screen, he turned to John. "boss, that your brother?" John looked back at him. "yip, that's him alright. that's Jason Grober, our serial killer. We better get to that doctor."

Greg walked over to John, and handed him the tapes, sealed in an envelope "the general is expecting you..." John took the envelope, and said "Thanks, you will get back to me if anything else comes up right?" "no prob" Greg was sitting now at the computer, overlooking more prints. John and Barry made their way down the long corridor to the lifts. "boss, you think this is serious?" "i dont know, it must be... we will just have to see." They both got into the lift, and didn't utter another word. Each of their minds racing, trying to make assumptions of what they thought would be the big news, the outcome of this. None of them were prepared for what they were about to hear. None of them were prepared for the shock, and the information.

John held tightly onto the tapes, and when they were both in the lift, pressed number 6 on the panel. silently, they made the trip up two floors, and when the lifts opened, the scenery was totally different. There were no investigators running around with piles of paper, or dockets, phones ringing off the hook, the sound of fingers hitting key boards, here, it was peaceful. There was a single desk with an oldish lady sitting behind it, with a friendly smile. the carpets were thick, with Moroccan design. The walls covered with photos of the presidents, as well as high up politicians and former policemen and women. There were huge plants too, giving almost a homely feeling.

As they walked over to the friendly receptionist, she smiled at them and said " Lieutenant Grober, the General is expecting you. Have a seat so long, I will have a look if he's ready for you." She motioned with her hand to the soft, fluffy couches that were centred around a small coffee table strewn with all different types of magazines. John sat on the couch, erect, his hands on his knees, and the envelope next to him. Barry on the other hand, sat back, and enjoyed the soft feel of the couches. Momentarily, the lady came back out "The General will see you now..."

She lead them to an open door, and waited as they both entered the office, upon which she closed the door quietly. John and Barry stood there in awe. The office was abnormally spacious. There was a long table and old antique looking chairs, obviously used for Board Meetings, or important Meetings, many plants, and again the soft fluffy Moroccan style carpets. At the far side of the office was a desk big enough to sit at least 5 people. There were many papers, a laptop, files, and among all that junk, many family photos. The General got up from his chair, and smiled, bringing out his hand to greet the two investigators. He seemed stern, but friendly. As john looked at his face, you could see that it carried many many years of experience, knowledge and wisdom. John and Barry greeted the General, and he motioned them to sit down.

"Leutenant Grober, and Sergeant Goosen. We have much to discuss..."

Chapter twenty Three - Sammys torture begins

Sammy laid there, helpless. "Im going to play a little game with you... it will be lots of fun, you will see...." He lit a cigarette, and sat next to her, smiling. As he took a drag from the cigarette, he spoke to her in a harsh, demanding tone. "Right, Sammy girl, you dont have any children do you? Well, then you dont know what pain really is then..... " He got up, and went to the table, and came back with a surgical knife. The blade, glistened as he held it up. The sharp edge, could slice anything in half. He brought it closer to her, and she started struggling to get loose. Sammy screamed as loud as she could, which made him angry. He slapped her across the face, and walked over to the table. He took a piece of cloth, and shoved it into her mouth. he then took a piece of duct tape, and stuck that over her mouth as well. " you better be quite... not that anyone can hear you, but you making a terrible noise." his face was stern, and angered. Her tongue was pushed almost all the way to the back of her mouth. The cloth that he stuck in her mouth, tasted like blood, and it was salty. It made her gag, and she felt like vomiting. He sat next to her, and brought the surgical knife closer to her...

He slowly lifted up her dress, and placed his hand on her upper thigh. Carefully, he started making small straight incisions on her leg. She started screaming as the blade sliced through her skin, burning. The blood started trickling down her leg, as he continued. He made 20 cuts on her leg. He then moved over to the other side, and made the same incisions on her other leg. She tried to struggle, but it was no use. she was tied onto that table, and not able to move at all. As he worked, he had an evil smile on his face. He then went up to her arms, and made the same incions on her arms. Except, on her arms, he made the incision from the shoulder, all the way down to her wrists on both arms. Sammy was consumed with pain, her skin was burning, and her skin felt raw and exposed. She felt as the blood started dripping down her arms.

Once jason had made all the incision on her arms and legs, he put the scalpel down, and came and sat next to her again. he lifted his hand, and had a syringe. tapping her skin, he injected her with the light yellow liquid, and before long, sammy could feel herself growing increasingly tired, and as she closed her eyes, the medication took full effect. Jason sat there for a moment, and looked at her. His phone rang, startling him.. It was Mason, he was on his way over. Jason got up and went over to his table of horrors. He picked up the scissors, and went over to wher sammy was lying, unconscious.

He started cutting her hair. He cut big, uneven chunks out of her hair. When he was done, and had cut off most of her beautiful locks, he took the hair, and placed it in a plastic freezer bag, placing it in one of the drawers.

He turned off the light, and made his way up the stairs. His head was pounding, and he dug into his pocket, and put the last capsule into his mouth. It was time to visit the doctor.

