

Who wanted Dory Anthony Dead?

by

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Chapter One

Dory Anthony was dead. The woman he was going to marry was dead. He had plans of getting engaged to her in June and then marry her a year later. Dalton Ferguson sat looking into the sergeant's face.

"You said that you and the young woman were due to be engaged later on this year. So why did you bash her head in?"

Sergeant Bingham was questioning Dalton in his duty office at the Duhaney Park police station.

"Don't tell me. I know the answer. She rejected your proposal and you got angry. I know how you young men nowadays behave. You can't have the woman, then nobody else will."

"I'm not saying anything more to you until my lawyer gets here."

"Your fingerprints are all over the piece of iron pipe. You must have slipped and fell after you killed her. You were lying beside her unconscious and holding the murder weapon in your hand."

"I could prosecute this case myself. I've never seen anything so clear cut. It's a pity they've stopped hanging murderers."

"I didn't kill her, that's all I can say," Dalton replied.

"Why did you kill her, Ferguson? Did she confess that she had another lover and you in a jealous rage, bashed her head in?"

Dalton remained mum.

"How long did you know this young lady, Ferguson?" Barton Reid, Dalton's newly appointed lawyer, asked him.

A swarthy looking man, Dalton judged Barton to be in his middle fifties. Like himself, Barton was of average height.

"About two years," Dalton replied.

“Was everything all right with the relationship? I mean were you intimate? These are questions the prosecution is going to ask.”

“Everything was okay with the relationship and we were pretty intimate.”

“Okay, so the two of you were there in her living room Sunday evening. Then you woke up with a headache and saw that your girlfriend had been murdered.”

The murder had taken place in Dory’s rented two bedroom flat in Duhaney Park.

“That’s about it.”

“What did you do when you realized that she was dead?”

“I called the police.”

“How long did they take to respond to your call?”

“They came almost immediately.”

“The police believe that they have an open and shut case. They’re just about to charge you with murder and they believe they can make it stick.”

Dalton’s head was bowed.

“Did she ever mention any former boyfriends?”

Dalton remembered her telling him about a boyfriend, whom she had broken up with a year before they met.

“Yes, but I can’t remember a name.”

“Okay, tell you what, I know a former detective. He runs a private detective agency. If you agree, then we can hire his services to probe into this woman’s background some more.”

“Why should we do that?”

“Unless you aren’t telling me the truth, you woke up beside a dead woman with your fingerprints all over the murder weapon.”

Dalton didn’t want to be reminded about that.

“Okay, but aren’t his fees, high?”

“Pretty much so, but he normally does a good job and in as short a time as possible.”

Two days later Dalton was charged with murder. He got bail with his parents and his employers standing surety for him. He was also given two weeks compassionate leave by his employers, Standard Management Services, software developers. Reece Patterson, the ex-police detective, visited him at his house at Bridgeview in Portmore.

They were seated on Dalton's verandah.

"Barton gave me the notes from your interview with him. Is there anything else you can add? There isn't much I can go on. Remember that you're on a murder charge. I want all the information I can get to get you off the charge."

As he had said before, Dalton wasn't able to add more than what he had told Barton.

Reece decided to check Dory's relatives. He had heard that she had two older sisters and a younger one. Her parents were still alive.

"Dor had many boyfriends. She was young and beautiful. She loved partying," Lesa Gilbert said.

From the information he had gathered Dory Anthony was twenty six years of age. Dalton, he guessed was about thirty years old.

Lesa was indeed a beauty. He had never seen any pictures of Dory, but if she looked anything like Lesa he could understand why men were pursuing her.

"What about the guy, who was found unconscious beside her dead body?"

"I've never met him, but he wasn't the only boyfriend she had."

Reece was furiously taking notes.

"Who are you anyway and why all these questions about my cousin?"

"I'm just interested in the case. None of her sisters wanted to talk to me."

Dory's parents had chased him out of their yard. It was a lucky thing Lesa had been there. He just had enough time to give her his card before driving away from the Anthony's house in Arlene Gardens.

"Why should they? Dor behaved like an angel around them, but I knew what she was like."

"You mean that Dalton wasn't the only guy she was seeing. But they were due to be engaged later on this year."

"That guy must be dreaming or something. As far as I know nothing like that was in the works."

Reece wondered what the hell was going on. Was it possible that Ferguson was making up the whole engagement thing?

"Okay, can you tell me those two guys names and I'll be off? I won't bother you again."

