Return of the BTK

by averagegirl07
The sun peeked out from behind the clouds on a chilly October morning. Dr. Ashley Moore, leaning against the driver side door, surveying the scene she was about to walk into. She had gotten the call a few hours ago, interrupting her only spare time she had with her boyfriend, Dr. Spencer Reid of the BAU.

“What is it?” he’d asked as she reached for her phone buzzing on the side table.

As she read the message, she sighed, throwing her head against a pillow on the couch. “Work.” She turned towards him, already feeling the sadness he gave off. “I’m sorry.” She touched his cheek and gave him a quick kiss.

As she stood, he grabbed her hand. She saw the pain in his eyes and took a quick seat. He pulled her in close, his arms an ever-safe place. His scent drifted up her nose and she breathed it in as if it were life. They could sit like this forever but right then, she was needed. She pulled away, stood again and walked to his bedroom where her bag waited. When she came back out, he was on his phone. He smiled as he walked by and she gave him a quick kiss on her cheek before seeing her out.

As she stood looking at her crime scene, she could only imagine what Spencer was looking at. She walked around the car and grabbed her gear. The deputy of the small town of London, OH met her halfway.

“Thank you for coming so quickly. I hope it wasn’t a long trip,” he said.

“Not at all. Although being the only forensic anthropologist in most of the country has its perks and downsides.” They ended up in front of the body. “Who found it?” She asked, already gloved up and bending down to get a closer look.

“Couple over there was walking their dog when it took off. They just moved here a few months ago.”

She looked at the body, trying to figure out who this could be. The pelvic bone indicated a male, possibly mid to late 30’s to early 40’s. It was partially decayed and had been here for a while. The smell of decay filled the small tent that covered it. She was used to the smell but the officers and small group of lab techs weren’t so they had on full body suits and gas masks.

“Well, let’s go see if they can enlighten us a little more,” she said, standing and removing her gloves. “I won’t know more until I do the autopsy.” The deputy, Hutchinson, followed her. “Hi. I’m Dr. Moore. You all found the body?”

The woman nodded her head and her husband answered for her. “We just moved here and everyone said this was a great park so we brought our dog here finally. He’s never been one to just run off until now.” He looked down at his dog, sitting like a good boy. She could just imagine him saying ‘Aren’t I a good dog?’

“I smiled. “Do you recognize him?”

She just shook his head. He told her they hadn’t really gotten to meet the neighbors as they both had demanding jobs. He was a night watchman at a local mall and she worked in sales which is why they moved in the first place. “It was a promotion.”
“Officer! You're gonna want to see this,” one of the techs shouted. We excused ourselves and joined the lab tech.

What we found were half a dozen other shallow graves. The graves and victims in them ranged from a few days, maybe weeks to years. I knelt down next to the closest one and did a quick exam. I concluded that I recognized the method of victimization.

“I think we have a problem,” I said, walking to another grave.

“What's that?” Deputy Hutchinson asked, writing in his notebook.

“One, we have a serial killer and two, I think they're copying a famous one.” I looked at him as he raised his eyebrows. I continued. “We need back up.”

“Like who?”

“I know some people,” I told him, already calling Spencer. “Hey. I think I stumbled upon something and it looks like your kind of thing….Well, I have at least seven bodies visible…Ugh! Just get your butts here and see for yourself!....Love you too. Bye.”

Hutchinson radioed back to the station then commanded the scene be taped off until further notice. He glanced around, the ground littered with bones and half decomposed flesh. Then he noticed something. “Hey, do they all have their hands bound?”

I took a closer look at the two victims I was near and noticed that their hands must've been bound but whatever was holding them had either disintegrated or fallen off with the movement of the earth. I snapped a picture and sent it to Spencer, hoping he and the team could figure out who the psycho was imitating.

“Well, I guess we can't do much here so I'll find out more when they're at the lab,” I said, putting my things away. My pocket vibrated and pulled out my phone. “The BAU is their way. Some of them will meet at the station and some will come here. Will you still be here?”

“Yep. I gotta make sure no one disturbs anything,” Deputy Hutchinson assured me. I nodded, shook his hand and headed back to my car.

I'm sure everyone with the BAU wanted to know how I always found a way to include them. It was part of my job to investigate any forensic findings. Sometimes it just happens that the FBI needs to be involved. I hopped in the car and turned the ignition. Hutchinson had given me the address for the county morgue which I plugged into my phone. It looked like it would be an hour drive so I popped in one of my favorite CDs and hit the road.

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(Spoken by Derek Morgan) “The darkness that surrounds us cannot hurt us. It is the darkness in your own heart you should fear.” - Silvetris

Agent Aaron Hotchner looked over the photo Spencer had shown him. The team knew they had to be invited by local law enforcement and that hadn't really happened.

“Look Spencer, I know you wanna help her but we haven't been invited. Now maybe if she said the sheriff was with her and they had told her we could come over, we could but…” Hotch started but Reid cut him off.

“Hotch I get that but,” he took a breath. “She sounded concerned. I mean doesn't that look like a
possible BTK copycat?” Hotch nodded so Reid continued. “Then she was obviously standing next to a local officer when she called and took that photo. That has to count!” Reid said, feeling frustrated.

