

The Coldest Cold Homicides: Book 3 off the San Diego Police Homicide Detail featuring Paddy O'Dean

Pages: 310

Publisher: iCrew Digital Publishing (October 7, 2015)

Format: pdf, epub

Language: English

[DOWNLOAD FULL EBOOK PDF]

The Coldest Cold Homicides Book Three of the San Diego Police Homicide Detail
featuring Paddy O'Dean William Barrons
Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[About Bill Barrons](#)

[Books By William Barrons](#)

"Detectives," the Patrol Officer said, "you'll see inside that the short African-American man had no gun and his brains are splattered on the wall; so it's a matter of the coldest of cold homicides."

New Detective Paddy O'Dean followed the large bulk of Homicide Sergeant Kevin Williams under the yellow "Police Line Do Not Cross" tape into the seedy motel room number 5.

Each man carefully stepped over the large pool of darkening blood as they entered.

They then avoided trodding on the body of the little Black fellow lying there curled up on the floor. The guy had a large bullet hole in the middle of his forehead.

Sure enough, they could see the back of his head was nearly gone and that his blood and brains were indeed splattered on the wall, about five feet off the floor.

"Thanks Leroy," Williams turned and said in his gruff voice to the Patrol Officer who had been guarding the room. The Officer also had explained the body was inside and close to the hinge-side of the door.

"Your Team got here real fast, Sergeant Williams," Leroy said. "I'll be going in now. Too much overtime already this year. Those two Officers there in their Patrol cars will stay on site."

O'Dean's eyes swept over the motel room. The ceiling light and a bed-side lamp were both lit. He pulled up the dusty old window blinds so that there was even more light. The place did not appear to be very clean. The queen-size bed sheets were all messed. All of the drawers of the dresser were pulled out onto the floor and emptied. The single closet door was wide open and there appeared to be nothing inside of it. Most of the wood on the dresser top had faded but not on the right side where an old boxy television set had sat.

He looked around and saw no TV and no remote control that served the television set of course in every motel room. A short refrigerator was missing the microwave that a rectangular dust pattern revealed had been on top of it. There was an old black telephone on the nightstand next to the bed. The clock or clock-radio that should have been there was missing. The drawer there was also emptied and on the floor.

O'Dean peeked into a waste basket and saw what looked like a lot of store receipts, price tags and clothing tags.

While Sergeant Williams went to look in the bathroom, Detective O'Dean looked on the other side of the bed. In the two feet of space beside the bed, it appeared there was something under a bright red comforter. He lifted a corner of the bed cover and saw black hair. The hair was mussed. Throwing the cover off, he saw the naked body of a small, young girl with her feet toward the foot of the bed.

She had particularly large and firm breasts for a female so small. Her black, sightless eyes and her mouth were wide open.

"Sergeant Williams!" O'Dean called out.

"Yes O'Dean; what's over there?"

"It's a naked girl, dammit, and awfully dead."

"Nobody said anything about a second body," Williams said as he came around to look. "Oh God,

she's only a kid. Looks Mexican." He had a look of horror on his face as he said that.

"Looks like she was violently molested in several ways. There are bodily fluids in multiple places, Sergeant."

"Damn! Poor soul! I don't see any wounds or marks on her," the Sergeant said and added, "The Medical Examiner will check all that. Those people and the CSI guys should be here pretty quick. Damn, two murders here, not one."

The two men straightened up and turned away from the second body.

"Somebody's sure as hell has made a mess of this place, eh O'Dean? The wonder is they didn't take the goddamned bed as well. Sonia and Chuck will be here any minute and I'll have them check the neighbors to find out if they know anything. You get up there to the office and find out all you can from the owners of this dump. They didn't seem all that bright to me," Williams said.

The run-down, sprawling, single story motel's office was on one end of the lineup of twenty rooms. The rooms were back to back, ten facing El Cajon Boulevard and ten behind them.

The Sergeant would send Detectives Sonia Tuason and Charles Fredericks to interview tenants on both sides.

Brian Alan, the fourth Detective on Williams' Homicide Team Three was on vacation and it was expected soon, that a standard fifth Detective would be added to the Team.

The San Diego Police Department's Homicide Detail had two Co-Commanding Lieutenants and five Sergeants leading five Teams with usually five Detectives in each Team.

Like the rest of Homicide Team Three there that day, O'Dean was dressed in a fine business suit with a Kevlar "bullet-proof" vest under his shirt. Their suit coats pretty much hid the pistol holstered under their left arms. For his new role, O'Dean figured to change his appearance daily so he bought, from thrift stores, several good-as-new classy business suits in different colors.

Williams had taken over the Homicide Team that had for a long time been headed up by Jack Leslie until Leslie rapidly climbed up in San Diego's eighteen-hundred-officer Police Force to become the Chief. Leslie had set the standard for dress and most plain clothes officers were then "dressed to the nines."

Unusually, Chief Leslie had a remarkable reputation for never, ever using cuss words and he had more or less imposed that practice onto Homicide Team Three with some success.

O'Dean had heard all about that and figured it seemed a touch "sissified" but thought better of swearing much with fellow Team Detectives around.

O'Dean had been advised to check the thrift stores for expensive suits that had been donated to the charities and often, he might find five hundred dollar, and up, suits for fifty bucks or even less. "You have them dry-cleaned and with a little alteration you'll look like a bank president," Williams had told O'Dean.

Both of the motel owners were sitting apprehensively in their office as O'Dean entered.

The office was at one end of the rooms and extended a little beyond them front and back so the owners could observe all of them.

"I've gotta ask you folks some questions; okay?" O'Dean said as he carefully showed them his brand new Detective Badge.

"Sure Detective," the old guy said. The guy was a very large and fat man, gray-haired and in his sixties, O'Dean guessed.

"First, let me get your names right," O'Dean said.

"I'm George Lee but everybody calls me 'Tiny' and my wife here is Alice. We just bought the place and moved in two weeks ago. I'm retired from the Navy and with our savings, we bought this motel. Figured to supplement my retirement income with what we could earn in this place. Hell, we bought it sight unseen, from pictures on the Internet. Alice was an accountant for a used car dealer that folded in Corpus Christi, Texas, and neither of us could find work there. We just drove in and took it over fourteen days ago and we sure didn't count on any murders happening here."