"Listen, I don't want anybody coming to look for me. How do I know that you can be trusted? That you won't tell these two guys that it was I who gave you their names."

"If these guys are innocent then there is no reason to fear them. Anyway, why should I tell them who told me about them?"

"Okay, so I trust you. Their names are Trevan Warsop and Darlan Watson."

She was able to tell him where both men worked.

"I don't know anybody by the name of Dory Anthony," Trevan Warsop replied.

"Don't lie to me, Warsop. A friend of hers showed me a picture of you and her dancing at Ruddy's nightclub three months ago."

"Why come to me? As I said, I don't know anybody by that name. Listen, Patterson, you put away Carlton Senior. You lied to get him convicted. You can't do that to me."

"Come straight with me, Warsop or by God I'll make you regret it."

"I wasn't the only guy, she was seeing. I saw her out with other men."

“Do you know their names?”

“You’re an ex-detective, you should be able to find that out quite easily.”

“Why were you denying that you knew her, Warsop?”

“Because I don’t know why you were asking me about her.”

“I think you have something to hide, but I’ll find out very soon, you mark my word.”

“You’re just trying to make a case to get that guy off. I don’t know if it was he who killed her. If it was, then he deserves to hang.”

Reece didn’t reply. Things weren’t adding up. He knew he had to talk to Ferguson again. Nothing had come out of his interview with Darlan Watson. The man was as evasive as Warsop had been.

He went to Dory’s apartment in Duhaney Park. Luck was with him because he met her landlady, a middle aged woman, Mrs. Palmer.

“How can I help you, sir?”

“My name is Reece Patterson. I’m a private investigator into Dory Anthony’s murder.”

“I should turn you away. The police have combed this small house looking for whatever clues they can find.”

“It won’t do any harm if I take a look around. You know that they’ve charged her boyfriend with her murder.”

“I only met him once but I don’t believe he did, but you’re welcome to have a look.”

Reece took out his camera and took pictures of the yard, the verandah and the living room.

Mrs. Palmer told him that the apartment had been rented furnished to Dory. She said that it had only been rented to her for eight months before that fateful night. Reece thanked her and left.

That same afternoon he called Ferguson and told him that he wanted to have a meeting with him.

They were meeting at Reece's office on Hagley Park Road, Friday afternoon.

"Come straight with me, Ferguson. Your story isn't adding up. The way I understand it, the young woman had other boyfriends."

"Where did you get that information from?"

"Stop playing around, man. I don't have time for that. Come straight with me or by God, I'm going to pull out."

"Okay, what do you want me to tell you? So she wasn't really my fiancée. I was trying to get her to be engaged to me."

"Based on what you told me and Barton, she was practically your fiancée. Listen, Ferguson, you go home. I'll have to talk to Barton. If he gives me clearance to continue then I will, if not you'll have to find another investigator."

Later that afternoon Ferguson called Barton and told him to pull Reece off the case. The next day Barton called Reece and they agreed to meet at latter's office.

Chapter Two

“The girl had several boyfriends. Ferguson has been lying to both of us.”

“But Ferguson said that he was her main boyfriend,” Barton countered.

“He was just imagining things. As I said the girl was going out with several other guys.”

“You said that you visited her apartment. What did you find out?”

“Not much, I’m still studying the photographs I took.”

“Okay, I’ll call Ferguson and arrange a meeting.”

The next day Barton called Ferguson to arrange a meeting at his office at two o’clock on Monday.

“I wasn’t the only guy she was seeing. There were other guys, but I thought she preferred me over them.”

Reece was shaking his head, while at the same time taking some notes.

“Do you know any of those other guys?” Reece asked, but Ferguson shook his head.

Ferguson went on to tell them that while at the house on that fateful night, a car had driven up to the gate and Dory had gone out to speak to the driver. He didn’t remember her coming back inside before he was knocked out. Reece didn’t know whether to believe him or not.

Barton said that the girl was killed by the same blunt instrument that Ferguson was found with. He then dropped a bombshell on them by revealing that she was pregnant! Ferguson said that he didn’t know anything about that, he doubted Barton’s story. Barton told him that was what the autopsy revealed.

Reece left the meeting confused. When he reached home his wife who doubled as his secretary asked him.

“Are you making any progress in the Dory Anthony case?”

“Ferguson, the guy they are accusing of killing her, has turned out to be a perfect fool. He claimed they were in love and were supposed to be engaged, but the girl was seeing other guys.”