“Calm down Reid,” Hotch said loudly, getting up from his chair. He could feel some glancing up from their work out in the bullpen. He glanced quickly out his window and back at Reid. “I know you care a lot for her but she can take care of herself.” Reid started to protest but Hotch held up his hand. “Let me give her a call and get her side. Then I’ll call the local station and see what they say and I’ll get back to you. Ok?” Hotch asked, giving Spencer a chance to think about it. He nodded and Hotch sat back down. “What’s her number?” Reid gave it to him as he dialed. Hotch looked up, expecting Reid to walk out but he had taken a seat, waiting anxiously for the answer.

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I was halfway through my autopsy of the second victim when I heard light footsteps behind me. I just smiled—I knew who it was.

“Tasha Hotch said it was ok,” I stated as I made a precise cut around the colon.

He stepped around the other side of the table. “How’d you know it was me?” Spencer asked surprised.

I looked up, my bangs falling in my eyes. I just smiled at him and continued cutting. “Hey there, JJ.” I turned around letting her know I knew she followed him in. “It’s a superpower. I have a keen sense of hearing.”

“We’ve noticed,” JJ said, patting my back as she went and stood next to Reid. “So, what have you found, if anything?”

I looked around at the four or five victims I had yet to do and let out a sigh. “Umm, well I’m not quite done with this one yet but from the first guy over there and so far on this poor girl, they were bound, tortured, and possibly strangled, this coming from a crushed hyoid bone.” I pointed to the almost invisible bruising on the first victim. “The torture came over a period of hours, maybe even days. I mean, the extent he went to just to make sure they wouldn’t scream when he took them is…” I’ve never really been a crier but this one was different. I took my gloves off as the tears started to well up in my eyes and I felt a hand on my shoulder.

“You’ll figure it out, Ash. I know you will and when you do, we’ll catch the bastard,” JJ told me. I looked at her, wiping my eyes on my lab coat. She gave me a hug and said, “Keep us posted.” She looked around real quick and walked out.

Spencer still stood on the other side of the table, examining the corpse I had yet to finish. He walked over to another body, mostly bones, and examined the neck. “Are they all like this?” he asked, breaking the silence.

I walked up next to him. “Yeah. It’s crazy but what serial killer from the past did this?”

“BTK,” was all he replied. He reached for his phone as he sped out of the morgue.

“Thanks!” I hollered after him. I wondered what was going on with him. He’d barely spoke to me and just left without a word. Instead of worrying about it, I got back to work, cracking the chest wall.

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Morgan was on the phone with Garcia when JJ and Reid came racing into the conference room of
the London police department. Hotch and Emily turned from one of the grieving families and Rossi came out with the sheriff and Deputy Hutchinson. Almost everyone in the station wanted to know what the hurry was.


“Reid thinks he knows who this person is copying,” JJ replied.

Hotch looked at Reid as did everyone else. Reid answered, “The BTK killer.”

Morgan had put his phone on speaker for Garcia to hear and could hear her typing away, looking for anything that could help them find this person.

“What does that mean?” Deputy Hutchinson asked.

“Bind. Torture. Kill. Dr Moore found that all the victim's' hyoid bones were either broken or shattered,” JJ answered him. “They were all bound by probably duck tape or rope for long periods of time and tortured, probably rapped women, and strangled. Dr Moore is still trying to determine if any of them were rapped but it's a possibility.”

Reid answered a quick text and chimed in. “She says there's no sign of rape but forms of torture that haven't been seen in years.”

“Like what?” Garcia asked on the other end of the line.

Reid read the message. “Electrocution, mostly but she may have found evidence of…” Reid stopped, his eyes filling with fear.

“Reid?” Rossi asked. “Evidence of what?”

“Slavery.” Reid sent Ashley another message, making sure she was correct, not that he doubted her. “She's positive.”

Emily leaned against the table, not believing what she was hearing. Morgan told Garcia to use her brain and try and find anyone who had ordered any type of old fashioned torture devices. Rossi turned to the sheriff and deputy, asking if they knew of anyone in town who is capable of something like this.

Hotch went up to Reid. “She's going to need help with the victims. I know it's not really an area of expertise for you but I'm sure you'll learn quickly.” Reid nodded, grabbing his bag and running out the door. “JJ?” JJ turned and followed Reid out the door.

The sheriff came running down the stairs of the morgue as I was finally closing up the last victim. He looked frantic and was hollering and rambling things we couldn't understand. We got him to sit down and breathe before he went on.

“She's gone! She's gone!” he screamed, his voice raising again.

“Who?” Spencer asked, looking for some water. I handed him a water bottle from my cooler.

“My niece, Lauren. She was out walking her dog yesterday and her roommate called and said neither of them came home.”

“Do you know where she likes to walk her dog?” I asked, grabbing my coat and some supplies.
“I'll take you all there,” he said, standing up. “We'll take my car so we can get there faster.” He had already pulled out his keys when JJ brought up a valid point.

“The SUV is bigger and we are the FBI. We have flashing lights too.” She was already ahead of the sheriff as she sprinted up the steps, him following close behind. She stopped for a moment at the top only to holler, “Let's go you two!” Spencer and I made quick glance at each other and quickly followed.

When we arrived at the park, we parked close to where Lauren liked to walk and got out. The sheriff led the way with me at his side and JJ and Spencer behind us. More leaves had fallen during the day as the wind had picked up. I hugged my coat closer to me as a chilly breeze cut through. The sun was out but that didn't help any as I felt my teeth chatter behind my closed mouth. The path was covered with litter from other dog walkers and runners. The first thing that caught my attention was the reflection of light barely poking through a pile leaves. I briskly walked ahead to investigate.

