

# The Turning Shadows

## Chapter Two

Four hours later, detectives at the 92nd precinct continued to gather the facts about the events which had taken place in the garage of the Renault Building. The unusual events included an undeniable amount of mystery, and despite the apparent contradiction with her choice of vocations, Detective Veronica Miles did not like mysteries. She stood in a tan pants suit before a smart board, alternating her study of the three images it displayed. Deep brown eyes, intelligent, thoughtful eyes considered the enigma on the monitor. She absent-mindedly reached up and began massaging the back of her head, as she did when she was thinking. An African American woman in her late thirties, she wore her naturally-curly hair in a short, tapered fade, leaving the sides and back shaved close. The style was more typical of younger women, and though it could be argued it did not exactly go with the tailored pants suits she preferred, she made it work.

She glanced behind her to see her partner, Detective Daniel Beck, an early-thirties white officer with thick, wavy brown hair that did not conform to any specific style. His brown and green eyes were still glued to the monitor on his desk. Detective Miles considered her younger partner attractive but not obnoxiously so. He was re-watching the grainy cell-camera footage for the umpteenth time and saying in his flat, Floridian accent, "This just doesn't track," also for the umpteenth time.

Their musings were interrupted by the ding of the elevator, which opened to reveal two men, one white, the other African American, both wearing similar off-the-rack, two-piece black suits.

"We're saved," Beck said flatly, in a tone devoid of enthusiasm. With a roll of his eyes, he continued, "The FBI is here."

The two men approached the detectives, and both removed and briefly flashed their credential cases which confirmed Beck's statement.

The black agent, who Miles thought might be around Beck's age, took the lead.

"I'm Agent Lewis," he stated a bit sardonically. Nodding to his companion, he added, "This is Special Agent Kirkland."

He slipped his credential's case back into the inner left pocket of his suit coat, and removed a sealed envelope in its place, holding it out to Detective Miles. She grasped it from his hand in a quick motion and began peeling open the envelope.

“Are you taking over our investigation, agents?” she asked as she opened and scanned the letter within.

The FBI agents shared a quick glance.

“Not necessarily, Detective,” Agent Lewis continued. “We simply want to be brought up to date, as this case may have bearing on another active investigation.”

Eyes still locked on the FBI agent, Miles called out, “Hainey!”

A shuffling noise preceded the entry of young man with puffy, dark hair, dark eyes, and thick framed glasses to match. At some point, the contents of the venti-sized coffee cup in Shawn Hainey’s hand had left swelling, mocha stains on a white t-shirt with the enigmatic words “I Am A Leaf On The Wind” emblazoned upon it. With dark wash jeans and honest to goodness crocs on his feet, Hainey looked like he belonged in the Starbucks, not 1 Police Plaza.

Ignoring the disapproving glares from the agents and the resigned sigh from Detective Miles, Hainey sauntered over to a computer workstation opposite the smart board and took his seat.

“Hainey,” said Detective Miles, “These agents would like a full run through of our investigation.” Miles paused and poked the smart board experimentally a few times. “And since you are the only person I know who can actually make this digital despot work....” She trailed off, motioning for him to take the lead.

A few clicks on Hainey’s wireless keyboard cleared the current images on the screen and new one appeared front and center. The traditional portrait displayed an attractive blonde girl in her early twenties, smiling enthusiastically for the photography.

“Exactly two weeks ago, Kaylee Richards left work on Friday evening.”

Detective Miles nodded at Hainey, and the first picture slid left, replaced with a new photo, a crime scene photo showing Kaylee Richards laying prone on a concrete floor centered in a sanguine pool.

“She had been dead for a couple of hours when garage staff discovered her body,” Detective Miles stated.

She nodded at Hainey again, and both pictures shrank in size as they moved to the far, left hand edge of the monitor. A new picture appeared, front and center. This portrait also contained the image of a blonde female in her early twenties.

“This is Daniella Horne,” Miles continued. Another nod brought up the image of Daniella Horne’s prone body, also in a pool of her own blood. “Her body was discovered last Friday night, also in a parking garage just a few blocks from where Richards’ body was found.”

Miles nodded once again, and two images of Horne also shrank and slid over, coming to rest just below the images of Richards. A third portrait, also of an attractive blonde in her early twenties, appeared center screen.

“This, agents, is Mia Childress, and she was intended to be victim number three.” Detective Miles glanced knowingly at the FBI agents. “She accidentally recorded her attacker as he approached with a knife.”

Detective Beck cut in, “And she recorded what happened to him just before he could use it.”

The FBI agents traded a puzzled glance.

“Please continue,” the senior agent exhorted.

Childress’ picture shrank and zoomed over to a position below the first two victims, and a traditional, booking photo appeared in its place. This image contained a man, a ruggedly handsome man with features that were rugged but not blocky. Spectacular dark blue eyes stared back at them from the photo as they studied it. Long, dark hair with a side part, framed his face as it fell to his shoulders. The tracking on the photo’s right showed him to be a full six-and-a-half feet tall.

“Our suspect, Carl Klein, did four years in FCI Ray Brook before he was released last month. Upon his release, he went to work for a cleaning company which handled various offices in the three buildings where Richards, Horne, and Childress worked.”

Agent Lewis nodded. “So, what happened tonight?”

“At approximately 7:15pm this evening, Miss Childress left her office and went down to the garage to leave for the weekend. She got halfway across the garage when the lights went out,” Beck reported.

“Before his incarceration for assault charges, Klein worked as an electrician,” Miles interjection. “CSIs found a device installed above the breaker box which allowed him to cut the lights by remote.”

Beck continued, “Rather than fumbling around in the dark, Miss Childress pulled out her cell phone to turn on the flashlight app. She got the flashlight app working but also managed to hit record on the video camera app at the same time.”

Miles smiled and said, "She recorded the whole thing."