A huge cloud of dust and sand could be seen from the house. Mason was in a hurry, and was speeding down the path to the house. When he stopped, Jason came out to greet him. "what the fuck is wrong with you?!" Mason's face was red, and he was breathing very heavily.. "I went to the station this morning, and the General gave me orders to go home and rest. What the fuck !! Now i dont know what they found in that house... They're onto us... they are going to nail us, i just know it.." he pacing up and down infront of jason. jason smiled at him, and reassured him that there was nothing they could have found at the house. He had made sure he had thrown everything out. "the only thing they going to find is the blood on the matress, okay, and that doesnt link to us in any way. So just fucking relax...!!" jason was irritated. this wasnt part of the deal. Mason was supposed to be the mastermind behind all this, and now he had to be the sane one and reassure mason that everything was going to be alright.

He walked over to his bakkie and said "im going to the doctor. Shes asleep in the basement..." Mason hurried into the house, still flustered.

The rumbling engine sounded down the path as he made his way to the main road ahead. Jason had not gone into town very often... being around many people always made him uneasy. He made his way down the main road, and turned left into town. He hadnt been to town in a while. The only other times he left the house, was when he needed a new lady.. As the cars sped past him, he snailed his way to town. Passing the shopping malls, and clothing stores, and finally the schools. He looked at the people all going about their daily duties, and thought about how different life would be, if his father hadnt done what he did. Jason, for the first time, in many many years thought of his mother. He had not seen her after she left them, except for one time. He had managed to track her down through her registration number... Mason had helped with that.. he punched in her registration number, and out popped her address. He though of the last time he had seen her.

He had gone to her house, and waited for her. And when she came in from work, he was sitting on the couch, waiting for her. She looked surprised. He chuckled to himself, as he remembered his mothers' reaction to seeing him. She had not seen him in over 10 years, and yet, she didnt even look happy to see him.. "Jay, is that you...?" he remembered how shaky her voice was, as she put her handbag and grocery bag down, and walked slowly into the lounge where he was sitting. "yep.. its me ma... where the hell have you been for the last 10 years? no letters, no phone calls, nothing... you just disappeared out of our lives... and john then did the same, and he disappeared out of my life. You two left me with him..." "honey, what are you talking about..?" he smiled as he though about how she was trying to make up excuses, and how afraid she was. She was afraid of her own son... hahahaha... She was easy to overpower.....

Chapter Twenty Four - Meeting with the General

John sat uncomfortably in front of the General, studying his every move. Barry seemed more lax, and was calm. "Gentlemen, this has become a very high profile case. I see you have the tapes. I think we should watch it first, and take it from there." John handed him the envelope, and the General got up, and placed it in the machine. He turned on the tv, and pressed play. Nothing could prepare them for what they were about to see.

The first tape marked "Clare" showed a musty old room, filled with lots of equipment and instruments. There were newspapers and rubbish lying everywhere on the floor. The camera seemed to be put onto a stand. It showed Jason assaulting a woman, and from what he recognized, John saw that it was the first victim, Clare. She was struggling and screaming. Jason was slapping her, and was assaulting her badly. It was difficult to watch. John noticed that Barry had turned to look away a few times, he couldn't watch it all. The video showed how this woman was beaten to a pulp, and how Jason tied her to the bed, and cut off her hands. It was disgusting.

The next tape marked Shirley, was just as difficult to watch. It showed Jason, and another man assaulting this woman. She was screaming, while the other man in the video raped her. You couldn't see his face, as he had a balaklava on. This woman did not lose any of her limbs, but she was literally beaten to death. After they raped her, they started ramming her head into the walls, and kicking her, until she didn't fight back anymore. And then John noticed the bedding where she was lying. It was the same as the house where they found that pool of blood, as well as these tapes... he grew anxious. Barry seemed to have made the same connection and was now watching intently.

Then the third tape. It was unmarked, but as soon as the tape started playing, John knew exactly who this girl was. It was Michelle. Michelle De Jager, the beautiful brunette. In the video, again she was sexually assaulted, and for some or other reason, her fingers were removed. The screaming, and struggling was disturbing. The location for this one seemed different though, it seemed to be in an old musty basement with bad lighting. There were tools and instruments everywhere. As they watched the tape in stunned silence, the horrible images appearing in front of them were imprinted in their minds. Suddenly, there was a second man in the basement with them. They watched as this second man picked up a scalpel, and started removing the victim's left breast.

This man looked vaguely familiar, but John could not quite put his finger on it. He knew this person. With the bad lighting, he could only shapes and here and there, a small part of the persons face. Nothing clear enough to recognise. And then, as if out of nowhere, this mysterious second person came out from the shadows, and walked towards the camera to turn it off. He had this evil cunning smile on his face.

It was Mason.....

After a while, the General pressed the stop button and placed the remote control on the table. The tv screen was now black. Yet the images were still playing over in their minds. John was at a loss for words. The General looked at him with saddened eyes, heavy eyes. "you know John, there have been a long line of successful Generals before me. All of them retired now, but they left a legacy. I have always encouraged you guys to come and talk to me, if you had something bothering you. THE open door policy has always been there, yet, i look at this tape, and i watch as one of my own men are assisting a serial killer to rape and kill a girl. I trust that you gentlemen realise the seriousness of this situation, and that obviously this needs to be kept confidential. "General, i need to be honest with you. I am not really surprised at this. You see, a few days ago, when we searched that house in Germiston, I brought back a whole lot of evidence, these tapes being among those, but i also found a photo. And i haent been entirely open with you about this whole investigation, because i have been trying to fit all the pieces together. And i know that its not professional, and i hope you can understand why." The General was sitting up in his chair now, listening intently to Johns's every word.