It was the latch end of a leash that had been almost snapped. I noticed a faint blood trail and gave Reid a heads up. “One of you wanna see where this leads? There may be a missing dog around here,” I informed them, pointing to the ground. “Does this belong to her?” I asked the sheriff, pointing to the pink and black striped leash on the ground. All he could do was nod, tears spilling over his eyes. I snapped a picture and started towards JJ, who seemed to have reached the end of the blood trail. “What'd you find?”

“The trail ends here. If the dog is still alive, whoever took her let it go or still has it.” JJ walked around a little more as I took another picture. The sheriff had joined Spencer by the trail a little ways down. They seemed to be having a conversation about the case. Just to satisfy that I wouldn't miss anything, I began to snap pictures of the trees, the leaves scattered on the ground, even the trail at eye level. “Ashley,” JJ whispered to me. I looked from my camera to see what she wanted. What I saw for quick second was a smile so big on Spencer's face before he turned to face the other direction.

“What was that about?” I asked curiously, turning to JJ. She just casually shrugged her shoulders, a grin spreading across her face. “What?” I asked again, really wanting to know.

JJ acted like she was going to tell me then ran towards me. “Look out!” she shouted, tackling me to the ground.

A car sped by, acting as if we weren't standing in the middle of the trail. Cars weren't even allowed in this part of the park. Shots rang out behind us, coming closer then stopped after a few seconds.

Spencer helped me up, forgetting he'd dropped his gun a foot away. “Are you ok?” he asked genuinely, looking me over.

“I'm fine,” I told him, tucking some hair behind my ear. I turned to see where the car had come from and where it went. “We need those tire treads.” I moved away from Spencer to get some photos.

“Maybe we can track down who that was by the pattern.” After I took a few pictures, i realized i was trembling so much that the camera shook vigorously in my hands. JJ came up and took it from me as Spencer came up behind me. “Th-thank y-you,” I stammered, leaning into him.

“We should get back,” the sheriff said. “I've already contacted CSI so they should be here soon. Deputy Hutchinson will be with them.”

We waited for another ten minutes and as soon as the CSI and Deputy Hutchinson arrived, Spencer, me, JJ and the sheriff jumped in the van and headed back to the station.
Hotch and Morgan looked up as we walked in. My hands were still shaking as I sat down in the closest chair while Reid joined the small huddle. I heard them say my name a few times and they all had the same questions: Why was there someone driving a car on a foot path and why would they want to possibly try to run me over? There hadn't been anyone else on the path until that car. That car. I would have the scene in my head for the rest of my life.

“We’re going to keep you in our sight tonight,” Morgan told me, coming down to my level. “If this guy wants to hurt you in any way, he’ll have to go through me first.”

At first I just nodded, letting him know I understood. I then added that I wanted to go back to the morgue to finish some paperwork, hoping they’d get weirded out and not come. Unfortunately I was wrong. Spencer of course would come wherever I went and Morgan would tag along to be the muscle. I about protested but bit my tongue. I wasn’t going to win no matter how hard I tried. After making a plan to meet back in the conference room the following morning, Spencer, Morgan and I headed to the hotel they were staying at so they get some overnight necessities.

We arrived at the morgue an hour and a half later, the sun almost completely set. The sky was a beautiful mixture of purples, reds and dark blues with the stars already starting to shine. As I got out, I grabbed the camera that I was to use for evidence, climbed up on the roof of the truck and got the most beautiful picture of it. As I looked over my masterpiece, I faintly heard Spence and Morgan talking, probably about where they were going to sleep. Spencer helped me down as I slowly made my way down the front of the truck. When I was safely on the ground again (thank goodness!), I led them inside.

The morgue was dark as we headed down the stairs. Morgan went first, his flashlight in hand. Before I turned the lights on, he made sure there were no broken windows or any one hiding in the shadows. When he thought it was safe, the room flooded with light. I headed for the little office as the mortician had left for the night and turned that light on. I placed my bag on the little table and grabbed a cup out of the cupboard. When I spun around, Spencer had made himself comfortable on a table while Morgan propped himself up at the bottom of the stairs. They had barricaded me in the office pretty much so I pulled out the paperwork I needed to do. I made comments on each victim, how they looked when I first saw them and what they must’ve done as a career. I did make notes that the FBI and local police had contacted their family and that the local sheriff had a missing niece who was most likely taken by the perpetrator. As I got to the last victim, my eyes couldn’t stay open any longer. I had already gone through three cups of coffee but that didn't really help me anymore so I cleared a space on the desk and laid my down for the night.

“Ash. Wake up,” Spence whispered, shaking me awake. I opened my eyes just enough to see his brown eyes staring back at me. I closed my eyes again, hoping he’d let me sleep just a little bit longer. I could feel him get closer then a stronger hand gripped my shoulder.

“Hey, kid, time to get up,” Morgan said, although it felt more like he yelled in my ear that I almost fell out of the chair.

“I'm up. I'm up,” I told them. I sat up, papers all over the place. “So, how did you guys sleep?”

“Like I slept on a rock,” Spencer answered.

“Not at all,” Morgan told us.

I groaned. “I told you, those tables are really quite comfortable.”

“I was not about to lay on one of those things, I would've felt like you were about to carve me up like a thanksgiving turkey. No thank you,” Morgan said with a wave of his hand. He headed out of the office to pack what little he brought. We had to get back to the precinct to go over what we knew
with the sheriff and his team.
Spencer sat down next to me as I got my papers more organized. I knew he was still concerned about me cause I could feel his eagle eye stare.