O'Dean scribbled that information down on a pad, adding 8:53 a. m., Saturday, June 6, 2009.

As he wrote that, he recalled this June 6th was the sixty fifth anniversary of D-Day, the Allied Forces invasion of France in World War II; then fighting all the way to Berlin.

His Grandfather had been an Army Infantry Company Commander going in on that historic day; a lot like Tom Hanks' portrayal in the movie *Saving Private Ryan*. He had survived that and many further battles, winning several medals including two Purple Hearts for minor wounds. Paddy the boy had been told many hair-raising war stories on his two old granddaddies' knees.

"Also Detective, she keeps the books and cares for the office while I'll do the maintenance and yard work," George "Tiny" Lee said. "Two really nice Mexican ladies come in on Tuesday each week to clean the rooms and change linens. Alice and I live right here, behind the office. Every room is rented except for number six."

"What do you know about the dead man in Room 5?" O'Dean asked him.

"I've got his name here on the records, sir. He's Nashaw McGee. I've never in my life ever heard that name before. Saw his driver's license as I'm told to do. I gave him two months for only six week's rent. He paid in advance. He paid me nine hundred bucks cash and I gotta say, he had one helluva big bundle of money on him. Damn, the man was wearing a gold chain on his neck and another on his wrist and a damn fancy gold watch and rings, too."

"When did he check in?" O'Dean asked.

"Ah, let's see here. Yes, last Monday; that'd be June 1st."

"He checked in with a young girl?"

"Young girl? Oh no, he was by himself. He said he'd be the only occupant of room 5 so what's that about a girl?"

"A young girl was just discovered in that room. She's dead also but you didn't know about the girl?"

"No sir! Absolutely not! There was no one but him on the books, Detective. He must've brought her in during the night and of course, it's not our business to check everyone in and out of their rooms."

They pay the rent and behave themselves; that's what we care about, you understand," the large fat man said.

"What about his car sir?" O'Dean asked. "Do you have the license number and description?"

"Yes Officer; of course. Here it is; its California licensed and it's rather new and one of those familiar Nissan Murano SUVs. It's gold, like those chains he wears. Don't see it parked here though. I heard Nissan has a design studio here in San Diego even though it's a Japanese company."

"I've never heard of such a design studio and I haven't seen such a car here today Mr. Lee; have you?" O'Dean asked.

"No, not today. There's a big white van pulling in where he'd ordinarily park; you know, in front of his room," Mr. Lee noticed. "That's terrible, that there's a dead girl in that room also."

"Yes Mr. Lee, there certainly is," O'Dean said. "That van belongs to the County Medical Examiner's office and they'll be taking away the bodies, but not until the room has been scoured for clues by them and by the Crime Scene Investigators; that's in addition to us Detectives checking things out of course. Tell me sir, for the record, when did you find out about, what was it, you saw blood coming from under the door of Room 5 this morning?"

"It was about 7:45, I think. That's when the old guy that lives in Room 7 rang my bell to wake me up and he told me he saw that blood. I threw on some clothes and saw it was true and I dialed 9-1-1. I dialed it instantly, quick as I saw that blood there and I was careful not to touch that door, even. Detective, what's your name, son?"

"Name's Paddy O'Dean; I just made Detective yesterday; no fooling, just yesterday and this is my first murder investigation. From the time I was a very small boy, this is what I've wanted to be," O'Dean smiled.

"Well, I asked because you look awfully, awfully young to be a Detective," Lee said. "I trained Navy recruits many years ago right here in San Diego and you look like you could be one of them."

"Yes, I've been told repeatedly that I seem younger than my age of twenty-five. I'm in no big hurry to be all grown up, you know. I'm almost six feet tall yet I still weigh only one seventy. Nothing fancy about me. I keep my straight brown hair mussed up; it's the style for guys these days, you know. There's nothing unique about me and that suits me just fine for Detective work.

"So now, regarding this case, it looked to me that a robbery took place in Room 5 also," he told them. "All the drawers were emptied and the closet is empty. A man's wallet was off to one side and it had been rifled. I didn't see any gold jewelry there, either. So I've gotta ask both of you, did you hear anything during the night that would seem out of the ordinary?"

"I sleep like a log and I didn't hear a thing," Tiny Lee said. "How 'bout you Alice, you hear anything?" the husband asked.

The wife was actually the very small one, contrasted to her huge husband. She weighed one twenty, tops, O'Dean guessed. The old guy surely was way over three hundred, or maybe four hundred pounds, O'Dean supposed.

"No Tiny, I didn't," she answered. "I got up to go to the bathroom I think about 2 a.m. or so but I got right back to sleep. I sure didn't hear anything but the cars and trucks going by on El Cajon

Boulevard during that time. Was the poor fellow shot, new Detective O'Dean?"

"Yes, the young Black man was shot in the forehead and I'd have to say the muzzle of the gun was right on his skin when it went off. Hey Mrs. Lee, that sounded nice, you calling me new Detective O'Dean," he smiled at her.

"You seem so young for being a Detective, as Tiny said," she said. "I thought Policemen didn't get to that job until they were more or less up in years. I hope you do well, son."

"Thanks and thanks to both of you and I guess I'd better get back to let my Sergeant know what you told me. Actually Sergeant Williams isn't very old either; he's just thirty-four and that's young to be a Homicide Team Sergeant. You folks will probably be asked more questions later."

O'Dean returned to Room 5 and found the Crime Scene Investigators had been there for a while and the Medical Examiner Team had just arrived in their van.

"Sergeant, the dead man's car is missing," O'Dean said. "Here's the description and the license number. You'll call it in?"

"Absolutely; right now!" Williams said and did just that, asking the Watch Captain to put out a BOLO for that car for all local police to be on the lookout.

"Best tell the Patrols hanging around here to watch for the crooks going by the place," O'Dean said. "They may speed by just to see how much excitement was created by what they did."

"Think so? Get over there O'Dean and tell those squads the license number and everything. I think you might have a good hunch there," Sergeant Williams told him.

O'Dean hurried over to the two Police cars; the Officers were inside one of them, chatting with each other.

O'Dean suggested one stay in place watching east-bound traffic and the other move over to park between cars on the other side of the street to watch for such a car with that license number going west-bound. He told them crooks often were curious to see what might be the reaction to their crimes. The Patrol Officers seemed very glad to have a challenge, watching carefully for a particular sport utility vehicle.