John dug into his coat pocket and produced a photo. It was a bit crumpled, but none the less, handed it to the General without saying a word. The general studied the photo, and looked up at John. "where did you find this?" "in that house, along with all of the other evidence. I didnt book it in, because I was trying to link mason to my brother and these serial killings." "well, now we have all the evidence we need." John jumped up, "well, lets have him brought in. I want to know where they are keeping my wife... that fucking lunatic has my wife hidden somewhere, and doing God knows what to her. We dont even know for sure if shes still alive!!" The General raised up from his chair, and looked at John. "We have to handle this in the best possible way john. If we hook him now, we might never find out where your brother is, or where they are keeping sam. We are going to leave him for now. keep a very close eye on him, without him knowing, and see where that leads us to.

We have to make sure though, that he has as little as possible to do with this investigation though. I'll task him to another case. That Missing Persons case. Young girl, Charmaine, cant remember her surname now, went missing a few days ago... Her parents said she was on her way back from University, had a late class, or study group or something, and didnt turn up at home. None of her friends have seen her. Her parents have been calling me every day to find out if we havent any leads, and it doesnt look too good."

"yes, thats perfect, who you going to get to follow him" John was anxious now. He was still in disbelief about what was going on. Mason, of all people, involved in these terrible crimes. He felt a migraine coming on. "im not sure yet, mabye a few guys from Alpha Team. Most reliable right now. God, we dont know who we can trust and who cant anymore... just leave that to me. you carry on with the investigation, and leave Mason to me."

As john was walking toward the door, the General spoke "we going to find her john.."

Thinking back of his last encounter with his mother, made him shudder. Jason was daydreaming about things that he wasn't supposed to. He never really meant to hurt her, but he couldn't help it. As he came down the street, the white building came up to view, with a big blue sign reading Medivillage. He turned into the parking lot, and looked around for the nearest parking space. There weren't many people around, and he was hoping that the doctor's rooms wouldn't be too crowded, but on the other hand, it was a psychiatrist, it's not as though there are going to be 20 people in there at the same time. He managed to find a spot close to the doors, and turned off the engine.

Without even locking the car, he made his way to the entrance. The glass sliding doors automatically opened for him when he came closer, and he walked to the counter. "I'm here for Dr. Du Toit." The lady at the reception looked at him with disgust. She was immediately irritated at his rudeness. "Your file number?" Jason looked at her and smiled "I think it's 03997" She got up and went to a big filing cabinet, and started sifting through hundreds of files. When she found it, she opened it, and placed it on her desk. "Are you paying cash? I see you are not on a medical aid?" "Yes," and Jason handed her a role of notes. She straightened out the notes to count them, and handed him some of the notes. After writing out a receipt, she peered down at him as she got up to show him through to the doctor's rooms. As she came out from the counter, she turned to look at him, and said "this way.." she led him down the long corridor, took a left, and then told him to sit. Placing his file into the holder outside the door, she left. Her heels clacking on the tiled floor.

Jason sat there staring at the pictures on the walls. It was abstract art. The lines and colours almost confused him. He felt his headache returning, and slumped in the chair, putting his head back and closing his eyes. A few minutes later the doctor's door opened, and the doctor took his file and motioned for him to come in. As he sat down, the doctor opened his file, and his face fell. He had realized who this was. He remembered the last time Jason had come to him for a consultation. "How can I help you today?" being the professional that he was, he put his emotions aside, and hid them to the best of his ability. "Doc, I was here a few months ago for those tablets... and they are finished now. Just need a refill." "Tell me what symptoms you are experiencing at the moment?"

Dr du toit picked up his pen, and was ready to start taking notes. "well, those head aches are back. and im gettig them alot. its the same like last time." the doctor was scribbling notes in the file, and listening intently. "i gave you 75ml of Venlor, do you feel that it helps?" "ja, it does. look, i just want a refill okay. we will just do it like we did last time." with that, jason took out a roll of notes, and placed it in front of the doctor. "alright. but mr grober, we cannot carry on doing this. i will help you one last time. but afterward, you will have to come to me on a regular basis so that we can monitor you more closely. this is very unethcal, and i can loose my licence. you do understand that?" he tried to be firm, but not demanding. jason was getting irritated. "look, i told you last time, you dont give me the prescription, i will make you sorry that you didnt okay. so stop wasting my fucking time, and start writing."

fearful, the doctor did as he was told. he wrote out 6 different prescriptions, each for the same 75ml Venlor, 30 tablets, one for each of the 6 months to follow. He tore off the prescriptions, and handed it to jason. "see, now that wasnt so hard was it? see you in 6 months."

jason got up, and left the doctor sitting at his desk with his head in his hands.

He walked past reception to the chemist, and filled the first prescription. When he got outside, the sun seemed brighter than usual, and his head started pounding again. He dug into the bag, broke off the seal, and took out one of the tablets, swallowing it without any water. He got into the car, and made his way back to the plot. He started feeling the effects of the tablets already, and relief waved over him.

