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Running Dead



ROSS CROTHERS

RUNNING DEAD

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DEDICATION

For Netts

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CHAPTER ONE

Terry Walker was beginning to feel like a million quid. In fact, maybe like forty or fifty million. It was a long time since he had ridden in a car like this, but he was getting used to it again, fast. London is a beautiful city; but a damn sight more beautiful when wrapped in the fluted leather and walnut veneer of this particular vehicle.

At sixty-two, he found work boring and uninspiring, particularly at the shipping brokerage on Oxford Street where he now found himself employed. Business had once been so good, exciting even, but that seemed like a lifetime ago. Now there was a chance, maybe only slim, but a chance nevertheless, that he could regain all he had lost.

"Nice car Andrew," he said, casting his glance around the interior, as they glided quietly along Marylebone Road, "and thanks for picking me up. What make is it again?"

"Bentley Continental GT... coupe," replied Andrew Lau, maneuvering his pride and joy, his Chinese accent still very noticeable over otherwise perfectly clipped English. "Don't you just love the smell of it?" They swung right in to Gloucester Place, left into Dorset Square, then down three blocks before turning left into Harewood Avenue. One block down then left again, and eased into the hotel driveway.

What a wonderful building thought Walker, squinting hard as he stared up at the facade. But then again, London was all wonderful buildings. "Who is it again we are meeting?"

"No name," replied Lau, "only a room number... 460. But this time I think we will be okay. This time, after ten years, I think we'll get the money."

"I hope you're right... I could do with it," said Walker in a barely audible whisper.

Two regally clad doormen opened the car doors simultaneously. "Welcome to The Landmark, any luggage gentlemen?"

"No, we'll only be about an hour, please look after the car for me," said Lau, unobtrusively sliding a twenty into the doorman's palm.

They entered the elegant foyer and Lau strode purposefully towards the lift with Walker following hurriedly behind. Shit he dresses well thought Walker...

when we get this money I'm going to visit his tailor. *Another* trip to Hong Kong I guess. The thought of *that* made him feel good again, if only for an instant.

The lift rose swiftly and silently up to level four. Walker intently watched the floor numbers light up, as if to make doubly sure they got it right. The two men marched in time along the plush carpeted hallway, and Lau gave three sharp raps on the door of 460.

"Come in," replied a female voice from inside.

Andrew Lau pushed open the door and stepped into the suite, with Walker following tentatively behind. A grey-haired male figure was silhouetted against the huge window, his back to the men, but there was no sign of any female.

Two armchairs were arranged side-by-side, also facing the window.

"Please sit!" directed the male voice. Each gently sank into an armchair and said nothing. "I believe you are seeking *more* money," continued the silhouette without turning around.

"That is correct," replied Lau, "and yesterday you recall we spoke to . . ."

"It is not important who you spoke to," interrupted the shadow, "it is just a pity you cannot leave things alone. You push *too hard!*"

Lau glanced at Walker and shrugged his shoulders, thrown by the outburst.

"Now, I understand you know my assistant?" asked the shadow.

"Gentlemen," purred a female voice behind the two men. Andrew Lau turned in his chair but before he had reached halfway round a muffled shot rang out. The side of Lau's head exploded sending a spray of blood onto the sheer curtains.

Terry Walker snapped around toward the gunshot, his face ashen. For a brief, stunned moment he stared at the female figure before him.

"What the f . . ." he stammered, but before he could finish, a second shot took him straight through the right temple.

The male figure finally turned from the window and looked over the two bodies crumpled in blood before him. He half-looked up at the woman standing there. The corners of his mouth flickered; the faintest hint of a smile.

"Good job," he said, "now I think it's best we leave."

CHAPTER TWO

Detective Chief Inspector McClure was tired. All day in meetings of the detective management unit, discussing tactics, reporting on progress, facts, figures, and mind numbing banality. After thirty years with Scotland Yard he still liked the *real* police work. The stuff on the street . . . that's what he lived for. These end on end-on-end meetings, where nothing was ever resolved, made him feel every bit his fifty-two years.

Now he had a call to go to The Landmark Hotel. Despite the late afternoon traffic, particularly around the Palace, the trip was swift. McClure's driver pulled into the hotel forecourt and eased the black Ford to a stop. Met vehicles were everywhere, lights swirling, headlights ablaze, crime scene tape sealing the entrance from the public. "This is more like it," thought McClure . . . "meaty stuff, *proper* cop work."