"This deal here seems to me to have a lot of twists, O'Dean," Williams told him when he returned from the street. "Sonia (Detective Sonia Tuason) looked at the girl in there and she's pretty sure the girl's a Filipina, like her. She says the girl's only twelve, even with those big tits.

Says she can tell because there's only peach fuzz for pubic hair. CSI folks have taken over for the moment but personally, I didn't see any girl's clothes or shoes in the place at all. Not a stitch; not even underwear. She might've been brought into the room from someplace in the nude," the Sergeant speculated.

"Sergeant," O'Dean put in, "it seems they took McGee's clothes too, except for what he was wearing. I didn't see a suitcase either. They took his cell phone and gun also."

"Good observations, O'Dean. Huh? Why the hell did you say *they* took his clothes?"

What makes you think there was more than one perp?"

"Easy, Sergeant," O'Dean said. "Only a fantastic gymnast could put his ejaculate in both her vagina and her mouth, I'd think. I'd guess it was two guys raping her at once, one on each end. They must've shot her pimp before the rape. That little girl went through a truly terrible ordeal in dying the way she did. Probably, one of them choked her to death, ramming his pecker down her throat. She had no wounds or marks that I could see," O'Dean said.

"Well, well, what in the hell do we have here?" Williams smiled sarcastically. "We've maybe got ourselves a Paddy O'Dean who's another Jack Leslie that was such a genius at figuring things really quick."

"I'm just trying to be helpful," O'Dean sighed.

The 'Jack Leslie' Williams referred to was the former head of that same Homicide Team Three. Leslie had rocketed up amazingly from Sergeant to Lieutenant to Captain and then to Chief of the San Diego Police Department, all in a matter of months. He had also recently had a large, fancy yacht launched and yet he was only forty-two years old.

It was charismatic Chief Leslie that personally awarded Patrol Officer Paddy O'Dean the day before, the promotion and title of Detective. Leslie had known O'Dean's Homicide Lieutenant father very well, had served under him and had in fact arrested the serial killer only minutes after the very bad man had killed his dad.

O'Dean was amused to see that Chief Leslie had reverted to wearing on his hip the famous .45 caliber Colt pistol his Marine Sergeant Major father had given him. The previous Police Chief had made him exchange it for a 9 millimeter (.38 caliber) pistol because the .45 was "too powerful an artillery piece for street duty", she had said. That .45 had a long and fascinating history back to Leslie's father's bravery in the Vietnam War, he knew.

Both O'Dean's father and he had the name of Patrick but his mom had insisted on using the Irish nick name for that and on his birth certificate had named him Paddy O'Dean.

His dad purposefully used the compact "Pat Dean", shortening his names and leaving off the Irish designation of "O".

Even in his mid-twenties, a college graduate and a Police Officer, those very Irish names seemed to add to a youngish air, in addition to his looks and slender build.

As the Homicide Team Three stood chatting near Room 5, the sky became totally gray; it was called *June gloom*, because a "marine layer" of clouds rolled over San Diego's coast from the Pacific Ocean frequently at that time of year. But the temperature was in the low 70's so it was pleasant, as usual. An uncomfortable day in the town was a rather rare event.

One of the Medical Examiner Team emerged from the room. "Who's in charge of this investigation?" he asked.

"That would be me; I'm Sergeant Kevin Williams."

"Preliminary estimate for your benefit only, Sergeant. In my opinion, until we can determine exactly, it looks like the girl in there died from choking during forced oral sex. Looks like she choked to death; I'm sure she also drowned with semen being forced into her lungs. But don't pass that on because it's just a preliminary estimate. Obviously, the Black man in there died from a gunshot wound to the head, but even Detectives could've figured that one, eh?"

"Yeah, Doc; even we dumb Detectives could figure that part, but just barely," Williams smiled at him.

"By the way; which one of you guessed the young lady in there is a Filipina?" the CSI guy asked.

"I did," Detective Sonia Tuason spoke up. "I'm one myself and I think if we ever get her identified, we'll find she's twelve years old. The Black bastard in there was her pimp, I'm sure," Tuason said.

"Well ma'am, I think we'll find she's fifteen. Twelve year olds don't have breasts that large," the newcomer asserted.

"Twelve year olds do in the Philippines sir. I was born there so I know. I'm gonna call 'Missing Persons' in a minute to find out who just lost a darling daughter," the female Detective said, ignoring the guy and taking a cell phone out of her purse.

Detective Charles Fredericks came to report to Williams.

"Only thing anyone on the other side heard during the night," Fredericks said, "was an old lady happened to be coming back from a bar and saw a gold SUV drive away. She said that was about 1 o'clock in the morning or maybe 1:30."

"Thanks, Chuck. O'Dean, tell us what you found out at the office besides the Black guy's car is missing," Williams said.

Reviewing his notes, O'Dean related to the Team what the owners had told him, emphasizing the reported gold jewelry and the abundance of cash on him.

"Kev," Detective Sonia Tuason said, not addressing the Sergeant formally because, O'Dean supposed, she had been an equal member of his on the team for a long time.

"Kev, nobody didden hear nuttin on this side, either; like the usual. That girl, I couldn't see a mark on her," she said. "That's she's Filipina, just like me, I'm damned sure. I have to guess she was a slave to that Black dude. He's her pimp; I'd betcha on that one. I was for a time in the Vice Squad, as you know, and I saw many pimps just like him. I sure have seen similar bastards involved in human trafficking selling young girls for sex. Gotta be the ugliest business in the world. He might have her on drugs, too; already did or soon."

When Tuason had emotionally made those statements, she dialed Missing Persons.

"If I may mention something Doctor," O'Dean offered to the Medical Examiner's staff member, "I believe you'll find when you test the semen on the girl that it's from two guys. While one raped her on one end the other forced her to, ah, do the other."

With the woman Detective Tuason there, O'Dean didn't feel free to say certain things.

"Well well, we have a young Sherlock Holmes here," the Medical Examiner's Doctor grinned. "You are quite wrong, young man. It was done by one guy; I'd bet on that."

"Okay Doc, you're probably right," Williams said. "But just to make sure, test the semen separately, from both sites. It'll complicate things if it's DNA from two different guys, but our new teammate Paddy O'Dean has brought it up so it should be checked. Okay?"