Meanwhile, back at the plot, Mason was down in the basement with Sammy. She was started to regain consciousness again, her arms and legs burning from all the incisions. She opened her eyes slowly, looking around, trying to make sense of where she was, and what was happening. As she turned her head to look next to her, she looked into Masons' face. He was sitting quietly next to her, a cigarette between his fingers. She looked away immediately and closed her eyes. She didnt want to see him, she didnt want to see where she was. all she could concentrate on was her skin that was burning. Her clothes were soaked, from all the blood she was losing. she laid as still as she could. any movement sent seering pain throughout her whole body.

mason got up, and and stood above her. "you awake now?" sammy didnt budge. she did not say a word.... Mason took another drag from his cigarette, and brought the cigarette towards her face. holding her face now with one hand, he pressed the cherry of the cigarette against her cheek. she tried to scream, but couldnt, with that disgusting rag still pushing down on her tongue, and halfway down her throat. He held it to her skin, until the cigarette was dead. The burning was too much for her to handle. she tried as hard as she could to get loose, but it was no use. those straps were too tight. her eyes filled up with tears, and the sweat from her forehead slowly started trickling into her eyes, burning even more.

mason dropped the cigarete butt now, and started loosening his belt. he took off his pants, and his boxer, and started loosening only the straps that held down sammys legs and feet. afterward, he removed her pants and underwear and got ontop of her. He raped her repeatedly until he was exhausted. sammy laid there, lifeless, crying, not being able to move her arms or upper body. she had no other choice but to lie there and endure him. as mason was pulling up his pants, jason came down the stairs.

as he walked towards them, he realized what was happening, and it enraged him to the point that he lost control. he ran towards mason with blinding rage, and tackled him off his feet. mason tried desperately to fight back, but jason was much bigger and stronger than he was. jason got up and started kicking mason, eventually kicking the wind out of him. as mason lay there, holding onto his stomach, gasping for air, jason walked towards the table, and picked up an axe. he walked towards mason, cringing in pain, "i told you to leave her the fuck alone....and now you have to pay for your mistake..." as he got up to mason, he lifted the axe above his head, and started gashing away at mason. each blow more severe than the last. masons cries growing fainter and fainter as his life slipped away.

jasons rage overwhelmed him, and he kept on lashing and lashing, until all that remained of mason was a lump of a former human body, full of gashes, and broken limbs, with a pool of blood, now spreading across the floor.

Chapter Twenty Six - John visits the doctor

John and Barry left the station, and made their way to the doctors rooms. Barry was silent, did not utter a word. John got the feeling that Barry was affected by the videos they had just watched, and made an attempt to make him feel better. "you alright there baz?" "yeah, i'll be alright... just... those videos... ive never seen anything like that. ive been to dozens of crime scenes where you only see the result, but you never see the actual thing happening. it was just a bit too much. i'll be fine though, just need time to process." john remembered his first crime scene and how it made him feel. he realized then how sensitive their work is, and how it can affect you. and that as human beings you are not really programmed to deal with certain things, and these videos were one of them. "lets just concentrate for now, on that doctor, fuck, i hope he has some information for us."

barry was fiddling with the GPS, punching in the address of the doctor. and within a few minutes, the english lady with an accent began directing them. as they sped away onto the highway, john started thinking again about sam. he missed her more than he could even begin to describe. he was hoping with everything he had in him, that she was still alive. he decided that no matter where the evidence would led them, or what evidence would come up, that he would keep hoping, and would not give up until he found her.

the lady directed them to take the next offramp, and they turned into a busy street. the voice then indicated that their destination was 200 metres away. the big white building towered over the smaller ones surrounding it, and before long, they saw the big blue sign saying Medivillage. they turned into it, and found a parking spot. " i'll do the talking baz. you take it easy pal." they got out of the car, and made their way to the entrance. when they got to the reception, the lady looked up at them and smiled. " good afternoon, can i help you?" she was well dressed, her desk well organized, and friendly. A good candidate for a receptionist position. "yes, im Leutant Grober, and this Sergeant barry. we are from germiston crime investigation unit, and need a quick word with dr du toit, if possible." she picked up the receiver, and phoned through to dr du toit. after a few seconds, she carefully put the receiver down. " follow me, dr is expecting you." they made their way down the corridor, and she led them to the drs` door.

she knocked, and entered, motioning to them to have a seat. Behind the desk was an oldish man, a seasoned doctor. behind him on the wall, many certificates, proof of his accomplishments, and degrees, and vast knowledge of medicine and the human body. his desk, untidy. pens from different marketing companies strewn between loose pieces of paper. on the opposite wall, photos of what seemed to be his wife, and sons. "gentleman, im dr david du toit. how can i help?" his friendliness gave john hope that this might be a fruitful conversation.

"dr, im leutenant grober, and this is serageant barry. we're investigating serial murders at the moment, and have reason to believe that the suspect might be one of your patients. we searched a house where he was staying, and found one of his containers of tablets, and according to the label, you were the dr that prescribed it to him. so, we are hoping that you could provide some information to us regarding this patient." the doctor sat back in his chair, intently listening to john, and studying him. after a short while, he sat forward, and pulled his chair closer to the desk. "leutenant, im sure that you are aware of dr patient confidentiality. im not actually allowed to give you any information, unless you have some kind of court warrant or something like that."