“My goodness, and they’ve charged him with her murder.”

“Barton delivered a bombshell today. According to the autopsy she was at least a month pregnant. Ferguson said that he doesn’t know anything about that.”

“What! I think there’s more to this than meets the eyes.”

“Ferguson is just a sucker. Whoever killed that girl knew that he could pin the murder on him.”

“I can see your frustration, dear. Have you tried her workplace? By the way where did she work?”

Reece looked at her. He hated being made to look stupid in front of his wife. He hung down his head.

“I think you’ve been barking up the wrong tree, dear.”

Reece thought over what she had just said. They were sitting on the verandah of their four bedroom house in Bridgeport. Their two children were both on working vacations abroad. Both were university students. Reece was a man in his late forties while his wife was a woman in her middle forties.

“I don’t know why I started the way I did. The girl’s parents chased me away from their yard. I left my card with her cousin. She gave me the names of two guys she was seeing, but both of them were very evasive.”

“I think you should try to see as many people who know her, if possible. That way you can start eliminating possible suspects. She must have had friends at her workplace who knew about her social life. They’ll probably know the guy she got pregnant for.”

“That’s why I find the whole Ferguson episode so strange. He claims that on the night of the murder he was there with her when a car drove up to her gate. All he knows is that she went out to the driver. The next thing he knows is that he wakes up beside her dead body.”

“And you don’t think he could have done it?”

“Of course not. I’ve already described the guy to you.”

“If the girl was pregnant, then she must have had another intimate boyfriend apart from Ferguson. She must have been pressuring that person either for money or not to tell his wife about her pregnancy. Finding that person could give us a clue as to her murderer.”

Reece thought over what she had just said.

“I don’t know what I’ll find at her workplace, but it’s worth a try.”

“She must have had a friend, who knows her secrets.”

That made Reece wonder if he would ever find that person. Lesa Gilbert hadn’t come clean to him. He was sure of that.

It took two days for Hal Rowe, his assistant, to get the information he needed. Dory was a senior clerk with Vinny’s Auto Sales and Parts on Red Hills Road.

“How may I help you, sir?”

“My name is Reece Patterson. I’m investigating the murder of one of your former employees, Dory Anthony.”

“I’m really sorry about what happened to Dory, but I’m afraid I can’t accommodate you. We’ve been over that with the police already. They’ve interviewed practically every member of my staff. That and Miss Anthony’s murder have been very stressful.”

“I just want to ask a few questions.”

“As far as I’m concerned, the police have asked all the questions already. All of us will be much happier when her killer or killers are brought to justice,” Vinny Garth said before ending the call.

Reece was surprised at the suddenness with which the man ended the call. He wanted to interview some of the staff members who knew Dory. He couldn’t get into the establishment without Vinny Garth’s permission.”

On Wednesday, Garth agreed to see him.

“We’ve done all we could for Dory and her parents.”

“Did you know that she was pregnant?”

“She was a young woman and she had a boyfriend. Listen, we don’t pry into our employees’ affairs. I don’t know where this is all leading to. Look, as I told you I’m busy,” he said, ushering Reece out of his office.

Just as Reece was leaving, a young man barged into the room. Reece couldn’t help noticing the resemblance between the two men. He had put Vinny’s age in the middle fifties; this man would be just about thirty he thought. He had a gun in his waist and looked gung-ho.

“This is my son, Gareth. He’s my right hand man.”

Reece shook hands with the young man.

“This is Reece Patterson. He’s a private investigator into Dory Anthony’s murder.”

“Sad affair that, that guy they held, looks guilty to me based on what I’ve heard.”

Reece remained silent, only shook the two men’s hands again before departing.

Barton managed to get the case put off for another two months. Reece updated him on the progress of his investigations.

Realizing that he wasn’t getting anywhere with Vinny Garth as the man was refusing him access to any of the murdered woman’s colleagues, he decided to get in touch with Lesa Gilbert.

They were meeting at Reece’s office.

“I think you are hiding a lot of things from me. Did you know that Dory Anthony was pregnant?”

“What! I don’t believe you. She never told me any of these things.”

“You were very close to her. How come she never told you any of these things?”

“Dory had her life to live and I have mine. There are a lot of things she didn’t tell me.”

“So you don’t know who fathered the baby, the Anthony girl was having?”

She shook her head.

Reece was feeling a bit exasperated. He decided not to show it.

