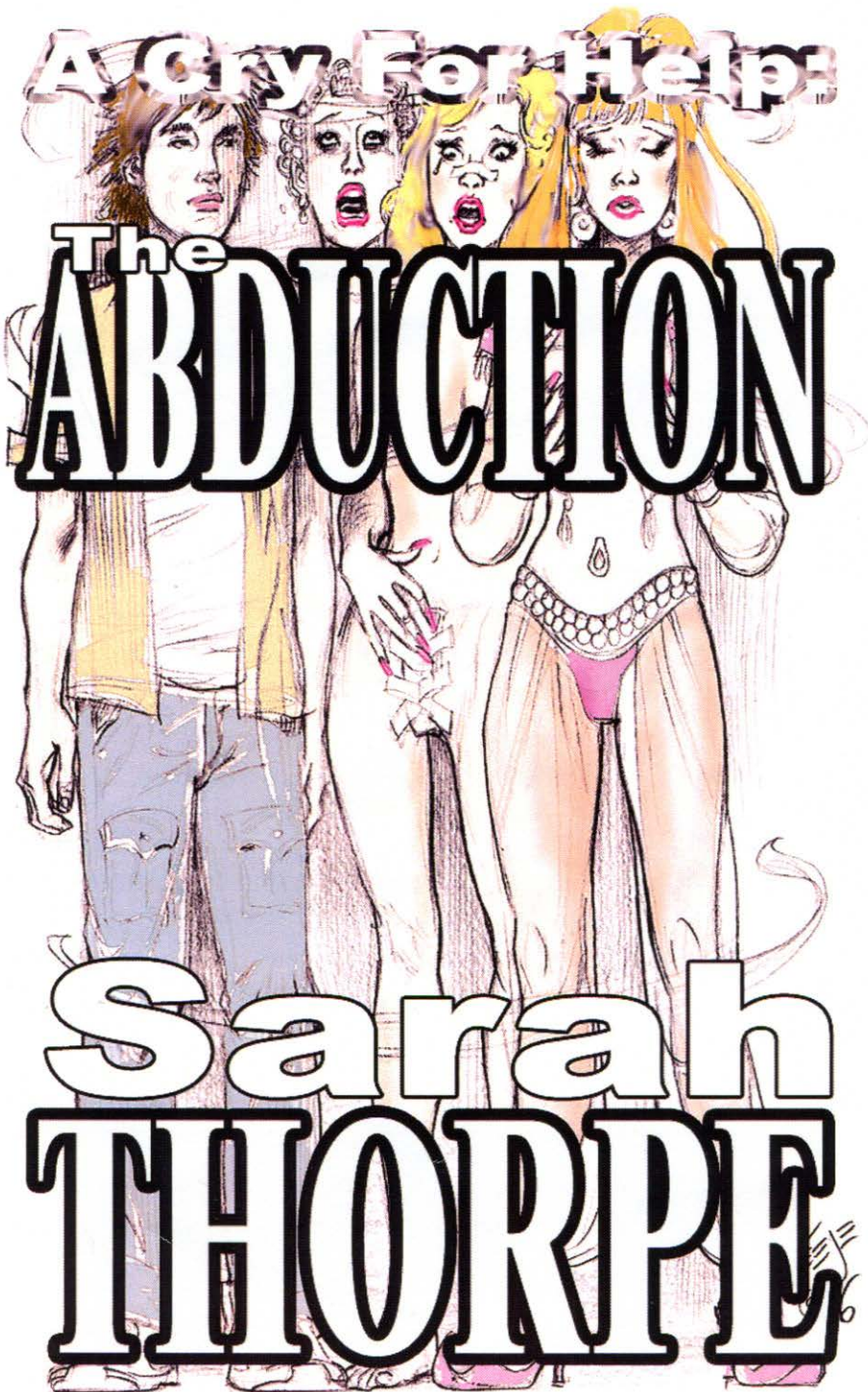


A Cry For Help!

The  
**ABDUCTION**

Sarah  
**THORPE**



# The Abduction

by Sarah Thorpe

**Author's note:** This story can be read as a stand-alone, but in fact a spin-off of my last story 'A fry for Help'. The story takes place in and around New York. Some references are made to Los Angeles, and everything that happened there is the above mentioned story. These events are therefore not elaborated here.