"look, we understand that, but this really is the only lead that we have. this might be the only way of catching this guy. please, any information at all that you can give, will be kept strictly under wraps. anything, please." john didnt like to beg. it made him feel inferior. but he was desperate. he knew that this dr could be the only thing that would lead him to jason. and he wasnt going to allow this one last opportunity to just slip past him. he would do whatever was necessary to get that information. so he decided to play the doctors' game. turning to barry he said "baz, get on the phone with baily, at the court and organise me a warrant." he winked at barry without the old doctor noticing, and barry knew what was expected of him. He got his phone out, and pretended to start dialling. with that, he got up, asif to leave the room to talk privately. with that, the doctor realized that there was no way out of this, and said "alright, alright, tell him to leave the warrant. you going to get the information anyway, so i'll give it to you. you just have to assure me that i will not be implicated here as being the one to hand you information." john grabbed barry by the arm, and told him that the call was no longer needed.

as barry took his seat again john explained to the doctor that his name would not be mentioned in any way. with that, the doctor poured himself a glass of water, took a sip, and looked at john. "whats the patients' name?"

"Jason Grober"

The doctors face seemed to change colour. it went from a healthy pink glow to a pale shade of white, almost deathly colour. John saw immediately that the name had rustled the doctors feathers somehow. "you know exactly who im talking about, dont you?" he looked at the doctor, who was now taking yet another sip from the glass. he then got up, to open a window and allow some fresh air into the room.

after a few gulps of fresh air, he came to sit down again. "yes, i do know who you are talking about. In fact, he was here earlier today. came to get a prescription. What did you say he was doing? what are you investigating?" the doctor was flustered, and john quickly jumped to calm him down, and reassure him that it was safe to give them the information. " you see, i could loose my licence, my practice, i did things i wasnt supposed to..." he started mumbling and looking anxious and worried. " look, dr, we arent here for you... i dont care what you did. im here to find out about jason. thats all. i dont want to know what you did. please. " "alright.. he came to me for the first time about a year or two years ago.. was complaining of terrible head aches, depression, suicidal thoughts, he was very unstable. i wanted to admit him to hospital for further evaluation, but he would have none of it. he just wanted pills to make the head aches go away. he would also from time to time talk about bad dreams he would have. he sees images of his father, and blood and gore. in my notes, you will see very graphic details of what he described to me. so i decided to put him on Venlor. i started him on a low dose, to first monitor whether it was the right medication for him, and it seemed to help, but i upped the dose after a few months, and currently hes using 75ml."

"what is actually wrong with him, dr, what is your diagnosis?"

"well, he suffers from major depressive disorder, anxiety and panic attacks, and even shows sign of obsessive compulsive disorder. he has also told me that he likes to collect things, but never elaborates on what exactly. and these things he collects, he sees as treasures, so he shows signs of hoarding as well. The Venlor oppresses all these things.

He should be on other medication as well, but only comes to me for the Venlor. You see, im not proud to say this, but he comes to me every six months. he pays me some money on the side line, and i write out 6 months worth of prescriptions for him, for the Venlor. the only reason i do it, is because he threatens me. i have a family you see, i dont want anyone to get hurt."

"i see. look, do you have any of his personal information, address etc. surely your patients must fill in some kind of form?" john was taken aback by the overload of information. when he looked over at barry, barry was making notes but didnt seem to have enough paper for all the information. "yes, here," the doctor rummaged through a few patient files, and brought out the files for jason grober. he handed it over to john. " may i?" john looked at him for approval to look through the fiile. "sure" the doctor sat back in his chair again, and turned to stare out of the window. "you know, if i had known, i never would have written out those prescriptions. i feel that its my fault..." john was leafing through the pages, skimming through the doctors notes, and copies of some drawings that jason had done. the images were dark, and evil.

the notes described an unstable individual, that needed help, and was in much need of extensive rehabilitation and rehabilitation. Right at the back of the file, was a form. IT was a standard form where the patient had to fill in all their personal particulars. As john looked down at the piece of paper, his heart raced. here it was, all the information they needed. full name and surname : jason grober. physical address : Plot 302, Marina Street, Norton Small Farms, Germiston. contact number : 075 111 0216. John gave the piece of paper to barry to jot down the information.

"thank you so much for your help. and not to worry, we will not be mentioning you at all. All we were really looking for was an address. How often do you update the client details?" the doctor seemed in need of much fresh air,mabye even a stiff drink."well,mandy, the receptionist, is supposed to make sure that its correct and updated." once barry was done, he handed the file back to the doctor. " again, thank you so much david. we appreciate your assistance. you have a good day now." john and barry rose from their seats, and left the room.

john walked down the passage, reviewing the notes that barry had made, and his mind was running around in circles. there was so much information to process, that he hardly knew where to start. the important thing was that they finally had another address. he just hoped that it would be the right one.

"you okay boss?" barry seemed concerned.