McClure flashed his badge at the young constable standing in the hotel doorway. "Afternoon Chief Inspector . . . it's level four you want." McClure nodded, said nothing and strode through the hotel lobby.

With driver in tow, McClure arrived at Room 460 to be greeted by Sergeant Shepherd, a beefy, grey-haired sixty-four year old, who'd overseen more crime scenes than he cared to remember. The forensics in their white suits were trawling the floor, the furniture and the curtains, minutely extracting remnants deposited by a myriad of guests. It occurred to the sergeant as he watched on quietly, people have no idea what they *really* leave behind.

"What have we got, Sergeant?" asked McClure. He and Shepherd had been mates in the force for a long time, but at moments like this, formality was the order of the day.

"Bloody hell of a mess sir . . . two dead males . . . two single gunshots it looks like," Shepherd replied dryly.

"Jesus!" muttered McClure, as he gingerly stepped over the body of Andrew Lau. "Any names?"

"Licences say Andrew Lau and Terence Walker," the sergeant replied. McClure bent over the buckled, lifeless bodies and peered at each face. Lau's in particular was missing a bit, but those faces—he knew them alright! What had they done to *cause this*?

"Can I sit here?" McClure asked one of the forensics. "Yes sir, we're done there," replied the officer. McClure slumped on the hotel bed, his mind processing the mess before him.

"It's been ten years Shep," continued McClure, talking to the sergeant but addressing no one in particular, "and these two were part of one of the biggest fraud cases I've ever investigated. But they were never partners . . . they only ever came together in a courtroom. Why would they be together now after all these years . . . and *dead*?"

There was a long period of silence. McClure's mind was obviously somewhere else on the planet. Sergeant Shepherd busied himself helping the forensics . . . best not to look too bored, keep active until the boss comes up with something.

"Sergeant," McClure said again, still addressing no one in particular, "I don't think I can do this on my own—but there is one person who can help us get to the bottom of it . . . let's get him here."

CHAPTER THREE

I peered out the porthole of Qantas Flight One as it taxied slowly up to the Heathrow terminal. Light misty rain sent small rivulets down the window. Why was it always damp here, I wondered? Ten years since my last visit, and it was damp then. So it must *always* be damp.

I thought of Sydney. Little more than twenty-four hours ago I had woken in my apartment in Elizabeth Bay, looking out over Sydney Harbour to a clear, warm morning. Everything was blue and sparkling! I usually rise about six, stroll three doors to the deli for the daily paper, then with coffee in hand sit on my terrace above the harbour, and watch as Sydney comes to life. And so it was yesterday.

I thought of Sally. She is beautiful, but after six months together she seems to be a little distant. Maybe it was her work; big law firms seem to suck the life out of their people. Maybe a short break would do us both good.

Then Jim McClure rang. I hadn't heard from him for years and his call was a bolt from the blue. We had worked really well together solving the Connolly fraud case ten years earlier. After all this time a call from Jim could only mean one thing . . . *a complicated issue!*

He wouldn't give details . . . just that it involved people from the Connolly trial and he needed my help. *His* office had cleared it with *my* office, and all the usual crap. So I boarded the first available flight. At least it left at a respectable hour in the afternoon . . . and these days as a senior officer of the Australian Federal Police I got to travel in business. Just as well too! At six feet five and two hundred and seventy-five pounds, twenty-four hours back in cattle class would be like two years in solitary.

The process through Heathrow Customs was quick. Always is for Federal coppers. And my bags were hand-delivered to me the moment Customs was finished. Maybe that was another plus for international travel I thought . . . no, let's not get carried away.

As I stepped through the automatic doors there was Jim McClure to greet me. He hadn't changed much . . . maybe a bit greyer but otherwise the same young-looking face. English weather I guess . . . not like that hard Australian sun. I thought of Sydney again. And he kept himself fit.

“Detective Commander Ashley Todd,” exclaimed McClure, “it is good to see you again. Thank you for coming so quickly. And my goodness you haven’t shrunk at all,” he said grinning.

“You haven’t changed either,” I said, “except maybe around the temples. Grecian 2000 I believe, is very effective.”

“Now, now,” he said good-naturedly, “you’ll have plenty of time later to become nasty and vindictive.”

“So, why am I here and what’s with all the cloak and dagger?”

“Let’s get to the car,” replied McClure, “and I’ll tell everything I know, so far.”

