



**FINAL JUSTICE
BOOK TWO**

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By

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Author's note:

This story is another Annie Wolfe story, although it doesn't look like it from the beginning. The story is therefore closely linked to the other Annie Wolfe stories I have written. In order to get the full background of Annie Wolfe and other persons in this book, I recommend that you also read 'The Elusive Strangler', 'The Ultimate Decision', 'The Case of the Living Dead', and 'Got You at Last'. All books are available from Mags Inc.

BOOK TWO

CHAPTER 6

When Annie awoke the next morning she didn't feel any better than the day before. She felt awful. Fortunately Jeff wouldn't start work until 2 PM, so he would take care of the kids in the morning. Jeff saw her condition and advised her to stay home. She refused, kissed him goodbye and drove off to the station.

The moment David saw her he was shocked. Never had he seen Annie in such a bad shape. He ordered her to go straight home and get some rest. She wanted to refuse, thinking about the bartender who would come so he could make a drawing of the man Sylvia had been with the night she was killed. But David didn't listen to that argument. "Anyone can help the artist and the bartender," he said. "I suggest you give your files to Mike so he can handle whatever comes up during the day. He was after all at the scene as well. Go home and get some rest. I want a fresh and rejuvenated Annie here tomorrow. Understood?"

Annie nodded. She went to her desk and called for Mike. She gave him what she had and drove home.

Jeff was not surprised at all when she came back home. He told her to grab some sleep. He promised that the kids wouldn't disturb her. She went to the bedroom, took off her blouse and pants and lay down on the bed. She fell asleep immediately.

She awoke three hours later. The house was quiet. She undressed and went to the bathroom to take a shower. Fresh from the shower she dressed in some house clothes and went to the kitchen to find something to eat. During her meal she heard Jeff coming back with the kids. Now it was her turn to take care of them. The kids ran to her as soon as they were through the door. She lifted them up and gave each of them a big hug. Jeff smiled when he saw how happy Annie was. This was the Annie he had fallen in love with and married. He walked over and kissed her.

Jeff left at 1:30. The kids were playing in their room

and Annie went to freshen up a bit. Back with the kids she asked them if it was something they wanted to do. “We want to visit granny again,” the kids said in unison. This brought a sad stroke in Annie’s eye, but she knew that the twins loved to spend time with Pat’s parents, Linda and Carl Morris. It was just that it reminded her of how much she missed Pat.

The evening at the Morris house went quickly. Both grandparents loved their grandchildren and loved to take care of them whenever needed. They were also very proud of Annie and how she took care of Angela and Adrian now that their real mother had gone. The kids were too small when Pat died to remember her. They actually thought that Annie was their real mother. When Annie tucked her two kids to bed that night she thought about the weird situation they really were in. After all the twins had three grandmothers, Annie’s mother, Pat’s mother and Jeff’s mother. One day she had to tell them the true story of their parents. She couldn’t live the lie the rest of her life.

That night Annie went to bed early and had a good night’s sleep. She was half awake when Jeff climbed into bed, and she remembered giving him a goodnight kiss.

When Annie showed up for work the next morning she felt really good. Everybody could see that she was in great shape and was looking forward to start on her case again. She picked up the case file and went through it once more. The drawing of the possible murderer was there, along with extensive reports from both the medical examiner and the Nick, the leader of the forensic team.

The medical examiner’s report contained no news to Annie. It was only more scientifically than the conversation that had taken place between them. She noticed with great pleasure that all references to Sylvia being a transsexual, were left out from the report. Nick’s report was similar. It stated that all keys and remote controls had been accounted for. The most important information, however, was that someone had been in the house carrying Sylvia. The faint marks in the carpet were deeper going in than going out. They contained small grains of gravel, but that was not conclusive since they were all over the driveway and could have been there a long time. Grains were

also found outside the footprints.

A little after ten the phone rang. It was the guy from the IT section at the City Hall. He told Annie that Sylvia had tried to run a check through AFIS and apparently had found a match. But not traces of that match had been found. It looked as if some information suddenly had gone missing. He promised a written and more comprehensive report by Friday.