"baz, im just peachy. i've got a good feeling about this..." for the first time, john felt that hunch. he was getting close.

jason stood there, in silence, watching as masons pool of blood was spreading underneath his shoes, and the stench of blood filling the room. with the axe still in his hand, he kicked at mason, almost as if to see if he was alive or not, but there was no response. "you see what you made me do now!! you stupid, stupid man !! I told you to leave her alone. Shes MINE!!!!" he turned to look at sammy who was still laying on the table, her head, neck, and arms still bound, with a look of horror on her face. she started back at jason, whose face was covered with splotches of blood, masons blood. he smiled at her and said "sorry about that, pretty lady. but he deserved that..." he slowly walked over to the table where all the instruments were laid out, the axe, dragging behind him as he walked. he was humming.

the smell of the blood made sammy gag. it was strong, pungent. she could hardly breathe. the sheer shock and terror of what she had seen had stunned her. she was more afraid now, than ever. jason put down the axe, and walked over to where she was lying on the table. he removed the duct tape, and took the cloth out of her mouth. he then used it to wipe of the blood on his face. Looking back at masons lifeless, bloodied body, he turned to her and said "well, we better get rid of that, we dont want him rotting away in here do we..?" She looked at jason, terrified. He walked to one of the cupboards and took out a big plastic bag and walked back over to the body. he started picking up pieces of masons body, throwing them into the bag. he did it as though he was just doing another chore in the house. cleaning up a mess. sammy watched as he took the now full black bag, and started dragging it up the stairs.

when he was out of sight, she started struggling again. every time she moved, the lacerations on her arms and legs would burn and the bleeding would start again. she didnt care about that. all she could think of, was to get out of there. before long, she heard jasons foot steps coming down the stairs again, and she layed still. he came up to her, picked up her underwear and pants, and started dressing her again. once she was dressed, he looked at her, smiling "im going to take you outside for a while, and then we going to clean you up...."

he started loosening the belts around her arms, and head and neck, and immediately cuffed her hands so that she could not escape. "you better not try and run away now, okay. you saw what happens just now, when i get really angry. and i dont want to do that to you." she got off the table, stepping into the warm, liquid blood now spreading further across the floor. she cringed. they made their way up the stairs. when they got outside, the suns rays burnt sammys eyes. it felt as though someone had taken fire, and placed it directly into her eye sockets. she shut her eyes, and tried to use her hands to shield them from the sun. with that, she felt her head, and realized that she had no more hair. she felt tufts of hair spread across her scalp, and she started to cry. her tears running down her cheeck, onto the wound where mason had burnt her with the cigarette. jason continued walking to the shed. as she looked around, she noticed the patch of cement.

she thought back to what she had witnessed. she shuddered, and was yanked forward by jason, who plonked her down on a chair. he used some rope to tie her to the chair, and then her eye caught the black bag. she looked at the bag disbelieving that masons cut up body was actually inside that bag. there were splotches of blood on the sand, where the blood had started to seep through holes in the bag. she was relieved that the fresh air outside masked a bit of the smell of the blood. jason walked up to the bag, holding a can of petrol, and a lighter. he doused the bag with the petrol, and lit it.

almost immediately, a huge flame rose up, and engulfed the bag. he took a step back, and stood there aimlessly, watching the bag and the body burn. he then turned to sammy after a while, and went and stood next to her. "well, that leaves just you and me doesnt it... lets go get you cleaned up." sammy couldnt believe that he could set someone alight, as though he were burning a bag of leaves that had scattered all over the lawn, and now needed to be thrown away. his calmness worried her, and deep down, she knew that she would have to try and escape. or she would be next.

as they were walking, he was about two steps in front of her, and suddenly, out of nowhere, a burst of energy engulfed her, and she made a run for it. she kept her eyes on the main road, ahead, and ran with all the strength she could muster up. sammy was struggling to run with her hands cuffed, but she gave it a try none the less. this angered jason beyond belief, and he set off after her. the coarse sand and stones were stinging her feet, and the sun was blinding and burning her eyes, the lacerations on her arms and legs now burning from the sweat pouring out of her body.

sammy had about 20 metres left until the gate, and suddenly she heard a bang, and a sharp burning sensation in her right leg. she tried to continue running, but collapsed.

she came crashing to the gravel, and just laid there. before long, jason was next to her, dragging her back to the house. "you fucking bitch. i told you not to try and run away. now you have to pay." the exhaustion and starvation she was feeling was overwhelming her. the pain she was feeling was beyond the point of unbearable, and she willingly allowed herself to be dragged back to that house of horrors. jason was muttering under his breathe all the way back to the house. when they reached the front door, he picked her up, and swung her over his shoulders, like a sack of potatoes.

he carried her up to the bathroom. he put her down into the bath, picked up the shower head, and started spraying her off with ice cold water. she screamed as the icy water penetrated each and every laceration on her body and face. he put off the water, and grabbed her by her arm, starting to rip off her clothes. he shoved her, and she fell back down into the bath, now naked. jason then picked up a bar of soap and flung it at her. "clean yourself up. look what you look like. you're disgusting. a woman should never look like that !!" she took the bar of soap and slowly ran it over her skin. as the soap seeped into her open wounds she started crying, and threw the soap down. he ignored her, and continued spraying her. once he felt that she was clean enough, he put off the water, and held out a towel.

sammy looked down, and realized that he had shot her in her leg, and that was the burning stabbing pain she had felt when she was trying to escape. the bullet was still lodged in her leg, and the pain was excruciating. She slowly got up out of the bath, and took the towel from jason. the towel was a peach colour, soft, fluffy. sammy carefully patted herself dry, as the lacerations on her arms and legs were burning and aching. the soft feel of the towel was almost comforting. it took her back to her moms house, where the towels, and the bedding were always so soft and fluffy, and smelt of lavender...

suddenly jason yanked the towel out of her hands, and hung it up.

sammy stood there naked, exposed, using her hands to try and shield her body from him. he looked at her and smiled.

