Known Subject

by TheGeekinPink90

Summary

Post Lauren. The BAU is brought into a case where people around the DC, New Orleans and other metro areas in the United States, as well as abroad, are being killed and branded with four leaf clovers. The team is able to connect the victims to the man who killed one of their own and has been on the run in the two years since: Ian Doyle. Will the team be able to successfully capture Doyle once and for all? And what will happen when they discover that the person behind the murders isn't who it appears to be? Will the team survive once they find out the true identity of their unsub?

Notes

Unfortunately, I don't own Criminal Minds or any of it's characters. They belong to Erica Messer, Jeff Davis and CBS. I'm just borrowing them for a little while.

Hello everyone! I have this story on fanfiction.net, but I decided to post the completed chapters here. Happy reading
and I hope you enjoy this story, if you're not reading it already.
A long day suddenly became an even longer night for media liaison and recently certified profiler, Jennifer Jareau. With one grey sweat pant clad leg tucked underneath the other, blue eyes scanned through the profile for the case that the team has been working on for the last three weeks. It was a case that they should have been able to close tonight and have the next couple of weeks off to recuperate. But unfortunately for them, the unsub had been a few steps ahead of them, like he had during this entire investigation, had gotten away. The team planned to go over the unsub's profile to see if there was anything that they could have missed and how this unsub always seemed to know what the team was going to do next.

On top of that, she had a couple of reports from their case in Florida that she had yet to finish up and about twenty different case files on her chaotically organized desk that still needed consulting on.

Before becoming a profiler, she had given her teammates a hard time when it came to getting their paper work in on time. Since returning to the BAU, the blond had relaxed her paperwork policy considerably.

Before she became a profiler, JJ had never really understood all the work that the profilers did or why took the other profilers so long to finish their reports by the deadline she had given them. But when she had resumed her old job while filling in the role as profiler after Seaver left, she began to understand them better. After her finishing her first disastrous and exhausting case back in her new dual position, JJ promised to put less pressure on the other profilers to get their paperwork in on time.

As much as the new profiler hated the extra work, as the last year and a half flew by, JJ became accustomed to and grateful for the extra work load at work and outside of it.

When she wasn't preoccupied with raising Henry on her own, she was offering a place for Reid go to if he needed to cry. She also helped him deal with his feelings about Emily's death and move on. In return, the eccentric doctor became Henry's new playmate and favorite occasional babysitter on the night's that Garcia was able to convince her to go out for a girl's night.
Unofficially, the liaison was also helping Morgan find Doyle. Ever since Emily's official death, Morgan had been on a mission to find the former arms dealer and bring him into custody himself. Although he would have loved nothing more than to give Doyle the same kind of beating that he gave Prentiss. They also managed to locate Declan Doyle, who was living happily in a suburban neighborhood a few miles outside of DC, with his nanny and a man named Tom. She and Derek alternated weeks when they would run surveillance near his home. They knew that it was only a matter of time before Doyle would find his son and they wanted to be there when he did.

JJ also served as the one woman welcoming committee for Dr. Alex Blake, a linguist professor at Georgetown, who had taken the open position last year. The liaison made sure that Blake felt as welcomed on the team as she could be, in spite of its current state. Whenever they didn't have a case outside of the city, JJ would offer to take the new agent out to lunch. She even as far as inviting Alex to go out on one of she and Garcia's girl's nights in with the ulterior motive of getting Garcia to warm up to the new brunette agent.

She had wanted to show Garcia that Blake was alright and not trying to replace Emily. After a rough start and a couple of drinks, the technical analyst eventually came around and on the Saturdays when Blake is not with her husband, she would come out with the two of them.

Lately, JJ has even taken the liberty of being a love guru of sorts for Garcia in her relationship with her mystery man, who's identity the technical analyst had still refused to share with her. Even though he and Garcia had been dating since she broke off her relationship with Kevin. All the other blond would tell her is that he had been a visitor during one of the support groups. He also worked for the FBI, but wouldn't say what department he was in and that he was her complete opposite. He completely understands who she is and accepts her fully for it. The feelings that Garcia's developed for this guy were starting to scare her, so she started going to JJ for advice on how to deal with them. The liaison tries her best to guide her best friend, but she honestly didn't think that she was the best person to go to for this kind of thing. Especially since her own relationship with Will crashed and burn as soon as she came back from Paris.

JJ made sure to keep herself as busy as possible. Staying busy meant that she didn't have to think about how much the team dynamic has changed in the last two years. Which in her opinion, had been for the worse. Hotch had taken on more reassignment missions overseas, with Rossi and Morgan alternating taking turns leading the team. Even though she was still close to Reid, she noticed that he had started to distance himself from the rest of the team. The playful banter that had once been a staple in their work area, at least it had when she would give her folder to the guys and Emily, had become nonexistent. The boys would occasionally trade barbs and Reid would quietly work on a crossword puzzle with Blake. But every so often, she would catch one of the boy's line of sight drift longingly over to the empty desk in the corner that for some reason, no one had the heart to put back into storage, when they thought no one was watching.
The makeshift little family that she had proudly been apart of for the last nine years, was falling apart. It was only a matter of time before it all came to a head. JJ didn't want to think of the possibility of losing anyone else from their family, so she made it a point to be as involved with their lives on her off time as much as she could to hold off what she saw as the inevitable.

She also found that being busy kept her mind off of the fact that the anniversary of death was next week and the team would try once again, in vain, to get her to go out with them and drink in Emily's memory. They had tried to get her to go on the first anniversary and she was able to get out of it because Henry had gotten sick with a stomach flu going around his school.

JJ tosses the profile on the black applewood coffee table, placing it on top of her gun and sinks herself exhaustedly into the green couch. She couldn't believe that it had only been two years since Emily's official death. The events that had transpired in Boston and their aftermath had seemed like another lifetime ago for the blond profiler. Watching the doctors revive the brunette and her vital stabilize as they worked. Being ordered by inconspicuous plain clothes agents from the State Department to inform everyone but her former boss, that Emily Prentiss had died on the table. Telling Hotch about what was going to happen with Emily next. Her funeral. Then Paris, where she slipped Emily various identities and bank accounts for her to use until they found Doyle. Emily walking away, the last fleeting moment that the blond had seen her dear friend alive.

The note the brunette had sneakily left behind in her wake, in which the brunette had told her how much she had meant to her. She then confessed to wishing that they had met in another lifetime and under different circumstances, then she would have had the courage to tell the blond how she truly felt about her. That maybe, they would have had a chance to have a beautiful life together.

It took the former liaison months after that night to realize that she had wanted the same thing with Emily. She re-read the brunette's note hundreds of times, analyzed every single touch and meaningful interaction that she had with her before Will and after him, to see how she could have missed the former agent's feelings for her. It finally hit her, after Will's quiet drawl announced that he had met someone else and would be going back to New Orleans with her. He told her that he knew that JJ only ever loved the idea of a life with him, instead of actually having a life with him. That he knew all along of JJ's feelings for the brunette agent, even if the blond didn't know or wouldn't accept them.

As he closed the door, with a promise to come back up and see Henry after he settled back home, the only thing he asked of the woman he thought he was going to spend the rest of his life with, is that she find her happiness. Even if it couldn't be with the one she wanted it to be with. As the door closed, the former liaison had something that she hadn't had since resigning from the BAU and starting her work at the State Department, hope. She resolved to tell Emily in her own way, the next time the brunette had made contact with her, that she needed to come home safe because she had someone worth waiting for back home. Unfortunately for her, that contact was never made and nine months later, JJ found herself entering the doors of the BAU, with an ecstatic Garcia who happily handed over her liaison duties back to her best friend.
Two months after her return, the liaison officially became a certified profiler.

JJ had been a different person back then, the year after Paris. She wholeheartedly believed that everything would work out the way that it was suppose to in the end. She had no doubt in her mind that Emily would return home and to her, although not without visible and invisible scars. She would come home to the family that loves her and will help her heal those wounds, as well as their own. And JJ would have the opportunity to heal the scar that she had left on the brunette from Miami all those years ago.

Unfortunately for her and Emily, exactly eight months ago yesterday, the fates decided not to be kind to either of them. With a call from her former boss told her that the Doyle asset had met an untimely end in Dublin after being overpowered and outnumbered by a few of his old associate's from Valhalla. Someone within the State Department, who had ties to his old associates had apparently leaked the information that Emily was still alive and what her current whereabouts were.

She remembers calling in sick and spending the rest of the day, at least until it was time to pick up Henry, crying in her bed with the note clutched tightly in her hands and a heavier heart filled.

JJ shook her head, deciding that she was not going dwell on losing the former agent or any might-have-beens any longer than she necessary. Instead, she would think about the positives of the day.

After nearly two years of searching and overtime investigations, Ian Doyle was finally in their custody. The superficial wounds that the former arms dealer had sustained during his fight with their latest unsub, were patched up by the paramedics within minutes before he was handed over to them for processing. She had called Hotch, as soon as Derek told her that he had Doyle under control, and told him that they finally had him. The unit chief informed her that he would be on the next flight back to DC immediately. He also made it a point to order her and Morgan to continue to be professional, at least until he got there.

Right now, he would be stewing in an interrogation room handcuffed to the table, probably sweating under the bright lights that would be turned up the highest that they would be able to go. Doyle would sit there with those lights with the air conditioned room blowing heat, until one of them came in to interrogate him. It would most likely alternate between Rossi and Blake grilling him. Hotch had not been pleased to know that she and Morgan violated his orders of letting the Doyle case go. Which was one of the reasons why he would not be let either one of them to interrogate the arms dealer. The other reason being that he felt like out of all of the members of their team, that she and Derek were closest to this case. That they were the ones who wanted to make Ian pay the most for what he had done to Prentiss. He didn't want to lose two of his best agents because they had let their emotions overrule their judgement.
He ordered them to go home immediately, not leaving any room for arguments. Dave and Alex were to interrogate Doyle first thing in the morning, after a well deserved night's sleep. Hotch also recommended that they both work from home for the next couple of days, until he arrived back in DC, to rest. But the blond and Morgan knew that he was punishing them for defying his orders on Doyle. He probably would have sent Garcia home too if the team didn't need her to run background on some of their cases.

JJ was ecstatic at the reassurance that Emily's nightmare would finally be over. She was tempted to call up her old boss to tell him to contact Emily and inform her that she can come home now. Then she frowned, remembering that there would be no more contact to be made with the brunette ever again. She just hoped that wherever Emily was right now, that she would be proud of the work Morgan, Garcia and herself had put in to capture her boogeyman.

She stands up from the couch and raises her hands above her head, slowly moving her head from one side to another in order to get the knot that had formed in her neck. She opens her mouth and yawns. The blond then picks up her glock, placing it back in its holster on her left hip and leaves the files sprawled across the table. She figured that she wouldn't be getting anything more out of this unsub tonight, so she would go over the profile again in the morning, with a fresh set of eyes.

The blond walks around the couch and up the stairway, to say goodnight to Henry and maybe read him a bedtime story. She hadn't had the chance to tell her son that she would be home with him for the next couple of days. But she had a feeling that the little boy would be thrilled to find her making his breakfast before he went off to school instead of Hannah, the nanny who looked after him while she was at work or away on a case.

Lately, Henry had become restless whenever she had to travel for a case. To her surprise, he had adjusted well to the breakup and Will moving back to New Orleans. Occasionally, he would ask for his daddy especially during the times that she had to be away from him. He understood that his mommy was off chasing and bringing in the bad guys, but that didn't mean it didn't hurt sometimes to not have her there.

While she was working at the State Department, Henry had gotten used to their new route of seeing JJ getting home in time to hear about his day at school and a story before bedtime.

But now that she was back at the BAU and her unpredictable schedule, the five year old had been having a hard time adjusting to it the last couple of years. It was hard for JJ and tore her up sometimes at all of the changes and adjustments that they've had to make over the last couple of years. Sometimes the blond found herself second guessing her decision to resign from the State Department to go back to her hectic schedule at the BAU. JJ had to constantly remind herself that she was doing this job for Henry's sake, to make his world a little safer place for him to live in. It was one of the only reasons the liaison had left for not turning in her resignation from the BAU and running back to the State Department.
JJ gets to the top of the steps, she walks over to the slightly cracked door with the name 'Henry' in gold, wooden letters with three gold stars surrounding the 'H' and the 'Y'. She lightly touches each letter, like she always had whenever she stopped by her son's room. It was the last thing Emily had given Henry, before everything that happened with Doyle, as a gift for the little boy's new big boy room. The blond liaison sighs and shakes any thoughts of Emily away quickly.

JJ reaches for the door knob and immediately notices how quiet Henry's room was. Normally as she was getting ready to go tuck him in for the night, she could hear the five year old's thumping from her spot on the couch. When she came upstairs to his door, he played animatedly on the floor with his toys making various noises and gesturing wildly. Most of the time, he didn't even notice she was there until she called out to him. Tonight though, the only sounds that could be heard were the sounds of silence.

For any other parent, the silence would welcomed break from the usual insanity and chaos that five year olds were capable of committing with an extended period of time alone. But for JJ for some reason, felt a wave of unease at the lack of noise. She didn't know if it was her maternal or profiling instincts, but something just did not feel right. The blond silently chastises herself for not noticing it sooner.

Not wanting to startle the preschooler, in case he was sleeping or preoccupied with something else, JJ carefully cracks the door open a little further than it had been. The sight that the blond is greeted with when she does causes her blood to run cold and her complexion to pale in shock. Her blue eyes widen as she feels her body stiffen.

A figure donned in black from head to toe, who was wearing a matching tactical full face mask, sat in Henry's rocking chair while her son leaned against him. The figure used his gloved hand to brush the blond boy's recently trimmed, short locks down as he looks down at the book. Henry then looks up to the figure and places one of his hands on the mask and smiles shyly after. The bile begins to rise in her throat as she remembers that the steel, mesh mask that her son innocently poked had just hours ago stared down at a petrified looking Ian Doyle pleading for him to stop. His blood splattered all over the goggles as the unsub proceeded to beat him within an inch of his life. The same look this unsub's victims more than likely had in the final moments of their lives.

The unsub appeared to be about an inch taller, without the combat boots, than her own five foot seven frame. Whoever this person is, they were a lot shorter than the profile that the team had originally given the police. Because the unsub was wearing head to toe tactical gear and loose clothing, she couldn't definitively determine the gender of the unsub. But she did know that this unsub was considerably strong. Their last victim, Michael McFadden, was strangled outside of a nightclub that he owned. Then dragged to an open house in a nearby neighborhood, where he was found dangling upside down from a chandler.
The unsub lifts his head and glances up at her, as if this person were waiting on her to make a move. JJ moves her left hand and hovers it over her holstered gun. The unsub subtly lifts their shirt up to reveal a loaded Sig sitting in a holster, causing the blond to slowly lower her hand. The unsub waits for her to lift her hands up in surrender, before they lower their shirt back down.

The movement causes the little boy to look up and then over to the doorway. A big, bright smile appears on Henry's face and bounce up and down on his new friend's lap.

“Hi mommy!” he said enthusiastically, causing the liaison to smile hesitantly at him. “My friend Bucky came to see me and he's going to read me a bedtime story tonight! Aren't you, Bucky?”

The unsub looks down and nods at Henry as JJ looks on questioningly.

“Bucky?” the liaison asks, trying to stay as calm and casual as possible. She did not want to take the risk of having Henry think that something was wrong and having him possibly do something to upset the unsub.

“Uh huh. I'm Steve and this is Bucky.” he explains excitedly. “We were playing Captain America earlier and beating the bad guys at Hydra. Just like in the movie we saw last week. Did you know Bucky was there with us too.”