This information puzzled Annie. She knew that the last thing Sylvia did before she went home that Friday was to store the information about Margaret Fisher in AFIS. Logically her search would then have been if Margaret's prints matched something already there. So if she had a match and no traces of that match had been found, someone with access must have erased it. This was a clear indication that Margaret Fisher had somebody working for her at the City Hall.

Annie opened AFIS right away and pulled up Margaret Fisher's file. She looked through it and saw that it was OK. She then started a search for a possible match. The answer came back after about 20 seconds. It read simply NO MATCH! Annie was puzzled, she was sure that the prints in the file she had received from David were stored in AFIS. She took them out of her drawer and looked through them once more. They were clearly marked STORED IN AFIS. Since the person's name was unknown, she found some other key words and made a search. NOT FOUND! was the message that came back. Only one option was left. She had the fingerprints scanned into the system and made a search on them. After 20 seconds she had a match, MARGARET FISHER! This told her that someone had actually erased the old files from the system, and it had been done very recently. Annie ran to David's office to report her findings.

David was furious when he heard what Annie had to tell him. "Do we really have a spy in the City Hall?" he almost screamed, "let's smoke him out right away."

"Hold it!" Annie replied. "We can't afford that. The guy might find out that we are on his tracks. We have to do it the quiet way. We need someone that has indebt knowledge about IT; one that can track down our guy very quietly, and

that we can trust 100%. And at this time I don't think we can trust anybody at the City Hall. But I think I know the right person to do the job.”



“Excuse me for my outburst. I think you're right. We have to be discreet. Who. are you thinking about?”

“Do you remember Leo Rubichenko?”

“I do. Wasn’t he Grabchow’s partner?”

“He was. He never received a sentence. It was too difficult to get something on him. And since he decided to cooperate, all possible charges were dropped. As a kind of reward from FBI he had a full SRS and now lives as a woman. He, or rather she, is one of the top IT experts at the bureau. I think I can convince Harry Brown to lend her to us. The name she uses is Eva Fjell, the name she used the first time she entered the U.S. on a stolen passport. If anyone can smoke out that guy, she’s the person.”

“Go ahead, I have full confidence in you. Just make the proper arrangements.”

“OK. I will call agent Brown right away.”

Annie left for her own office and dialed Harry’s number. After three rings agent Brown answered. “Harry Brown here. Who’s in the other end?”

“It’s only me, Annie Wolfe.”

“Annie! What a pleasant surprise. What can I do for you?”

“I want to come down to your office and talk about something I can’t discuss it over the phone.”

“What if you’re here at one? Does that suit you?”

“Suits me fine. See you then.”

At this time Annie finally got time to read through Marjorie and Jeff’s report after questioning the neighbors. She knew most of Jeff’s version already, but was eager to see if Marjorie had learned something extra.

But the report revealed almost nothing. It was only one neighbor who had seen anything at all, and even that wasn’t much. He had been up around 3:30 in the morning for a trip to the bathroom. On his way back he had been a little curious and had noticed a very small, black car on the other side of the street. It didn’t look like anything he had seen before. He had taken a quick visit to the kitchen for a glass of water, and when he came back the car was gone. The strange thing was that he hadn’t heard a sound from the car leaving.

Annie didn't think it was very important and almost forgot the whole thing.

Precisely at one Annie stepped into Harry's office. Since she also was a certified FBI agent, she could come and go as she pleased in the bureau's building in L.A. Harry greeted her heartily and gave her a big hug. "Long time, no see, Annie. What brings my favorite detective to my office this time?"

"I want to borrow something, Harry."

"Just name it, and you will have it."

"I want to borrow Eva Fjell."

"Oops! I didn't expect that. I expected more like some bureau gizmos."

"In some ways Eva is a gizmo."

"True. But she's a very attractive gizmo. What do you want her for?"

Annie gave Harry a rundown of the cases she was working on and how she thought they were linked together. She made it very clear why she wanted Eva, and no one else.