CHAPTER FOUR

We sat in the back of DCI McClure's black Met limo, slipped on to the M4 heading for the city, and he began to fill me in.

"Where to begin?" he asked. "You remember at the Connolly trial two of the most active complainants were a New Zealander . . . a Maori looking fellow . . . called Terry Walker."

"I do," I replied cutting in, "he had quite a successful shipping business operating around the Pacific Islands, but after the trial I heard no more of him."

"Not surprising," said McClure, "I think the cost of trying to do business with Connolly, and the cost of the trial, broke him. He shut the business down after twelve months, then moved here to London. The last three or four years he's been working in town for a shipping broker . . . but from our investigation has been only just getting by."

"And the other bloke?" I asked. "Which one . . . we had seven or eight people who were after Connolly for the money they wasted on him?"

"Andrew Lau," replied McClure, "remember him? Chinese chap from Hong Kong, educated here in London, ran a very successful exporting business from China, mostly into Australia."

"Yeah, yeah," I said, recalling the immaculately dressed Lau. "Christ, didn't Connolly take some money from those two . . . from everyone really . . . but Walker and Lau must have spent £200,000 or £300,000 each on him, chasing loans of £40 or £50 million."

"And not one penny of it arrived," continued McClure in disgust, "millions wasted on a two-bob conman."

"But his story was so good wasn't it? You remember . . . magnificent estate in Kent, villa in Tuscany, meetings to attend with his bankers on Wall Street, even trips to the Caribbean . . . all in the line of duty, of course."

"Absolutely," said McClure, "and he had to be jetted around the world, first-class, paid for by the likes of Walker and Lau, to attend meetings with them . . . and the loan money was always just about to arrive."

"As you said, not one cent materialised . . . and then the judge found nothing existed . . . there was no estate . . . no villa . . . the bank meetings never happened. None of them existed and the money certainly didn't exist. Except in Connolly's head. No wonder nothing turned up! So, what are Walker and Lau up to?"

“Well, Walker has been working here for some years as I mentioned. And about a week ago Lau flew in from Australia. So far as we know he came here to do business . . . but we aren’t sure what sort of business.”

“Okay, that I get, but other than their mutual interest in Connolly I don’t imagine they would have much in common. So what’s the link between them now?”

“They’re dead,” said McClure straight-faced, “single shot through the head . . . both of them . . . together . . . in the same hotel room.”

Together! I was dumbfounded. But I was now beginning to understand why McClure wanted me here so fast.

CHAPTER FIVE

We travelled the rest of the trip to the Metropolitan Police headquarters in Victoria in comparative silence. I was trying to get all the old pieces together in my mind . . . ten years is a long time and so many cases since . . . it took a while to recall the events clearly.

McClure's office was expansive . . . fifth floor on the corner, but with a fairly ordinary outlook across Dacre Street at the neighbouring buildings. Still he had a huge, handsome, timber desk and leather chair for himself, and a long, studded, leather ottoman filled one wall. At least the trappings of seniority allowed something other than regulation, Yard-grey laminate.

"So," I said finally, "let me recap. Firstly Walker . . . he had his shipping business and from memory wanted to borrow about £20 million to expand his fleet . . . and he paid about £200,000 to Connolly who'd promised him the money."

"Correct," said McClure, "and with a no-show on the dough he'd lost everything, marriage included, though I believe he's found a new live-in lover here. Had to take a lowly job to survive. Therefore I think we can assume the money was required to more than just upgrade the fleet . . . prop up the whole show is my guess."

"No wonder he was bitter when it all folded. These things always cause a double whammy. Even though the money never existed, in his mind it *was his* . . . so he effectively lost the money as well as the business."

"Yes," said McClure wistfully, staring at the ceiling, "that's certainly true isn't it?"

"And Andrew Lau . . . he wanted to get into property development. I seem to recall Connolly had promised him £40 million, and he'd shelled out the best part of four hundred big ones to aid the Connolly lifestyle. At least his business was solid . . . he might not *like* losing the money, but he could afford it."

"Looks like he hardly missed a beat," said McClure, "he's expanded his operation into Europe and the UK, and it appears he owns an expensive apartment in one of those new developments at the Canary Wharf. That alone would be worth a few million."

McClure's PA, Cindy, knocked and entered offering coffee, which I accepted gratefully. Attractive girl I thought, but then that made me think of Sydney . . . and

Sally. The long flight was beginning to catch up with me, and I needed something to keep me awake . . . espresso and Cindy might do the trick . . . and I took a sip.