"Okay," the Medical Examiner's man said, "but we'll find it's only one dude, like I said."

The doctor went back inside and Sergeant Williams ran a check for criminal records and warrants on Nashaw McGee right there standing with his Blackberry smart phone. In minutes, he had answers.

"Son of a gun!" Williams shouted. "The dead guy in there is twenty-nine and he's got a record long as his arms. His history is drugs, prostitution and robbery convictions! Nice fellow! There's a warrant for his arrest in Los Angeles for pimping, too. Well, too late L.A.; he's our very bad and very dead man now."

"They must've stolen the girl's clothes from maybe a sister or a girl friend's kid," O'Dean offered.

"That so, new Detective Paddy O'Dean?" Detective Charles Fredericks said with plenty of sarcasm.

O'Dean ignored the comment and added, "There's a lot of receipts and clothes tags in the waste basket in there. Chances are the pimp picked up this girl and bought her a lot of what she regarded as really beautiful things to impress her with his amazing love. He took her to fine restaurants she'd never even been aware of before. He stole her virginity and she was in fantasy-land, imagining that a guy was really, honestly nuts about her," O'Dean offered.

"Well, I was sadly correct," Tuason said as she put her Blackberry back in her purse.

"That dead girl's name is Anne Marie Lopez and she turned twelve years old on January 30th, the day of the late President Franklin Delano Roosevelt's one hundred twenty seventh birthday. Her dad was in the Navy here and they live in Emerald Hills. They own a house there and her mother is in the hospital from the grief she's suffered since her second oldest child ran away from home."

"Blast it all!" the Sergeant burst out. "It wasn't just the little girl that nasty pimp ruined, but her whole family. Their hearts will surely be broken. Chances are they're good Catholics, too," he said.

"Yes, they probably are," Tuason said and O'Dean saw mist was forming in her eyes.

Somehow, putting a name on the dead girl brought out further the sadness of her tragedy for the whole Homicide Team.

O'Dean had read of runaway girl cases all over the country where the illusion of love and even heart-throbbing adoration was replaced by prostitution, drugs and very often, death; that happened to countless numbers of such misled girls.

He had told Chief Leslie of his inheriting his dad's very extensive library on crime and criminal law. The Chief told him to keep his "book learning" to himself as other Detectives might kid him about it. Of course, he had also studied everything pertaining to his career in college, including quite a bit on criminal law.

"O'Dean, I've been noticing your Chrysler 300 there," Sergeant Williams said. "You buy that new?"

O'Dean's car was parked practically in front of Room 5, but over next to the sidewalk, forty feet away. Just beyond the 300 and a ragged green hedge, a Ford Crown Victoria Police Interceptor was parked at the curb, facing east, with its driver watching the traffic. The other Crown Vic had moved

to the opposite side of the street, facing west. They seemed both to be dutifully watching for the gold Nissan SUV as O'Dean had asked them to do.

"Yes sir, I got it with my Dad's insurance money; rather, with part of it," O'Dean said. "My brother-in-law is a salesman with a Chrysler dealership and he gave me a good deal on it.

I've admired that car from the time it first came out, the way they raised the sides and reduced the glass area to make it look so different and maybe even masculine. At night, you can hardly see the thing since it's in metallic dark gray color. The rear end too; that's quite unique. It looks like it's going fast even when it's parked, don't you think?"

"Don't know about that, but it's a handsome ride for sure," the Sergeant said. "Come on you guys, let's go look at O'Dean's 300 and get our minds off the tragedy here for a minute or so."

As the four Detectives began looking over his car, O'Dean pointed out that he'd had the head lights and tail lights fixed so that they would alternately flash left and right at the push of a button inside; behind the grill up front and by the rear window, he also had red and blue lights put in; plus, he had a siren and a powerful horn installed.

"The way its set up, no one looking at the outside or inside of the car could dream it belonged to a Cop," O'Dean told them. "In effect, I'll always be more or less on duty when I'm in the car. I don't want to seem like a dope to all of you, but I've lived this dream since I was little. I almost worshipped my Dad and admired him for his work. He often told me about what had happened to him on the job, day by day and he loved telling me, too. He and my mom and my sisters were so proud of me the day I was sworn in as a Police Officer."

"O'Dean, all of us admired your dad as our Lieutenant. But you know why he got himself killed, don't you?" Williams asked.

"Yes sir, I was told he got careless. As he walked along on 4th Avenue in the Gaslamp Quarter that night last summer and saw the suspect's stolen car in front of him, he concentrated on informing his Detectives over the radio instead of first pulling out his gun at the ready. So the perp was able to surprise and kill him since my precious dad was much too incautious."

"By God O'Dean, I admire a man who faces facts like that," the Sergeant said. "I know it's a lesson to you just as it was to the rest of us because that was just the smallest, momentary slip of caution and a very good Police Officer was shot to death as a result," Williams said with real gravity.

Detective Tuason was looking over O'Dean's grill lights when suddenly the nearest Police cruiser's siren began blaring, giving them all a start. The squad car's top lights began flashing and they could see the same thing happening on the other side of El Cajon Boulevard.

Then all of them saw at once, a gold Nissan Murano SUV going west, right exactly in front of the motel. The SUV suddenly picked up speed.

"That's gotta be the perps!" their Homicide Sergeant shouted. "Two guys in there. O'Dean, let's go with this thing! Chuck, you stay here at the room! Let's go!"

O'Dean pulled a door open for Tuason as she jumped into the back seat, Williams scooted around to dive into the right front seat and O'Dean got all his lights flashing. He then turned on his siren and in seconds, they roared off into the street, dodging oncoming cars to follow the two "black and whites" speeding west.

The gold Nissan was well ahead of them all by that time.

Seemingly in seconds they roared past the ages-old Ford dealership at Fairmont and El Cajon, sadly forced out of business by then because of the Great Recession.

The Chrysler was about a block behind the flying Police cruisers at the time.

Then they could see ahead of them that the Nissan was wobbling side to side crazily just before crashing into the bridge abutment where the driver had attempted to turn onto the on-ramp leading to Highway 805 north.

They could see the Cop cars had flanked the Nissan which had steam suddenly boiling up from the front of it. The uniformed Patrol Officers were approaching the crashed vehicle with guns drawn by the time the Chrysler stopped behind them.