“The manager where she used to work is barring me from speaking to anyone there. Do you know any of her friends who worked there?”

The girl hesitated before replying.

“Listen, I’ve helped you all I can. Okay, Opal Keane and Renae Dennis were her best friends. They both work at Vinnys.”

Chapter Three

Lucky for Reece she had both women's cell phone numbers. He called Renae Dennis on Monday, but she was abrupt with him and wouldn't answer any questions.

Lucky, Opal was more open, but confessed that she didn't know much about Dory's personal life.

"Dory was a very secretive person."

"Did you know that she was pregnant? Nobody seems to know who got her pregnant."

"My goodness, I didn't know that. There were several guys who claimed that they were her boyfriend, but she absolutely refused to tell us who she was sleeping with."

"I knew Dalton was around. She might have been sleeping with him, but he wasn't her real man. But like I said before she kept that secret well guarded."

Reece ended the call feeling like he was at a dead end.

He had to go to Lesa again. He felt that information was being withheld from him. He was nowhere nearer solving the case than he was when he started.

"I want to know whose child she was carrying. That's the clue I'm looking for," he told Lesa as they sat in his office that afternoon.

"So neither Opal nor Renae could give you a clue. I think they know, but they're afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"They'll suffer the same fate like Dory."

"Are you hiding something from me? Why don't you come clean with me?"

"I've told you all I can. I know she was meeting a guy, but she refused to tell me his name."

Reece knew she was lying. Some vicious killer or killers were out there and these girls were all afraid.

Friday, he took the day off when Renae Dennis called him. He wondered what she wanted.

"I want to talk to you. I can't come to your office. I think I'm being watched."

Reece had to think fast. Archie Lewis' place came to mind. Archie was a lawyer and one of those he did investigations for. Archie had an empty office that he had used sometimes with at risk clients

. His place was on Hanover Street, Downtown, Kingston.

"I have somewhere, when can we meet?"

"It'll have to be after work. Say about five thirty, I leave work at five o'clock."

Reece gave her the address before ending the call.

"I'm putting myself in grave danger by even agreeing to meet you here."

"You haven't told me anything that would put you in grave danger."

"I don't know if I want to go through with it again."

Reece knew that he had to be careful lest he scare this young lady and she would shut up and not say anything.

She would be about twenty eight years of age. She was good looking, he thought with a compact body.

"We can't let Miss Anthony's murderer go free. At the moment they're holding a completely innocent man on the murder charge. All the circumstances indicate that he was the murderer, but I know otherwise."

"Mr. Patterson, I have two young daughters to think about. I don't want them to get hurt."

"In my profession, confidentiality is one of our greatest attributes. I have never revealed my sources to anyone."

She was silent for a few minutes. Reece thought that she was in deep thoughts.

"Dor was in an intense love affair with Gary."

"Who is Gary?"

"Gareth Garth, that's Vinny's son. She was just using Dalton Ferguson. She only had use for him when her car was down or she wanted to go out and Gary wasn't available."

Reece was furiously taking notes.

“The autopsy revealed that she was pregnant. Did she say who was responsible?”

“I didn’t know that she was pregnant. She never told me that.”

“Is there anything else you can tell me.”

“I know Dalton, I couldn’t bear to see how Dor was treating him. But he seemed to be okay with it.”

Reece didn’t want to go over the fact that Dalton wanted the girl to be his fiancée.

They ended the meeting and Reece called a taxi for her.

He decided to call Lesa again. She told him that she was busy and couldn’t talk to him until later that night. He decided to call her before she left for work on Monday.

Saturday, Reece and Barton attended Dory Anthony’s funeral, Ferguson wasn’t there.

“Okay, so she told me that the baby, she was having, was for

Gareth. But he refused paternity and she was threatening to tell his wife about them,” Lesa told Reece over her cell phone.

“So you believe that he had something to do with her death?”

“Based on what I know I think he was responsible in some way or other.”

“He had a motive, but he might have an alibi. Maybe he hired a hitman to do it.”

Reece sat thinking. Gareth Garth looked like a hard man. Based on what industry insiders had told him, Vinny Garth’s business was in serious trouble. Gareth’s father-in-law, Ken Matthews was shoring up Vinny’s failing business. Gareth was married to Ken’s youngest daughter, Ruth-Ann. Ken was a man owning several hardware stores around the island and he was known to be very wealthy with several real estate holdings to boot.

It was possible that Dory was threatening to tell Ruth-Ann about the baby she was having for Gareth. This would put him in trouble with her. So he certainly had a motive to shut her up.