The weak, milky taste hit the back of my tongue, and I winced. God, I thought, the Metropolitan Police could do with a crash-course in caffeine presentation. Still, it snapped me into the present.

"And Connolly," I asked sarcastically, "I assume he served his time and has rejoined society as a productive, paid-up member?"

"Heard nothing of him," McClure deadpanned, "but I've got the team checking on his whereabouts . . . see if we can find any movement on him in the last couple of years. At his court case he seemed to have spent all the money, and he supposedly owned nothing, so I have no idea where he'd go when he was released. Might be dead for all we know."

"I reckon he could still have friends from his money lending days. Despite what the judge said, I always thought it strange that someone could travel the world offering megabucks, and have absolutely *no* connection to any source of money. After all, his tentacles spread fairly wide . . . there were plenty more borrowers than Walker and Lau, all with shitloads of money . . . it's just that they were the ones who decided to chase him."

"True, but what other background did we have on him?" asked McClure.

"Well, twenty years ago Connolly was a lawyer here in London."

"That's right, I remember," said McClure, "Barkstone Associates I think it was. Law firm which specialised in investment banking."

"Yep, and they gave him some fairly influential US-based clients to look after. After a couple of years he left them and moved to New York. Right in amongst the Wall Street vultures. And a couple of years after that, he surfaced offering these loans. So who knows what contacts he may really have from those days?"

"And that associate of his in Australia . . . the one who introduced him to Walker and Lau and others," asked McClure, "what was his name?"

"Sands," I replied, "Roger Sands. Finance broker on the Gold Coast. He was supposedly part of some obscure cult which we never really got a handle on . . . but I don't think he'll be of much help. Alcoholic you know . . . case got the better of him. Died a couple of years ago, I believe."

There was a knock at McClure's door and the burly frame of Sergeant Shepherd appeared, filling most of it. "What have you got for me Shep?" asked McClure.

"You wanted us to see if we could find Connolly," replied the sergeant, "well we think we've found him. Same name, and the local police gave us a brief description which sounds about right."

"And where *exactly* might he be?" asked McClure with a wry smile.

"France," said the sergeant, straight-faced, "Toulon, France."

McClure and I looked at each other incredulously.

"How about that?" I exclaimed. "*The bastard's on the Riviera.*"

CHAPTER SIX

I was weary. Twenty-three hours of flying from Sydney, then half a dozen more meeting with McClure was taking its toll. Cindy, from the Yard, had booked me into what she called a 'comfortable place' in Mayfair—Browns. "As a thank you for coming at such short notice," McClure had said, and then with a quick wink at Cindy, "I think you'll like it more than the usual."

I took my leave from the meeting with McClure, and declined his invitation for dinner. Some quiet time on my own is what I needed. And I wanted to talk to Sally . . . to hear her voice again. If I rang shortly it would be the right time back in Sydney . . . early morning . . . before she left for work.

McClure's driver appeared and I followed him to the lifts and down to the basement car park. I slipped into the back seat and we joined the London afternoon traffic for the short trip around St James Park to the hotel. McClure was right . . . it *was* much nicer than the usual Metropolitan Police Force approved hotels for visiting guests. The Best Western in Kensington, where they had put me up ten years earlier, was nice enough, but *this* was living.

I settled into my room and called Sally as soon as I could. No answer. That was strange . . . but maybe she'd gone to work.

I ordered room service which arrived promptly. Fillet mignon and a fine French burgundy seemed about right. I hoped it would be within McClure's budget. Then I got to thinking about the case again.

My Masters in Forensic Psychology was a fancy degree, and had rocketed me up the seniority ranks, but I always found the basics were the best place to begin. So let's start with motive, I thought. Walker and Lau had both spent a huge amount of money on Connolly. Connolly had done his time, and as far as we knew, was broke. But why pursue him?

Then again, we didn't even know they actually were pursuing him. What if he wasn't broke and they decided he should pay? That might give him a motive to get rid of them. But if that was true, how would *they* know he now had money?

All we had were a dozen questions and I could keep them coming all night. I decided to get some sleep and start again with McClure in the morning. I settled into the luxurious king-size bed . . . there seemed to be a lot of wasted space in here . . . and slowly drifted off.

The phone bleeped. It bleeped again and I sat up, confused. Where was I? What time was it? Whose bed is this? It all flooded back quickly, and I picked up the phone.