Jane Wigan was a 29-year old reporter, and a very good one as well. She worked mostly in the field, trying to find stories worth writing about. She had been several times abroad and come back with some very intriguing stories. One of her best was from the Iraq. She had been there one year earlier and reported on the conditions for the American soldiers. Now she had come across a story

here in New York, a story that, when published, could really make the headlines. It involved white slavery with links all the way to the top of one of New York's top import/export companies.

Jane was sitting at her desk in one of New York's largest newspapers. She had already written most of the story, and now she went through it one again to see if everything was correct. The only person who had read her story so far was her boss. Nobody else knew anything. She wanted to keep it to herself as long as possible. When time was ripe she would present it her boss, the editor to hear the verdict. She had been working on the story for many months already and had tons of information. She wondered what would happen if things ever came to court. Would she have to come to the witness stand?

Just as she was sitting there in her own thoughts she felt that someone was standing very close to her. She turned around and saw a stranger standing only three feet away. "Who are you? And what are you doing here?" she said in an irritating voice.

"My name is Phil Restivo and I work for N.Y.P.D and the FBI, and I've come here to have a conversation with you," he replied.

"I'll have to report this to my boss," she said.

"Please go ahead."

Jane dialed a number and after a few seconds she understood that everything was OK. She told Phil to come with her to a room in the back where they could talk undisturbed.

When they entered the room, Jane's boss Tom Ashford was already there waiting for them. Phil and Tom had already met so no introduction was necessary. When they were seated Phil opened the conversation. "Jane," he

said, "I understand that you've come across something and that you are about to publish a series of articles about your findings. I would urge you not to publish before I say so. If you do you will destroy more than six months of painstaking investigations. These investigations have been going on worldwide and a joint raid is planned in the not too distant future. The whole operations in lead by the FBI office in Los Angeles. If you decide to publish anyway, we will have to take legal actions against you and your newspaper. That can mean jail for you and temporary closedown of the newspaper along with a heavy fine. I have a Court Order with me that will back up me threats." Phil took out the paper and showed it to Jane and Tom.

They read it and Tom said: "As a newspaper we work under The First Amendment, and this Court Order is, in my opinion, a clear violation of that amendment. I think The First Amendment will protect me if I decide to publish. I've read what she has written and it makes a great story. Maybe even worth a Pulitzer Price. She has put down a lot of work to make this story."

"Has anybody else read the story?"

"Only my brother John Roscoe. He also works here, but he's in the Sports Department."

"I've heard of him. I didn't know he was your brother."

"Very few people know actually. Our parents are Carla and Sam Kelso. We decided to use other last names when we started studying journalism. John's last name is our mother's maiden name, while mine is my grandmother's maiden name. We didn't want an easy ride because of our parents, and we wanted to have to have separate careers. I use John as my back up for everything I write, just in case. John uses me in the same way. In this

case he knows what I know. John is 2½ years younger than me.”

“Good. That means I want to have him here as well. In the meantime I would like to read your articles. Can we meet back here in 30 minutes?”

“That’s OK. I will then see to that John is here as well.”

Jane and Phil went back to Jane’s desk. She opened the document. Phil started reading right away. It didn’t take long before he understood that Jane had done a very comprehensive work. She had managed to get access to lots of information. She even had the top guys pinpointed. There were still a lot of things she didn’t know, but she had one information Phil had never heard. She had the name of the Sheik that received the girls that had been bought or discarded of. That was vital. It meant that it might be possible to find some of the girls who had disappeared.

Phil didn’t have time to read it all, but he got the basics. He told Jane that he wanted a copy of the article. She hesitated, but realized that the Court Order also gave him permission to get such a copy. “I’ll burn a CD for you before you leave,” she said.

“Thanks. Let’s get back to the room. We’re already a little late.”

Tom and John were already waiting. Tom had also taken the opportunity to get some fresh coffee. “Well,” Phil started after his first sip, “it’s quite a story you have Jane. I didn’t get the chance to read it all in such a short time, but from what I read I can honestly say that I’m impressed. You gave me some information we didn’t have and I thank you for that. But there’s more to the story, much more. And something you had written was dead wrong. I’ll come to that later when I have read everything. If you’re gong to publish all information have to be correct.

