

Who wanted Dory Anthony Dead?

by

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Chapter One

Dory Anthony was dead. The woman he was going to marry was dead. He had plans of getting engaged to her in June and then marry her a year later. Dalton Ferguson sat looking into the sergeant's face.

"You said that you and the young woman were due to be engaged later on this year. So why did you bash her head in?"

Sergeant Bingham was questioning Dalton in his duty office at the Duhaney Park police station.

"Don't tell me. I know the answer. She rejected your proposal and you got angry. I know how you young men nowadays behave. You can't have the woman, then nobody else will."

"I'm not saying anything more to you until my lawyer gets here."

"Your fingerprints are all over the piece of iron pipe. You must have slipped and fell after you killed her. You were lying beside her unconscious and holding the murder weapon in your hand."

"I could prosecute this case myself. I've never seen anything so clear cut. It's a pity they've stopped hanging murderers."

"I didn't kill her, that's all I can say," Dalton replied.

"Why did you kill her, Ferguson? Did she confess that she had another lover and you in a jealous rage, bashed her head in?"

Dalton remained mum.

"How long did you know this young lady, Ferguson?" Barton Reid, Dalton's newly appointed lawyer, asked him.

A swarthy looking man, Dalton judged Barton to be in his middle fifties. Like himself, Barton was of average height.

"About two years," Dalton replied.

“Was everything all right with the relationship? I mean were you intimate? These are questions the prosecution is going to ask.”

“Everything was okay with the relationship and we were pretty intimate.”

“Okay, so the two of you were there in her living room Sunday evening. Then you woke up with a headache and saw that your girlfriend had been murdered.”

The murder had taken place in Dory’s rented two bedroom flat in Duhaney Park.

“That’s about it.”

“What did you do when you realized that she was dead?”

“I called the police.”

“How long did they take to respond to your call?”

“They came almost immediately.”

“The police believe that they have an open and shut case. They’re just about to charge you with murder and they believe they can make it stick.”

Dalton’s head was bowed.

“Did she ever mention any former boyfriends?”

Dalton remembered her telling him about a boyfriend, whom she had broken up with a year before they met.

“Yes, but I can’t remember a name.”

“Okay, tell you what, I know a former detective. He runs a private detective agency. If you agree, then we can hire his services to probe into this woman’s background some more.”

“Why should we do that?”

“Unless you aren’t telling me the truth, you woke up beside a dead woman with your fingerprints all over the murder weapon.”

Dalton didn’t want to be reminded about that.

“Okay, but aren’t his fees, high?”

“Pretty much so, but he normally does a good job and in as short a time as possible.”

Two days later Dalton was charged with murder. He got bail with his parents and his employers standing surety for him. He was also given two weeks compassionate leave by his employers, Standard Management Services, software developers. Reece Patterson, the ex-police detective, visited him at his house at Bridgeview in Portmore.

They were seated on Dalton's verandah.

"Barton gave me the notes from your interview with him. Is there anything else you can add? There isn't much I can go on. Remember that you're on a murder charge. I want all the information I can get to get you off the charge."

As he had said before, Dalton wasn't able to add more than what he had told Barton.

Reece decided to check Dory's relatives. He had heard that she had two older sisters and a younger one. Her parents were still alive.

"Dor had many boyfriends. She was young and beautiful. She loved partying," Lesa Gilbert said.

From the information he had gathered Dory Anthony was twenty six years of age. Dalton, he guessed was about thirty years old.

Lesa was indeed a beauty. He had never seen any pictures of Dory, but if she looked anything like Lesa he could understand why men were pursuing her.

"What about the guy, who was found unconscious beside her dead body?"

"I've never met him, but he wasn't the only boyfriend she had."

Reece was furiously taking notes.

"Who are you anyway and why all these questions about my cousin?"

"I'm just interested in the case. None of her sisters wanted to talk to me."

Dory's parents had chased him out of their yard. It was a lucky thing Lesa had been there. He just had enough time to give her his card before driving away from the Anthony's house in Arlene Gardens.

"Why should they? Dor behaved like an angel around them, but I knew what she was like."

"You mean that Dalton wasn't the only guy she was seeing. But they were due to be engaged later on this year."

"That guy must be dreaming or something. As far as I know nothing like that was in the works."

Reece wondered what the hell was going on. Was it possible that Ferguson was making up the whole engagement thing?

"Okay, can you tell me those two guys names and I'll be off? I won't bother you again."

"Listen, I don't want anybody coming to look for me. How do I know that you can be trusted? That you won't tell these two guys that it was I who gave you their names."

"If these guys are innocent then there is no reason to fear them. Anyway, why should I tell them who told me about them?"

"Okay, so I trust you. Their names are Trevan Warsop and Darlan Watson."

She was able to tell him where both men worked.

"I don't know anybody by the name of Dory Anthony," Trevan Warsop replied.

"Don't lie to me, Warsop. A friend of hers showed me a picture of you and her dancing at Ruddy's nightclub three months ago."

"Why come to me? As I said, I don't know anybody by that name. Listen, Patterson, you put away Carlton Senior. You lied to get him convicted. You can't do that to me."