It was McClure." You awake, Ash?"

I blinked and turned on the light. "You're kidding! Of course not. Leave me alone."

"Get ready for an early start tomorrow . . . we've got another one. You recall we discussed Walker was shackled up with a woman here in London . . . had been for a couple of years?"

"Of course."

"Well she's just been found . . . in the Thames . . . and she's not swimming. Gunshot to the head. Do we see a pattern here? Get some sleep and let's say we meet at my office at eight?"

Now I was wide awake! How could I get any sleep after this?

CHAPTER SEVEN

Paul Connolly gunned the black Mercedes SL 63 up the hill out of Toulon. The EasyJet flight from Gatwick in to Toulon Hyeres had been seamless enough, but any trips back to the UK made him feel nervous. This one especially so.

He let the car settle in about 135, just above the limit... no point attracting unnecessary police attention... and cruised on up the A50 until he reached the Route de Bandol exit. He slipped the car off the motorway on to D559 and the Mediterranean hove into view... that magnificent expanse of coastline with steep, green hills falling sharply down through storybook towns of pastel coloured buildings. Once he saw the water... the jagged edge of land curving from bay to bay... he always felt safe, and his whole body softened noticeably. Now it was time for some top-down motoring, and he pressed the dash button.

He rolled on through Sanary-Sur-Mer village and spotted a couple of working girls exiting a popular restaurant, their tiny, tight skirts and long boots giving them away instantly. One of them he knew from two weeks ago. He lightly touched the horn and waved. She gave him the finger. He laughed. "Silly damn bitch," he thought.

Connolly wound his way along the villa-lined streets overlooking the bay, and five minutes later swung into Chemin de la Gardiole and the driveway of his villa. The automatic garage doors lifted quietly, and the black Mercedes disappeared inside. He was home.

It was only three o'clock but what the heck. It was a magical, twenty-seven degree afternoon... a gin and tonic was called for. He mixed himself one and settled on the terrace overlooking the pool, across the tip of Embiez Island and the blue, blue Mediterranean. Now to review the events of the last twenty four hours... just to make sure nothing was out of place. He took a long sip of the G and T.

Early evening flight to London on passport as French Polynesian Jean Gasteau... cab around the City and dropped off for a meeting with Alvarez at a cafe in Limehouse... quick train ride from Limehouse to Poplar and collected the Glock 17 and cash from the pick-up on High Street... another two-stop ride to East India, and a short five block walk to meet Juanita down by the park on the Thames, off Jamestown Way... all good so far.

Connolly took another long draw on his gin concoction. It's a pity she had argued about the money though. How was he to know how much was really there? He just collected the moolah along with the gun, and handed it over, as directed. Too bad . . . he slipped the gun from his jacket, and a quick shot up through her jaw sorted that—wonderful invention, the silencer.

He dragged the dead-weight body of Juanita to the edge and let her slide away into the fast developing black of the evening, then wrapped the pistol in the cloth provided and replaced it inside his jacket. A moonlit stroll, no . . . more a brisk walk really . . . to the drop-off on Blackwall Way to ditch the cash and weapon . . . keeping £5,000 for services rendered as agreed . . . back past the trains to check-in at the Travelodge, this time as Arthur Kennedy . . . again all good.

A cab to the city this morning for some window shopping . . . another cab ride back to the airport and the return flight on Belize passport as David Holding. Yes, thought Connolly smiling inwardly, everything had gone smoothly. Mission accomplished!

Shooting people was not on his CV, but the lessons from Wandsworth were coming in handy. Don't think too much, and talk even less. Besides, no-one refused an offer of work from Alvarez. To do so might abruptly terminate his own existence . . . and that made him shudder. Yes, it really was this easy, and if he thought about it, exciting too.

Still, he felt uneasy . . . had anyone *heard* Juanita Sanchez screaming profanities at him?

CHAPTER EIGHT

I arrived at McClure's office at eight as requested.

Also present were Sergeant Shepherd, who looked as though *he* had been up all night swimming in the Thames, McClure's next in line Detective Inspector Don Carty, and Sergeant Bill Moss, a young up-and-comer and a star performer in the forensic team. Oh, and Cindy, who was there to take notes should we need her. I thought she looked *easy to need*.

To get all those gathered up to speed, McClure went over the old ground we had covered the day before on Walker and Lau, and their earlier dealings with Connolly. The others sat slightly open-mouthed as they heard the vast sums involved. I grinned at Cindy. "And what would you do with all that money?" I asked. She half-smiled, put her head down and kept appearing to take notes.