“I know you're worried and you should but you don't have to be,” I told him. “I can take care of myself.” I placed my hand on his and looked him in the eye. “That crazy unsub of yours, he has a type. I realized this as I was going through making notes before I passed out.” That got his and Morgan's interest.

“What is it?” Morgan asked.

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The unsub, or unknown subject, we’re looking for resembles killings of the infamously serial killer known as BTK,” Hotchner announced. “From what we know, the original BTK killer attacked his victims in their homes and abducted them. He would bound and kill them after hours or sometimes days of torturing them.”

“He didn't have a type back then and no one would've caught him if he hadn't wanted attention and sent the press a floppy disc which enabled in his capture,” Morgan added.

“This unsub is doing relatively the same thing but we have discovered he has a type, as Dr Moore will tell you more about,” Spencer told them.

I will admit, I was nervous. I'd only sat for one of these since I'd met the BAU. As I held my notes in my slightly shaking hands, I stepped forward. “This unsub’s type is not gender specific but facially similar as well as hair color. He goes after his victims with this facial structure.” I pulled up the images on the computer monitor thanks the Garcia. “As you can see they’re exactly or almost alike. The hair color as well is part of his signature. He goes for browns or brunettes.” I paused, letting it sink in then continued. “He also has a reckless nature, as I've come to find out. He does not like the police and will stop at nothing to try and harm you. This will mean he will go out guns blazing if necessary.” I stepped back and exhaled. I glanced at Spencer and Hotch. They were impressed.

“If you know this person or knows someone who does, please call us immediately,” Emily warned. “We do consider him armed and dangerous. Thank you.”

The group disbanded and were given their assignments. I was just glad I could back to my hole in the morgue, quiet and with no one around who would talk to me.

Emily came up to me and asked, “Are you guys having teaching sessions we don't know about? Cause you were a pro up there!”

I laughed. “Uh no, I just went with it. I'm not much for talking about the living. I'm more interested in the nonspeaking.”

Emily laughed. “Well, keep it up.” She patted me on the shoulder and walked away.

JJ had held a press conference earlier that morning with some of the information they knew and now that the police had more, hopefully someone would step forward.

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There'd been a tip that everyone tracked down to a one Hugh Frederick. He was know as the town drunk and lunatic. Morgan, Hotch and Rossi picked him up at one of his favorite bars in town around 3 o'clock in the afternoon and he sat in a interrogation room by 3:30. When I first saw him, I
thought they were joking. This guy was as high as could be and not lucid at all, but people have been 
known to go and do crazy things, like murder, when in that state.

JJ, Emily and I watched as Hotch and Rossi interrogated. Reid and Morgan were back at his house, 
looking for evidence. He of course denied everything and we didn't have anything to prove he did 
anything. He was held for 24 hours and when Reid and Morgan came up empty, he was released. I 
had a bad feeling about him. I could smell crazy on him but they sent me back to the morgue to find 
more evidence.

“Franklin D Roosevelt once said, ‘We have nothing to fear but fear itself.’” (Read by JJ)

When I got back to the morgue, I had an officer with me. Spencer was busy at Hugh’s house looking 
for evidence and after what happened the day before, they weren't taking any chances.

My phone rang and I jumped. It was so quiet and I wasn't expecting a call. I answered, the officer 
making sure it was safe. “Hello?” I asked frightened.

“Dr. Moore? It's Garcia with the BAU,” she said on the other end. “Sorry I didn't mean to scare you. 
I just wanted to check in and see if there was any new information.”

After reassuring the officer i was fine, he headed up stairs to keep watch. “No you're fine. It's been a 
rough couple of days. Um, I have a name but I think Hotch already called you.”

“Yes. He did. A Hugh Frederick who is downright creepy but other than the few arrests he's had 
due to intoxication and disturbing the peace, I haven't found anything.”

“Ok, let me go back over what I have.” I spent the next hour going over my notes and seeing if 
anything overlapped with what she'd already been told. However when I got to the torture, Garcia 
stated that Morgan and Reid had found a barn on the back of Mr. Fredericks property. They would 
need a warrant to search it so Garcia said she would hang on to that information. Garcia asked me 
what kind of torture was used and I commended her on asking because i knew she didn't like that 
kind of stuff. “Looks like from my findings on the victims there was electrocution, strangling and a 
lot of that, as well as some…” I stopped short. There was a commotion at the top of the stairs. 
“Garcia hang on for a sec,” I whispered. I locked myself in the office.

“Is everything ok?” Garcia sounded a little panicked on the other end.

“Hang on,” I repeated. The next thing I heard was loud gunshots. I shrank as small as I could and 
heard Garcia asking if I was ok. It was quiet for a minute then I heard heavy footsteps coming down 
the stairs. I also heard what may have been someone being dragged. I held my breath, afraid to 
breathe or even let Garcia know what was going on.

“I know you're in here!” the intruder shouted.

Garcia whispered into her line. “Who is it? What's going on?”

My breathing was labored as I tried to not make a sound. I peeked around the desk i was hiding 
under. “Garcia, call…” Shots rang out and glass shattered around me.

I screamed as he drug me out from the desk. “Call Spencer! Call Spencer!” The second one was 
muffled. I looked up and saw Hugh. His hands were gloved and he covered my mouth. He fired the 
gun again, this time taking out my phone. I hoped Garcia got the message because I blacked out 
moments later.
TO BE CONTINUED…
Part 2

Silence filled my ears and my head throbbed. I didn't know what time or day it was. It probably hadn't been that long since he took me. I hope Spencer got my message. Spencer! I shot up, instantly regretting the decision. Stars filled my vision and the room spun like a top.

