

The Turning Shadows

Chapter Eight

Detective Lutz reared up, and for a moment, Detective Miles thought he might lunge at the girl holding the bottle that had been the real reason for today's stakeout. Lutz managed to reign himself in though, and instead of lunging with his whole body, he only thrust out his right hand.

"That's evidence," he barked. "You will hand it over immediately."

As they all watched, Dailyn Beldam closed her hand around the bottle, and her eyes momentarily went blank, unfocused as she looked in the direction of but not really at the bottle in her hand.

"It's Euphoria," she stated unemotionally.

"Son of a," Detective Beck began, but Miles shot him a dirty look and raised a finger in a "no-no" gesture. Detective Miles didn't allow cursing. From the corner of her eye, she noted the driver nodding his approval. Evidently, he was not a fan of profanity either.

"Monkey," Beck finished.

"Detective Galloway," Lutz interrupted. "Arrest her."

Her eyes refocused on the detective and Dailyn Beldam asked, "Under what charge?"

Lutz replied immediately, "Prostitution will do for now."

A sly smile expanded on Beldam's face, and she asked, "Do I look like a prostitute to you?" As she spoke, she put both hands on her hips, fully opening the coat in the process, exposing a dangerous amount of white lace and white skin in the process. By slightly turning at the waist, she brought emphasis to a midsection that sported magnificent, well-defined, six-pack abs.

Detective Miles saw the driver suddenly look up at the ceiling, but no one else looked away, including Miles. Beldam was taller than average, standing around 5'9" and with her blonde hair and classically, pretty face, she wouldn't have looked out of place in a Victoria Secret catalog. The muscle tone didn't fit, however. It was less obvious than her abs, but the girl's arms and legs were also well-toned, bringing to mind a beach volleyball player, or perhaps a female MMA fighter.

A glance at her partner showed Beck was not looking away or breathing. She gave him a clap on the back, and he exhaled loudly, breaking the spell he and the other male detectives had been under.

Dailyn Beldam simply tossed the bottle to Detective Lutz, and said, "You can take me downtown if you like, but I wouldn't waste the time if I were you."

Detective Miles, scowled at that, remembering the FBI agents who arrived to escort her from the 92nd just a couple of weeks earlier. Beldam's next words turned Miles' scowl into a confused frown.

"The facility where the Euphoria is being produced is in the basement of the abandoned pump house at 4110 1st Ave in Brooklyn," she said. "You will want to move quickly. As soon as the madam who runs the councilman's escort service learns her girl has been arrested, she will pass the word back to her supplier, and you will lose your opportunity."

The vice detectives looked at one another, both faces showing confusion and consternation.

"How do we know this information is solid?" Lutz finally asked.

Dailyn Beldam smiled again. "Because the tips I gave you about the prostitution ring were solid." She pointed at Lutz' left hand which still held the burner she'd used. "That cellphone is the one I used to send you all three tips," she said with a shrug.

"But how do you know?" Galloway asked. "Where is your information coming from?"

Dailyn shrugged and said, "I'm a private investigator. I investigate." More cryptically, she added, "And I have my sources."

Silence prevailed, stretching on for a few seconds while Lutz and Galloway considered the girl's words.

"Look," she said, breaking the silence. "You came here today to get a clue to the identity of the producer of the latest designer drug. Now you have an actual location for the production, and because the building is abandoned, you don't even have to call in for a warrant. Just call SWAT. You want to go in heavy on this one."

The detectives were momentarily distracted by her motions, which drew their attention back to her white-lace, adorned body, but she closed and belted the red coat, taking herself off display.

"So, what's your stake in this?" Detective Miles asked her. "Taking down a cheating husband is a far cry from the killer you took down two-weeks ago."

The vice detectives looked at her questioningly, not knowing the back story.

“Hmm,” Beldam huffed. “There is more than one kind of monster in the world, and it just might be that there are worst things for the monsters to take than just a person’s life.”

She scanned the group for a moment before reaching into the same pocket that had contained the pill bottle, retrieving what appeared to be a shiny, new business card with lettering in foil. What she did next surprised Detective Miles again. She glanced at the card once then reached over and put it in Detective Beck’s shirt pocket.

Then she looked back at Lutz and said, “I need a change of clothes, or just clothes and maybe a nap. If you need me to give a statement, call Detective Beck.” With another coy smile directed his way, she added, “He’s got my number.”

From the same coat pocket, she withdrew another business card, gave it a quick glance, and then stepped over and placed it into the driver, Obi Washington’s pocket. “This is not my number,” she said with a sideways glance, “but if you find yourself in need of employment, give it a call.” Confusion broke over the driver’s face. Beldam smiled and patted his left arm, which was the size of a small tree trunk, before continuing, “Times are tough, so we don’t always get to work for the good guys, but,” she said, patting his front jacket pocket where she’d slid the card, “if you call that number, you might get a rare chance to work without shame of face.”

Turning back to the vice detectives, she said, “Is there anything else I can do for you?”

When they both shrugged, she walked past them, down the hall, and to the right, bypassing the elevator in favor of the stairs. Moments later, she was gone.

Detective Lutz broke the silence, “Well, detectives,” he said, glancing between Miles and Beck, “If you take Mr.....” He turned to the driver and raised his hand in a go-ahead motion.

“Washington,” the driver said. “Obadiah Washington.”

“If you would take Mr. Washington back to the 92nd for his statement, we will follow up on Ms. Beldam’s lead.”

“Are you going to go in heavy, like she recommended?” Beck asked.

When the two vice detectives looked at one another with uncertainty, he went on, “Because if she told me to go in heavy, I’m not entirely sure why, but I think I would go in heavy.”

To her own surprise, Detective Miles found herself nodding in agreement.