"So, Sergeant Moss, can you fill us in on your discoveries to date at The Landmark Hotel?" asked McClure.

"As with all hotel rooms sir, it's a bit of a dog's breakfast. Cause of death was obvious with both victims being shot once. Bullets were Winchester . . . in Lau's case it passed right through him, while Walker still had it lodged in his head. The markings indicate the weapon was a Glock 17, just like ours here at the Met," replied Moss.

"Okay, anything else?"

"All our blood samples related to the two victims only. We recovered numerous hairs—I tell you it never ceases to amaze me what comes off, and out of, bodies . . ."

"Thank you Sergeant, but please keep to the topic," said McClure testily.

"Sorry sir. As I was saying, numerous hairs some of which relate to the victims, and a number of others of no known origin. We got quite a lot of fingerprints and ran them over our database, but nothing has come up. One thing though, the bed had recently been *used*."

"Really!" I exclaimed, "how interesting."

"Yes," continued Moss, "and whoever was in there had been having sex. We recovered pubic hair and semen, but no DNA match with the victims."

"Maybe it was party time to celebrate the arrival of our hapless pair, "I said. "And what about the room, who booked that?"

Shepherd took over. "Room was booked the day before by a woman caller for a Mr and Mrs Kater. We assume that to be a false identity. The hotel receptionist recalls a male and female arriving and registering under that name. Hotel records indicate they registered about one hour prior to the victims arriving. Policy is to request identification and they have on record a credit card and a driver's licence in the name of Raelene Kater of Kennington. We've checked the licence and it appears to be false. The room charge on the credit card was approved, and we're following up with the bank," the sergeant reported matter-of-factly.

"So what about this latest body, the woman you found last night?" I asked.

"Name's Juanita Sanchez," chimed in DI Carty, "been living with Andrew Walker for about three years. Shared a flat over at Charton. Looks like she came here about ten years ago. Not much is known about her—we're tracing previous addresses—but no employment records yet. She was found floating amongst some barges at Leamouth."

"We'll have the autopsy and forensics shortly," said Moss, "she's been shot, we know that, but we need to see if there is anything else. No weapon yet, but the bullet was still in her and we've got divers scouring the river."

"And my team is doorknocking the area," added Shepherd.

"Anything else?" asked McClure. All present shook their heads. "Then I think it's time someone paid a visit to Mr Connolly—if we can find him. Ash—you feel like taking a trip to the south of France?"

South of France? Sunshine, warm weather, blue water, beautiful people... no bloody rain? You bet! Maybe Cindy would like to come along and assist? I was about to accept his kind offer when the phone rang. The flashing red light on the fourth line indicated it was forensics. McClure put on the speakerphone. "What have you got?"

"Detective Chief Inspector," the forensic voice intoned, "we have some results on the woman Juanita Sanchez. We still have no weapon, but have recovered the bullet—a 9 mm Winchester—and the markings indicate it was fired by the same weapon used to kill Walker and Lau."

Eyebrows rose round the room.

"There was no other cause. She was dead when she hit the water. The body was found at about noon yesterday—we estimate it had been in the water about fifteen to eighteen hours—therefore time of death was between six and nine p.m. the evening prior."

Well at least that was settled. Three bodies; all felled by the same weapon. And each of them related in a different way. Six degrees of separation, I thought. It

wasn't much to go on, but at least it would give me some conversation starter with Connolly. *If* I could get him to talk.

"One more thing sir," continued the forensic voice, "we've done some testing of hair samples recovered from The Landmark, and we have a definite match."

"Good work," said McClure, "*who* have you got?"

"Well sir, we have pubic hair recovered from sexual activity in the Room 460 bed, and we have an exact match *for Juanita Sanchez.*"

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



ROSS CROTHERS has always had an abiding interest in stories—reading, hearing, telling and occasionally writing.

For most of his working life, he has been involved in international trade and finance. The characters and events from these years have inspired this book.

He lives in rural New South Wales with his wife of 35 years.



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A GRISLY DISCOVERY

Two men are murdered – gangland style – in an exclusive London hotel. Their connection? They were responsible for the conviction of a conman and fraudster ten years earlier. Ash Todd of the Australian Federal Police, prosecuted that case with Scotland Yard. Now The Yard has called him in again ...urgently.

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