JJ could feel a bead of sweat drip down her her forehead at Henry's revelation. This unsub had been following her for god knows how long and not once did she notice it. They followed her to the movies with her son. They followed her home and managed to sneak in without her noticing. She wonders how long this unsub had been following her and if the figure tailed any of her other teammates as well?

Looking away from Henry, JJ turns her gaze towards the unsub.

“No I didn't. Does 'Bucky' happen to have a name, little man?”

Henry nods happily towards his mother.

“Bucky has a name.” he states obviously. “But Bucky said that it's top secret. The people from Hydra might come after him if he tells me. So I call him Bucky.”
JJ takes a deep breath, trying to come up with a way to get Henry out of here as quickly as possible, so that she could deal with the unsub. If she walks away from them, the unsub could take Henry or worse. And if she tries to subdue the unsub, whoever it is could hurt Henry and she did not want to take that chance. The profiler takes a few seconds to come up with her last resort that isn't guaranteed to work, especially if Henry doesn't follow along.

“Sweetheart, Bucky can read you a story some other time.” JJ says softly, but in a tone that won't leave any room for the preschooler to object. She keeps her eyes on the unsub. “Bucky has to go home now.”

“Why mommy? You said that Bucky could come over and read to me anytime.” he asks as his smile turns into a pouty frown. He quickly hops off the unsub's knee, causing the liaison to squirm a little. But when the unsub did not respond to the loss of contact, JJ silently sighs in relief. She looks at the little boy curiously, wondering when she said that.

“I know honey, but we can't tonight.” JJ says, taking a cautious couple of steps into the room. She smiles at her son. “Because, we are going to visit your aunts and uncles at Quantico.” The profiler takes another step towards the preschooler. When she is close enough, she places her hands on his arms and lightly strokes them up and down.

“Don't you want to see your Aunt Penelope and Uncle Reid?” JJ asks as she leans down and puts on a pout of her own, while the five year old looks down. “I know they're still there and they really want to see you.”

Henry looks back up at his mommy and smiles wide. He shakes his head excitedly and JJ pulls him into a hug that ends with a kiss on the forehead. He moves out of his mother's arms and looks over her shoulder towards the unsub.

“Now, go wait in mommy's room with the door closed and call Uncle Reid. Tell him we'll be at the office in ten minutes. When you're done, just stay in my room and watch cartoons until I come to get you, alright bud.” the liaison tells him, her hand ruffling his hair a little as she stands up. He nods and makes his way out of his room. Henry stops and turns around to look at his friend.

“Bye Bucky. You'll come back and play with me tomorrow will you?” he asks shyly.

The unsub nods at Henry and the little blond boy runs happily out of the room.
When JJ hears her bedroom door shut, she immediately turns around to face the unsub. She carefully pulls out her glock. As soon as it is out of the holster and gripped in her hand, the masked unsub rises carefully out of the rocking chair. A move that surprises the blond profiler.

Considering the way this unsub brutally killed their twelve victims, she was fully prepared for an all out brawl to the finish. Then again, this could all be a trick and as soon as JJ show a little sign of weakness, the unsub could kill her then.

She aims her weapon at the unsub's head and takes a step back. The unsub takes a step forward, with their hand making its way towards their waste.

“Don't move and put your hands in the air.” JJ says sternly as she takes the safety off of the glock. “I will shoot you.”

“I have no doubt that would, Jennifer.” the distorted voice agrees calmly, startling the blond profiler for the second time this evening.

Unfortunately for JJ, her pause was long enough for the unsub to yank the gun from her grasp and knock her to the ground with their shoulder. She looks up to find the unsub with her gun aimed at her forehead.

“I didn't come here to hurt you nor Henry.” the gravelly voice tries to reason with her.

“Oh really? Breaking into my house and holding me at gunpoint, with my own gun, in my son's room doesn't exactly scream I'm not going to hurt you.” JJ said sarcastically, rolling her eyes at her captor.

The unsub loses control for a moment and angrily shoves the muzzle of the gun deeply into her forehead. The liaison closes her eyes preparing for the shot to come. She was happy that Henry was in the other room and wouldn't be around to hear or see what was about to happen to her.

A couple of minutes go by and the kill shot doesn't come. Instead, the profiler feels the unsub move the muzzle away from her head. She opens her eyes to see the masked figure point her weapon away from her and unload it. The unsub throws the remaining pieces of the gun to the floor when they're done.
The figure then takes a gloved hand and reaches into the holster and unloads the magazine of its Sig. The unsub then points the unloaded gun and in her direction and waves it up and down, telling her to get up. Then they step away from her and walks over to the middle of the room.

JJ hesitantly does what she is told and stands up, just as the unsub takes a knee to the ground. The figure then raises their hands in the air and lowers their head.

The profiler does not make the same mistake that she had made with this unsub earlier and acts quickly. She quickly walks over to the unsub, taking out her handcuffs in the process. The blond takes one of the unsub's arms and makes sure to cuff them tightly. When the handcuffs were on, she forces the unsub to their feet and takes the figure out of Henry's room.

She leads the figure down the staircase and surprisingly was met without challenge. When they entered the living room, JJ throws the unsub onto the couch and watches the dark figure before her motionless. She couldn't shake the feeling that this unsub, for some reason, wanted her to catch them. But the question was why?

This person could have left her for dead and made their way out the door without Henry knowing that anything had gone wrong. They had done it before with victim number three, Duncan Flanagan. The unsub had killed him in his study, while his wife and two kids went about their nightly routine. His wife, Leanne, hadn't even suspected that anything was wrong until the next day, when she noticed that Flanagan did not come to bed the following evening. The next morning, she found him tied to a chair with a shot to the head and two to the thigh, with a four leaf clover branded into his chest.

So why did this unsub not kill her and run away? Why did they let her live? Just like the rest of this case, this unsub's actions did not make any sense.

JJ turns away from the figure on the couch, comfortable that this unsub was not going to try anything else. She walks over to the house phone and Morgan groggily answers after the second ring. She tells him everything that has gone on within the last twenty minutes or so and he tells her to sit tight. That he was on his way to pick all three of them up and personally escort them back to Quantico. She tells him that they'll be waiting.

As she hangs up the phone, JJ thinks about something that has haunted her since the confrontation with the unsub began. Why was Henry so comfortable with this unsub, when he closes up and hides behind her leg whenever any other stranger approaches him? Had this unsub been under the nose of JJ and the rest of the team the whole time? Had they worked with this person and they had gotten close enough to the team, to Henry without her or them realizing? Was it someone close enough to
the Doyle investigation that they would target all of his old contacts, who had supposedly gotten out of the business after Valhalla fell apart and were now living quiet lives of their own?

JJ inhales a deep breath in, taking comfort in the fact that they now had now apprehended two dangerous unsubs that would not hurt anyone else again. She moves towards the couch and takes her seat next to the unsub and waits for Morgan to arrive.
AN: A quick little warning. The language and some of the scenes in this are a little more graphic than in the last chapter. Hope this particular scene isn't too bad or triggering for anyone.

2 weeks earlier:

4:30 am

Michael McFadden drunkenly stumbles out the near empty doors of McFadden's place and into the sidewalk. Half of his dark green shirt was tucked messily into his khaki pants. While the other hung out loose and free exposing a little bit of the beer belly he had developed, thanks to thirty years of hard partying. The balding, red head with a receding hairline, held a vice grip onto the door as he held the door open for the attractive, young brunette behind him. He bows lightly in her direction and as she walks out the door, she turns around and smiles at him in thanks for opening the door for her. He reaches down and then takes a sizable amount of her ass into his heavy palm and squeezes it tightly. When he's done, he lightly swats it for good measure.

She turns around sharply and smacks him in the face so hard, his pale, stinging cheek turned a bright red. He smiles goofily at her retreating form as he lets go of the door.

"See ya next time sweetheart!" he catcalls to her in a hearty yet harsh Irish accent, showing his stained dark yellow teeth in the process. "I like em feisty!"

As she gives him the bird, his laughs grow louder. He closes the door and manages to stumble around the corner into the dark alleyway, leaning against the opposite wall where the local bum usually sleeps. Tonight had been a very goodnight for his business and he spent the night celebrating it with his buddies. A couple of investors were interested in franchising McFadden's place into other big city hubs across America, due to the success of his bars in DC and Boston. They were in the negotiating phase of the deal, merchandising rights and ownership rights. They also discussed how much Michael was going to get out of the deal. So far, it looked like he would be achieving his dream of buying a private island on the coast of Tahiti, where he will retire handsomely with beautiful island maidens at his beck and call, after all. He puts his head on the white brick and smiles dreamily.

Being Ian Doyle's gopher boy actually paid off in the end for the fifty-eight year old. The smarmy bastard managed to keep his word after all. He closes his tired eyes and lets the past play temporary host to his daydreams.

Thirty-years ago, he was a line cook slumming, like most of the population of North Dublin, as a line
cook in a dinner when he first met Ian Doyle. He was a young, brash lad who made hell for the McDermott's and took every opportunity possible to rub it in his face. He remember Doyle ordering some corn beef and hash to go with his black coffee, his usual. He had a shiner almost the size of his fist, stretched down to his nostril. It had apparently been a long night for the young upstart. At the time, Michael was very tall and muscular, with biceps that were the size of Ian's head. The waitress had been busy at the time, so she told Michael to deliver Doyle his meal. Their conversation was brief and polite, talking about the latest disappointing rugby game. After a few minutes, Doyle had been ready to go. But before he did with a mischievous gleam in his baby blue eyes, told Michael to go in there, tell his boss to piss off and Michael would never have to work in a shit hole if he didn't want to for the rest of his days. At first, the red head had thought that Doyle had a little too much to drink the night before. But seeing how serious the young brogue looked, he couldn't help but take his offer seriously. He threw his apron to the ground, slapped the ass of the waitress who told him to bring Ian his food and told his boss to piss off and quit. And Ian was right, about that. Probably one of the only things the man was right about.

With Ian and his puppet Liam, they helped make Doyle one of the most feared former arms dealers in the business. In the early days, it was a well oiled, three man operation. Ian came up with the ideas and Liam made sure that they were carried out to the letter. And Michael served as the muscle, or as most people fearfully called him, the enforcer. Whenever McFadden would pay a visit to someone who wasn't loyal to Ian, didn't follow his orders or was a McDermott, it was almost guaranteed that you would not be heard from again. McFadden even came up with the idea of Ian's insignia, the heart shaped four leaf clovers, to let others know that this was Doyle's territory. He took pride in his job and throughly indulged in all of the perks that it provided him with.

But it all ended one day, ten years ago, when he had a heart attack in the middle of a deal. When he came to from his bypass, Ian sat faithfully by his bedside and made sure that his longtime friend would be okay. He gave McFadden enough money for his twenty years of loyalty to be comfortable and became a silent investor in McFadden's place for a short time. Ian backed out of McFadden's after operation Valhalla blew up in his face and he was sent to some hellhole prison in Russia. He felt sorry for his old friend's troubles and wished that he could have met the bitch who helped take him down and teach her a lesson himself before he killed her.

One day, about a couple of years ago, McFadden had the chance to do just that. He remembers a brunette with bangs, wearing all black, being dragged into the bar by two overexcited blondes. One of his barkeeps had backed out of his shift at the last moment, so he had to cover for him. All three of the women, who could have been in their mid thirties, sat down at the bar and were egging the brunette on about something. He thought they were all attractive and he was happy to talk to three beautiful women. But there was something about the brunette that seemed vaguely familiar.

With a glass in his hand, he walks over to the lovely ladies and introduces himself. They all smiled politely at him and all ordered the best ale that he had in stock and that it would go on the brunette's tab. The curvy blond with the glasses, wearing every color of the rainbow, told him that it was the brunette's birthday and that they were celebrating. He stares at the brunette again and tells her happy birthday and receives a shy smile as she hands him her black American Express card. He turns around to swipe the card, not plan on charging the ladies extra for their drinks for the night and gets out three clean mugs for the ale. The red head looks over to his wall of photos and his eyes land one of Ian and his last girl, a Lauren Reynolds, taken four years ago before Ian was locked up. Doyle had said that this one might be his last one and they even had plans to marry. Unfortunately, she died the next day in a wreck, along with two Interpol agents as Ian was taken into custody. He remembered
Doyle being broken up at the news. McFadden knew that there was no damage that the Russians could inflict upon him that death hadn't already done.

The bar owner takes a hard look at the photograph and then glances over to the brunette at the bar. His green eyes widen and nearly popped out of his head when he realizes that Lauren Reynolds was alive, in the flesh. Not only was she alive, she sat ten feet before him, joking with her friends at the other end of the bar. He could have sworn that the lithe blond hanging on the shoulder of the brunette had called Lauren, Emily. His grip on the lever tightens as he fought to maintain control of his anger. She was sitting over there having the time of her life, while Doyle was rotting away the rest of his.

He turns the keg off and walks over to the ladies. McFadden apologized to them and said that he needed to see their ids, just in case they had been lying to him and they were much younger than they were, which earned a laugh from three women. They flashed him their badges, but he paid very close attention to the banged brunette. His suspicions were confirmed. Lauren Reynolds had been Emily Prentiss, a Fed. And thanks to her, Doyle was rotting in a Russian prison.

He gave them their drinks and bid them a lovely evening and made sure to bid miss Reynolds a happy birthday. The brunette flinched and corrected him, to which he apologized and said that she reminded him of someone that he knew long ago. He went into his office and told Riley, his assistant manager, that no one was to disturb him for the rest of the night. McFadden then made a call to a lad named Jeremy, a former fed who had smartened up and agreed to be Doyle's informant for a hefty price. He told Jeremy that he knew that Lauren or Emily as it was, is still alive and that he should tell Doyle that she is living the life in DC as an FBI agent.

A few weeks later, he had gotten word that Doyle escaped and killed that bitch Emily, Lauren or whatever her name was. But not without suffering causalities of his own. His lap dog Liam had been one of those causalities. He may not have liked or agreed with Liam at times, but what a rough way to go.

Two days after receiving word on his old cohort, Doyle showed up at his bar, looking like a broken man. He tells McFadden that his boy is still alive and that he was going to find him. That he wouldn't let Emily take Declan away from him again. The red headed bar owner offered a room in one of his slum apartments downtown, rent free, in the name of their past friendship. His old boss was thankful and offered to repay him whenever he got back on his feet, but McFadden had promptly turned him down. He considered Ian to be like a brother to him, his family and the red head always treated his family well.

For two years, he and Ian would have a good old fashion Irish brunches, fit for kings every Sunday after Mass. McFadden would try to convince the stubborn bastard to grow his hair out into a beard and settle here in DC when he found Declan. But Ian would always say that settling was not an option. He would go on a rant about being a warrior and how warriors did not back down. He was going to get his empire and son back, even if it was the last thing he did in this world. McFadden would shake his head at the old fool and say nothing more about it. They would then go on to talk about rugby and the old neighborhoods of North Dublin, wondering if some of the buildings were still standing.
McFadden opens his eyes when he starts to feel his bladder tingling, time to take a leak. He forces himself off the wall and leans an arm against it when he feels himself began to slip. A little bit of slobber comes out of his mouth as he struggles to get the zipper of his pants undone. He relieves himself on the wall and when he's done, he pulls the zipper of his pants up once more.

The red headed McFadden doesn't see a dark figure approaching him from behind, on the opposite side of the alley. That the figure had been watching him the whole night from a corner booth in the bar. He doesn't notice the thick rope in the gloved hands of the figure, dangling out of their hand. He doesn't know that the last moment of his life will take place while he is in a drunken stupor, peeing in an alley. He doesn't know that this dark figure had already gone through a majority of his old friends and acquaintances while he was with Doyle and whose bodies were now sitting in their respective counties' morgue. He doesn't see the figure stop directly behind his back and wait a couple of moments to make their move.

