The Merton MURDERS G A Price

It was the night of my thirtieth birthday that the dream came upon me.

Vaguely, I remember stepping into the office with a roaring headache. Sara passed me a folder instantly, and I looked at the label in surprise.

"The Merton Murders?" I asked, confused.

"You said the case was finished, sir," Sara replied, looking at me with bemused pale blue eyes.

"I did?" I flicked through the contents of the folder briefly. I had never seen this folder before in my life. Confused, I looked at the summary. Cop killer. Murdered 30. The case was never finished, because the killer was never found.

"It's not finished, is it sir?" Sara sighed and sat at her desk. "We hoped it was over last time."

Suddenly, I felt a presence behind me. A gun stuck to my back. "You were good Karl. But good is never enough. You have to be the best."

Then I awoke.

Loner. Hungover. Tired. Grumpy. All the words to describe how I felt on Mondays. I sat in my lounge, supping a fresh cup of coffee and thought about the dream. I had never even heard of 'The Merton Murders', if such a case folder did indeed exist.

I sat back in my chair, mulling over my latest case. A black family killed by racists during last month's riot. Murderer was a man by the name of Ricci Davies. I couldn't prove it, but I knew it. Call it a gut feeling. Ricci was a hater, he detested the blacks. His gang 'White War' had been responsible for the family's death. I would prove it sooner or later, after all that was my job. Detective Karl Lacey, that's who I am. Tall man, dark hair, grey eyes and an athletic build.

Ricci was two minutes away from a jail cell. I already had the motive for the attack. I just needed more evidence.

So it was with a grumpy mood and a thumping headache that I made my way into work. Traffic was gruesome. Typical Monday morning. The office was quiet, except for the slight tapping of keys from a busy secretarial pool.

"Sara," I called to my own secretary. She followed me into my own private office and sat before me with a cup of coffee in her hand.

"Good morning, sir," Sara replied sweetly.

"Yeah, whatever," I grumbled. "Any news from forensics?"

Sara nodded, "Yes, same as what you thought. And they found a fingerprint."

"Whoopee shit," I said dully. Wow, a fingerprint! Keep going like this and they might eventually come to the conclusion I had been thumping down their throats for the past week.

"It is Ricci's fingerprint," Sara continued, familiar with my Monday Mood. "They matched it against his previous convictions. Positive. They are bringing him in."

"About bloody time," I mumbled, reaching for the small packet of paracetamol that I kept in a drawer of my desk.

"Anything else, sir?" Sara asked, rising to leave.

I waved her away. Then suddenly, I remembered the strange dream from last night. "Wait, Sara ... actually there is one thing ..."

"What?" Sara asked, returning briefly to her chair.

"Dig in the old case files. See if you can find 'The Merton Murders'."

Sara shrugged and nodded. Then she rose to leave.

It's not every day that a new detective joins the ranks.

Today was the day that Sam Keeley was shown around the office.

I was still trying to drug myself to numb the ever-increasing pain in my temples, when the door swung open and my boss and Sam entered.

He was a tall man with a charming smile, and even though my Monday Mood hadn't lifted, I still managed to smile back. Sam had worked in homicide for ten years now, and he had an impressive portfolio of solved cases.

"Nice to meet you Karl," Sam said brightly, shaking my hand and grinning as if we were old friends re-united.

"Likewise," I replied, smiling back. I winced. The headache was getting worse.

"Migraine?" Sam asked sympathetically.

"Yeah. Been plagued with them for years," I replied.

"Try Nurofen Plus, always does the trick for me. Normal paracetamol just doesn't cut it anymore," Sam produced a box as if by magic, from his leather coat.

As he popped two tablets from their plastic protective covering, I smiled at him. He glanced at me, a mischievous smile forming on his face and his eyes lit up.

"Here you go," Sam said, putting the two tablets into my hand. He deliberately brushed my naked hand with his.

"Sam, I'm straight." I said suddenly, feeling foolish and vulnerable suddenly.

Sam shrugged, "Hey, no worries. No-one is perfect, right?"

I laughed.

"Besides, what would they say about you bedding your new partner anyway," Sam sat on the desk, his posture relaxed and calm. I grinned at him.

"New partner?" I said. "I've never had a partner."

"You do now," Sam confirmed, his smile becoming brighter. "Apparently, you are the best detective on the force."

"Aw, shucks. You charmer," I grinned.

A slight knock at the door startled me, and I turned to see Sara standing there, holding a folder for me.

"The folder you requested, sir?" Sara asked.

"Ah yes, bring it in," I took the folder from Sara and turned to Sam. "Just some homework I'm doing on my own time."

"The Merton Murders," Sam read the title of the folder. "That goes back years, an old case. I worked on it myself."

"Yes, so you did," I said, recognising Sam's name on the report cards.

"The case has been dead for years," Sam explained. "Why are you bringing out old ghosts?"

"I don't think it's over yet," I mumbled, looking at the total body count. 28 in total. But in my dream, the count had been 30?

Sam swung his legs off my desk and smiled at me strangely. "Be careful, Karl. Old ghosts can come back to haunt us all."

That evening, Sam and I were sharing a pizza and puzzling over The Merton Murders. He had dressed up, and wore a faint cologne that reminded me of my last holiday in the Caribbean.

"The murders stopped, and they never found the killer," I mused, as I flicked pages of the folder over.

Sam was watching me. His eyes flickering in the light of the fire I had built in the hearth. "Why all this? Really?"

"I had a dream about it," I confessed. "An odd dream. About the case. I don't think it's over yet."

Sam shrugged. "It's been over for years. You've read the final report. The murderer was said to have escaped abroad."

"I don't know," I was becoming agitated, and Sam lay a hand over my own. He was looking directly into my eyes, and I saw a hunger there I had never seen in any man before.