I looked around at my surroundings, not being able to see much as it was dark. The sounds of chains rattled next to me and I turned to see who it was. She whimpered as I tried to come closer to her but I didn't get very far. I had been shackled to the wall. I’d have to look for something when there was light available.

“How'd he get you?” the voice asked.

“He grabbed me from the morgue,” I answered. “I'm kind of with the FBI. They'll be looking for me and when they find us, because they will, they'll get us out of here.” I listened to see if the voice would respond and when it didn't, I asked, “What's your name?”

“Lauren. My uncles looking for me then too, right?”

“Yes.”

Something frightened her that she coward in the corner again. A heavy door opened and it sounded like a barn door. I tried to recall what Garcia had said about a barn before I was taken but my head hurt so bad I couldn't remember.

A large man appeared in front of me with a little light behind him. It was Hugh Frederick, the man we’d released from custody just a few hours before.

“Oh, this is going to be fun.”

Spencer was just getting ready to leave his hotel room to head to the station when his phone rang.

“Hello,” he answered.

“Spencer! Oh! Thank god! Something awful has happened!” Garcia said, crying on the other end.

“What happened?”

“What happened?”

“Spencer, listen carefully. She's been taken. He took her and the cop…”

“Who's gone?” concern and anger growing in his voice.

“Spencer, Ashley was abducted by Hugh Frederick.” Silence filled the other end of Garcia’s phone. Tears flooded Spencer's eyes and he fell to the floor.

‘You can discover what your enemy fears most by observing the means he uses to frighten you. -Eric Hoffer’ (Read by Spencer)

“Spencer?” She was crying as well.
“I'll call you back in a bit.” Spencer hung up with Garcia, clumsily getting to his feet. He flung open his hotel room door and almost ran into Aaron Hotchner.

“Reid? Is everything alright?” he asked as Spencer pushed by him, running down the hall. “Reid!” Hotch yelled, running after him.

“We need to get to the station now!” Reid yelled back. “She's gone, Hotch! We need to find this son of a bitch!” he cried.

Hotch had caught up with him and Morgan and Emily were waiting in the lobby.

“Whoa! Where's the fire?” Emily asked, seeing the horror on Spencer's face.

“Ashley's been taken,” Hotch answered for him.

“What?!” Morgan and Emily asked together. Morgan’s face turned to outrage and Emily immediately embraced Spencer, trying to calm him down.

“Let's get to the station. Morgan, contact JJ and Rossi. They should already be there and have them alert the media as well as the surrounding departments,” Hotch demanded. Morgan was already dialing Rossi while he and Emily headed out the door. Hotch turned to Spencer. “Don't let your emotions run you, Reid. Use your head first. We will find her, alive. Remember, we're also looking for the sheriff's niece. If there's anyone I trust more than my team to protect her in this situation, it would be Ashley.” Spencer nodded, wiping his eyes. “Ok. Let's get to work,” Hotch said, following Spencer out the door to the car.

“So, Garcia called you?” Emily asked Spencer as she turned around in her seat. “How did she know Ashley was taken?”

Spencer was quiet for a moment. He was still processing that I was gone. After a bit he answered, “She was on the phone with her when the unsub broke into the morgue. She said she yelled before he shot her phone to call me.” He started crying again. Emily told Morgan to pull over. When he did, Emily and Hotch switched places. As they got back on the road, even though they were only minutes from the station, Emily gave Reid a hug trying to assure him it was alright. “Garcia told me that Ashley heard something like the officer being dragged down the stairs and that she hid under the desk. We had him Emily. We had him and we let him go and now…”

“Hey kid. We're going to get him and we will get Ashley back. You and I both know that she is smart and won't let him intimidate her. She will protect the sheriff’s niece too,” Morgan told him confidently. As they pulled into the police station and got out, Morgan added, “I will not sit by again and watch you go deeper into a depression.”

They entered the station in a hurry, Rossi and JJ meeting them in the lobby.

Hotch announced to the entire department, “One of ours was taken last night. Along with her, while trying protect her, I'm sad to say one of yours was killed in the line of duty. Right now, we should focus on finding and bringing both Dr. Ashley Moore and Lauren home safely.” He turned to the board that Rossi had brought out of the conference room. “Our main suspect is Hugh Frederick. Yes, we did let him go but we need evidence that he is, in fact, our unsub. Dr. Reid and Agent Morgan went through his place while he was in custody but did not find anything concrete. They did discover a barn on the property but we will need a warrant to search it. Sheriff, do you think you can help us with that?”

Sheriff Donovan nodded. “I'll get that written up right away.”
Thank you. We’ll want to bring Mr. Frederick back in and in the meantime, I would like for groups of two to go around to his neighbors, friends, coworkers and family and see what might have made him snap to start copying the BTK killer.” Hotch dismissed everyone to their posts. He then turned to his team and sent Rossi, Emily, Morgan and himself to go help with the search while Reid and JJ stayed to help Garcia with any new information they find.

Reid yelled in frustration, throwing the marker to the board across the room, startling JJ.

“Reid! Relax. Everyone’s doing the best they can. You’re not the only one who’s worried about her. She’s become a part of the BAU because of you and we treat her like part of the team.” JJ walked over to him to try and calm him down but he shrugged her off.