"Come straight with me, Warsop or by God I'll make you regret it."

"I wasn't the only guy, she was seeing. I saw her out with other men."

“Do you know their names?”

“You’re an ex-detective, you should be able to find that out quite easily.”

“Why were you denying that you knew her, Warsop?”

“Because I don’t know why you were asking me about her.”

“I think you have something to hide, but I’ll find out very soon, you mark my word.”

“You’re just trying to make a case to get that guy off. I don’t know if it was he who killed her. If it was, then he deserves to hang.”

Reece didn’t reply. Things weren’t adding up. He knew he had to talk to Ferguson again. Nothing had come out of his interview with Darlan Watson. The man was as evasive as Warsop had been.

He went to Dory’s apartment in Duhaney Park. Luck was with him because he met her landlady, a middle aged woman, Mrs. Palmer.

“How can I help you, sir?”

“My name is Reece Patterson. I’m a private investigator into Dory Anthony’s murder.”

“I should turn you away. The police have combed this small house looking for whatever clues they can find.”

“It won’t do any harm if I take a look around. You know that they’ve charged her boyfriend with her murder.”

“I only met him once but I don’t believe he did, but you’re welcome to have a look.”

Reece took out his camera and took pictures of the yard, the verandah and the living room.

Mrs. Palmer told him that the apartment had been rented furnished to Dory. She said that it had only been rented to her for eight months before that fateful night. Reece thanked her and left.

That same afternoon he called Ferguson and told him that he wanted to have a meeting with him.

They were meeting at Reece's office on Hagley Park Road, Friday afternoon.

"Come straight with me, Ferguson. Your story isn't adding up. The way I understand it, the young woman had other boyfriends."

"Where did you get that information from?"

"Stop playing around, man. I don't have time for that. Come straight with me or by God, I'm going to pull out."

"Okay, what do you want me to tell you? So she wasn't really my fiancée. I was trying to get her to be engaged to me."

"Based on what you told me and Barton, she was practically your fiancée. Listen, Ferguson, you go home. I'll have to talk to Barton. If he gives me clearance to continue then I will, if not you'll have to find another investigator."

Later that afternoon Ferguson called Barton and told him to pull Reece off the case. The next day Barton called Reece and they agreed to meet at latter's office.

Chapter Two

“The girl had several boyfriends. Ferguson has been lying to both of us.”

“But Ferguson said that he was her main boyfriend,” Barton countered.

“He was just imagining things. As I said the girl was going out with several other guys.”

“You said that you visited her apartment. What did you find out?”

“Not much, I’m still studying the photographs I took.”

“Okay, I’ll call Ferguson and arrange a meeting.”

The next day Barton called Ferguson to arrange a meeting at his office at two o’clock on Monday.

“I wasn’t the only guy she was seeing. There were other guys, but I thought she preferred me over them.”

Reece was shaking his head, while at the same time taking some notes.

“Do you know any of those other guys?” Reece asked, but Ferguson shook his head.

Ferguson went on to tell them that while at the house on that fateful night, a car had driven up to the gate and Dory had gone out to speak to the driver. He didn’t remember her coming back inside before he was knocked out. Reece didn’t know whether to believe him or not.

Barton said that the girl was killed by the same blunt instrument that Ferguson was found with. He then dropped a bombshell on them by revealing that she was pregnant! Ferguson said that he didn’t know anything about that, he doubted Barton’s story. Barton told him that was what the autopsy revealed.

Reece left the meeting confused. When he reached home his wife who doubled as his secretary asked him.

“Are you making any progress in the Dory Anthony case?”

“Ferguson, the guy they are accusing of killing her, has turned out to be a perfect fool. He claimed they were in love and were supposed to be engaged, but the girl was seeing other guys.”

“My goodness, and they’ve charged him with her murder.”

“Barton delivered a bombshell today. According to the autopsy she was at least a month pregnant. Ferguson said that he doesn’t know anything about that.”

“What! I think there’s more to this than meets the eyes.”

“Ferguson is just a sucker. Whoever killed that girl knew that he could pin the murder on him.”

“I can see your frustration, dear. Have you tried her workplace? By the way where did she work?”

Reece looked at her. He hated being made to look stupid in front of his wife. He hung down his head.

“I think you’ve been barking up the wrong tree, dear.”

Reece thought over what she had just said. They were sitting on the verandah of their four bedroom house in Bridgeport. Their two children were both on working vacations abroad. Both were university students. Reece was a man in his late forties while his wife was a woman in her middle forties.

“I don’t know why I started the way I did. The girl’s parents chased me away from their yard. I left my card with her cousin. She gave me the names of two guys she was seeing, but both of them were very evasive.”

“I think you should try to see as many people who know her, if possible. That way you can start eliminating possible suspects. She must have had friends at her workplace who knew about her social life. They’ll probably know the guy she got pregnant for.”

“That’s why I find the whole Ferguson episode so strange. He claims that on the night of the murder he was there with her when a car drove up to her gate. All he knows is that she went out to the driver. The next thing he knows is that he wakes up beside her dead body.”

“And you don’t think he could have done it?”

“Of course not. I’ve already described the guy to you.”

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