But McFadden does feel his head being shoved into a wall and the rope being placed around his fat neck. His attacker yanks the rope hard and his head along with it. He can't breathe and his meaty hands struggle against the rope. He uses his weight to back his attacker into the next wall, which works for a few moments. But not long enough for his attacker to let go and allow him to put up a fight. He feels the air rapidly escape from his lungs and his large six foot three frame kneels forward. His skin begins to turn blue and his head feels as light as air. His attacker pulls on the rope one more time, but this time is different. They quickly and effectively pull the rope in opposite direction of his head, breaking his neck in the process. Michael McFadden's body, with his green eyes wide open, falls to the ground.

Michael McFadden was no more.

The dark figure places two fingers underneath the man's fat neck to confirm that he was in fact dead. They walk away from the body for only a moment to run down to the other side of the alley and retrieve something out of a black nineteen-sixty-nine restored black Mustang at the end. They get a dark bag, that could almost pass for a dry cleaning bag, and close the door. The figure lightly jogs back over to the body. They turn McFadden onto his back and hesitate for a moment. The figure closes the dead man's eyes in pity, an act of compassion that they were sure the red headed man did not deserve in death. It was more compassion than this man showed to any of his victims the twenty years he spent doing Doyle's dirty work. The figure sets the bag onto the ground and proceeds to carefully place McFadden into the bag.

When they are done, the figure stands up, bends down onto the ground and lifts the part of the bag with the man's upper body, leaving lower body to drag onto the ground. The journey back to the car had been long and tedious, carrying the nearly two hundred and fifty pound man. And as soon as the figure got back to their car and placed McFadden's body into the back seat, they take a moment to lean back onto the classic car and rest. When they were done, they got into the car and drove out of the alley to their next destination, New Orleans. Where there would be an open house for the Flanagan family home that would take place the next day. Or as the dark figure remembered, home of victim number fourteen.

6:30 am
The Lamontagne home:
The morning rays of the New Orleans sunrise shined on the short, dark brown hair of one William Lamontagne, who had his bare arms wrapped tightly around his wife, Gabrielle. His hands wandered down and protectively covered his wife's ever prominent baby bump. In just four months time, Henry would have a little half sister, Lily and he would be a father once again. This time though, he would be a little more prepared for it than he had with his boy.

Two years ago, if anyone would have told him that he would meet the true love of his life, have his job back as a senior detective at the NOLA homicide division, while still be on good terms with his former fiancee and son. That his life would be as close to perfect as one could get, with someone that wasn't JJ, he would have thought you had lost your mind. For a long time, he tried to convinced himself that JJ was the one and even though circumstances brought them together, they were still meant to be. He was sure that his ex had done the same thing with him. But the truth is that they were only trying to make it work so that Henry could have a mother and a father. They hadn't stayed together because they were really in love with one another. Looking back, Will doesn't think that they were ever really in love at all.

They probably would have kept the charade going, had he not saw Gabby waiting in JJ's office while she was still at the BAU. He was coming to surprise JJ for lunch, only to discover that she wasn't there. He goes to Garcia's office, to see if she knew where his fiancee was. Only to have her tell him that she was in the middle of a briefing and headed to Spokane right after.

Disappointed, he was about to turn around and leave. But he stopped when this beautiful brunette with crystal blue eyes and a nice tan approaches him, introducing herself as Gabrielle Cormier and asked where Agent Jareau's office was. He immediately picked up on her thick, Cajun accent right away and asked her what part of the Bayou state she was from. She told him that she was originally from New Orleans, but was currently living in Baton Rouge, as a US district attorney for the Middle District. She was here trying a capital case for the next few weeks or so before she would be going back to Baton Rouge. She was also visiting her boyfriend who worked primarily in DC.

They ended up in a ten minute long conversation about their hometown before Gabby gave him her card and said that they should meet up again sometime, as friends, if he ever felt a little homesick. They met up for coffee a few times before she went back to Baton Rouge and it was nice for him to have someone that knew where he was coming from.

Over the next year or so, his friendship with Gabby grew stronger as his relationship with JJ deteriorated. When JJ took the job with State Department, he thought that all of the fights, mainly about her traveling with the BAU, would end. He, JJ and Henry would be a happy family once again now that JJ was working a nine to five. Unfortunately, it hadn't worked out that way. One of their fights had gotten so bad, that he decided to go home to New Orleans for a couple of weeks to clear his head and cool his temper.

To his surprise, he bumped into Gabby at a dive bar he used to go to on his first night back. She tells him about missing home and deciding to take a job with the District Attorney's office here. The whole time that he was there, they hung out and went bar hopping together with his old friends from the job. It was the only time in the last three years that Will truly felt happy and at home, like his old self again. The whole that had grown within him since he moved to DC to be with JJ and Henry, had filled.

On his last night there, he and Gabby had gotten a bit caught up in the hanging lights and romantic scenery all around them, he took her hand in his. By the end of the night, she invited him back over to her new place for a couple of night caps before he would go back to his hotel room. He never
made it back to his room that night. The next morning, he found himself wrapped around the naked attorney and ended up taking a later flight back to DC. Gabby saw him off and for he first time since JJ three years ago, he was sorry to see her go.

Will never told JJ about what happened when he came back to DC. Subconsciously, he thinks that the blond already knew. JJ had known about Gabby being a good friend of his and she said she had been okay with it. That it was nice for him to have a little reminder of home, if that was what he needed.

JJ started working more hours at the State Department and coming home later. Sometimes when he would wake up in the morning to an empty bed, he would find her sprawled out on the couch with her work files all over the place. He would kiss the top of her head and put the files in a stack for her before making breakfast for the three of them in the morning. When she wasn't working late, JJ would spend most of her free time entertaining Henry. The conversations that they would have together were short and casual. They didn't really talk about anything anymore unless it pertained to Henry. He continued to get to know Gabby, even though he knew it was wrong to do this to JJ. But as far as he was concerned, their relationship was over.

He realized that things were not going to work out with JJ. It was only a matter of time before one of them wised up to that fact and had the courage to end it for good.

That time came one afternoon, when JJ stormed into the house without so much as a glance to Henry or himself. She made a sprint for the stairs and hurried into their room. By the time he was able to catch up to her, their room looked like a tornado had blown through it. He tried asking her what was wrong, only to receive a clipped reply saying that Emily was in trouble. When Will tried to get her to explain more, that maybe he could have done something to help, JJ just kept asking about a long bright orange envelope that she left on the dresser. He told her that he put it in the drawer, not wanting her to lose it when she left for work this morning. The blond then threw open the drawer and ran downstairs. And after a quick goodbye to Henry, she sped out of the door. But not before telling him that she would be at the BAU for the next couple of days, helping them with a case.

Will had known that Emily and JJ were close. The brunette agent had even stopped by while he was in New Orleans and saw her for a couple of hours, according to JJ. Whatever was going on with his fiancee's former coworker must have been real bad if it got JJ in a frenzy like this. But he was also curious as to why JJ would lose her cool in the way that she had.

For as long as he had known his fiancee, JJ was always cool, composed and seemingly fearless in the face of the horrors she saw day in and day out. Most times, he wondered how she could do what she did every day and not want to eat her gun. Today, when he briefly looked into the blond's eyes, he terror was one of the things that he saw there. He also saw sorrow and regret, as well as something else. Something that he would not understand for another few weeks, when JJ returned from her assignment in London.

Three days later, he understood the terror in JJ's eyes as he watched the Nightly News report segment on the death of Emily Prentiss, FBI Agent and daughter of Ambassador Elizabeth Prentiss. At the hands of Ian Doyle, who had escaped the FBI raid on one of his warehouses. It happened to be playing when JJ walked back through the door with slumped shoulders and darken red rimmed eyes. She only got a couple of steps through the door before he rushed over and caught her slumping form before she hit the floor. He held her as tightly as his arms would allow as she fell apart in his arms. Will had been thankful that Henry was a deep sleeper and could not hear his mother's cries.
The week after she returned home, JJ insisted on going to Emily's funeral alone. She said that she wanted Henry to only have happy memories of his Aunt Emily and that it wasn't necessary for him to see her in a casket. He tried to argue that it would be good for him to get closure and understand that his Aunt wasn't coming back. But JJ had told him about the facial injuries that Emily had sustained. She didn't want to upset Henry with it, so that was why it was best for them to stay here. When the blonde came back hours later, she grabbed Henry out of his lap and took him upstairs and cuddled with him in their bed. Will slept on the couch and talked to Gabby all night about JJ. And how he was worried about her. Gabby assured her that she'll get better with a little time and he told her that he hoped so.

The next morning, JJ tells him that she has to go to London for some State Department assignment and that she wouldn't be back until next week. He didn't quite believe her, but knew that they were both too physically and emotionally spent to question it. He nods at her and watches as she walks out the door. He doesn't know what prompted him to do it, but Will ended up going to the attic, grabbed a few of his suitcases and started to pack his things. He called Gabby and told him that he would be back home permanently as soon as JJ came back from her assignment. It was time for him to leave and let JJ have the life that she wanted to have. A life that obviously wouldn't include him in it.

Will spent the next week with his boy, knowing that this would be one of the last times he would be able to do so for a while. He treasured that time with Henry and made sure that the week was the happiest for his son. They went to the zoo, took him on his first go cart. And they spent the weekend in their underwear watching cartoons and eating cereal. When Monday came, he kissed the top of Henry's long blond hair and told him he loved him no matter what happened. To which the boy happily nodded as he fell asleep by his daddy's side.

When JJ returned, she seemed more hollow and empty than she had before she left. He knew that she would not tell him what was wrong if he asked and would go on, pretending to be fine. She didn't even looked surprised when she walked in to find the suitcases. Will told her he was going back home and JJ nodded in understanding. She even told him to send her best to Gabby and to thank her for the flowers she sent for Emily's funeral. Will turned around and hugged JJ, who tried to give his ring back to him. He politely declined and told her that it was a gift, that he didn't want it back. He kissed her temple and looked around their former home together. And before he walked out of the door, Will advised a tearful JJ that she should find her bliss and do what makes her happy. Even if she couldn't be with the person who made her happy anymore. Even if the possibility of being with Emily wasn't an option anymore.

That evening, he left for New Orleans and Gabby was happily waiting for him at the airport. They kissed and headed back to her place to start their new lives together. He got his job back with the NOLA police department after promising to buy around of drinks for the boys. A few months later, he proposed to Gabby in the spring. The following summer, they were married in front of their friends, family, Henry as the ring bearer along with JJ. And surprisingly enough, every member of the BAU. Agent Rossi even offered up one of his vacation homes in Cape Cod as a honeymoon present.

Nearly a year later, they found out they were expecting a child of their own. The first of many, he secretly hoped, not that he would ever tell Gabby that. She had told him that she refused to be a baby making machine for the detective and he was just fine with that. They moved out of her apartment and found a nice four bedroom house in a quiet neighborhood a couple of months ago. Luckily for them, the BAU happened to be working a case around the area and they offered to help them move.
in. They told them the news of their pregnancy and everyone seemed thrilled for them.

Even JJ gave him a bright smile with a fond congratulations to both of them and ended it with a crack about how fertile he was. Garcia offered to come down there a couple of months ago to help decorate the nursery. She had a color scheme for the room picked out and ready to go for when she got there. Last week, she sent Gabby the color scheme and the brunette urged him to take a few days off to work on the nursery with her and beat Garcia to the punch. He laughed at his wife’s suggestion, but suddenly stopped when he realized that the brunette was not kidding around. Knowing Garcia, he knew that the scheme would be as out there as its creator. So he relented and managed to talk his boss into using a few weeks out of his vacation time that he had saved up.

For the next week, he would be at Gabby's beck and call, hopefully for other things that have nothing to do with painting as well. At least that was what the detective was hoping for.

Unfortunately for Will, his job had other plans.

The French horns blare from the dresser, where his phone currently sat. He opened his eyes dug his head deeper into Gabby's brunette locks, doing his best to ignore the noise. Whoever was calling would just have to wait a couple of hours. After four rings, the horns stop and Will closed his eyes once again.

The horns started up again and the detective reluctantly lets his wife go. His left arm reaches out for the white Iphone. Through his sleep filled eyes, he tries to look at the caller id.

“Answer that damn thing, mari.” Gabby tiredly tells him, her voice thick with sleep. He leaves a lingering kiss on her cheek and rolls over onto his back, placing the phone to his ear.

“Lamontagne.” he croaks out, his accent a little more thicker than usual.

“Will, I need you down here now. We got a situation.” his partner Beau urgently tells him.

“Dammit Beau, you know that I'm s'ppose to on vacation for the next couple of weeks.” Will said, turning over to the side facing his dresser. “Why can't you find someone else to go with you.”

“ I know that but this is important, it's about the Flanagan case. Another body turned up at the house.”

Will sits up looking quizzically at the new information his partner had just told him. A few months ago, they received a nine-one-one call from the Flanagan residence. His wife, Shelly Flanagan, woke up to find that her husband had not gone to bed that night. She immediately heads to his study in the basement, not thinking anything of it at the time. According to her, Duncan's study was practically his second home. She hears the sound of one of his Tom Waits records blasting throughout the study. When she walks in there to turn the music off. She shrieks in horror to find her husband tied to his chair, with a ball gag in his mouth and a gunshot wound to the temple. As well as one other on his thigh and another to the abdomen. According to the medical examiner, Duncan Flanagan had been dead since nine pm the previous night. Will noticed that there was a four leaf clover that had apparently been branded onto his chest. When he asked Shelly about it, she said that to her knowledge, her husband had never branded himself.

Duncan's murderer left nothing behind that would help them locate them. They were smart enough to wear gloves and take any shell casings and the bullets that were lodged into Duncan with them. They couldn't even find a finger print anywhere in the crime scene or a footprint outside the basement door. When they talked to the neighbors, none of them had seen anyone but Duncan and his family go in and out of the house. One neighbor did hear the sounds of a car engine rumbling, but assumed
that it was just someone passing through the neighborhood. They asked them to give a clear
description of the car, the only thing this neighbor could say was that the car was black.

Will and his partner spent weeks trying to find some sort of break in this case. He was determined to
find this son of a bitch and bring him in, if only for his own piece of mind. He lived four blocks from
where the murder occurred and he was concerned about the safety of his growing family.

Unfortunately after a couple of months, the case grew cold. There were a couple of times when the
southern detective was tempted to give JJ a call and see if there were any other bodies with the clover
branding in the FBI's Vicap database. But he decided against it. At the time, they weren't dealing
with a serial murder, so there was no need to bring the BAU into his case.

Will runs a hand through his hair and sighs. “Have you looked at the body yet?”

“Briefly, but it was kind of difficult to look at the poor son of a bitch from where I was standing.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“The realtor came in about an hour ago, to do some last minute touch ups for the house before the
presentation. She came into the living room and found the unidentified man hanging from the
staircase bannister. There were no traces of blood or footprints and like the Flanagan murder, no one
saw the perp enter the house.”

Will sighs in frustration then turned his head to look at his wife and brushed back a strand of her dark
locks behind her ear. It looks like their baby vacation would have to wait a little while longer.

“Okay. Did you find anything else, B?” Will asks, moving his legs to the side of the bed.

“The body had a four leaf clover branded onto his chest like Flanagan. Except it's on the right side of
his chest.”

“Alright. I'll be at the house in a few. Make sure to leave the body as is and don't have the ME cut
em down until I can get a good look at em.” he orders his partner.