"now thats better, my pretty lady..."

Chapter Twenty Eight - Sammy Dies

jason instructed sammy to walk in front of him, while he held onto her arm. his firm grip on her arm, pressing down on those lacerations. Her back, by now, had started healing from the beating he had given her. She felt exposed and vulnerable. they made their way down to the basement again. "please..... please im begging you, just let me go....." jason ignored her pleas. when they got to the bottom of the stairs, he led her to the dentists chair and sat her down. After strapping her in, he came and sat next to her, the same way a dentist would, when he was about to inspect your teeth. "look, this is how it has to be. you are going to die now, and then john is going to learn a lesson from your death. so dont worry, you wont die for nothing. its for a good cause. john is going to have to live out his life, knowing that his wife was murdered, and its all his fault. its a brilliant plan, actually." he started laughing to himself.

he walked over to the table and turned to look at sammy "right, so, how we going to do this? do you want a slow painful death, or should we draw it out a little....?" sammy started crying again. trying her best to struggle free of the belts that were tying her to the chair. "no use trying to get away pretty lady. you are not going anywhere..." he came toward her again, with a rope in his hands. "you know what, i've decided. im not going to let you suffer too much, okay. it will be reasonably quick." he came up behind her head, and brought the rope over her head. she started struggling frantically, as he started pulling the rope tighter and tighter around her neck. her sobs and screams became fainter and fainter, as she lost consciousness, and eventually, sammy grober gave her last breath.

jason held onto the rope as tightly as he could, not letting go until he could feel her body slump in the chair. he released the rope and went and stood in front of sammy. studying her face, he ran his finger down her cheek, and walked away, up the stairs.

he had to put the next part of his plan in action.

Chapter Twenty Nine - john and barry on their way to jasons house
- jason shoots himself

As they got into the car, john took out his phone. "General, its john, ive got an address. barry and i are heading over there now, can you arrange the Alpha team to meet us close to there. if he is there, backup will be necessary." The General sounded concerned on the other line. " yes, no problem, i'll call it through now. but john, mason has disappeared. the guys cant find him. his wife hasnt heard from him either. not sure what the reason is though. just be safe out there, phone me as soon as you know anything." "will do sir, thanks."

John turned the key in the ignition and looked over at Barry. "you know what to do buddy, punch in that address." without hesitation, barry continued to punch in the address. almost immediately the lady with the english accent started directing them again. as they were driving john had the gut feeling that they were very close to solving this case, and to catching jason. he wondered how he would approach him, if he were there at that house they were going to. What would he say to him? and then he thought of his wife. his beautiful wife. He thought back to their wedding day, it was a hot summers day, all their family and friends were there, and when he saw sammy for the first time, walking down the aisle, she took his breathe away. she was beautiful. she looked like a fairy tale princess. he remembered reciting his vows to her, swearing to protect her, and love her, and care for her.

He remembered the nights where she would be fast asleep, and he would be up working. how he would sometimes watch her sleep. how beatiful she looked when she had just gotten out of the shower, and her wait hair clung to her back, the drops of water running down her skin. he remembered the smell of her hair as he held her at night. he couldnt wait to see her. he was coming for her. he was going to save her. and he was going to make sure that jason would never hurt another women again. and once he was done with jason, he would be deal with mason. he needed to punished in a different way. a way that would set an example to the rest of the cops that thought they could play god with peoples' lives, and abuse their powers as policemen.

he also wondered how masons fiance would react to the news that her loving husband was an accomplice to a serial killer that had gone a killing spree. but that all wasnt important now. what was important was getting to that address, and finding them.

the ladys voice now commanded them to take a right. as they drove down the long winding road, the plots were scattered to the left and right. horses, cows, sheep all grazing at different spots. some of the plots had dozens of workers picking fruits, some of them watching the animals graze. it was almost relaxing out here. the hustle and bustle of the city, with the sirens, and hooters, and night clubs all seemed a distant country compared to this part of the town. here, it was calm, and serene, and private. john could understand why jason and mason would choose this type of location for their little hide out. it was far away from civilization. they had the freedom to do here what they pleased, without the risk of being caught or look suspicious.

the next command was to take a left, and then their destination would be on the left hand side, after 50 metres. john decided to stop there. he did not want to attract any unnecessary attention by stopping right infront of the plot. he had to do this properly. before long, the convoy arrived, and parked behind them. john and barry got out of the car, and went over them. the officers, all dressed in field dress. bullet proofs, pistols, R5 rifles, some had shot guns. they were geared up and ready to receive orders. they gathered in a circle and john gave them a short briefing.