"Before I came here today I had a talk with the chief investigators in Los Angeles and I told them what I learned about you. I will report back later today. You write very well, and we have decided that you shall have exclusive rights to the story, but only after we have made all the arrests. If you wait til then you will have access to all information that we deem sufficient to write an exclusive story. Later you might be able to write a book about it. You see, this is a very delicate case and we want everything away from the public eye until the arrests have been done.

"One more thing. We cannot guarantee that we catch everyone, so some might be on the lose afterwards and seek revenge. Then you will be a very likely target. In fact some men from the gang have already noticed your activities and if they learn what you know at this point, you are in grave danger. They might see you as a very important witness and therefore want you out of circulation. And we cannot offer police protection; the case is too weak for that. What do you think?"

"You have put me in a very difficult situation. I really don't know what to do. If it's really so that I'm targeted already, I might as well publish and go into deep hiding. I don't like the thought of disappearing from the public scene."

"And how can we know that we can trust you?" Tom asked, "Rumors say that there are so many corrupt police officers in New York that you might as well be one of them."

Phil looked at Tom and smiled. "You're right of course. I was picked because I'm clean. I can't afford to be dirty. You know J. P. Hawthorne? You know how he values honesty. It happens that my wife's great-grandmother was the sister of J. P. III, and we still have regular contacts with the family. I have met the present head of the family many times. In fact I talked with him

yesterday that I was going to contact you. I think you will have a note from him on your desk at this moment." Phil had looked at his watch and noticed that it was the agreed delivery time for the letter to Tom.

Tom looked perplexed. "I had no idea that you were related to the Hawthorne family. They own a large portion of this newspaper and has the power to put us all out of business."

Tom ran to his office. He came back after a few minutes with an envelope in his hand. He sat down and opened it, took out the letter and started reading. He turned almost pale. When he was finished he put the letter back in the envelope and said: "We delay publication until after the arrests. We can easily wait til then." No words of the contents of the letter were mentioned. Phil knew what was in it, but didn't say anything.

"Then it's settled," Phil said, "the story is published when I give the word. Jane will have exclusive rights to the story and we will give her required information in order for her to write her book. I can also guarantee that it will be published. And John, you are updated on everything?"

"I am. I know every word of her story and I have copies of all background material. I can come to the witness stand and say the same things as Jane."

"That's good. We might need you as backup. You are unknown to the gang and therefore will be a surprise to them. I like that. But can you continue her investigations if she disappears from the scene?"

"I should think so. I am just as good a reporter as my sister. I only decided to do sports for a while."

"I can vouch for John," Tom said, "He has done similar things before. He has even made a very good and critical story on baseball and the use of steroids."

"I read that and I liked it. But Jane, now you must tell us how it all started. How did you come across this story?"

"Let me start by saying that I also took courses in Russian and Arabic while I was in College. I have a very good linguistic instinct and pick up languages very easily. I can speak and understand both languages. I thought they might come in handy for a journalist like me.

"I bumped into the story one day as I was walking down a street here in Manhattan. A heated argument between a man and a woman took place on the sidewalk. I heard right away that it wasn't in English, but in Russian. I stopped and pretended to read a note in a window. Instead I was listening to what the two were arguing about. And what I heard disturbed me. It was clear that the woman in some ways was mistreated. She looked like a hooker and probably was. After about three minutes two other guys came out and they all dragged the woman inside. As they dragged her inside I heard one of the men say something like 'You know how Sheik Ibrahim loves girls like you'."

"That made me curious. I wanted to know what took place inside the building. It wasn't hard to find out. It was a bordello. So it had to be more girls like her inside. I tried to get a closer look from the outside, but couldn't spot anything special. I noticed a massage parlor next door. Obviously it was part of the same establishment. This could imply that the girls were masseuses during the day and high-class hookers during the night. I started watching the place during the day and soon noticed a pattern. Every day at ten one of the girls went to town followed by a goon. It was a different girl every day, twelve in all, and they were all very beautiful. Then the cycle repeated itself. I never saw the girl I saw that first day later. That made me think that she had been sent to Sheik Ibrahim.



“During the day there was a lot of traffic to the massages parlor. One day I noticed a man I knew go in there. I decided to talk to him later. During night I noticed that many businessmen frequented the bordello. Some of them were local, but many were visitors from out of state or from another country.