In seconds, the two Officers had the man in the driver's seat yanked out of the car and on the ground as the Homicide Team spilled out of the Chrysler with guns drawn also.

As one suspect was forced down onto the ground on the left side, Sergeant Williams dashed ahead to open the passenger-side door. The glass in the windshield was almost totally gone. The entire front end was an awful mess, caved in when the irresistible speeding car struck the immovable concrete.

O'Dean was right behind Williams and saw the passenger's silver-haired head was a mass of blood and more was pouring out. The back of the man's head looked to have been engulfed like a hat by an old-fashioned "boob-tube" television set, which had exploded as it crushed the head rest and laid itself midst millions of glass shards over the man's noggin.

The TV was still pushing, overlaying his head and balanced on his left shoulder.

All of the air bags had deployed but had not saved the passenger from the airborne TV flying forward when the car hit the concrete abutment of the bridge over the freeway.

Williams quickly announced, "This guy here is dead. That TV conked him good and it nearly took his head right off!"

Tuason called from the other side, "Kev, this guy here seems hardly to have a scratch on him."

Both of the men in the car were Caucasian, the passenger looking a lot older than the other since his bloody hair was turning gray and O'Dean saw, as he came around the car, that the other man's was not.

The driver appeared to be an average size White man, black-haired, beardless, undistinguished and was sitting on the ground with his hands cuffed behind him. He looked to be in his early twenties and he was crying loudly. He was most obviously in great shock and the grown man was actually bawling like a baby.

"Sergeant," a Patrolman said, "this guy wasn't armed but he mumbled that his pa had the black man's gun."

Williams told O'Dean, "See if you can find that gun on the dead man since I didn't notice any."

O'Dean returned to the passenger's side where the door was still open. The deflated air bag

covering the dash and much of the man's front was pretty much all covered in blood. He pushed the smashed TV off the man's head to the left and it tumbled to the other seat. Then he grimaced as he pushed the glass-covered man back in the seat.

He looked to see if a pistol was stuck under the man's belt in front and into his pants; nothing there. He felt the pockets; no big objects there. O'Dean pushed the body forward and reached behind it over to the console and lifted the lid.

A pistol was on the right side of the console, held in place ready to grab, beside a box of Kleenex. The Kleenex box seemed heavy. He brought the tissue box and the gun out, barely touching the trigger guard.

As he pulled away, the dead man slouched forward against the dash again. The seat belt kept the body from falling out of the car.

Other units with flashing lights had arrived and Officers were putting out orange cones and yellow tape. The on-ramp to the freeway there was blocked off.

O'Dean laid the pistol in his handkerchief and on his hand. He looked to make sure he had managed the moves well enough to get but little of the dead man's blood or the shattered glass on himself. He went around to the other side.

"It's a Jack Leslie gun, Sergeant," he told him.

"What?"

"It's an Army Colt Pistol caliber .45, like the Chief's. No wonder that pimp in the motel almost had no brains left. Also, this Kleenex box is chock full with money."

O'Dean began to hand those things to his Sergeant but was told to hang onto them and turn them over to the Crime Lab later.

Then Williams instructed a Patrol Officer to read the guy his rights and hurry with the prisoner to the downtown headquarters for interrogation.

"Quick, everybody!" Williams said to Tuason and O'Dean, "Let's get back into the Chrysler and get downtown where we can talk to this perp before he calms down. O'Dean, follow that cruiser there."

The Officers remaining at the wreck site would notify those needed to inspect the situation and eventually, haul away the messed up Nissan and the equally messed up body.

As the Chrysler followed the Ford Crown Vic and all of them wiped their hands with the antiseptic wipes O'Dean gave out, Tuason began talking from the back seat.

"Kev, this new fella Paddy O'Dean is truly uncanny. He got everything right, even to the little girl's clothes. In the back of that Nissan, there were five or six really pretty little dresses and I noticed especially the lacy bras and panties. That poor little doll must have been awfully impressed, just as O'Dean said."

"Yeah," Sergeant Williams nodded, "I noticed there were clothes in there. A microwave was wedged down in front of the back seat and there was a coffee maker there, too. Didn't see the motel's clock-radio. I'm dying to hear what that perp has to say about all this. He might just clam

up and ask for a lawyer so we've gotta get to him before he begins thinking things through and imagining he can help himself by shutting his mouth," the Sergeant with long experience said.

The two vehicles pulled into the Police Headquarters lot and the prisoner was taken directly to the interrogation room. The handcuffs were removed and he was seated on one side of a table while Kevin Williams, Sonia Tuason and Paddy O'Dean sat on the other side.

The prisoner had the saddest, most anguished face O'Dean had ever seen. He had stopped bawling, but just barely. It was the most obvious thing in the world that the man felt just awfully, awfully sorry for himself. He seemed to be an average guy and looked to be in his early twenties.

Williams repeated his "rights", told him about two TV cameras on the walls recording everything and began with, "Your driver's license shows your name as John Joseph McCruddy, Jr. and you're twenty-four years old. That right, sir?"

"Yeah, of course. My pa; he was such an asshole! Jesus Christ, such an unbelievable asshole!" the guy whined.

"That was McCruddy Senior in the car next to you?"

"Yeah, that was the old idiot himself. Jesus Christ, I tried everything I could imagine to help that bastard and he goes nuts on me! He was just crazy! A mad man! What a jerk I proved to be 'cause I actually thought my own father was an alright guy! Now he's turned my life into a big pile of shit! Goddamn his crazy ass anyway!" McCruddy shouted.

"What happened yesterday to you two?" Williams asked.

"I'll tell you what happened, Officer. I was so goddamned stupid! My pa was sentenced to fifteen years for beating up, nearly killing and robbing a queer but he got out yesterday after just nine and a half. Hell, I visited him down there every month for the last three or so years and he seemed so nice, so respectful of his son. You know what I mean? But all the fucking time he's ready to go nuts quick as they let him loose! I wrote him letters all the time. He wrote me letters all the time. He said he was proud of me, that I didn't do drugs or get drunk or break any laws. I have, *no I had*, a dandy good business going. I free-lanced; did auto body work for different shops all over.