“See you soon. And sorry about the vacation Will. I know you was looking forward to it.”

“That's alright Beau. Like my ex used to say, psychopaths nevah sleep or take a holiday.”

Will hangs up the phone and sets it back down on the dresser. He sits down with his head hung low
in thought. He hated that this son of a bitch could slip in and out without being caught. What was he,
Spiderman or something? They could look at this new body, but he knew they wouldn't find a damn
thing that would help them. And the guy was probably long gone by now and out of their
jurisdiction.
Maybe he should give JJ that call after all.

His thoughts cease when he feels a kiss on his bare shoulder. Two arms wrap around his neck from
behind and he feels his wife's swollen belly on his spine.

“Call her, Mari. You know that she and the team will be happy to help.” she says kissing along the
inside of his neck.
“Was planning on it, cherie.” he said, turning his head, kissing her. When they pull apart, he cups her cheek. “You know I don't wanna go right?”

Gabby nods. “But it'll drive you crazy not to know who did this and why. A crazy, brooding Will is not exactly the kind I or our little girl want to have to deal with. So go.”

She kisses him once again, this time lingering on his lips longer than the last. When they break the kiss, he leans in further and rubs his nose into hers. “How in the hell does a son of a bitch like get lucky to have someone like you in his life?”

“Luck of the Lamontagnes I guess.” Gabby jokes and he laughs lightly along with her. She slaps him on the back and playfully shoves him out of the bed.

Will makes his way to the bathroom, hoping upon hope that Beau had a steaming, extra large mug of coffee and a few donuts waiting for him at the scene.

9:30 am
FBI headquarters, Quantico Virginia
Penelope Garcia's lair

The normally bubbly and effervescent technical analyst, Penelope Garcia, sat slumped over one of her babies. She had spent a majority of the night before skyping with mister wonderful. After nearly two weeks of missed calls and promises to catch up each other, he finally managed to catch her on the video calling program. He didn't go into detail about his latest assignment, since it was technically classified information. But he did tell her about his close call the other day with an IED exploding a few yards away from his convoy. His bosses gave him the rest of the day off and he wanted to spend it with his girlfriend, which made the blond secretly swoon.

She caught him up on everything that was going on at the office and excitedly told him about how she was teaching Rossi how to make a vegan friendly version of a fettuccine dish. He came into her office a couple of days ago, asking for some information and stole a bit of the fettuccine that she made last night in for lunch, while she went to print out his stuff. When she came back into the room, he had a mouthful of noodles in his mouth and some sauce on his beard. He asked her what it was and she told him it was a vegan fettuccine. He reluctantly conceded that this was the best he's had in a while and convinced her to come to over to his place and give him the recipe. When they were done, they kicked back with their food, a nice malt and Louis Armstrong serenading them with his trumpet. He also tried to get her to tell him who this mystery guy is. Mr. Wonderful laughed heartily and got a real kick out of the older agent's antics.

Garcia couldn't believe how well things were going so well with this guy. He was her complete and total opposite in every way, especially personality wise. But for some reason, they managed to make it work. They spent the rest of the night talking and telling each other how much they missed each other. When Penelope felt herself get tired, he stayed on the line until he was called out by one of his bosses on the assignment. She only managed to get about forty-five minutes of sleep before she found herself quickly throwing an outfit on with mismatched socks and running out of the door.

The blond has had three cups of coffee and a blueberry muffin, yet that hadn't done anything to give her the energy that she desperately needed for the morning. She hadn't even bothered to go into the bullpen to see the boys and Blake because she didn't have the energy to come up with her usual witty barbs and comebacks. So she went straight to her office and booted up her babies. She closed her
eyes when the first screen came to life and was snoring by the time the main monitor sprung to life. Garcia didn't hear the click-clacking of the liaison's black heels of her best friend entering into her domain.

Wearing her dark navy blue shirt, black work slacks and one of Emily's old black and silver watch turned on the inside, JJ walked into the door way of the Garcia's office. The blond liaison had been there since seven thirty this morning, getting back to various detectives who wanted consultations on their cases. She had gotten through a majority of the cases on her desk, with profiles on the guys that they were looking for and politely telling them that they would not need the BAU's assistance. There were a couple of interesting cases on her desk that seemed promising, a string of abductions and murders of female college students in Albuquerque. And a possible serial killer in Sacramento. She was going to hand Morgan and Rossi both files to see if they should give the detectives there the green light.

Every morning at exactly eight-thirty, Garcia would burst into her office and spend nearly an hour gossiping, talking about her mystery guy and talk about JJ's lack of a love life. Trying to convince her to go out on a few dates with her single men and women friends. The quirky technical analyst even managed to get Blake to not so subtly set her up with a few of her older graduate and PHD students. No matter how many times JJ tried to tell both women that she was happy focusing on her jobs and Henry. That she wasn't actively looking for anyone at the moment. Luckily Hotch, Morgan or Rossi would come in and save the day, by telling them that they had a case.

But this morning when she looked up from her file at eight thirty, expecting her loud daily hello sugar plum greeting, JJ became concerned. Either Pen wasn't here today or she was caught up at the office. Wanting to check and see, JJ grabbed the two cups of coffee that she had gotten fro herself and her best friend this morning and made her way down to the office. Along the way, the blond ran into Andersen, who told her that he saw Pen, sleeping in her office.

A predatory smirk appears on the blond's lips as she thanks the agent for the tip and makes her way to technical analyst's lair. When she gets to the doorway, JJ makes sure to take smaller steps being careful not to disturb the other sleeping blond. She steps behind her big black chair, listening as Pen turns her head into the opposite direction and snorts. The liaison shakes her head at her best friend and maneuvers her arm around the chair, setting the coffee away from the analyst's precious computers.

A chorus of snores suddenly erupts from the chair and JJ has to do everything within her power to not bust out laughing. She takes her free hand and brushes it lightly against the analyst's neck.

“AHHH!” the technical analyst screams as she jolts awake.

The liaison watches as her best friend suddenly jumps out of her seat and hits JJ's coffee with her purple sweater clad arm. The coffee tumbles all over her dark shirt and Penelope manages to knock her own mug onto the floor. Even though the profiler hadn't anticipated her own coffee being spilled, Garcia's reaction had made it worth it. She smiles and laughs wildly at her best friend's over reaction.

The technical analyst turns around, scowling at her best friend, which causes JJ to laugh harder.

“Not funny Jareau! Especially not after the last case with that creepazoid!” Garcia remands the snorting blond. She reaches over to her desk drawer and pulls out a medium sized hand towel. She shoves it into her best friend's hands and turns her chair around to face the media liaison.
“Sorry Pen. Just couldn't help myself.” JJ says, after she manages to calm down a little. She wipes the coffee off of her shirt and throws the towel back, with it landing in Garcia's lap. “I take it you had a long night with the mysterious stranger.”

“Only to you sugarplum and yes, it was amazing.” Garcia tells her with a dreamy smile and gaze on face. “He was amazing as well. And dreamy.”

“Aww, did the oracle of Quantico experiment with 'skyping' last night.” JJ said, wiggling her eyebrows only to have the towel thrown back in her face.

“No way my dirty bird. Get that pretty little head of yours out of the gutter.” Garcia leans further back into the chair. “Besides, there were way too many people around him to even think about 'skyping'. I am a lot of things, but unfortunately for you, exhibitionist is not one of them.”

“That's a shame because I so was looking forward to living vicariously through you.” JJ says cheekily as she walks over to the other chair and sits down in it. She lies back and turns it to face Garcia.

“You wouldn't have to live vicariously through me, if you would stop being so damn picky.” JJ shrugs her suggestion off. JJ knew that at some point and time, she would have to accept the fact that Emily was gone and move on already. She just wasn't sure if she was ready to do it right now. It was easy for everyone to tell her to move on with her life, it's all the blond has heard since her relatively amicable split with Will. If only the team knew the real reason why dating someone was not an option. JJ couldn't help but think that for being some of the best team of profilers on the country, they really did suck when it came to understanding each other's romantic entanglements.

The media liaison felt silly pining over someone that she never actually had the chance to date but for some reason, she couldn't help herself. She looks down at the minute hand of the watch to avoid Garcia's concerned gaze.

The technical analyst scoots her chair closer to her best friend and puts a comforting hand on her shoulder and before she could voice her concerns, the media liaison's phone chirped. She looks down at the Iphone and sees that it's a text message with the name Cajun highlighted. Will

Are you busy? Can you voice conference wit me right now? Its an emergency- Will.

JJ scrunches her eyebrows in concern, wondering what was going on. It couldn't possibly have anything to do with Henry, since he was fine when she dropped him off this morning. Maybe Gabby was in trouble. Whatever it was, it must have been important enough for him to text her on his week off.

Yeah sure. Whenever you're ready-JJ

She exits out of the messenger and taps the on video conferencing application. She sits back and waits for her ex to appear on the screen.

“Is there something going on with Will?” Garcia asks worriedly.

“I don't yet. He said it was an emergency and that he needed to conference with me ASAP.” JJ replies as she is lifting the phone high enough for the technical analyst to see.
“I hope everything’s alright with Gabby’s alright and not having any complications or anything.”

“Me too, Garcia. The fifth month is always the hardest.” JJ said sympathetically. She remembers wanting anyone to use the jaws of life to get Henry out of her by the fifth month of her pregnancy. The doctor had wanted to place her on bed rest for the duration of it, but JJ and Will both agreed that would not work at all.

Before she had a chance to think about her pregnancy any longer, the stubbly face of her ex fiance appears on the screen. He gives her a warm smile, which he returns.

“Hey dawling.” Will greets in a drawl.

“Hey you.” JJ said, leaning back into the chair. She notices that his eyes are red and he looked a bit hungover. “Long night with the wife?”

Will chuckles. “ I wish sunshine. My morning’s been longer than my evening ever was. What about you? Looking good as usual.”

“Thank you kindly, sir.” JJ mocks, mimicking his accent but failing miserably as he shakes his head at her. “I didn't get in until about two. Your son wanted to see the midnight showing of Captain America:The Winter Soldier last night with his Uncle Derek and Uncle Reid. And I couldn't say no or get out of it.”

“Sucks for you, Jareau. Being around all that testosterone that is.” he chuckles. “Did he have a good time, at least?”

“He should have. He fell asleep in my lap as soon as that camp in New Jersey blew up. He didn't wake up again until the last twenty minutes or so of the movie.”

“Aww, our little man isn't quite ready to appreciate a boys night out yet.” Will says, adjusting the web cam a little.

“Thank god. I'd be in real trouble then.” JJ replies a little relieved.

“As much as I'm enjoying this cute little banter going on right, I'd like to be a part of it.” Garcia says impatiently, standing up and leaning over the arm of JJ's seat.

Will tilts his head, getting a better look at the technical analyst. He bows his head at the other blond and smiles.

“I apologize for my rudeness oh great Oracle of Quantico. How are ya hun?”

“All is forgiven my Cajun prince.” Garcia says with a grin. “How are our Cajun princesses doing? Is everything alright with them?”

Will sighs. “Other than being mildly annoyed with this case that I'm currently working interfering with my vacation, they're doing just fine. Lily started kicking the other day and I'm starting to think we got another soccer player in the family.” he finishes, winking at JJ, causing the media liaison to laugh.

“That's good to know.” JJ tells him earnestly. She was happy that Will had found what he wanted and that can still be friends. “So, what's the emergency about? Why did you need a conference right now?”

Will sighs deeply, thinking that it was now or never. Running a hand through his hair, he stares into
the camera with a solemn look in his eyes.

“A few months ago, there was a murder about four blocks south of Gabby and I’s home. The man’s name was Duncan Flanagan, retired from a successful shipping company.”

“That's terrible.” Garcia says, receiving a nod from Will in response.

“It was. His wife, Shelly Flanagan, found him tied up with a ball gag in his mouth, in his basement study. His record player blasting music from the night before, loud enough to wake the neighbors. Unfortunately for him, Duncan and his wife had the basement sound proofed when they moved into the house twenty years ago for that reason. Flanagan took a gunshot to the thigh, one to the abdomen and a kill shot to the temple. He had been there since nine pm last night, the last time his wife saw him alive.”

“Did the unsub use a silencer?” JJ asks.

“Think so. It woulda been the only way they could kill em without his family hearing the gun go off. Problem is, we couldn't run a ballistics test to find out.”

The media liaison looks on in confusion. “And why couldn't you run ballistics.”

“Because, the unsub as y'all call it, didn't leave anything behind. No bullets, no shell casings. They took those wit them when they left.”

JJ and Garcia share a quizzical gaze before turning back into the tiny camera of the Iphone.

“ You mean to tell me that there were no finger prints, no DNA anywhere in the basement?” JJ asks skepticaly.

“That's exactly what I'm saying. Crime scene unit dusted that basement and the perimeter around it from top to bottom and didn't find a damn thing.” Will said frustrated.

“Did you speak with the neighbors?” JJ asks.

“Every single one of em. None of them saw anyone outside of Duncan, his wife and two daughters enter the house. The one neighbor who did notice anything only heard the sound of a car engine and said that the car was black, from what they could see from behind.”

“We worked the case for a couple more months until my boss told me to mark it cold for now. The Flanagans moved out of that neighborhood soon after and his wife put the house up for sale. There was s'ppose to be an open house this afternoon but something else happened.”

The profiler nods. “Which is why you wanted the conference call.”

Will smiles a little, in spite of the way this conversation had gone. “You know me so well, sugah.”
The two women sit back and absorb the information.

“Was this guy shot too?” JJ asks.

“No. According to the ME’s preliminary report, the second man was strangled about two days ago. His body had gone into rigor. I’ll fax over the reports and crime scene photos to you when we’re done.”

“What makes you think that these two cases are related?” Garcia asks.

“Are you in a position to open your email, Penelope?” Will asks, with his drawl getting thicker. “I’ll send you what we found.”

“Give me a couple of seconds my cajun stallion.” Garcia said at the same time she turns her chair away from them and onto her main monitor. She starts typing an address into the browser for the FBI’s personnel site and inserts her credentials.

“On Flanagan, we found what we initially thought was a tattoo on his chest.” Will explains as Garcia gets into her email and opens the email from Will. “The medical examiner said that it wasn't a tattoo, but some kind of branding. Cecilia believes that it was done post-mortem.”

Garcia clicks on the photos and enlarges them. “The first one, the tanned looking one, belongs to Flanagan. The pale one I took this morning from our unidentified man.”

“Both of these were done post postmortem?” JJ asks.

“Yeah.” They watch a younger detective tap Will on the shoulder and hand him a file. He skims through it before closing it again.

“Looks like our unidentified fella has a name after all. Michael McFadden of Georgetown DC.”

Garcia's eyes perk up in recognition. “Wait a minute, owner of McFadden's place?”

Will nods at them and JJ's eyes look down at the watch.

“We took Emily there for her last birthday. Before Doyle.” JJ notes quietly. She manages to put a little bite into Doyle's name as she says it.

“What was he doing in New Orleans?” Garcia asks, diverting the conversation for her best friend's sake.

“No idea. Maybe a last minute trip or something. Hard partying going horribly wrong.” he suggests. “Tends to happen a lot here.”

JJ turns away from the tiny camera and over to the technical analyst.

“Garcia, can you run a background check on our two victims. See if they have anything connecting them at all? And can you run the clovers through Vicap, in case there are other bodies matching the branding?”

“You got it my liege. Give me a few minutes to work my magic. And you'll have everything you need.” Garcia said as she begins running her background check. JJ nods and turns back to Will.

“Why are you telling us about this case just now?” JJ asks curiously.
“Cause, I thought we'd get a break or something before we involved the BAU. But so far, we got nada.”