“One day I followed one of the girls and the goon to a large department store. In a dress shop I managed to come close to the girl without the goon watching. I talked to her in Russian. She turned pale but said from the corner of her mouth that she in fact was a prisoner of the house and had no rights to anything. Then she disappeared.

“A few days later I met the man I had recognized when he entered the massage parlor. He was unwilling to say anything at first, but with a little persuasion he started to talk. What I heard was very disturbing when put in context with what I noticed from the outside. He had also used the services of the bordello; mainly together with business associates from out of town. You can read more about it in my article. I also learned that lots of UN officials used the bordello.

“One thing I forgot to mention. The girl I saw that first day had lost her purse on the sidewalk. It was still there a few minutes after she had been dragged inside. I picked it up. Later that day I went through it to see if I could find anything of interest. Its contents were mainly girl stuff. She had an ID-card though. It told me that her name was Maria Jones and that she was born in Milwaukee, WI. She was 18 years old and had what seemed like a legal Social Security Number. This didn't fit very well with speaking fluent Russian. I checked with Milwaukee authorities and they told me that no girl with that name had been born there on that alleged birth date. Her Social Security Number also proved to be fake. The card might pass a normal check, but wouldn't stand up against

closer scrutiny. After that it was more or less to put all information in context and start writing. I had to do more investigation, of course. I even hired a Private Investigator to visit the premises, and he could tell me a lot afterwards."

"Can I have that ID-card?"

"Of course. I don't need it anymore. You will get it with the CD."

They talked about the subject until lunch. Then Phil had to leave. When he left he had the CD and the ID-card.

Phil had a quick lunch at his favorite restaurant before he carried on with his duties. He didn't go back his office. Instead he went to the Hawthorne Building. He was expected and took the private elevator straight to J. P.'s office. J. P. was already there waiting for him. Soon after a woman in her early forties came in and sat down next to Phil. Her name was Teri Harris "Now Phil," J. P. said, "Did you get what you wanted?"

"I did. I have a CD with Jane's article on. I suggest you copy it to your computer so you can read it whenever you like. I will also have access to all of her background information whenever I want to have a look. Mind you, she has a brother named John who also acts as her backup. He knows what she knows."

J. P. took the CD and loaded it into his computer. "What kind of person is her brother?" he asked.

"He's about 2½ years younger than her and works in the Sports Department in the same newspaper. He is relatively small and skinny, about the same size as his sister. They're the kids of Carla and Sam Kelso, bit neither of them use that family name."

"That tells me they're good kids. I know the Kelso's and will have a talk with them. If push comes to shove, can we use John to substitute Jane?"

"In a sense yes. He knows everything, but he's a man, not a woman."

"I know that. What I really mean is if it's possible to make him look like Jane? That would confuse the other side quite a bit."

"He's the right size, so that might work. But he must be willing and able to portray a woman. I don't know if he's able to. And he would need some pretty heavy changes and lots of make-up."

"I know, but we have something we can use to make him look exactly like his sister. I only need his exact measures. Talk to him and see what you can find."

"I will."

"Now let's have a look at what Jane has written." J. P. had a large screen display in his office and the document was now shown there. All three read the article in silence.

When they were finished J. P. said: "This Sheik Ibrahim is a new element. Heard of him before?"

"He's new to me as well. He might be a complicating element. I will check with Annie and Harry later."

"Do that, and make sure they get this file. Do you think Jane is in danger?"

"I do. I've heard from some of my informants that the bordello people have become suspicious of her. Since we can't give her police protection at this moment, I would like to put a tracker on her. It must be of the kind that is placed inside your body. This way we can at least follow her path if something should happen to her. I don't think they will go that far as to kill her: most probably they will

send her to Sheik Ibrahim. Then we will also learn the location of his whereabouts.”

“Talk to her again and convince her to wear such a device.”

“I’ll talk to her again tomorrow.”

Phil left J. P. and went straight to the FBI building. He had been appointed special agent for this case and had his own small office in the building. It was still only two o’clock so he called Annie in Los Angeles right away. He told her of the latest developments. Annie listened with great interest. This was indeed a new development in the case. “I assume you will send me the article soon,” she said.

“You will have it a few minutes along with a scan of the ID card Jane found. I know you know all about these cards already: it’s just to keep you updated.”

“I appreciate your help. We take all the information we can get.”