"I understand. From what I know Eva is not doing anything at the moment that can't wait a little longer. I bet she would be more than happy to work for you. Can she work from here? All our computers are linked you know."

"I know, but I'd rather have her at the station. This will also give her easier access to the City Hall. In addition I want to have her where I can talk with her along the way."

"No problem. I'll call her up so we can talk." Harry placed the call. Less than five minutes later Eva stepped through the door.

Annie and Eva greeted each other just as old girlfriends do, with lots of hugging. They were so eager to update each other on their lives that Harry had to stop. "We're here to do business," he said, "leave the friendly stuff for another time."

Annie agreed and went straight to business. She told

them both what problems she had and why she needed Eva's help. She went in much more detail now than when she spoke with Harry alone. It took her almost an hour and three cups of coffee before she was finished.

"That was quite a story," Eva said, "and you want me to try to trace the traitor by means of small clues left on the server when the file was erased."

"That's basically it."

"I can do that, and I have just the right program to do it. It's even built in a way so no one can see me when I'm working. I have found out that when you erase something, you are leaving some small traces of where that erase command came from, and that's what I will be looking for. I have written the program myself, and there are no other copies around, except a back-up copy in the vault. I have tested it, and it works."

"I believe you. I want you to start tomorrow. You will have a computer and a desk close to my office. If you need a special computer, please bring one, just let me know."

"I think I'll bring my own hardware. I'm sure Harry can find some help in order to bring it over. This way I can do the installation myself and have full control."

"That's all right with me."

"And I'll take care of the logistics," Harry butted in, "I only want Eva to show me what she intends to bring along. And Annie, I've seen her at work with this program and it was very impressive. That program can do a lot of other things as well, just you wait and see."

The three of them talked for another 30 minutes before Annie had to go back.

While stopping for a red light on her way back to the office, she saw this black tiny car pulling up on her right side preparing to turn right. Annie took a look at the car and followed it as it turned around the corner. Annie didn't think much about it at first, but then it dawned upon her, the car hadn't made a sound! "Yes," she screamed to herself and smiled, "This is the type of car that neighbor saw. A battery

powered car!”

Back at her office she went to the task of finding the car. She emailed several of her colleagues and asked if they knew anything about battery-powered cars. Five minutes after the mail was sent she received a phone call. It was from Fred in the Auto Department. “Annie,” he said, “there’s a lot of such cars around. They made by subsidiary of Ford over in Europe and they are called Think. Yes, that’s right, T-H-I-N-K. The city bought some last year and they are used for short and light services. Some private companies have them as well. They’re small, handy, noiseless and they don’t pollute.”

“Can you get me a list of these cars in the area?”

“I can. You’ll have it on your desk before the end of the day. I’ll mail it to you electronically as well. It will come as an Excel Spreadsheet.”

Annie now devoted her time to the murder mystery. How could Sylvia’s assailant get in and out of her house, leaving all doors and windows locked and bolted from the inside and without leaving any traces? It looked just like a classic ‘closed room’ mystery. The more she thought, the more she was convinced that the clue to enter the house was through the garage. All three remote controls were accounted for and one of them had been used. And the only possibility was the one in the car. That meant that the murderer must have had access to Sylvia’s car. Two possibilities; the keys in her purse or the keys in her desk. The purse had been found far away in a corner, and that ruled almost that out. If the murderer or his accomplice worked at the City Hall, he or she had access to the keys in Sylvia’s desk and could also lay them back again. But then he must have known what Sylvia’s car looked like and where it was parked. The whole thing looked rather complicated.

Suddenly it dawned upon her; the detail she’d almost forgotten! Sylvia’s car had been towed away by a towing company! But why? She decided to call the nightclub again to see if they could give her any clues.

The phone was answered almost at once and Annie recognized the voice of the owner as soon as he answered.

“Hello, this is Annie Wolfe from the police again. I hope you can help me with some additional information.”

“Sure, I’ll be glad to help. What can I do for you?”