Will's partner Beau walks up to him and he turns his back to the camera. They talk for a couple of moments before Will faces the camera once again.

“Sorry to cut this call short, Jajaye, but my wife is here with breakfast.” Will said apologetically. “But I'm coming up there this weekend to hand you all the physical evidence personally, in case y'all decide to take the case.”

“I'll talk to Morgan and see if we'll work this case or not. It's his turn to wear Hotch's big boy pants for the next two weeks.” JJ cracks. “I can't guarantee that he'll go for it though.”

“Those are some pretty big pants to fill. Don't envy the poor guy at all.” Will chuckles. “Whateveah help you can give me on this case is appreciated. Take care, dawling and send Henry my love.”

“I will. Later Will.” JJ says before she disconnects the call and sets the phone down on the desk. She narrows her eyes to examine the brandings on the screen. They were definitely the same symbol, a four leaf clover, but the profiler noticed a few subtle differences to the brandings that Will might not have picked up on at first glance.

On Flanagan's, it looked like his branding was applied precisely. The lines were done perfect and the unsub didn't make any mistakes. It probably didn't take the unsub much, if any time at all to apply it and if Duncan had been alive, it wouldn't have hurt as much to put it on.

McFadden's clover was a different story though. The same precision that the unsub applied to Flanagan's clover remained the same. But it looks like the unsub took their time applying McFadden's and repeatedly went over it over and over again, until McFadden's looks more like a burn than a tattoo.

Whoever did this must have been pretty pissed off with McFadden.

“Garcia, can you blow these up and print them off for me?” JJ asks, not taking her eyes off of the screen.

“Sure.” Garcia said as she completes JJ's request while the media liaison stands up and goes to the printer. As she's doing that, the flatscreen on her left starts beeping, where she was running a search through Vicap. She moves over to the left and pulls up the results. Reading through the results, Garcia's eyes widen and a gasp escapes from her lips.

“Oh dear. This is not going to be pretty.”

JJ sits back down with the photos in hand. “Are homicides ever really pretty, Garcia?”

“No, but this looks like a hot damn mess.” Garcia focuses her attention on one result in particular. Dated March 4, 2011. “There were approximately sixteen bodies with four leaf clover seared on post postmortem, like our two gentleman in New Orleans. Three in New York, six in Boston, two in LA and four right here in DC.”

“Great, we're dealing with a possible serial killer whose mobile. Those are always fun.” JJ said sarcastically.

“It's gets more fun from there sugar.” Garcia says solemnly. “One of the bodies, it wasn't actually seared on. It was a tattoo.” JJ looks at her inquisitively and starts to ask her what that's about.

Only to be interrupted when the technical analyst turns in her chair to face her.
“Do you remember the name Byron Delaney?”

JJ frowns. “Vaguely, but remind me anyway. What does he have to with this case?”

“While you were working in the State Department, we got a case involving the murders of two families. One looked like a murder-suicide, while the other was a gas leak. Turns out we had it wrong and they were cover ups. Later on, we found out that the victims worked for some secret international security organization. Specifically, the one that was responsible for Ian Doyle's capture and imprisonment.” Garcia said quietly. “Delaney was the handler for JTF-12.”

Blue eyes widen in shock and disbelief. It couldn't be, not after two years of nothing but the occasional unconfirmed sightings and dead ends.

“The group Prentiss worked with before she came to the BAU,” the media liaison says quietly.

“Precisely doll.” Garcia said sadly. “Hotch sent Morgan and Prentiss to interview Delaney, only to be ambushed by Doyle and his men when they got there. Emily managed to shoot one of his henchmen in the knee, taking him down. Doyle managed to finish him off but not before shooting off his tattoo. Reid managed to recreate it from parts left on his skin. It was a four leaf clover.” She pulls up the unidentified man's tattoo for JJ to see it.

“This looks exactly like the ones branded onto our victims in New Orleans.” JJ points out.

The blonds sit in silence for a few moments, mulling over the possibility that Doyle has returned and what it could mean for them and for Declan. Would he try to finish what he started with Prentiss and come after the rest of the members of the BAU and the people that they loved? Would he come after the people that they loved, like he had with the JTF-12 until he got what he wanted, Declan?

Jareau, you can't think like that. This could still all be a coincidence. The media liaison takes a deep breath and quickly composes herself. She stands up and makes her way to the door.

“Garcia I need everything that you can find on our New Orleans victims in my office ASAP and don't work anything else until you do. If they have any possible connection to Doyle at all, I want to know about it. This is our priority right now.” JJ orders. “I'm going to talk to Derek about this.”

“You got it.” Garcia says turning around and starts working on the other victims while the background searches continue to run for McFadden and Flanagan. The media liaison walks out of the office but stops as she remembers something.

“Garcia.”

The technical analyst turns around and glances at JJ. “Yeah?”

“Don't tell the others yet. Let's keep this between the two of us and Morgan.” JJ requests quietly.

Garcia nods, understanding exactly where her friend was coming from and goes back to work. While secretly hoping that this will be the break that they were looking for. If this in fact Doyle announcing that he is back and ready for round two, the team would be better prepared to face him than they had the last time.

10:30 am
The dark figure stands motionless in front of the mirror gazing at their reflection. They hadn't bothered to take off the mask after McFadden. They were too ashamed to look at themselves after the red head was killed.

The figure hadn't meant to strangle him in the manner that they had, but something inside of them just snapped when he saw the way that he treated that girl. Suddenly any remorse that the figure may have had for what was about to happen to McFadden evaporated. He felt no remorse for what he had done to that girl. And the figure was sure that he felt that way about anything else he may have done to the people he killed. The many families who received their presumably missing loved ones dismembered in bags or disposed of in dumpsters. All for what, making a deal with the devil? But why should he feel guilt or remorse? McFadden was living the good life on the blood spilt of others. As far as he was concerned, he was living his happily ever after and he was foolish enough to think of himself as invincible. At least until he met me that is.

Their boss is not going to like the fact that they had showed a moment of weakness and lost control. The figure was expecting a call from the burner charging into the wall at any time saying as much and probably more. The dark figure gazes into the mirror like all the times they had before, and found that as each day passes, it was getting that much harder to look at the mask staring back at them. They didn't know how much longer they could keep this up without coming completely unhinged. They needed to end this soon and the figure knew that they could not wait on their bosses' say so to do it.

It was why they took Flanagan back to New Orleans and hung him in their last victim's home. The figure hoped that someone in the New Orleans homicide would be smart enough to connect the dots and link the murders together. That would definitely piss the bosses off for sure.

The dark figure looks over to the picture that is taped on the bathroom mirror. It was a little blond boy, dressed in a Captain America costume, sprawled tiredly across his beautiful mother's shoulder. He had seen them in the movie theater and waved happily in their direction. The mother and the two men who were with her, a scrawny man wearing a sweater vest and a blazer. And a tall, muscular, good looking black man cleanly shaven. They probably wrote off the wave as excitement for the upcoming movie. He had told the figure, during one of their night visits, that he was excited to go see it with his mommy, Uncle Derek and Uncle Reid. Then he proceeded to pretend to be the superhero while the figure watched from the chair. The figure watched the boy playing happily and felt something other than the pain, anger and sorrow their job brought them, joy. Whenever the dark figure could, they would visit the boy and watch him play. Sometimes, they would quietly join the boy in his roleplaying.

The dark figure strokes the picture tenderly, suddenly renewed with purpose and commitment to what they have to do, even if it did rip a piece of them in two every time. The figure was filled with hope that they would get to see the young boy in the light of day instead of the shadows of the night and everything would be out in the open in due time.

The phone buzzes and then rings with a familiar standard ringtone, causing the figure to sorrowfully step away from the mirror and the picture.

Time to go to work. Again.
Debriefings

The media liaison strides quickly down the walkway of the now crowded bullpen, staring straight ahead and paying little attention to her surroundings. She ignores the warm greeting from Anderson who only shrugs at her retreating figure. When she get to the team's work station, she doesn't notice the two brunette doctors nearby looking up from their daily crossword puzzle and glancing in her with intrigue as she moves past them. JJ would have continued on to Morgan's office, had she not felt the paper ball smack the back of her head.

She turns around with a steely gaze, ready to chew out the person who did it, when she notices the mop top, light brown hair of one Spencer Reid bury himself further into the crossword book. Today he was wearing his plaid sweater vest with a blazer and blue skinny jeans ensemble to go with it. He looks up at her then bashfully turns back to the puzzle in his hand, avoiding the blond at all cost. Blake, who is wearing a black blazer and pants, along with a white blouse with the first two buttons undone. The new agent was doing her best not to give the other doctor up, by looking away from the media liaison and stifling her laughter behind her hand.

JJ smiles and shakes her head at the two doctors' antics as she walks over to Reid's chair. Blake and Reid really were two peas in a pod. The blond was happy that the young doctor had someone on the team that he could relate to better on the team, that fortunately enjoyed the same things that the young doctor had unsuccessfully tried to get the rest of them to enjoy.

“Spence.” JJ greets, taking the opportunity to ruffle his messy brown locks, making the young doctor squirm and sink further into his black leather chair. She steps away from Reid, who goes back to his crossword with a small smile on his face. While the media liaison takes that as her cue to turn her attention towards the linguist sitting with her ankle boots crossed together on Reid's desk. She gives the doctor a tight smile. “Blake.”

Alex smiles, nodding and waves lightly at the liaison. “JJ. How's your morning going?”

“I've had better, honestly.” JJ says hesitantly, as she thinks about Will's case and the possible link to Doyle. The liaison acts quickly, as not to arouse any suspicion from the two doctors, and switches her thoughts over to her little star instead.

“But you should see Henry. Poor kid could barely keep his head up at breakfast this morning. I felt so bad for him that I was tempted to give him my morning expresso shot before school.”Blake and Reid laugh lightly at the blond's story.

“I take it he won't be up for anymore midnight showings with Morgan and Reid anytime soon?” Blake asks the blond.

JJ chuckles. “Thankfully, not in the foreseeable future. I think he'll stick to matinees for a while.”

“Isn't that right, Spence?” JJ turns and steels her eyes to the young doctor. She smiles before whacking him in the back of the head with the folder.

“Ouch!” Reid said, rubbing his head a little. “Whatever you say JJ. As long as it keeps me from getting hit like that again. Do you know how sensitive the occiput of the skull can be?”

“Oh yeah, it's very sensitive.” the blond said sarcastically “I'm sure yours will be just fine, egghead.” JJ brushes him off, and pats him in the back of the head for good measure. This time, Reid had been
expecting her attack, so he playfully pushes her hand away from his head.

“Consulting on a new case?” Blake asks, finally taking notice of the file, instantly halting the two agent's roughhousing. It had the official FBI seal incased on the front. It looked a little too thin to be a new case, so the linguist figured that it had to be a consult.

JJ's playful expression disappears and her mood sobers again as the liaison remembers what she was supposed to be doing. She briefly glances down at the file and bites a part of her lip.

Outside of Garcia, the rest of the team weren't aware of the fact that herself, Morgan and Garcia have been looking for Doyle off the clock for the last two and a half years. The media liaison had her suspicions that Rossi know what they were doing. But as far as the three of them knew, Reid, Hotch and Blake were still in the dark about their investigation. They had quietly taken over the tips line from Anderson that Hotch had set up after Prentiss' death.

The three of them chipped in and got Anderson every Star Trek television series that they could find as payment for the hesitant agent's silence. The three of them would alternate going over to each other's places, whenever they weren't away on a case, filtering through and organizing each and every tip that came in about Doyle. Over the last two and a half years, the three agents were only able to confirm about twenty of those sightings that could possibly be Doyle, at least until today.

JJ makes a note to herself to have Morgan and Garcia go through those tips and eliminate the ones that coincide with the dates of their possible victim's deaths.

The two agents and analyst kept the team in the dark because they didn't want to get anyone's hopes up about successfully finding and capturing Doyle. From what they knew of him, based on the limited profile given to them by Interpol, he didn't seem like the type of guy who would surrender easily or be taken into custody alive. If they did happen to get lucky one day and find Doyle's location, he could still have contacts around the city that would likely give him a heads up about them finding him. There was a good chance that by the time they got clearance to go after him and put together a SWAT team to raid his location, he would be out of the state before they had the opportunity to knock down his door.

The three of them were also concerned of what kind of toll their investigation could have on Reid, JJ especially. Out of everyone on the team, the young genius had taken Emily's death the hardest and he was just starting to come around from it all.

Before JJ came back to the BAU, Reid had come to her during the team's annual evaluations and expressed his interest in requesting a transfer to another unit within the FBI. He figured that since he couldn't protect Emily in the same way that she had always protected him, then there was no point to being in the BAU anymore. He felt that if the team could not see that one of their own was in trouble and protect them accordingly, then how were they supposed to protect the public from unsubs? Luckily, JJ was able to convince him to stay with the team. It didn't hurt that he was the second person, behind Rossi, that knew of her return to the BAU.

Reid had made such progress in the last two years, in accepting Emily's death. He started working on his masters for psychology and has even started dating a woman named Maeve within the last month or so. JJ had feared that if they did include him in the investigation and they never capture Doyle, the blond didn't want the young doctor to blame himself for it and cause him to regress back to the dark place that he was in before. She would never forgive herself if he lost everything he had gained recently because they had decided to get his hopes up and they weren't successful.
A part of the blond also protected Reid because still carried the burden of knowing that Emily managed to stay alive for a year and four months before her true death, in the name of keeping the brunette safe. Reid would never understand that she and Hotch couldn't tell anyone that she was really alive. He would be furious and she would lose a friend and the little brother she never had in the process. The liaison had already lost one person that she cared about, she wasn't about to lose another over something that didn't matter anymore.

So JJ did what she always did whenever Reid or Blake would catch her working on the Doyle case. Lie through her teeth.

“Not really.” JJ said cooly, her lie temporarily placating the doctors before her, as she slightly holds up the folder. “This may be our new case, at least it will be once I sell Morgan on it.”

“That's rather unusual. It looks like there's barely anything in there.” Reid says, pointing to the flimsy file in the liaison's hands.

“You're right about that Spence, there is nothing there.” JJ confirms. “According to Will, there was no trace evidence left at the scene and the causes of death for both victims were different. The only two things connecting them is that they were both branded with the same symbol postmortem and victim number two was found in victim number one's old house.”

“Sounds like that is going to be a fun one to work.” Blake said sarcastically, nodding the liaison's direction.

JJ smiles and chuckles lightly. “I know, right.”

“Actually that sounds like it might be intriguing.” Reid adds excitedly, leaning forward in his seat. He reaches out for the folder. “Do you mind if I take a look at the pictures? Maybe I could offer a bit of insight before you go into the lion's den?”

JJ clutches the folder closer to her chest. “That won't be necessary Spence. But thanks for the offer.”

The blond knew that the moment Reid looked at the brandings, he would be able to connect them to Doyle. He had managed to figure out the tattoo on the John Doe that Doyle shot's body. The questions that would follow from the young doctor were not ones that the blond was not ready to answer for yet. At least not until she ran this by Morgan and Garcia, with the three of them deciding where they would go from there.

“I should probably go and give these to Morgan first. Hopefully I'll see you guys in the conference room later for the briefing.” JJ says as she walks hastily away from them and to the hallway leading to Morgan's office. She missed the strange and inquisitive looks that the two doctors were giving her retreating form.

Reid places the crossword on the desk and stares out into the bullpen. He couldn't explain it, but he felt something in the pit of his stomach when JJ was going through the case. JJ's strange behavior and hurried exit had done nothing to calm those worries. He had only felt this foreboding a few times before in his nine years at the bureau. The Foyet case and it's aftermath. The pig farmer. The Fisher King. Tobias Hankel. And the moment he figured out that Emily was Lauren Reynolds, Doyle's endgame.