"Know what I mean? Made damn good money and I told him I'd show him the work, I'd teach him the business and he'd make good money, too. But shit, that's sure as hell's all done now! I saved my money, I got us a real nice two-bedroom apartment so's he'd have a good place to start from when he got out.

"Understand? I picked him up yesterday from prison. I gave him eight hundred bucks cash to help him not feel like a bum. Right away, he wants to go buy some fucking drugs and get him some pussy with that money! Sorry ma'am, I forgot there's a lady here."

"It's okay sir; I've heard words as bad as they come," Detective Tuason said.

"Well dummy me, I go along with what he wanted 'cause after all, he's my pa and he's been locked up all those years and I figure he's just gotta have at least one night's fun. He told me again and again, the gay man that he beat up and robbed just asked for it, insulted him absolutely, so it wasn't his fault that he was locked up like that.

"My apartment's in the Rolando neighborhood. I took him out to a nice buffet dinner so he could

choose exactly what he wanted to eat. That would be the first time for such food in years for him and after that dinner he remembers a bar he'd been to a lot of years before and so I drove us there. My car's still there, on the Boulevard, in front of that goddamned bar. We were no sooner there than he buys some crystal meth from a guy. Just that quick! I had no idea drugs of any kind were sold in bars!

"I never in my life ever used any drugs but he told me he had meth quite a lot in prison! Got it from a guard, he said. Never dreamed that could happen. My pa, he sees a little Black guy come in the front door and immediately he says to me, 'See that gold chain around his neck? He's got *pimp* wrote all over him and I'm gonna get you and me a piece of ass.'

"Just like that; he's so damn quick with everything. I saw my pa pass some money to him, but I never did know how much it was but it was probably a lot of the eight damn hundred I gave him. The pimp wasn't hardly inside the place and my pa told me to put down the beer and come with them. The Black guy has a nice car out front and we climb in and the guy drives us down the boulevard to a motel and we go inside his room.

"Sittin' on the bed was a real small, real short Mexican whore who the guy told us just turned eighteen. She had on lotsa eye shadow and lipstick. She's in a slinky kind of real sheer lacy, baby doll nightie and she's got real nice tits. Those boobs were about the nicest I've ever seen; you know, right up and atcha, pointy kinda tits.

"Anyways, behind me the Black dude locks the door 'click' and in a goddamned flash my pa has an arm lock on him, around his neck, choking the little pimp! Just like that! So damned fast! And my pa is so strong and is grabbing at the front of the guy, grabbing his gun away from the man's hand! Just like that! Then pa's got that fucking gun and turns the guy around and shoots him right in the head!

"Just like that! So damned fast! Unbelievable! Impossible stuff!

"The little pussy on the bed just sits there and screams and my pa, he drops the Black guy on the floor and runs over to the whore hollering at her does she want the same thing? He puts the gun right in her face and she shuts up right quick! Her eyes was as big as Cadillac hub caps! All this stuff happens so goddamned fast!

The young man caught his breath and rattled on, "As I said, all this was happening so fast! All of it was so goddamned impossible! So unbelievable! Pa didn't waste no time. Tells the girl to take her nightie off and tells me to get my clothes off, we're gonna have us some sex!

"The whole thing was just so motherfucking crazy, just so crazy, crazy, crazy!

"I found myself fucking the girl, she laying back on the bed and my pa, he's got his pants off and he's still holding that damn gun in one hand and he jumps up onto the bed too and makes the girl give him a blow job even while I'm fucking her!

"Even at the time and even now, I can't hardly believe all this was happening. But real quick-like I got my nuts off and I guess pa did too and when we pulled away and got up the girl didn't move. She did not move at all and pa, he said 'I think she's a dead little bitch' and pushed her over the side of the bed onto the floor so we can't see her no more. Then he tossed the cover over her; so crazy!"

McCruddy Junior began crying again and apologized for doing so.

"I'm sorry Detectives; I still can't believe my life's been absolutely turned upside down by that asshole. But I know it is. My pa, he was such a hard-ass devil and I couldn't believe it!"

"You and your father cleaned out that room pretty good, we saw," Williams said. "Why'd you take all that stuff? And weren't you afraid somebody would hear all that racket and call us Police?"

"It was my pa; he was just so nuts, I tell you. He said he didn't have a motherfucking thing in the world himself so he wanted the TV and the microwave and he of course took all the jewelry he could find. I watched him take the rings right off the pimp's fingers and all that. He even took the little whore's things so's he could give 'em away to some other little woman, he said.

"We loaded that stuff in the pimp's car and although there was cars going up and down the boulevard, there wasn't a soul awake in that motel. Not that I knew of, anyway. Nobody had any lights on in that place. You'd think somebody might have heard my pa shooting the pimp, but I guess they didn't. They didn't even hear the whore screaming, but she didn't do that for but a minute, I think.

"Pa gave me the pimp's keys and I drove that SUV out to my place in Rolando and I slept awhile in my clothes but I don't think he slept or undressed either. I don't think he slept a wink what with downing that damn meth stuff. He woke me up and I fixed us some eggs and bacon and coffee. Then he wanted to take me to get my car and that sounded reasonable but damn! He hadn't driven a car in a lot of years so I drove since he didn't have a driver's license either, of course. I drove to that bar to pick up my car and that was okay but then he said he didn't want to stop.

"He said, 'Let's see if anyone's found the bodies yet' and he was so sure they wouldn't be found for a lot of days, until the rent was due. So when we drove by that motel we see there's two cop cars out there as though they was waiting for us and pa, he tells me to step on the goddamned gas and I just couldn't slow down or nothing!

"I don't know what the hell he thought he was doing, grabbing my steering wheel as I was trying to get on that on-ramp but you know of course, we ran right into that cement railing, I guess it was."

"It was the television flying through the air and slamming into the back of his head that killed your father," Sergeant Williams said. "The air bags saved your own skin, McCruddy.

You apparently didn't get hurt at all, eh?" Williams asked.

"No, 'cept my life is as good as all to hell all over. I'm dead meat because of that asshole pa of mine."

2

Sergeant Williams had uniforms take the prisoner to be processed and locked up.

Just as they left with him, Lieutenant Marge Vogel walked into the room.

She was then the Co-Commander of the Homicide Detail, superior to Williams' Team Three and four other Homicide Teams. Her former Co-Commander, then Lieutenant Dan Cohan, had been promoted to Captain and had not yet been replaced so she had the sole responsibility for the Homicide Detail. Also, Vogel had led Team Three for a while after Leslie was promoted and before Williams took it over.