“It’s been four hours and we have nothing!” he frustratedly yelled. “Nobody out there has anything new. Who knows what he’s doing to her!” He smacked the wall with his fists, fighting the tears. “I want to be out there!”

“Reid, this is exactly why Hotch didn't put you out there. You’re too connected now and aren’t thinking clearly. Trust me, I understand. When Will was taken in that bank heist, I almost lost my mind. That bitch went after my son but I kept my head because if I didn’t, I’d have lost both of them.” JJ picked up the marker and walked over to him again. She handed it to Reid and said in the most motherly voice, “You and her are like the little kids of the team and I and the rest of us don’t want you two to get hurt. We will protect you guys at any cost. I know for a fact that she knows this and is trying to buy time.”

Reid took the marker from JJ. He forced a smile and was about to respond when an officer walked in. “We have the warrant for Frederick’s barn.”

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Crack!

I winced as the whip came down on the bare back of Lauren. I was powerless to help her as I could only listen to the cries of pain that now barely escaped her mouth. She had volunteered to be first tonight. I guess it’d only been a day since he took me but it felt like months. He let us go to only go to the bathroom. Even then, our necks were bound and we were only able to go so far so privacy was nonexistent. I tried to survey my surroundings when I would go but all the windows were covered.

I vaguely remember the walk I took that morning when Hugh took me to one of his torture places. He blindfolded me but I know it was rocky and sticks poked my bare feet. The ground was uneven and I stumbled a few times, only making him angry which only made the torment heavier. This place was cool and damp. It was a basement he must've built a while back when the trigger happened. He strapped me to a chair and removed the blindfold. I looked around in horror. The walls were filled with different types of tools and old fashioned devices. The walls also appeared to be thick which meant it didn't matter how loud you screamed, no one would hear you.

‘What set you off so bad that you thought one day, ‘Hey I'm going to torture people’? ’ I thought, everything I'd ever seen and experienced flashing through my head. Reid. Oh my! What could he be thinking about right now?! Suddenly, aa cold chain found its resting place around my throat. I struggled against it, knowing it would only make it worse. My head was pulled back and I was brought face to face with the most villainous smile. He was amused at my struggling to breathe. I felt my lungs screaming at me as my life was slowly fading. The room filled with stars and my body felt cold. My brain being deprived of oxygen, I felt like I was going to die right there, in that cold basement. This was not how I wanted to go. As I started to lose conscienceless, the chain was removed. I gasped, breathing the air in in gulps and choking at the same time. He ordered me to get
up, as he had unstrapped me and led me back to the place he held us.

Lauren’s cry brought me back to the present. Hugh had finished with her and thrown her back in the cell and chained her up again. She went to her corner and tried to make herself as small as possible. A small light had been added just outside of the cell and I could barely see them. The new scars that would cover her from now on. Blood covered her back and stained her shirt more. I wanted to comfort her and cover her and tell her that we would get out of this alive. But even I wasn't sure they would find us in time. I know they were looking, the BAU, the London police, Reid. Reid was probably beside himself. I curled up in my corner and let Lauren’s wimping lull me to sleep.

The police pounded on the door of Hugh Frederick, demanding he open up. More law enforcement surrounded the house and some headed to the barn. They pounded harder, if it was even possible for Morgan, and finally they heard someone on the other side. They raised their weapons, ready to force their way in. Instead, they lowered them. Hugh’s little girl opened the door, her innocent eyes locking with everyone who was close enough to see her.

“Hey,” Morgan said, kneeling down. “Is your mom or dad home?” She nodded. “Can you go get them, please?” The little girl left, leaving the door open. Her mother returned to the door.

“What’s going on?” she asked horrified. “You could've killed my daughter!”

“I'm sorry ma'am. We're looking for your husband.”

“Hugh? Why?” She looked out the door and became hysterical. “What are you doing?!?” She burst out of the house, cursing. “What’d he do?” she finally asked, turning to Morgan.

“We believe he’s killed at least eight people, maybe ten, one being a police officer.” She gasped, completely shocked. Morgan continued. “May I come in, please?” She agreed.

At the barn, Hotch, Emily, Reid and some other officers unlocked the door. They shone their flashlights around, revealing nothing special. It looked like a normal barn with hay filled stalls and large farm equipment. Pitchforks and rakes hung from the ceiling. Reid went through every little possible hiding place but came up empty. Morgan came in and told them that she hadn't seen her husband in days. She also told him that Hugh had been acting strange for the last few years. Mrs. Frederick informed Morgan and Rossi that Hugh’s mother had been diagnosed with cancer a few years ago and had recently died. She told Morgan they were very close as he was the man of the house since his father had died when he was ten. His mother was hooker and would have strange men over but if they tried anything to hurt her, Hugh was given permission by his mother to torture them. if he decided to let the man at the time live, he had never told the police what had happened.

“That’s the trigger,” Reid said.”Relationships. Happy ones or family members that are close to one another.” He recalled some things I had written down while working with the bodies, saying that they were all in some sort of relationship when they were taken. I had mentioned that a few of them were abusing their wives or girlfriends while the women were using the men just to get sex. One of the victims though was just in a tight relationship with a family member and he couldn’t stand to see their happiness when he had just lost the closest person in the world to him. “We need to know where his mother is buried. That could lead us to where they’re being held.”