“What are you thinking?” Blake asks gently with a hint of concern. Reid redirects his gaze towards the other doctor.

“It's nothing, it's ridiculous.” Reid tries to brush off. But when he looks into Alex's concerned eyes,
he feels compelled to tell her. He sighs “We're not even assigned to it yet and I feel like something doesn't feel right about this case. I'm just not sure what that is yet.”

Blake nods, silently agreeing with the mop topped man. “Whatever that is, I'm sure it'll make more sense if we get the go ahead to work the case.”

The older doctor then picks up the crossword and places it back into Reid's hands.

“Until then, we are going to finish this crossword and start on the Sudoku next.” Blake said as she handed the pen over to Reid.

The young doctor smiles and starts working on the next line with Blake hunched over his shoulder. Even though his worries were still present, he managed to file them away in the back of his mind for now. Right now, he would concern himself with trying to figure out who this Finnish hockey player was and why the New York Times thought this man was relevant to the puzzle.

Leaning comfortably back in his leather chair with his feet kicked up on top of the desk, Morgan closed his eyes and placed his arms behind his head. He was still recovering from the events of the midnight movie premiere with Henry, Reid and JJ. As well as that unexpected, yet very necessary after movie nightcap with the cute brunette honey who sat two seats down from them.

The temporary agent in charge was also celebrating the fact that for the first time since he started working for the BAU, Morgan had no paperwork waiting for him in his incoming folder. His consults were in and sitting neatly among the many, many files that JJ goes through each day. Outside of the night stalker case in Miami two weeks ago, they haven't had a case needing their attention since. As far as he was concerned, life was indeed very good at the moment and he was going to enjoy it to the fullest.

As he drifts off to sleep, his eyes landing on a picture of his smiling mother and sisters from her birthday party last year. He makes a note to ask Cruz, the BAU’s new section chief, for some vacation time within the next week or so to go visit them.

A light knock disrupts his peace, bringing the agent out of his comfort zone. He moves his feet off the desk, turns the chair facing the center of the desk once again and straightens his back in the chair.

Morgan then places his arms on top of the desk preparing himself for his visitor, putting on his mask of professional demeanor.

“Come in” Derek said calling out to whoever was on the other side.

When JJ steps into his office, the sitting agent relaxes his shoulders a bit. His serious expression morphs into a bright smile.

“Hey mama bear.” Morgan greets casually. “How are we doing this fine, fine morning? Hopefully as well as I am, in spite of the late night.” He wiggles his bushy eyebrows, reaches over and lightly slugs her shoulder.

JJ returns the smile, with a brief, tired one of her own and sits down in the chair in front of his desk.

“Yeah well, if I woke up this morning with a naked Karen in my bed, I'd be happy too.” JJ remarks cheekily, winking at Morgan, who chuckles at her. “Instead, I got a cranky five year old who buried
himself under his covers and refused to come out because he didn't want to go to school today. As well as a lovely video chat from his father, all before I had a chance to take a sip out of my morning coffee.”

His playful glint in his eyes evaporates and quickly turns into concern. “Are Will and Gabby doing okay? Is there something wrong with the baby?”

“Will, Gabby and the baby are doing fine.” JJ reassures him. “But he wasn't all that happy to be interrupted the first day of his long vacation to work a case that went cold a few months ago.”

Derek nods in sympathetic understanding. “I can definitely relate to that. You don't know how many dates, that in the last year alone, I’ve had to cancel on because we were working a case. I'm just glad we've finally caught a bit of a break now.”

Morgan looks at her and sees a look of skepticism flash in her eyes before she looks down at the file in front of her. He sighs and looks down at the folder in front of her. So much for that impromptu vacation.

“Will's case is why you're here isn't it?” Derek asks knowingly.

The liaison opens up the folder and pulls out the photos.

“Sorry.” JJ says apologetically as she sets the photos in front of him. He picks up the photo belonging to Duncan Flanagan and starts to examine the branding. The four leaf clover caught his attention immediately. He had come across it a couple of times in the file that he had on Doyle. But it could be just a coincidence. Morgan tries to reassure himself, not wanting to think about what the alternative could mean.

“The victims are two caucasian males in their late fifties, early sixties, killed nine months apart.” JJ tells him, pointing to the picture in his hand.

“The first victim, the one you're holding, Duncan Flanagan, was the owner a successful shipping company as well as a string of warehouses in New Orleans and Baltimore, until his retirement last year. He was killed on July 30th, 2013, at around ten pm. He was found by his wife, Shelly Flanagan, tied up in a chair with a ball gag in his mouth. Flanagan was shot three times once in his left thigh, another one on the right side of his abdomen. The last one was a shot to the temple that killed him instantly.”

“According to her, Duncan had been down there since at least nine pm the following night. It was something he did every night, which is why she hadn't bothered to look for him when he didn't come to bed that night.

None of the neighbors saw anyone else enter and exit the house, outside of Mr and Mrs Flanagan and their sixteen year old daughter, Elle. Any shell casings that came from the gun, the unsub took with them. The basement was cleaned meticulously from top to bottom, leaving nothing behind in the process.”

“Nothing? Are they sure of that?” Morgan asks skeptically.

“Absolutely nothing, according to Will. The medical examiner there couldn't even tell what gun this unsub may have used on Duncan.” JJ said.
Derek puts the photo of Flanagan's branding down and picks up the photo with the paler complexion of Michael McFadden.

“At about five thirty this morning the second victim, Michael McFadden's, body was found in the Flanagan house. The Flanagan's old home was scheduled to be shown for an open house this afternoon.

The realtor found him hanging from the bannister when she came in to do some last minute touch ups. They're still trying to figure out how he got to New Orleans in the first place and how he died. The only way they were able to connect him to Flanagan, besides being found in Duncan's old house is—”

“The brandings.” Derek says finishing the sentence for her. “Were they done pre or post mortem?”

“Post. But take a look at this.” JJ answers, pointing to the lines on Flanagan's design. “Flanagan's branding looks like it was only traced over once.” She then picks up McFadden's branding and they both see red, angry lines that this unsub practically seared into the paler man's body. “McFadden's on the other hand, looks like it was traced multiple times. With the unsub apparently pressing harder into his skin each time.”

Derek nods, agreeing with the blond's assessment. “McFadden must have been more personal for the unsub than Flanagan.”

JJ nods in agreement as Morgan leans back in his chair to think about it for a bit.

“Will's case is a little bit out there, but why do you think this case is BAU case?” Derek said as he handed the pictures back to JJ. He is still a bit skeptical on whether or not they should take this case. He wanted to give the team a bit of a break after all the work they had been doing as of late, in Hotch's absence. He didn't want them to pack up and go to New Orleans unless they had a damned good reason to. “Are there even any other bodies matching this unsub's MO?”

“According to Garcia, there are about sixteen other unsolved murder cases, in which the victims were branded with this clover postmortem over the last two and a half years.” JJ said, watching the dark man's brown eyes widen. “She's looking through Interpol's database as we speak, to see if they have any unsolved cases over there matching this signature.”

“Wow, this unsub has been very busy.” Derek said sighing, knowing that this would most likely be their next case. Guess it's off to the Big Easy, again.

“It gets worse.” JJ says. “One the bodies that came up in Garcia's search, didn't actually belong to a victim.”

Derek scoots up further in his seat. “What?”

JJ sighs, knowing that it was now or never. “The prints matched the body of a John Doe, killed March 3, 2011.”

Derek's eyes widen and his mouth forms an elongated 'oh' in shock and realization. “It can't be.”

“He was one of Ian Doyle's younger recruits and one of the men who shot at you and Prentiss while you were at Byron Delaney's home. He apparently had a four leaf clover tattoo—”

“That Ian shot off as he sped away.” Derek said quietly as he put his hands in his head, slumping into the chair, feeling a rush of rage overcome him.
It's been three years since he last heard the name Byron Delaney or even spoken of that pivotal night before Emily disappeared on them. The night that would ultimately seal her fate and lead her into the inferno of Ian Doyle's wrath.

The dark agent still could not believe that he hadn't seen the signs then. Or even taken note of that night, of the fact that Emily anticipated Doyle's every move at Delaney's house and reacted accordingly. He had been too preoccupied about not being shot at that he did not see the familiarity resting in those expressive brown. Maybe if he had and was able to tell Hotch sooner, that maybe the team would have been able to convince her to stay and accept their help. Maybe she would still be alive today and in her rightful place on the team, like she should have been. She would still be his partner and selfishly, he would still have one of his best friend's around. His conscience would be clear and he would not have to hold her dying hand in his own almost every other night in his nightmares.

For the next few minutes, the two agents sit in an uncomfortable silence. JJ fought the urge to reach across the desk and provide her friend with some comfort, after seeing the conflicting emotions flash across the agent's dark brown eyes. She wanted to tell him that it was not his fault and that Emily would not have blamed him for not knowing about her connection with Doyle and not getting to her in time. The blond would tell him every night that they spent working late at the office and sifting through numerous tips about Ian's supposed whereabouts. She told him each time a tip lead them to another dead end and the loud thundering of the papers being flung across the room in his displaced frustration. Each time Morgan would say that he knows, but the liaison knew that he never really believed it. In those times, JJ had nearly told Derek that Emily was still alive and was okay somewhere, as far as she knew. But now, the blond couldn't even comfort her friend with that thought.

So she sat there patiently, waiting for him to go through whatever he needed to go through to focus again. She had a feeling that this case would finally lead them to their endgame, Ian Doyle. The liaison and Garcia needed Derek's head in this one hundred percent if they were going to finally catch the bastard. They couldn't afford to lose him now.

“Do you really think that these two victims are related to Doyle?” Derek asks looking up at the blond and rubbing his chin a little.

“I wouldn't rule out the possibility. Garcia is still looking into their backgrounds and she should be getting back to me about it soon.” JJ said, but is interrupted when Morgan's office phone starts ringing. He picks up the black phone and puts it to his ear.

“Agent Morgan.” he answers formally.

“Hello my chocolate God of love,” Garcia says as she is typing something into her computer. “Am I interrupting anything or are you always this glad to see me?” A small pout appears on the technical analyst's face.

Morgan smiles wide, in spite of this latest piece of news. Garcia always seem to have that effect on him.

“Hey baby girl. You already know that my mornings don't begin until I hear your lovely voice whispering in my ear.” he says smoothly.
“I know.” Garcia says, crossing one leg over the other in her oversized chair. “I just like hearing you say it from time to time.”

Morgan laughs and he looks at JJ, who playfully rolls her eyes at the exchange. If Garcia wasn't so infatuated with her mystery man, JJ probably would have tried to get those two together once and for all.

“And no, you did not interrupt anything.” Morgan said relaxing into his chair. “JJ and I were discussing the case that Will talked to you two about this morning.”

“You have no idea how perfect that is, my love.” Garcia said excitedly. “Now put me on speaker so that our princess can hear this too.”

Morgan presses a button on his phone, placing the phone on speaker. “You're on speaker now, baby girl, behave.”

“Like I would ever be able to do that with my chocolate adonis and blond goddess of love on the line?” Garcia says flirtatiously. “Jayje!”

Morgan chuckles and JJ finds herself smiling.

“Hey Garcia. What do you have for us on our New Orleans victims? Anything good?” JJ asks.

“It depends on your definition of good, my lovely.” Garcia says apprehensively. “If you mean that there was a possibility that both men were connected to Doyle, then yes they were and it's good for us. Or if you mean good as in both of their records are squeaky and they were practically boy scouts, then I'm afraid not. In fact, I felt like I needed a long, scalding hot shower after reading McFadden's extensive record, that was apparently expunged by a judge months before he came stateside.”

“And what about your Interpol search? Did you get anything hits from them?” JJ asks.

“I certainly did. Interpol has nine open murder cases where the victims were branded postmortem with a four leaf clover, like McFadden and Flanagan. And let tell you, the way this unsub kills their victims is beyond brutal.” Garcia finishes as she shivers slightly in her chair, trying to rid her thoughts of the images that she saw from Interpol's files that would not be leaving her consciousness anytime soon.

“Were they connected to Doyle?” Morgan asks.

“Possibly. It's going to take me a while to get more detailed background information on each of the victims though. But I can give you a comprehensive list of names of the victims we have so far, which I will also send to your respective emails.”

“Go ahead Garcia.” JJ says.

“The Boston victims are: Claire Dunlap, Malcolm McKeen, Victor Montrose, Eva Sinclair and Maureen and Oliver O'Brien. In Los Angeles; Sheamus Nielsen, Timothy McPhee and Marie O'Hare. Right here in DC; Judson Harris, Ethan Hutchinson, Owen McPherson and Scotty Harrelson. And in Interpol's database: Charlotte Pierre, Shane Pearson, Corey Morrison, Jonathan Tierney, Jack Dawson, John McGee, April Hudson and Lionel Coulson.”

“Are they all Irish immigrants?” Morgan asks.
“Half of them were. The others do have relatives that live there, but they were born else where. Like Victor Montrose, who was born and raised in Liverpool, England.”

“Interesting.” Morgan says to JJ. “I still wouldn't rule out any possible associations and connections to the IRA or any paramilitary groups. Garcia, when you get into the victims that we have so far's lives, can you make sure to include that in your search as well?”

“Anything for you my adonis.” Garcia says with a smile.

JJ shrugs off Garcia's comment, while Morgan shakes his head with a smile at the technical analyst's indiscretion.

“So what do we know about Flanagan and McFadden?” JJ asks, getting back to the grim topic at hand. “Is there anything in their pasts that could have possibly connected them to Doyle?”

“With the exception of hailing from Dublin, Ireland and being successful business owners, nothing my sugar plum.” Garcia answers as she puts the information that she has on McFadden and Flanagan on the main monitor. “They literally could not be more different if they tried.”

“Duncan came from an affluent old money family from South Dublin. Graduated from Trinity College's business program at the top of his class for undergrad and Oxford for his MBA. He married Shelly O’Keeffe, also a native of south Dublin, a few days after graduating from Oxford. They have two daughters, Elizabeth Rose, who followed in her mother's footsteps and became a lawyer. She's engaged to her boyfriend of five years and they live in San Francisco. They are expecting their first child in June. The other daughter, Eileen 'Elle' May Flanagan was born in 1998 and is a bit of a piano virtuoso.”

“Elle was the one home when her father was murdered?” JJ asks.

“More than likely. “ Garcia answers “ Flanagan also had an older brother named Gerald, who inherited their father's businesses after his death in 1999. Interestingly enough, Duncan visited his brother a few weeks before he was murdered.”

JJ sat up straighter in the chair, her interest peaked at this new information. Flanagan would have been in Dublin the week that Emily . “Really?”

“Yeah.” Garcia said as she opens up a file containing Flanagan's airline records. “ And it looks like the trip was spur of the moment one. He booked the flight an hour before it was scheduled to take off on the twelfth of June. Strangely, he only ended up staying until the fourteenth before he flew back to New Orleans.”

The media liaison's posture becomes more rigid and her hands ball into a fist as she takes in this information. She remembers being awaken on the morning of the thirteenth by the sound of her phone to a call from Cruz, who happened to be her former boss at the State Department. He told her that there had been a leak within their department and that Leanne Raymond, Emily's cover, had been compromised. A few guys in North Dublin who were still loyal to Doyle, found her and another agent in a nearby pub and attacked them in the back alleyway. According to Cruz, she never stood a chance and bled out quickly from being stabbed several times.