"Detective O'Dean, this is your first murder case, eh?" she said, looking over the new Detective.

"Yes ma'am, and it was a gory one; the ugliest one imaginable with such a young victim," O'Dean answered.

"I was watching the interview behind the mirror there and I thought the perp sounded rather convincing. Tell me O'Dean, do you think he told everything straight?" she asked.

"Lieutenant, of course he did not," O'Dean said.

"All of us on the Team know the big tip-off was he indicated not the tiniest bit of sorrow for his just-killed father. Although he had said he wrote to him and prepared a place for him and all that, he obviously felt sorry only for himself. He tried to make himself seem like a loving son but he showed not the smallest bit of remorse that his dad was dead. All of us could notice again and again, he felt sorry only for himself."

"No O'Dean; don't try to be nice and *say all the Team knew* what you reckoned was going on here. I only want to know your views on this thing; just yours; get it?" the Lieutenant asked.

"Okay; yes, ma'am. Chances are the reason the Nissan hit the bridge abutment at the 805 on-ramp, was they were fighting over the steering wheel, whether to go straight or get on the freeway. The other perp being unavailable to counter his tales, I suppose McCruddy hoped he could direct the guilt away from himself and therefore, possibly reduce the punishment he would rightly suffer. The way he rattled on so, while putting virtually all the blame on his dead father, I feel certain he's the one full of methamphetamines. What a rapid talker! Surely when his shirt is checked from his person or his apartment, blood spatters belonging to the pimp will be found.

Maybe GSR (gunshot residue) might be found on the shirt and even on himself if he hasn't washed it off.

"The semen testing might show he was at the opposite end of the girl from where he claimed he was. A blood test might show the son was the big drug user as he was so awfully, awfully talkative. And all the rest, where he put the blame on the dead father, we will probably find much was exactly the opposite of what he said."

"Wow!" the Lieutenant said, "You think that man was absolutely full of lies then? Wait a minute; I'll call CSI to make sure they check his body and his clothing for GSR and possible blood spatter."

They listened as she phoned someone and then returned her attention to them.

"So O'Dean; you think he's a big liar then?" she asked.

"I'm certain of that, ma'am."

Lieutenant Vogel smiled, "New Detective Paddy O'Dean, your analysis seems pretty sharp to me. How about the rest of you? Anybody on the famous Team Three got anything to add to what O'Dean said?"

"Just this," Detective Tuason said. "The second I saw that little dead girl in that room, I knew she was only twelve years old and a Filipina like myself. They didn't believe me, but my judgment was confirmed when I called Missing Persons. Also, I've gotta say, our Paddy O'Dean has a great future ahead of him in this business for he certainly is a perceptive one."

"Right you are Sonia," the Lieutenant said. "And you and I have the sad duty of going out to tell that little girl's folks the worst possible news. I'm going over to the wreck on El Cajon Boulevard

right now to tell the media what's what and then you and I will drive over to visit with those parents. They should have the body out of that Nissan about now and they'll be hauling the car off to a pound.

"Kevin, are you going to celebrate O'Dean's first successful murder case with a dinner or something?" the Lieutenant asked as though suggesting it.

"Damn, I guess we really should, shouldn't we," Sergeant Williams answered. "I heard Chief Leslie's sister-in-law has a new restaurant with excellent food. Isn't it called '*Annie's Luscious American Food*'?" the Sergeant asked.

"Yes it is and that's a really good place there on 5th in the Gaslamp Quarter," Vogel said.

"I've been there only once since I don't want to seem to be a brown-noser; you know, because it's the Chief's relation. My husband really liked it and he's a super fussy eater. Try the filet-mignon, if you guys go. We did and there's nothing so good as their filet-mignon and that dinner is only thirty bucks so it's well worth it. The Chief's aunt runs the kitchen and when the waiter or waitress brings out the food to your table, she'll likely come along with it. She's really tall, especially with that huge chef's hat which she always wears. She'll tell you she wants to know personally how you liked your dinner and she'll come on right out there later and actually ask you. I think that's clever. That way, nobody takes their food in that place for granted; you really pay attention to how truly excellent it is."

"I heard there's no entertainment there except for some guy in a tuxedo playing a grand piano. I suppose that makes it seem like a classy joint, don't you think so Lieutenant?" Sergeant Williams put in.

"Yes, that fellow who played when we were there made the most pleasing music. If it weren't the Chief's relations, we'd eat there more often," she sighed.

"Lieutenant, I'm going to call Detective Brian Alan to come join the rest of us," Williams said. "Team, we'll meet there at 5 and we'll go 'Dutch'. Now, there's paperwork to be completed and a Search Warrant for the perp's apartment to apply for. We'll see you, ladies," he said as though dismissing them.

Williams put in orders for the perp's car to be towed in from in front of the tavern the "suspect" had mentioned.

And then Williams and O'Dean counted the money in the Kleenex box. It was mostly in twenties and fifties and added up to four thousand three hundred thirty-three dollars and they reckoned most of it and maybe all of it, came from the pimp's body and wallet.

Homicide Team Leader Sergeant Kevin Williams typed up the reports on their findings while O'Dean observed, soaking up the details of Homicide Team paper work.

Next of kin would need to be notified after the official identification of the three bodies by the Medical Examiner. Lieutenant Vogel and Detective Tuason would be taking care of part of that.

O'Dean drove Williams back to the motel on El Cajon Boulevard to pick up his own car and to relieve Detective Charles Fredericks, who had all that time been staying at Room 5 and searching further for clues.

Later that day O'Dean went to his mother's and his Clairemont home and dressed up in a different

business suit to meet with the rest of the Team at Annie's.

Even though it was a Saturday, there was but a short line to get in the classy restaurant since it was yet early.

Sergeant Williams had phoned for reservations so the Team was able to get in right at 5 o'clock and were quickly seated at a table by the owner herself; identified by the brass name plate on her dress as "ANNIE VON PRUS".

The piano man was already fingering pretty old pop music.

O'Dean met Detective Brian Alan there for the first time. Alan had been a Team member for quite a while by then and was on a short vacation when called in by his Sergeant for the occasion.