It was around six in the morning when he came back into our prison area. I hadn’t slept well in the last two days so I was very sleep deprived. The only thing that kept me going was knowing Spencer
and the team would find me. He came in, opened the door and unchained me from the wall. Lauren barely turned around; she just shrunk to the corner more. As he drug me to the most horrifying area, I noticed a video camera had been set up. He chained me to a spot on the floor, threw a piece of paper in my face for me to read, and told me to have it memorized in two minutes. As I sat there on the cold ground, knowing what would be coming, I trembled. Was he going to kill me right there on video, for everyone to see? I didn't want to know. I just quickly read over the demands what he wanted me to tell the FBI. After two minutes, he tore it away from me. I was blinded by the tears running down my face. I didn't have it in me to say what he had written, but I didn't have a choice. I hadn't heard the sound of a whip coming down on me until the third time. My cry echoed throughout the room and down the hall, where I knew Lauren could hear me, but no one was coming to my rescue.

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As everyone was getting ready to head out to question more of Hugh Frederick’s family members and friends, Garcia called.

“Go ahead Baby Girl,” Morgan answered.

“It’s so nice to hear your voice, my wonderful hunk of dark chocolate,” she replied. “I know I’m on speaker so I’ll get right to it.” That remark brightened the room for a moment as she continued. “So I dug into this creeps life and he has not had the best work resume, in fact it’s the worst I’ve ever seen. He was let go a few months ago for sexual harassment towards a female employee at the local supermarket and before that he was fired from a tool store because the other employees and customers were not comfortable with him around such sharp objects, so to speak.”

“Any one of them say he tried to harm them with the tools?” JJ asked.

“Besides the woman who filed for the sexual harassment charge, no.” Garcia replied.

“Ashley mentioned there was no sexual acts committed with the victims she observed,” Reid mentioned. “Garcia? What did he do to the woman?”

“Give me a minute. Uh, looks like he...Ugh! So icky. He supposedly tried to grope her in a back room. He told her he knew she wanted it.” As Garcia looked for more information, a link popped up. “Umm, are you guys seeing this?”

Everyone came closer to the screen as the video started to roll. Hugh appeared first, making sure the camera was in the perfect spot. When he moved, they all saw me, chained to the floor with my arms tied together and held up by a hook. I could see Spencer's face in my head, a look of sheer horror and pain.

“Garcia!” Hotch said.

“Already on it sir. Searching for the source,” she said.

“Hello there,” Hugh said in the video. “Do you like my newest member?” he asked, showing me off to my unexpected audience. I didn't have much on as he had stripped me of my dignity an hour ago. I stared into the camera, wearing only my bra and thankfully some shorts. “I hope you enjoy the show as this is a live feed.” He laughed, as I looked up at him with terrified eyes. “So, let's begin, dear,” he told me.

I just started crying, unable to say what I knew i had too. I heard the whip crack next to me and I flinched. “He has a message for the FBI. If you do exactly what I say, Lauren won't be harmed anymore.”
Emily watched in shock. “Did she just say only Lauren wouldn't be harmed?” She leaned into JJ as they continued to watch.

I continued. “Here are the instructions. Send only the following people and if there are more, I will get twice the amount of pain.” I swallowed. “Send the Sheriff, Agent Jareau, and Dr. Reid. If more than they come, I will die.”

JJ looked at Reid, who was barely holding it together, and put her arm around his shoulder.

The video continued. “Follow these and I may last the night, so says BTK.” As I wrapped it up, I just had to add. “Spencer. I love you!”

“Shut up!” Hugh yelled, running back from the camera and bringing the whip down on my back. I couldn't help but cringe, glancing up at the camera right before he turned it off.

As the video feed cut out, the room was so silent you could everyone’s breath. Garcia appeared back on the screen, tears streaming down her face.

“Tell me you got a location,” Spencer demanded.

“Already sent to your phone. Be safe,” she said as she signed off.

“Spencer, use your head. Don't do anything stupid. We’ll be in the shadows where he can't see,” Hotch reminded him and JJ. “Be careful.”

I faintly heard him come in that following morning. Lauren had been left alone the rest of the night while I had taken her place for the whip. I hadn't been electrocuted thank goodness but couldn't decide which one was better - being choked to the point of almost death or whipped. It had only been four days and I'd endured too many rounds of each I'd lost track. Unfortunately, when he came and got me then, he took me to a room I'd not been in. When I saw what it was, I gasped. He held me down as I struggled to get free. He strapped my hands down first then, as I tried to kick him, he busted my knee. I let out a weak scream of pain. After he had strapped my legs, he made me look at him.

“See this?” he asked, holding up a remote. “This controls the shock. You're friends will also be able to see you.” He pointed to a hidden camera I hadn't seen. I just tried to control my breathing. I wasn't going to be able to take much more and he knew it.

“Spencer will kill you and I will be there to watch.” He smacked me but I was so far gone I just had to laugh. I saw headlights pass one of the far windows in the basement. Hope filled me as I fought back the urge to scream - for help and from the pain. He saw the lights as well and told me if I screamed, he'd kill all three of them and headed up the stairs.

He walked to the door as if he were expecting friends. He opened the door as Sheriff Donovan, JJ and Reid walked up the steps to the porch. “Welcome.”

“I should arrest you right now,” Sheriff Donovan said flat out, unfazed by the sarcastic generosity.

“Oh sheriff, then I'd have to kill both of them.” He looked from the sheriff to JJ and Spencer. “Please.” He motioned for them to come in.