“I know. And when I get the background information I’ll send it to you. You will receive at least one piece of new information from the article. You will know it when you see it.”

The article created quite a stir at the LA office. It became the main topic of discussion between Annie and Harry the whole afternoon. Eva, the computer expert, was asked if she could find something in the organization’s New York computer that could indicate if Jane was a target already. She set to work right away, and after about one hour she had found it.

“There are clear indications on their computer that Jane is targeted. They have noticed her activities and made some checks on her. They know she’s a reporter and suspect that she’s planning a story on what’s going

on at their premises. They do have plans to put her out of circulation. They're only waiting for the right occasion."

"OK. We will have to inform Phil. Try to find out how advanced their plans are. If he can't put her under Police protection, mention that a tracking device would be fine."

It didn't take long before Eva had found the required information. "They plan to do it at the end of next week," she said. "If the article is published before then, they'll take her right away. There are also some indications that it might happen earlier."

"Prepare an e-mail to Phil and send him the necessary information right away."

"Consider it done."

Phil received the information later that afternoon. He was still at his desk trying to come up with some good ideas. The e-mail from Eva worried him. It meant that he didn't have much time. He dialed Jane's number. She answered right away and asked if something was wrong.

"I need to talk to you first thing tomorrow morning. Can I see you at your office at eight?"

Next day at eight Phil stepped into Jane's cubicle. She offered him coffee and he accepted. After some small talk he went straight to the point. "I have received information telling me that you are in grave danger. It is still not solid enough to give you police protection. And if it was, we might raise some suspicion in the department. Instead I offer to implant a tracking devise in your body. This way we can follow your every move and be there quickly if something should happen to you. If we fail to save you, the tracking devise will in all cases tell us where you are. What do you say?"

"Where do you implant this tracking device?"

"In your armpit; hidden under your skin. It will be invisible even if you hold your arm up."

"When will it be done?"

"If you say yes; in about one hour. A physician at the bureau will do it. It's clean, quick and easy. It's over in 15 minutes. When this case is finished we can take it out again."

"OK, let's do it."

Phil called up the physician and told him to be ready in an hour. He told Phil where they could find him.

"Another question, can John replace you if you are abducted?"

"Of course he can. He knows everything."

"I know that, but can he impersonate you? Look like you and act like you."

Jane turned red. She knew he could, they had played 'dress-up' many times when they were kids and had continued to do so later in life as well. John could look very much like her, and he could mimic her every movement. But what should she tell Phil? Should she give up her brother's secret? He might be furious.

Phil looked at her. He saw her reaction and knew that he had hit the nail on the head. John could do the job. "Just tell me," he said, "I can see from your reaction that he has done so before. Don't be ashamed. Many men do so. It's more common than you think."

Jane decided to tell it all. At the end she said: "John has a key to my apartment and can use all my clothes. He did so for one week in January and no one was the wiser. Even Tom was fooled and he still doesn't know. I needed to do some undercover work and he took my place while it was going on. Officially he was out covering some ski events in Europe that week."

"That's OK. But we need something from you both. We need your exact measures. I have a form here I want you both of you to fill in."

"Why?"

"This time the change in John will be more drastic than before. When he's ready as you, he can stand next to you naked without make-up and you can't tell the difference between the two of you."

"How do you do that?"

"I don't know the details, but I've been told it's possible. I've also been told that it is fully reversible."

At this time it was time to go to the physician's office and have the operation done. They arrived at his office 10 minutes later and stepped right in. Jane and the physician were introduced to each other. Jane took off her blouse and was ready. The doctor asked to raise her left arm. The doctor used some antiseptic and washed off an area in Jane's armpit. He took out a syringe and injected the contents into Jane's armpit. "This is only an anesthetic," he said, "you need it before I start cutting your skin."

After a few minutes the doctor took out a sharp object and cut into Jane's skin. Not much blood was coming out. With the cut open he placed a relatively small device into the opening. He checked that it worked and stitched up the wound. "I want you to come back in a few days and take out the stitches," he said, "You might feel it in the beginning, but you will be used to it after a short while. If you are x-rayed it will show up as a small tumor. It contains no metals. The small battery inside is completely of organic origin."

Phil took Jane to his office and explained how the device worked. "It will pick up the signals from various GPS satellites and calculate your exact position. When