The new Detective was told that Alan lived only a short ways from Police Headquarters in a little house behind his mother's house and that Alan had made it into a "splendiferous" little cottage.

"I'm especially pleased to meet you O'Dean," Alan said as they shook hands just as they were sitting. "I've heard damn good things about you. Everybody remembers you're the guy who escorted Chief Slumberjay to arrest that slut who committed those thirty-three homicides on all those people on Blacks Beach. The gal shot the Chief in the back and you instantly shot the pretty bitch dead. Also, wasn't it about a year ago when a guy tried to carjack your SUV and you thwarted his move?"

"Why, yes Brian," O'Dean said, showing surprise that incident would be remembered.

"It was in mid-June last year when I had the day off and got the brakes on my Ford Escape fixed.

"My mom phoned me to stop at the KFC to get a bucket of chicken for dinner. She'd make the biscuits, coleslaw and taters herself for her, my dad and me, she said. My two sisters are married and have left the nest, but not me; not yet.

"Well, as I pulled into the KFC parking lot I saw a guy off to my left in the bushes and I thought he seemed suspicious. Sure enough, when I stopped, here he comes, pistol in hand. Dang, he was a short, stout man, with shoulders about four Billy Clubs wide. I knew he either intended to rob me or take my car so I opened the door a crack.

"When he got right up to the door, he pointed his .45 caliber cannon at me and started hollering at me, 'Mutha fuckah, git yah shit outta 'at car!'"

"I swung both feet around and kicked the door into him. The most amazing thing, as he reacted, he pulled his gun up and back, the door slammed the gun up against him and it went off and sent a bullet right up his throat! It went up into his head and brain and came out the top of his skull, killing him deader than a brick. He fell back on the asphalt there and he never so much as moved an eyelash after. All that happened in just the shortest instant."

"So you were off-duty and unarmed then?" Alan asked.

"Yes Brian, and that is the very last time I ever left my house without the Kevlar vest on and carrying both badge and gun. It was only a matter of the ultimate good fortune that the carjacker was killed instead of me either losing my car or my life or of course, both. I sure wouldn't have cared to try wrestling with that muscle man. The shot took his hat off and much of his brain and blood almost filled his hat on the ground."

"How long have you been sworn in?"

"Almost two years now. I feel so very lucky to have joined this Team. It's been my life's ambition to do this," O'Dean admitted. *

Third novel in his series about the San Diego Police Homicide Detail and featuring Detective Paddy O'Dean.

Unusually young and ambitious Police Officer Patrick O'Dean becomes a Detective on Homicide Team Three. He hopes to follow in his murdered father's footsteps.

At first he is remarkably successful in solving the cases given him.

But then, he handed the toughest file of the Department's Cold Cases, and this one not only involves many murders, but auto thefts and brutal robberies as well!

San Diego Police Homicide Detail (10 Book Series) - ... book in the series, San Diego Police Homicide Detail, featuring Detective Matt is Chapter 3 of the Homeless Homicides Bill Barrons' Websitâ€™ William Barrons en Amazon.es: Libros y Ebooks de William - Books from iCrew Digital Publishing. Book 3 Featuring Paddy O'Dean. The Coldest Cold Homicides. E-book â€™ 2.99 Paperback â€™ Third novel in his series about the San Diego Police Homicide Detail and featuring Detective Paddy O'Dean. The Coldest Cold Homicides - Amazon.com - Buy The Coldest Cold Homicides: Book 3 of the San Diego Police Homicide Detail Featuring Paddy O'Dean online at best price in India on Snapdeal. Read The Download PDF Â» The Coldest Cold Homicides: Book 3 of the San - See details and download book: Books Box The Leadership Challenge Mobi By James M Free books downloads online The Coldest Cold Homicides: Book 3 off the San Diego Police Homicide Detail featuring Paddy O'Dean in Norwegian Download Book /The Coldest Cold Homicides: Book 3 of the San - The Coldest Cold Homicides: Book 3 off the San Diego Police Homicide Detail featuring Paddy O'Dean eBook: William Barrons, DJ Rogers: Amazon.in: Kindle Bill Barrons' Books - iCrew Digital Publishing - The Coldest Cold Homicides: Book 3 off the San Diego Police Homicide Detail featuring Paddy O'Dean & middot; The Forever Homicides: Book 4 of the Bill Barrons' Books - iCrew Digital Publishing - ... of the San Diego Police Homicide... The Coldest Cold Homicides: Book 3 of the San Diego Police Homicide Detail Featuring Paddy O Dean I realized this pdf from my dad and i encouraged this publication to discover. (Dr. Porter Mitchell). The Coldest Cold Homicides - Amazon.com - THE COLDEST COLD HOMICIDES: BOOK 3 OF THE SAN DIEGO POLICE HOMICIDE. DETAIL the San Diego Police Homicide Detail and

featuring Detective Paddy O Dean. pdf from my dad and i suggested this book to discover. Download PDF » The Coldest Cold Homicides: Book 3 of the San - I am an independent publisher of over 30 books for 11 authors. Two programmers from Pixel left to create a program called Vellum,. Book 3 Featuring Paddy O'Dean. The Coldest Cold Homicides Third novel in his series about the San Diego Police Homicide Detail and featuring Detective Paddy The Coldest Cold Homicides - Amazon.com - Find icrew digital productions huge selection of books at bookswagon online store. Lowest price guaranteed on This book is currently Out of Stock. Do you want to be notified when this The Coldest Cold Homicides: Book 3 of the San Diego Police Homicide Detail Featuring Paddy O'Dean. By: William Barrons. The Coldest Cold Homicides: Book 3 off the San Diego - Amazon.it - ... of the San Diego Police Homicide... The Coldest Cold Homicides: Book 3 of the San Diego. Police Homicide Detail Featuring Paddy O Dean I realized this pdf from my dad and i encouraged this publication to discover. (Dr. Porter Mitchell).

Relevant Books

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Book Tracking the Tempest (Jane True Series Book 2)

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Download The Fourth book of Beloved: Part One (Beloved of God 4) free epub

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Guided Inquiry Design® in Action: High School (Libraries Unlimited Guided Inquiry) free pdf

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Online Little Kitten's Book of Poems (Scottish Fold Cats and Kittens 2) free epub, pdf online

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Download book Last Time: A short story.