I heard their footsteps above me. Spencer was here if he only knew what was happening. I faintly heard the conversation quickly turn to where Lauren and I was. He laughed and made them follow him to another room. I heard Spencer yell and that was when the jolt that went through me was more than I'd expected. He was watching me get shocked.
Spencer, please calm down. the more you freak out, the worse it’ll get. I thought.

“I should shoot you right now!” I heard Spencer shout.

“If you do, you won't know where to find your girlfriend,” he mocked. They were above me again.

Lauren, please make a sound. I prayed. If I did, the shock would be more intense. It didn't matter; Spencer had pissed him off and the shock came more intense and this time, instead of holding it in, I yelled as loud as I could. I barely heard doors get kicked in and other officers yelling at Hugh to drop the remote and get on the ground. Morgan must've taken him down because I wasn't shocked anymore. I could barely breathe. My body felt dead and I couldn't make any more noise.

Hotch beat it out of him where we were because JJ and Rossi came down to me and Emily went and got Lauren. When JJ unstrapped me, I couldn't stand so Rossi carried me out to a waiting ambulance. I was barely conscious when I heard Spencer running up along side of the gurney telling the paramedics he was coming with me. I squeezed his hand as hard as I could then lost consciousness.

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Lauren was in the room next to me when I came too a day later. They had given me large amounts of morphine and my back was heavily bandaged. I was propped up on my side so it could heal. The pain was mostly gone but those scars would always be a reminder of what I went through.

“Hey!” Garcia exclaimed with happiness. “Oh my goodness you’re awake!” She leaned in for a hug.

I winced and she apologized.

“Where's Spencer?” I asked, my voice hoarse.

“Getting food. I told him I'd watch you.” I looked at her huge smile. I smiled back. I tried to sit up but gasped. “Let me help,” Garcia said, helping me sit up properly.

“Thank you,” I said. “Is that jello?’ I asked, a smile spreading across my face.

“Spencer said you like jello too. He asked the nurse to get you some for when you woke up.” Garcia opened it and handed it to me. I took a small spoonful- it was orange, my favorite. I then shoved it in my mouth. As I finished, I saw Spencer standing in the doorway. I just smiled as I put down the jello and embraced him. He cried and I did too, but of joy and happiness. “I'll leave you two alone,” Garcia said, walking out of the room. I noticed everyone was gathered around the window but I didn't care how I looked.

Spencer and I just held each other for few moments, scared to let go. “I thought I'd lost you,” he cried. “You weren't breathing.”

I tried to speak but it came out as a squeak. “I'm a fighter.” We smiled.

He was quiet for a minute. He looked behind him and I saw something in his eyes when he turned back around to face me. “I, uh,” he smiled that shy smile I'd seen when I first saw him. “wanted to do this differently but…” He pulled out a small box from his jacket pocket. I was just looked at him in surprise. By my bedside, he knelt down. “Dr. Ashley Moore, Will you marry me?” I was speechless. I didn't know what to say. I glanced up at the anxiously awaiting team of the BAU, seeing everyone nodding. I looked back at Spencer, tears pouring down my face and just nodded. I saw the biggest smile on his face. I recalled vaguely seeing it once before. At the park when he was talking with Sheriff Donovan. He slipped the small diamond ring on my finger, and without thinking, I pulled him in and kissed him. He didn't pull away but leaned in as well. Shouts and cheers erupted outside of the room and the team came running in, congratulating us. Everyone gently hugged me and Morgan slapped Spencer on the back.
“Way to go kid!”

JJ, Emily and Garcia wanted to look at the ring and I just sat there, watching it in the light.

“Alright!” said a nurse, rushing into the room. “Gather around. The groom to be, get up close.” Spencer sat next to me and I couldn't believe I was getting my picture taken when I looked like crap. “Don't worry dear, your friends helped while you were resting.” I looked around at JJ and Garcia. They smiled at me and I didn't feel bad now. “Alright, on three. Hang on. You two,” The nurse pointed to Spencer and I. “Come on. Show us the love!” Spencer and I looked at one another. I kissed him and he kissed me. The photo that came out was priceless!

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‘You gain strength, courage, and confidence by every experience in which you really stop to look fear in the face. You must do the thing which you think you cannot do. -Eleanor Roosevelt' (Read by Dr Moore)

I sat on the couch while Spencer prepared us a snack. After I was released, I was on bed rest and needed some help walking still. My knee cap had been broken when Hugh, who was now tightly behind bars, kicked me in order to get me to sit in a chair. My leg was propped up on a pillow as Spencer handed me his famous peanut butter and jelly.

“So, how are you feeling? Garcia wants to know.”

“I'm fine. She doesn't have to keep checking up on me.” I put a piece of sandwich in my mouth. “Everyone keeps asking me the same things. How I'm doing, when I'm coming back to work because this kid has no idea what they're doing.” Spencer laughed. I looked at my food, suddenly not hungry. I looked down at my left hand, still trying to fathom the proposal. “How'd you want to do it?” I asked. “The proposal.”

“A big, somewhat fancy dinner that an agent can afford. It would've been in a private room of course. The team would've been there and my mother of course. She can't wait to meet you.” He stopped when he saw the face I was making. “She's great, I promise.”

“Well, I think the way you did it was perfect.” I kissed his cheek. “Ready to finally watch that movie?” I reached for the remote but he grabbed my hand.

“Let's just relax in the silence,” he said, moving closer. “I just want to hold you,” he whispered in my ear. I snuggled closer and as the night went on, found that silence is the best.

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