“Where do your guests normally park their cars, or do you have valet parking?”

“We don’t have valet parking, and there’s a parking lot just behind our premises where our customers normally park.”

“Any parking restrictions?”

“Only during normal daytime when it is used for the daytime businesses in the area.”

“Would this be a natural place to park even if it is your first visit?”

“Absolutely.”

“What are the chances of being towed away?”

“If you’ve parked there at daytime on weekdays and don’t have a permit, you will be towed away almost at once.”

“What about Sundays?”

“Sundays you can stay all day. No problems.”

“So if somebody parks his or hers car there on a Saturday night and doesn’t pick it up, it will not be towed away until Monday?”

“That is correct. How come?”

“I have a small problem here. Our victim, your guest, had her car towed away already on Sunday, and that time she was already dead.”

“Then her car must have been somewhere else. I left the premises at 7:30 Sunday morning and at that time there were no other cars in that parking lot but mine.”

“Can you give me a signed statement of what you’ve just told me, and maybe later be prepared to come forward as a witness for the prosecution when we have a trial?”

“Certainly. How shall I do it?”

“Mail me an electronic copy and come down to the

station and sign it while you're there. Or you can hand carry it to me. The important thing is that I see that you sign it."

"You'll have it in your mailbox tomorrow before lunch. I will drop by on my way home to sign it. Does that sound OK?"

"Perfect! You can find my e-mail address on the card I gave you on Monday. See you tomorrow."

Next Annie checked with the garage which company had towed in Sylvia's car. A colleague gave her the name and number of the company and she called them right away. "Ajax Towing, Bruce Friedman speaking," came the answer in the other end.

"This is Annie Wolfe, detective at your local Police Station. I understand you towed in a car last Sunday morning. A car that was picked up by some of my guys the next day." Annie then gave him the make and number of the car.

"Let me check Oh, here it is. What do you want to know?"

"Where and why was the car picked up?"

"The car was picked up in Low Street. It was parked on the sidewalk and blocking an entrance to a school. It was spotted by a man who was out walking his dog. He called the police and they called us. We only did what we were told to do."

"You did, and you did right. What are your further procedures in such cases?"

"We just tow the car to our yard. Then we contact the owner, whose name and address normally is printed in the vehicle's registration papers. In this case we were not able to reach the owner. We then contacted the insurance company and told them that the car was at our premises. If nothing happens within a month, we make arrangements with the insurance company on how to proceed further. In this case I just think the car would have been turned into scrap after removal of everything of value."

"Thank you. You've been very helpful."

“My pleasure.”

Annie hung up the phone. “Low Street! That’s at least two blocks away from the nightclub. Someone must have driven the car there and put it somewhere where he knew it would be towed away.”

After some investigation she found the police officers that had been at the place and called one of them up. He told her what had happened and promised to send her a copy of their report.

Finally all the pieces fit together. Now Annie knew the sequence of events from last Saturday. Sylvia had gone to town on Saturday evening to have a girls’ night out with some of her colleagues. She parked her car nearby and met her friends inside. During the evening she started dancing with a bearded man and after her friends had left, spent more time with him. She suddenly seemed to be very drunk, and her escort took her out into the street. At that time she had already lost her purse, it was on the floor in a corner under a table. Once outside she was placed in the back of this small battery powered car and driven to her own home. Sometime before they reached her house, someone had injected pure alcohol into her bloodstream and she died. Her escort had taken the car keys from her office desk, opened Sylvia’s car and retrieved the remote control for the garage. Once at Sylvia’s house, she was carried in through the garage and laid on the floor of the living room. The person who had carried her had left no traces except some indentations in the carpet. Then the small car was driven back to the nightclub, the remote control was placed in Sylvia’s car and the car was driven to the place where it was found. By Monday morning the car keys were back in the drawer in Sylvia’s desk. And one final thing, at least two people were involved. The man she met at the nightclub could not be working at the City Hall; in that case Sylvia or one of her friends would have recognized him. The transportation of Sylvia’s car also requires at least two persons. The question now was: Who were they?