

~ Yasmine ~

From Bradford book II. Chapter 13

I had lots of these teasers and intros on Wattpad. As I'm not longer on there, I'll begin posting them on my website. About a thousand words.

Bradford had taken away her trip to New Borongan and now she was being used to examine a routine crime scene. Not that New Borongan was supposed to have been a holiday, but you can always find time for a little sightseeing and leisure, if you're careful about it.

"Might not be routine." Roland had told her. "Bobby had a tip from one of his connections. He's not saying much, but he's rarely wrong about these things."

"What things Roland?"

"HmMMM best if you arrive with an open mind."

Bad moods can be hard to shake off, especially if life keeps throwing lemons at you. She couldn't find the right street, the weather looked set to move from torrential rain to a full blown monsoon and worst of all; she'd already bought a new swimsuit for the New Borongan trip.

"I hate this fucking weather." She yelled, while getting out of her car.

The case was a body in a parking lot, a straight forward battery homicide, according to the cops who'd found him. The cops should have been out in the rain, preventing people like her from walking all over the crime scene. It was beyond the normal heavy rain for that time of year though and the two cops were sat in their car. Yasmine had to bang on the car window to get their attention.

"Sorry miss, you're not supposed to be here, didn't you see the tapes?"

Yasmine flashed her laminated card at him, instantly noticing a change in attitude.

"I'm Yasmine DuClare, scene of crime consultant with PD489."

"Oh yes, of course. Sorry, we were told someone was on the way. I'll show you where the body is."

She wanted him to stand in the rain and suffer too, her mood was demanding it. The rain had begun to drip down the gap between her jacket and the skin of her neck, dripping right down her back. It was clammy, cold rain, like standing in a shower at a cheap motel. Yasmine was a professional though and examining the body on her own, might be an advantage.

"Just point me in the right direction." She said. "No point in both of us getting saturated."

"Thanks, call if you need help."

The body was male, fully dressed in a cheap polyester suit. He was lying face down in a small stream of water, where the car park drained into the sewers. Or tried to drain, the stream was quite wide and looked likely to grow. Wide but not deep, it meant wet shoes, which wasn't going to improve her mood. Yasmine decided the rain had already ruined the crime scene. She pulled the body clear of the stream and turned him over. It was a good job she'd come alone, her surprise was genuine and audible.

"Fuck!" She yelled.

Hundreds of cops had been looking for him and there in front of her was Jason Cerone. Half his face was missing, but she'd spent days carrying out his security vetting. She'd seen so many pictures of Jason, that even with half a face, she knew it was him. The body didn't look right, the suit didn't fit properly and was far too cheap for someone like Jason. She undid the jacket and opened it, finding a blood stained shirt. Quite a bit of blood, considering the rain had been washing the corpse for quite a while.

“They didn’t even do your buttons up right.” She muttered.

They’d dressed him a hurry, getting his shirt buttons wrong. The top button was in the second hole down and they’d carried on, buttoning them all up wrong. Yasmine undid the buttons and opened his shirt. The simple battery homicide became abduction, torture and murder. It took time to torture someone if you wanted get the truth out of them. Too much pain too quickly and they’d tell you any old rubbish to make the agony go away. Whoever had cut the holes in poor Jason, had been an expert. Yasmine undid his trousers, lowered his boxer shorts and winced.

“Christ Jason, no one deserves that.”

Dreadful things had been done to his genitals, truly awful things. She wrapped his clothing back round him, covering up the horrors that had been inflicted on him. It was time to talk to Roland.

“You could have warned me.” She told him.

“I wasn’t certain. If it had been Bobby himself, but it was one of his contacts. Is it definitely him ?”

“Oh yes, no doubt. He never did run, Roland. Someone picked him up and spent days torturing him. Nasty stuff Roland, you wouldn’t wish it on your worst enemy. What do I do now ?”

Roland was obviously thinking and the rain had gone right down her back, entering the cleft at the top of her panties.

“Ohhhh.”

“Are you alright ?” Asked Roland.

“Apart from kneeling in a puddle, examining a guy who’s been tortured and mutilated, while the rain pours down... I’m perfect Roland, everything is tickety-boo.”

“Sorry about the New Borongan trip.”

“Not your fault. Ok, do I give this guy to the cops, or bring him in ?”

“Someone has been tidying loose ends Yasmine, which gives us a problem. Was it his own people or someone else, someone we might know. I’m sure you understand what I’m saying.”

Or half saying, because no one knew if their communicators were totally secure. President Herbert might have had Jason tidied up, having him tortured first to see how deep the treachery had gone. Not that Yasmine blamed him, she was a Herbert supporter, voting for him every time. It even crossed her mind that Bradford might have done the deed.

“I understand Roland.” She said. “I’ll call for one of our clean-up teams to bring the body back and tell the cops we’re handling it. No mention of any identity or cause of death.”

“Perfect Yasmine, perfect.”

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