If they were right about Flanagan's connection to Doyle and he was somehow responsible for Emily's death, then JJ was secretly ecstatic that this unsub got to him before she did.

“Yeah, Derek, I'm fine.” JJ replies, brushing off his concern. She turns toward the speaker phone,
“Avoiding the agent's questioning gaze. “What do you have on McFadden, Garcia?”

“Michael McFadden.” Garcia says pulling up the file on the second victim. A black and white picture of an eighteen year old Michael McFadden, looking into the camera with a crooked grin on his freckled face. “Born January 27th, 1955. No kids, that he knew of, never married but he did have plenty of women in his little black book, who had nothing nice to say about him at all. He was collared a few times for theft, public intoxication, attempted murder, aggravated and sexual assault, which he ended up serving five years for.”

“That seems like a pretty light sentence.” Morgan observes.

“He was a juvenile at the time he committed his crimes. The most he could get was reform school before being transferred to an adult prison as soon as he turned eighteen to serve out the rest of his sentence.” Garcia points out. “When he got out at twenty-one on good behavior, McFadden started working as a cook at a diner in the Ballymum neighborhood, according to his former parole officer. He stayed under the radar for about a year and worked there without any complaints.”

“He became a model citizen then?” JJ asked.

“Pretty much.” Garcia confirms. “He reported to his parole officer on time every month. He found a place three months after he got out and kept it squeaky clean. Michael even volunteered every other weekend at one of the homeless shelters nearby.”

“But by June of 1977, he apparently has a change of heart. He walks into his boss' office, hands in his apron and quits without any explanation. His boss was getting ready to promote him to head chef too. A couple of weeks later, his parole officer tries to contact him to see what went wrong. No answer. He then makes a surprise home visit, only to find that McFadden had cleared out and had been gone for at least a week. That was the last time he heard from him.”

“Here's where it get's interesting my fine furry friends.” Garcia tells them while enlarging the picture in front of her.

“When I was doing a search on Michael McFadden, to see if there was anything that I may have missed on him from 1977 up until he came into the US in 2000. Unfortunately, I came with zilch in my initial search.” Garcia tells them as she pulls up their respective emails.

“So he just disappears?” Morgan asks perplexed.

“Something like that. No criminal record, no report of death, taxes, nothing at all. It's as if he disappeared for twenty-one years or so I thought.” Garcia says as she attaches the photo into it. “So I moved on and started doing a search on Lucas Flanagan to see if I can dig up some dirt on his son. During that search, this picture popped up from a benefit gala that the Flanagan's were hosting on Valentine's day, 1979.” The analyst hits send on the emails. “I have sent the pictures to your phones and I suggest that you look carefully in the background for Waldo.”

A few seconds later, the media liaison hears a ping coming from her black Iphone. She pulls up the email from Garcia and taps on the picture. Her eyes widen in surprise at the colored picture of three smiling men in nice tuxedos. While a tall, red headed man lurks in the background, standing behind Doyle, looking down and purposefully avoiding the camera's gaze. The older man and a lanky, twenty-something brunette, who looked smaller than Reid, had their arms around each other. The blond man standing next to him, who looked to be in his mid-twenties to early thirties, stood between them with a hesitant smile on his face and a full head of hair that nearly covered his eyes. But what
caught the media liaison's attention was the sparkling, familiar, cold blue eyes of the stoic blond.

She twists the phone towards Morgan and shows him the photo. He then takes the phone in his hands to make sure that he is seeing this correctly.

“Doyle, the Flanagans and McFadden.” Morgan said as he hands the phone back to JJ. “So they all knew each other. Were they all IRA?”

“Yes my chocolate Tony Stark.” Garcia confirms for him. “Lucas Flanagan was one of the only businessmen around the Dublin area, who openly and unabashedly supported Doyle's group, in spite of their suspicious activities. The Government of Ireland were even about to launch an investigation on them about their possible terrorist activities. And Flagcon for their reported financial support of Doyle's group.”

“Did anything come from that investigation?” Morgan asked.

“No.” Garcia said. “The group disbanded in June of 1980 and Doyle 'retires'.” Garcia says with air quotes. “Duncan and Gerald also distanced Flagcon away from Doyle, claiming that their father supported the IRA ideals that he espoused, but did not condone the violence that his group allegedly caused. Had he known, he would have spoken out against him sooner.”

“I get why Flanagan was at the gala, but why was McFadden there?” JJ asks as she looks down at the photo.

“According to the article caption, McFadden was recently promoted to head of Doyle's security detail.” Garcia answers for her. “He started out as Ian's administrative assistant.”

“Or gopher.” Morgan mutters.

“Gopher.” Garcia repeats. “Administrative assistant sounded nicer though.”

“Did that security detail happen to involve McFadden running special errands for him, by any chance?” JJ asks, while already knowing the answer to her question.

“Can't tell you that for sure love.” Garcia replies. “But there was mention of a man matching McFadden's description, in Interpol's notes on Doyle, who was responsible for about fifty disappearances and a couple of dozen unsolved murders. Doyle referred to him as the 'enforcer' and mentioned him hundreds of times within the ten years that Interpol had been monitoring him.”

“After June 2000 though, Doyle and his associates made little to no mention of this enforcer again. Interpol thought that he was dead at the time” Garcia finishes.

“But luckily for us and this investigation, it just so happened to be around the time that a McKenzie Michaelson, who fit all of McFadden's physical attributes except he's now balding with a beer belly, is admitted to Boston General for cardiac arrest and has to have an emergency double bypass.”

“That must have been expensive.” Morgan said. “Can you tell us who picked the tab for his surgery and room expenses?”

“According to the hospital, it was an anonymous donor.” Garcia tells him. “But the doctor did say that a man came in and visited McKenzie every day. He even offered to make sure that McFadden got the best aftercare when he was released.”
“Makes sense.” JJ said. “Family is important to Doyle and Michael had been working for him for twenty-one years. It wouldn’t be out of the realm of possibility that he would take care of him. Is there anything else on McKenzie after he left the hospital?”

“No. After that visit, McKenzie Michaelson is no more.” Garcia tells her while pulling up McFadden's citizenship papers. “But Michael McFadden magically reappears and applies for a US citizenship six months later. He also applies for Virginia business and food licenses as well.”

“McFadden has a heart attack and retires.” Morgan starts off, looking pensively at the blond agent before him.

“The next year he opens up McFadden's place in DC.” JJ finishes bitterly for him. “Living on his severance package from Doyle as a bonus. His own personal happy ending, at least until a couple of days ago.”

“ Seems like it dear.” Garcia says. “I'll try to see if I could find anymore aliases that McFadden could have used, including anyone matching his description and get back to you on that.”

“You're a lifesaver, baby girl.” Morgan says smiling.

“You know it. I will catch up with you lovely people later on and hopefully we'll know more about our other twenty-three dearly departed victims and how they got sucked in worst deal with the devil.” Garcia tells them, adjusting her headset a little. “Garcia out!”

The other end of the line goes dead and the two agents sit in silence, getting lost in their thoughts. Doyle had been right here, under their noses and other places, without being detected by TSA or the other federal agencies that had been looking for him. Now nearly three years after their search began, he manages to discreetly eliminate twenty-three people from his inner circle, yet publicly kill the two people, who seemed to be closest to him?

For Morgan, something about this didn't seem to make sense for some reason.

JJ on the other hand, noticed the inconsistencies, but at this point did not care about them. If she were being honest, she hadn't really cared about their two victim's demises or how their connection with Doyle. As far as she was concerned, they had sealed their own fates the moment they decided to work for the former IRA captain. If their deaths would lead them to finally catching the arms dealer, then so be it. Getting justice for Emily and all of the other fallen members of the JTF-12 and their families was all that mattered to the media liaison now. He was guilty of killing Emily and her former team. Even if they could not link him in for these twenty-five other victims, at least they could get Doyle was still going to get the death penalty for the others.

“Still think this isn't a BAU case?” JJ asks with a cocky grin, breaking the silence.

Morgan away from his desk and up at her with a half smile on his brown lips. “Okay, so maybe you may have been right in wanting to take this case.”

“Of course I was.” JJ said as she leans back into the chair, reveling in her minor victory over Morgan.

Getting back to business, Morgan scoots up in his chair and rests his hands on top of the desk.

“JJ, go and get the rest of the information on McFadden and Flanagan from Garcia as soon as we’re done here and bring it into the conference room.” Morgan orders the liaison. “We’ll take this case, but I'm only going to send Rossi and Blake to New Orleans to meet up with Will. I also want them to see if there is anyway that the coroner can send McFadden's body to Quantico's medical examiner.
Odds are, he was killed here in DC and the unsub may have transported the body down there.”

“You and I should also interview anyone that Michael may have been in contact with, who saw him the night he died.” JJ suggests. “The press is going to have a field day with this, especially when they find out that McFadden's murder is linked to Flanagan.”

JJ starts to rise from the chair and grabs the file off of Morgan's desk, preparing to take her leave.

“You do realize that we have to come clean with the team, about our investigation on Doyle.” Morgan asks suddenly, causing JJ's movements to come to a halt. “If we take on this case, we're not going to be bale to keep them in the dark about it for too long, before they figure it out for themselves.”

Blue eyes stare at the dark agent in exhaustion before gracefully plopping back down in the chair. She briefly stares down at the file in her hands and sighed.

“If that's what you and Garcia want to do, Derek, then I'll support your decisions.” JJ says diplomatically.

The dark agent sees through the media liaison’s neutral expression and doesn't believe that she is as at ease about this decision as she may want to appear to be. He had a feeling that JJ still had reservations about disclosing their case to the rest of the team. As hard as the three of them may have tried to keep this investigation a secret, they knew that the day would come when they would have to tell the team about it. None of them figured that they would find him this soon and under these circumstances.

Morgan takes a few seconds to carefully compose his next statement. Knowing JJ as well as he did, she was not going to take his next statement well.

“We also have to them about Declan.” Morgan said cautiously. “That we know where he is and about the surveillances we have been running on him for the last six months. That as far as we can tell, he's safe with Louise and Tom. He has the life that Emily always wanted for him.”

JJ stares at him skeptically, her eyes glaring at him in defiance and shoulders tensing at the suggestion. Even though Declan was not her son, the media liaison still felt her maternal instincts kick in and the need to protect the thirteen year old boy began to overwhelm her.

“Is that really necessary, Derek?” JJ asks disbelievingly. “Wouldn't we be putting Declan's safety in jeopardy if we do?”

“I understand your concern JJ, but we put his safety in danger the day we found his and Louise's fake ids in the evidence bag for Fagan six months ago.” Morgan reasons with her. He watches her shoulders begin to slump at his counterpoint.

“Besides, if Doyle is our unsub and he is killing off his old associates as a way to start over and leave the country for good, then his endgame is going to be recovering Declan. The reason he killed Emily and her old team before was to avenge Declan. Now that he knows that he's alive, wouldn't it make sense that this is a part his ultimate endgame would be to find the boy and take him with him?”

JJ sighs in defeat and crosses her arms.

“Fine, we'll tell them about Declan. But you better be damn sure that the team will be ready to protect him if worse comes to worse, Derek.” the media liaison said sternly. “That boy has been traumatized enough in his life already. We don't need to rush in and turn his life upside down anymore than it already has been.”
Morgan leans forward and his brown eyes and his eyebrows are scrunched. “I promise, on my father's grave, that no harm will come to Declan, Louise or Tom. And that this team will go above and beyond to make sure that bastard will not get anywhere near him. You have my word as your friend.”

“Don't make promises you can't keep, Morgan.” JJ says doubtfully, looking away from the dark agent.

Morgan sees a sadness in her eyes and he does the only thing that he can think of at the moment to put the media liaison at ease. He places his hand on top of JJ's and soothingly rubs the back of it with his thumb. The blond looks up and smiles softly at him for the gesture.

“Declan will be fine, Jayje. You don't have to worry about him.” Morgan says gently, as he moves his hand away.

“The only thing you need to worry about is presenting this case to the others and what you're going to say to the media when word of McFadden's death hits the twenty-four hour news circuit.” he said good-naturedly, trying to lighten up the mood in the room a bit.

His plan works and he manages to get a couple of chuckles out of the media liaison.

“Oh yeah, that's going to be real hard for me. Not like I haven't done this a hundred times over in the last nine years.” JJ said sarcastically. “But, I'm glad I'm not the one who has to tell Hotch about our unsanctioned overtime being used to investigate Doyle. That's one call I'm grateful that I don't have to field.”

The profiler's raises his eyebrows and scrunches his face in pain, thinking about his call to Hotch. The section chief, after Emily's death, gathered the team in the conference room and told them that her case would be handed off to another unit in the BAU. That they were not to interfere or investigate Doyle anymore, since they were so close to the case. He was not going to be happy at the fact that they have been disobeying him since he made that announcement. But at the same time, Hotch had to understand that the three of them were not going to sit around and hope that another team had better luck with Doyle than they had. Their boss hadn't done that with Foyet, so there is no way he could have expected them to do that with Emily.

“Yeah, lucky you.” Morgan mutters with a slight grin. “Speaking of which, I might as well get that call over with. According to his itinerary, they should have been done for the day. He should have some free time to talk before he goes to bed. Give me twenty minutes and we'll brief the rest of the team on the New Orleans case.”

“Will do. Good luck with Hotch.” JJ says as she rises from the leather chair.

“Thanks princess.” Morgan said warmly. “I am definitely going to need all I can get.”

JJ smiles and laughs as she steps away from Morgan's desk. She makes it over the oakwood door and opens it up.

“Jayje!” Morgan calls out, causing her to turn around.

“Yeah?” JJ asks with her back facing the door.

“Everything's going work out fine.” he assures her with one last pep talk before the real work began. “We're going to catch that son of bitch. And this time, he's not going to get away.”

JJ doesn't answer him, instead she nods in reply as she steps completely out of his office. She doesn't
share his confidence in a positive outcome for this case. Then again, the media liaison convinced that Morgan doesn't genuinely believe in a happy outcome for this case either.

As she makes her way down the hall, the media liaison pushes her doubts to the back of her mind, for the moment, and focuses on the task at hand. She still has a briefing to prepare, figure out how to gently break the news of their Doyle investigation to the rest of the team and make another visit to Garcia. All while doing the best that she can to not think about the vein that is going to pop out of Hotch's head as Morgan delivers the good news.

The blond decided to make a detour to the coffee pot before she would shut herself away in her office for the next twenty minutes. The energy shots that Will suggested she take were starting to run their course. JJ had a feeling that for the morning that she was about to have, she would need all of the crappy coffee that the pot could spare.

10:50 am
Downtown DC

The sleek, black sixty-seven Mustang, sat about one hundred feet away from the hustle and bustle of the popular outdoor cafe of the Tea Room. Most of the black patio tables underneath the tiny canopy were taken, with the exception of the two tables closest by the door. Most of the customers the figure had observed coming in and out of the popular eatery, consisted of young and old professionals who were looking for a bite to eat before the beginning of their early work day. They were the ones who only stayed for a ten to twenty minutes at most, before gathering their brief cases and making their exit.

The figure remembers being exactly like those professionals in the not so distant past. Oblivious to the world around them during the weekday, with only focused on feeding and refueling themselves with enough caffeine to get through the hellish morning awaiting them at the office. They could only remember one time when they actually took the time to sit at the patio table, eat without having anywhere to go and it was nice. After they were done, the figure regretted not doing it more often. They promised themselves that they would try to make time and do it more often. Unfortunately, they never got the chance. The pieces of their old life had started to dismantle by then.