He leant forward and kissed me lightly on the lips. I didn't object. Sam fascinated me, his movements his manner and his mind were powerful in some way I could not describe. I tasted his mouth, at the subtle taste of pizza and wine, I ran my tongue along his lips and teeth. He rose to his feet suddenly, and held out his hand.

What the fuck was I doing? To be honest, I felt like his slave as he led me to the bedroom and undressed me slowly. I watched numbly as he knelt before me, his mouth circling my already hardened organ before engulfing it within the hot and pleasurable mouth. I moaned as I stood naked before him, and he pumped me powerfully, his hands clutching my buttocks as he drove the organ deeper and deeper into his mouth. I felt his throat convulse as he swallowed and I felt myself orgasm simultaneously. I cried out, my hands clutching his soft hair.

I would have fallen, the pleasure and intensity was just too much. But Sam had risen up beside me and had me pressed within his arms. I felt us move over to the bed, and I fell onto the bedspread, and watched him undress before me. He lingered on every garment, until he revealed the muscled chest and hard and pulsing organ.

He lay down beside me, his lips once again finding my own, and then he knelt up, taking my legs onto his shoulder as his organ found the small crease it was after. Slowly, he pushed into me, his manhood thumping inside of me. I gritted my teeth as the pain soared and the pleasure mounted and I could feel myself surrender to his touch. Finally, he began a steady rhythm, his organ slick and frantic as it moved within me. I felt him shudder as his orgasm overtook him, and his vulnerability suddenly shook me. He lay down within my arms, his organ still within me and he smiled against my chest.

"I think I've fallen for you, Karl," he said, before his eyes closed and he fell asleep.

How long I remained awake, I wasn't sure. I was too excited, too moved by the passion I had experienced. My only other sexual experiences had been with women, and I had never felt such utter abandon and desire as I felt with Sam. He gave me something unique, found a secret pleasure source only he could find.

The next morning I awoke with a sore bum. I left Sam sleeping in the bed, and crossed over to the bathroom to find some soothing cream.

"Sorry, I should have warned you. It does hurt the day after."

I turned to see Sam smiling at me from the bedroom door. He sat on the bath rim, and looked at me with a tender smile on his face.

"You forgot?" I smiled. I had just had the best night of my life. A sore bum could not destroy that. "Was I good?"

Sam smiled brightly, and he leaned close to me. His breath was tickling my cheek "Good is never enough. You have to be the best. And you were."

Suddenly, I felt an icy chill run through my spine. I looked up at him, at the innocent face before me. I felt my world collapse.

"We're late for work," I said coldly as I stepped into the shower.

I ignored Sam for the rest of the day.

Could it be that it was merely a co-incidence? That the words he had spoken meant nothing except that he was infatuated with me?

Unfortunately, I could see parts of the puzzle starting to fit into place. Sam had been the first on the scene to every crime. He had access to evidence and could have altered anything to suit his own purposes.

But, the thought of Sam as a killer? It made no sense. After all, he was a cop. A good one too. He was a passionate and involved young man.

But a lingering doubt still remained in my mind. He was too perfect in many ways.

I was getting ready to leave for the evening, when I spotted Sam in my office. I drew in a deep breath, and then walked into my room and glared at him.

"What do you want, Sam?"

Sam looked at me without a smile, coldly. I felt the same icy chill running up my spine. "Close the door, Karl. We need to talk."

"Haven't got any time," I lied, trying to snatch up my 'Merton Murders' folder. Sam smiled and put his hand on the file, keeping me from snatching it away.

Sighing deeply, I closed the office door and walked over to Sam. "What is going on here?"

"How did you find out?" Sam asked suddenly.

All the air left my lungs. I was speechless. Sam watched me, his eyes emotionless. He was basically fearless.

"Find out what?" I stammered.

"I think you know," Sam smiled suddenly, then tapped the folder before him. "I don't know how you know, but you know."

I sat down before him. I was trying to figure out what had happened. How a face so handsome and innocent could house such a murdering fiend. "Why?"

Sam shrugged. "Have you ever killed anyone before, Karl?"

I shook my head. No words could form.

"It's powerful. A surge of energy rushes through every vein in your body. You have control over life. You are the executioner. You've never felt such power, and you cannot understand how I feel when I do this."

I heard the safety snap back and closed my eyes.

"Yes, a gun under the desk. I'm surprised you sat down." Sam smiled brightly.

Suddenly the door opened and Sara came in. She was just about to leave for the day.

I tried to warn her, but Sam had already fired one single shot. He aimed at her head and she crumpled to the floor.

By this time, I had reached my gun and had it aimed at Sam. Sam shrugged. His own gun was aimed at me.

"How did you get away with this?" I said angrily, my trigger finger shaking violently.

"It's amazing how much evidence you have access to with the right authority" Sam said, quirking his head to one side. "Now, what are you going to do Karl. Pull the trigger? Think you could do it before me?"

The gun shook in my hand. My finger was poised, ready to fire a single shot.

"You can't do it, can you?" Sam said sympathetically. "One day, they'll work it out. One day, I'll go down in history as the man who was amongst them, and they never knew. You are just a victim. Who will remember you?"

I let the gun drop. I suddenly smiled. I felt absolutely no fear. "God will remember me," I mumbled before the world exploded, and turned to black.

Sam Keeley was arrested for multiple murder a week later when a tape was found under Karl's desk, on it were the recorded murders of Sara Daphiu and Karl Lacey as well as twenty-eight other cops.

Sam was jailed for life, without a chance of parole.

The bodies of all thirty victims were discovered and given a proper burial.

Sam maintained that Karl hadn't had time to flick the button of the tape recorder under the desk.

When questioned, Sam replied thus;

"God remembered."