"i know this isnt how we usually do things, but theres no time to map out a penetration, we have to act now. we have no knowledge if they are still on the premises right now or not. as far as we know, there is one victim with them, but that is also not confirmed. i think we do this in 4 teams of 2 people each. barry and i will take the front door. greg, you and donovan take the back door. then we need two people watching the outside of the house, and two more inside with us. the driveway seems long, so we make the entry as quick as possible and as clean as possible. remember, think quick on your feet, look out for victims, and be safe."

they broke up, and went back to their respective cars. with pistols loaded, minds determined, and engines revving, they moved forward, turning into the long sandy driveway, and speeding towards the house. they parked, and almost immediately jumped out. everyone knew exactly what to do, and where to go, and before long, john and barry had broken through the front door. in the back of the house, you could hear greg and his partner entering from there. simultaneously they all started using their voices calling out "POLICE!!" but the house was silent. there was no response. hearts racing john and barry made their way through the house, penetrating in the exact manner they were trained to do. when entering a room, johns eye would catch one of the officers outside, patrolling and looking for hiding places where the suspect may be.

Guns pointed, and loaded, they searched the lounge, dining room and met the others in the kitchen. john then motioned to them, that they were now moving upstairs.

as they stealthily moved to the foot of the staircase, they heard a noise upstairs.

"POLICE!! is anyone up there?" john called out, but was received with only silence.

he looked back at his team, and motioned them to follow him.

Quietly they made their way up the stairs. when they got to the top, they split up into two groups. at the top of the stairs was a wall, to the left, was 3 doors, and to the right were 2 doors, all closed. one group went left, and the other went right.

john, barry and greg went left. quietly they went to the first door, opened it, and went inside, while greg stood at the door, watching their back. the room was empty. all except for a single bed, with only a mattress. there was nothing else in the room. the room was dusty and had not been used in years. they came out and went to the second door. john again opened the door, and as he did, they were met with bullets wizzing past them. immediately they took cover, and started firing back. john shouted to hold fire. they didnt know if sammy was in there with jason or not. the chances of her being hit by a stray bullet were immense.

"jason !! i know its you!!" john shouted to him. "put down the gun. its over. this whole place is sorrounded. you arent getting out of here!!! wheres sam?" again, he was met with silence. and without warning, a single gunshot was heard, and then silence. as John peered around the corner, his eye fell on a scene that he would never have been able to prepare himself for. he came out from behind the door panel, and stood in the doorway. staring at the scene in front of him, he collapsed. barry and greg caught him, and layed him down. they rushed into the room, to find jason slumped over sammys lifeless body. jason had committed suicide.

Chapter Thirty - The arrest

barry screamed out to the other teams to get in there. he was fumbling around in his pocket for his cell phone. "we need an ambulance at at... fuck !! whats the address? um, plot 302, marina street, norton small farms, germiston. hurry, please. this is sergeant barry from germiston crime investigation unit. hurry !!" he put his phone back in his pocket and ran towards sammy. he picked up jasons' lifeless body and moved it aside. he felt for a pulse, but it was clear that sammy was no longer alive.

behind him, john was started to regain consciousness. he slowly got up, and walked towards sammys body. jason had laid her on a bed of yellow daisies. on her chest was a letter. he stood there silently, looking at his wife. her hair cut off, her arms and legs full of cuts, her cheeck burned with a cigarette. her throat blue... he could see she had been strangled. he bent down, and kissed her forehead. he could not believe what he was seeing. he fell back, and sat flat on his buttocks, picking up her hand and holding it to his heart. he burst into tears .."im sorry...im so sorry..... im sorry....."was all he could get out... greg got the rest of the team to pick john up and escort him out... Barry then phoned the General and told him to come down to the house. "im on my way." The General was heartbroken once he had heard from Barry that sammy was dead.

while they were helping john down the stairs, he became hysterical. he was shouting at them to let him go... he lost all self control. when they got outside, the ambulance was there. they had to inject him to calm him down.

Barry took the letter out of johns' hand and looked at him as they loaded him into the ambulance. "boss, i'll take care of things here. you go and relax. im sorry....about sammy. we all loved her... she was wonderful..." john tried with all the power he could muster, to fight against the medicine. he wanted to be there with sammy. he didnt want to go to hospital. as the ambulance closed the doors, and rode away leaving only a cloud of dust.

shortly afterward, the General arrived, along with the rest of the people responsible for crime scenes. there were people taking photographs, others were gather and collecting evidence in evidence bags. others were examining the bodies. others were searching the house. it was controlled chaos.

Barry walked up to the General, and handed him the letter. "sir, this was found on sammys body. we havent opened it yet. thought we would leave that to you." It read :

"John,

if you read this, it means im dead. probably better that way, i never was any good to anyone.

and that also means ive taken something of yours with me too. she trully was a pretty lady, my pretty lady.

now you know how it feels to be left behind.

i hope you learn from this lesson.

if you looking for mason, hes in the black plastic bag by the tool shed.

if you looking for charmaine, dig up the cement patch.

if you looking for the 156 women that have gone missing since 1996, look in the basement.

oh yes, if you looking for bradley, that guy you killed, hes down in the basement. Mm, hope you told everyone about this... or else you in some trouble now...

oh ja, mom, and dad, well, they down there too.

one big happy family.... the way it should be...