Reece's friends in the used car business had proved useful once again. It was through them that he got the lowdown on Gareth Garth. He had been the shooter in the Midway Night club in Stony Hill shooting. Six persons, two women and four men had been shot that night in June 2010. Gareth had somehow gotten off those charges. There were other incidents with him involved in road rage several times. In each case his father's influence and money had gotten him off the charges.

As a beat cop in the nineties, he remembered some things about Vinny Garth. He had been drinking in a bar on Princess Street, Downtown, Kingston one night when a group of men attacked him about his political affiliation. Vinny had fired shots, killing one of the men and injuring two others. He got off those charges when he was able to prove self defense.

There was another incident when Vinny had splashed a group of students one evening. The students had stoned his vehicle. By the time he got out of the car they had disappeared except one little boy who had just come on the scene. Vinny had fired shots injuring him. The vehicle had only suffered superficial damages, but again he got off the charges. There were other instances where his high priced lawyers had saved him from doing jail time. It seemed as if Gareth had taken a leaf out of the old man's book.

Reece called Gareth Garth about a meeting, but the man refused to meet him. He told Barton about it and he said that he couldn't do anything.

The next day Lesa dropped a bombshell on him by announcing that she had a recording of Gareth threatening Dory. He went to meet the girl for the tape when men in a speeding car fired at his car. Reece fired back, but the men escaped. He reached the meeting spot to see police sirens blazing and the area yellow taped. It was then that he realized that it was Lesa! She had been shot and wounded!

A week later he got a call from a girl called Sue Mason. She claimed to be both Dory and Lesa's friend. She claimed to have a copy of the tape. Reece went and listened to the tape. While he was driving on the street returning from the meeting, two men on separate motorcycles rode up. The men brandished guns. Reece stopped the car and fired at them. He dived out of the car and sprinted to hide behind an empty sidewalk shack.

"He's hiding behind the shop, Reds. Let's finish him off."

"West, remember it's a policeman we're dealing with."

Reece fired several rounds at the two men. Then there was silence. Then he heard the men cranking up their motor cycles. He put a fresh clip into the gun and let off another barrage at them. Then he heard the roar of the bikes as the two men sped off. He figured that his accurate shooting had scared them away.

Reece kept a check on Lesa. He sent her a get well card and flowers. He had been told that it was a shoulder wound.

Monday he went to see Barton and played the tape for him to hear.

"Let's go and see Superintendent July at Constant Spring. We don't play the tape."

"But what else have we got but the tape?" Barton asked.

July wasn't convinced that they had a case. What he said he wanted were witnesses. He still believed that Ferguson was the murderer.

Faced with no other alternatives, the two men confronted Vinny Garth and his son with the tape.

"You made up the whole thing, Patterson," Gareth Garth shouted.

“Take it easy, son. Patterson, you’re accusing my son of murder. All you have is a flimsy tape that for all we know could have been doctored. How much money do you want for it?”

“No deal, Vinny. I have a client staring at the death penalty while the real murderer walks free.”

“Okay, get out of my office both of you.”

“You’ll hear from us, Vinny. This won’t be the last.”

July heard the tape, decided that the police needed to do some more investigation. He was disturbed over the shooting of Lesa Gilbert and the gun attack on Reece. Luck was on Ferguson’s side because in another week a man who was shot in a confrontation with a police party confessed to Dory Anthony’s murder.

Gareth Garth denied having anything to do with her murder. In court the hit man accused Gareth of paying him to kill Dory. However their high priced lawyers were able to prove that the man was a habitual thief, liar and drug addict. Gareth got off the murder charge when the jury returned a not guilty verdict. The End.

Epilogue-Ruth Anne Garth filed for divorce three months after her husband was freed of Dory Anthony’s murder. Ken Matthews decided to stop shoring up Vinny’s failing business. Ruth Anne also complained to her father about the threats she was receiving from her estranged husband. Ken decided to call in the two loans which Vinny owed him.

One late night Vinny and Gareth were at the company when they got into an heated argument and pulled guns on each other. The police had to be called in and both men’s guns were seized.

At the moment Vinny has scaled down his operations considerably after paying off Ken Matthews. Gareth Garth was shot dead one night outside a night club in New Kingston. Speculations are that it was Dory Anthony’s murderer who did him in. It was also rumored that he still owed the man money on that hit job. The police caught the man a few days later.