There was also the occasional college student who set up camp out at one of the tables, with their laptop on the table top and earbuds in ear. They were probably cramming away on a last minute assignment or the exam they would have to take the next day. And you had your group of students who would sit and gossip with their friends. Or a group of boys who subtly and unsuccessfully made a pass at their serving waitress, who would politely shot them down. For the last three hours, the figure has sat in this car, playing the quiet observer and watched life go on at the corner coffee shop, waiting for their next target.

In a couple of minutes, the subject will come in from the left side of the sidewalk from the direction of his building, which was only six blocks away from the shop. The cafe was a known stomping ground for many FBI agents in the morning before they make their morning commute to Quantico. The subject always made sure to come a few minutes after ten-thirty, when the influx of agents finally died off.

He would wear a grey hooded sweatshirt with his jeans on cloudy days and he wouldn't show up at all if the weather were bad. On days like today though, the subject would most likely be wearing a neutral colored, long sleeve shirt to cover up his easily recognizable tattoo. He will go into the shop
and spend about five minutes in there, ordering a plain black coffee and grabbing a copy of the local paper on his way out.

He'll come back outside, sit at the second table closest to the door and spend the next fifteen minutes reading the paper before the barista shows up at his table to deliver his order. He'll give her his most charming, unassuming grin and subtly flirt with the barista, who was young enough to be his daughter. He'll thank her for the service and tip her very generously, with his hand lingering a little too long on her arm. The subject then will spend thirty minutes reading through the paper from front cover to back and making a point to keep to himself. Occasionally, he'll look around his shoulder without being too obvious about it and most people will write his behavior off as people watching.

When he's done, the subject will leave and take his cup with him as a safety precaution. He will look over his shoulder one more time, before leaving the cafe in the opposite direction of which he came and catch the nearby bus before it took off. Sometimes, he will come back and grab a baked good later on in the day to take back with him to his apartment. He never came to the cafe on Sundays, mostly because he spent most of the day at mass with McFadden and have a big early dinner at his place. At least they used to do.

Over a year ago, the figure had found themselves in DC, once again. It was a few days before they had to go to New Orleans for Flanagan and they had finally settled down in the extended stay that their handler had them staying in. Just as the figure prepared to order dinner, they received a call from their handler telling them that a rookie agent had seen a man who fit Ian Doyle's description and reported it to their superior officer. The officer then contacts their handler, who tells them about Doyle coming here every morning. It hadn't taken long for the figure to discover that Doyle's apartment was nearby.

Every morning, if they happened to be in town, the dark figure would place a microphone in the napkin dispenser of Doyle's usual table and listens in on his every word. They would sit with the hearing device in the seat and place it in a position where it can't be seen if someone were to look inside of the car. As soon as he appeared, the figure would place the headphones on and listen. So far, the dark figure had nothing on the dealer that would tell them anything of what his next moves were. Some days, Doyle would quietly grumble to himself something in either the sports page or a blurb in the crime beat. Other times he would sit at his table for hours not muttering a word. On those days, the dark figure wished they had something to do to fill those silences.

Based on the figure's observation of the subject, Ian seemed to be accustomed to his new, slower paced lifestyle. The dealer seemed to be confident that he will never be caught. It was as if he were just waiting for the FBI to give up and move on to the next biggest and baddest international or domestic terrorist to pursue. All while he sat back and peacefully lived out his new life. The thought made the dark figure's blood boil.

Doyle deserves a lot of things, most of which the figure planned to inflict onto him when the time came. But what he didn't deserve was a normal life or any form of peace or happiness. Not when he had taken that away from the countless innocent people and their loved ones over the years. If anything, he deserved every bit of the hell that he inflicted on other people and so much more.

Whenever he would shamelessly flirt with the baristas, the figure desperately wanted to rush out of the car and warn the girls of what he truly was and protect them from being sucked in by his charm. They then wanted to drag him into the alleyway end this right there and then.

But they knew that their handler would never go for it and have more than a few words to say to them about it. He would go into a long diatribe about duty and obligation, before he ended his speech with a 'this'll be over soon enough'. As he always did when he felt like the figure was losing
Somewhere in the last few years, the once soothing reassurances of 'soon' turned into sour reminders of 'why not now'. The figure was at the end of their rope and they would let their handler know it the next time they were scheduled to meet.

The figure's thoughts are interrupted when the six foot frame of Ian Doyle appears around the corner out of their peripheral vision, as scheduled, at the Tea Room. They notice the former arms dealer let his stubble on his face grow into a short, grey beard since they had last seen him three months ago.

To the figure's surprise, Doyle had deviated from his daily routine. He was wearing a black short sleeve shirt instead of his usual long sleeve one. His hands were shoved deeply down in his jean pockets. He had dark circles around his eyes and his lips were pursed tightly together in a thin line. Every other step the arms dealer took, he made sure to look over and around his shoulders. It was the first time the figure had seen him do that in all the time they've been monitoring him. He appeared to be tense and lacked the confidant and relaxed arrogance that he would usually exuded. When he got to the door, Ian hadn't even taken the time to stop and flirt with the older barista, who was heading inside with the round empty tray, like he usually would have. Doyle hadn't even bothered to open the door for her, pretending to be a gentleman. He acted as if the brunette nor anybody else weren't even there. Based on his behavior, it seems as if something has gotten Doyle spooked. The figure had hoped that it was because of their little message in the form of McFadden.

By now word must have somehow spread back to Doyle about McFadden's sudden disappearance. It won't be long before his old friend's death is confirmed, whether through word of mouth or the news. The figure doubts that there is anyone left alive that Doyle truly trusts anymore, so he wouldn't hear the news from them. The New Orleans PD will probably hold a press conference in a couple of hours about the body found in the Flanagan's place. It probably has the city shaken up enough that they will want to clear the air as soon as possible. He'll probably hear the news on the lunchtime news broadcast at the earliest. Either way, this may be the thing that finally lures the former arms dealer out of his self imposed exile and force him to retaliate. Whenever Doyle's hand is forced, especially if the something is out of his control, he gets sloppy in his attempts to regain that control back. By then, the figure hopes that their handler will finally be ready for them to strike him before he has a chance to regain his composure.

The figure reaches over to the listening device sitting in leather seat and sits it up where the satellite circle is leaning against the car door's armrest. They then place the headphones over their dark hair just as Doyle is exiting the cafe. Instead of sitting facing the door, the figure notes that he has moved over to the opposite side.

Doyle doesn't touch his coffee for the first ten minutes he's there. He sits there and taps lightly on the black lid of the cup. He watches the sidewalk with a nervous energy and his tapping becomes faster. Whenever he doesn't see what he is looking for, he will look down at his left wrist and pick his tattoo. The figure hears him mumble and grunt under his breath as he looks over there again. The arms dealer looked ready to jump out of his own skin.

The figure's attention is peaked when a short, blond haired man comes from the right side of the cafe, walks behind Doyle and grabs him by the shoulders. The arms dealer turns his head around and looks up, jumping briefly in his seat. He relaxes his shoulders and smiles briefly, recognizing the man who approached him. He pats the man on the forearm and motions for him to sit down. The figure reaches down and turns the volume up on the device.

"Ian," the mysterious man greets quietly. "Long time, no see."
“Don't play games with me, Gerace. Not today.” Ian said pointedly as his Irish accent becomes thicker and more pronounced. “Have you found 'em yet?”

The figure reaches down on the floor and retrieves a fine leather briefcase. They reach into the case and pulls out a big stack of manilla folders. They set it on the seat, next to the device and starts flipping through the alphabetically ordered tabs.

“You know I have, Ian.” Gerace said with a wicked grin. “Otherwise why would I agree to speak with you if I hadn't. I learned to never piss you off twenty years ago, remember?”

When the figure gets to the 'G' tabs, their gloved hand finds the folder labeled 'Gerace'. They flip the folder open to find the passport photo of the droopy faced, blond haired man. He has a deep scar on the left side of his face, starting from the corner of his mouth all the way to the middle of his crooked nose's bridge.

They look over to the brief information that her handler was able to gather. Richard Gerace is a lower level gun runner from Carlow, Ireland, who moved to Dublin when he was eighteen. Gerace then tired to enlist in the Army of Ireland. He was subsequently kicked out for a bar fight that he had gotten into with another soldier over a girl. He got into weapons dealing shortly after. The part that seemed to be the most interesting was Gerace's history with the former arms dealer. According to Gerace's sheet, he and Doyle were not as chummy as they seemed to be now. In fact, the two men had gotten into their fair share of scuffles that were quickly broken up by the cops. During one of their last fights, Doyle permanently reminded Gerace that he shouldn't mess with him through the scar that currently sits on his face. Since then, Gerace has ceased to be a problem for Doyle.

Closing the file the figure listens in closely, wondering why the two men were acting like long lost friends now and what Doyle was having Gerace do for him?

“You'll never let me forget it.” Ian said disinterestedly. The figure notices that Doyle's jaw is twitching a little and he looks as if his patience has run thin with the blond man. “Now tell me where my boy is.”

“Relax.” Gerace assures him, folding his hands together on the table. “Your boy is in a nice, quiet, little suburb in Ruston, VA. Fifteen minutes away from ere. Louise is with 'em too. They go by the names Kearns now.”

Ian nods and relaxes his shoulders considerably while fighting the urge to smile. “Shoulda remembered that Emily always liked cul-de-sacs. Tell me what you know bout Declan.”

The figure flinches a little at the mention of the now teenager's name. They thought that there would be no way that Doyle would be able to find him. The agent who stowed Declan and his nanny away made sure to have several identities available to them so that the arms dealer couldn't possibly come after them. How in the world did that coward Gerace find them?

"He's as smart as a whip. Won top prize at his school's science fair three years in a row. Wherever he got that, it certainly wasn't from you or his mother.” Gerace laughs but when he sees Doyle's pointed glare, he stops. “ He's also strong. Plays lacrosse and soccer for his hoity toity private school. The boy's practically a legend at that school, everybody loves him.”

“It's hard not to fall in love with em.” Ian said fondly. He looks down at the table for a moment before looking up again. “Anything else?”

“Yeah. And you're not going to like it.” Gerace said as he began to pick his nails. “ This Em'ily woman certainly knew what she was doin. She made sure that the only people allowed to take the
boy away from campus were her and his guardians; Louise and Tom Kearns. He's apparently Declan's surrogate father."

"Why is this a problem again? Louise will go anywhere I ask er to." Doyle said defiantly.

"She's not the problem I'm talkin about. This Tom fella is an FBI agent with counterterrorism. He's one of the agents assigned to hunt you down Ian and his team is pretty close to finding you. "

"What a real problem that one'll be." Ian said sarcastically.

"I'm serious Doyle." Gerace counters impatiently. He looks around the cafe before leaning closely in Doyle's direction.

"Two weeks before he bit it, Flanagan had a meetin with Kearns. Tom told em that IRS and a coupla other agencies were building a case against him. Duncan was gonna do some serious time in the federal pen, unless he gave you up." He quietly whispers. Doyle picks up his cup and puts it to his lips, but he narrows his eyes slightly at his company. "Kearns was more than confident that Duncan would talk."

Doyle sets his cup down and gives him a sideways grin. "Guess Agent Kearns doesn't have case then. Remind me to find out the son of bitch who killed him and send him a little somethin for his trouble."

The figure gripped the device tightly, using every ounce of strength within them not to kill Gerace and Doyle in that cafe full of people.

"After Flanagan died, he stopped going overseas and has decided to take a leave of absence. He's been workin on your case, out of their home everyday fer the last nine months." Gerace finishes.

"That shouldn't stop you and yer men from getting him out of the house, should it?" Doyle asks him curiously. "If they're as good as you keep going on about, then this job should be easy."

"It will be." Gerace said defensively. "You'll have yer little sunspot by the time that we agreed upon next week."

"Good." Ian said, taking another drink of his coffee and looks away from the man in front of him. When he stares back, he feels Gerace thumping his knee on the table. "Is there anything else yer lookin to discuss. Don't tell me yer a masochist and you want another scar to match the one you got?"

Gerace puts both of his hand on the table and looks away from Doyle as the arms dealer chuckles at his own joke. He holds one hand and opens it in front of him. Doyle raises a grey eyebrow at his former enemy.

"My fee." Gerace stutters nervously. "For the surveillance and everything. You said that you'd pay me when I found em."

"Of course I did." Ian sighs. He reaches into his left jean pocket and pulls out a small, gold key with a piece of notebook paper wrapped around it. "The first half of the money is in a safety deposit box at the Three Regions in Georgetown. I counted it for you and it's all there. You'll get the other half in a briefcase when Declan and I are safely on your man's plan on Wednesday."

Gerace takes the key and shakily puts in his pocket as a big, bright smile adorns his droopy face. He
watches as Doyle gets up and pushes his chair back into the table.

“Gerace. If Kearns or Louise become problems, I except you and your guys to take care of em.” Doyle said in parting. Gerace's brown eyes widen a little as he picks up on Doyle's implication.

“I thought she was family?” Gerace asks skeptically.

“She made her choice when she went along with Emily. She's not family anymore.” Ian says darkly. “Besides, a little loss will be good for Declan. It'll make him a stronger man for it.”

Doyle looks down at Gerace one last time, before turning his back on him and walking away. When Doyle reaches the sidewalk, Gerace scowls at his retreating figure. He takes his right hand and lightly touches the scar.

The figure carefully sets the listening device down on the leather seat and places the folders down on the floor. The thought of Doyle getting out of here with Declan in tow, made the figure sick o their stomach. They looked down at the finely scrawled list sitting on the armrest. When they were initially coming up with this list with their handler, they hadn't considered Gerace a potential threat at all. They figured his scar from Doyle would keep him as far away from the arm's dealer as humanly possible. They hadn't even entertained the thought that he would ever team up with Doyle. Then again, this could be Gerace's a coward so the fact that he would team up with the man who gave him his scar is not completely out of character.

After listening in on that conversation with Doyle though, the figure considered changing their minds. The look at the two names on the list after Flanagan- Lachlan McDermott and Chloe Donaghy. The figure's instructions were to locate and kill the both of them before they touched Gerace. If the runner actually succeed in kidnapping Declan, then McDermott and Donaghy would just have to wait.

As they take the headphones off and prepare to leave, Gerace's phone starts ringing. He answers it and greets whoever is on the line. The figure decides that it wouldn't hurt to listen to what the runner was saying.

“You were right. Doyle bought it.” Gerace said enthusiastically. “Just like you said he would.”

The figure looks over at Gerace surprised. The runner held the phone up to his ear and the figure couldn't hear the person on the other end.

“ He said he wanted Declan by Wednesday of next week. He wants the plane ready and the boy on it when he gets there.”

There is a bit of a lull in the conversation and the figure tries to turn up the volume on the device when a crowd of kids walk by the table and bump the shaker slightly.

“We'll meet up on Tuesday night at your club, McDermott?” Gerace asks anxiously, standing up from his chair. “You'll have my money by then? Triple what Doyle's offering, yeah?”

The figure's spying comes to an abrupt halt when the black burner Iphone starts buzzing. They look over to the other side of the street to find that Gerace was away from the table and out of range. They snatch the headphones off of their ears and toss them on the floor. It was all starting to make sense for the dark figure. Gerace didn't have the guts to screw over Doyle by himself, so he pretends to
work with him while working for McDermott behind his back. If either one of them destroys the other or they both destroy themselves, then it's a win for Gerace either way. Maybe the runner wasn't as dumb as the figure initially thought he was.

They pull out the buzzing phone and he name 'Cruz' pops up along with a little envelope. They open the envelope and he instructs the figure to meet him at his place tonight at seven and how important it was that they be there. The figure texts him back saying that they will be there before tossing the phone on the seat.

They look over at the cafe and Gerace was nowhere to be found. The figure then starts the engine of the car and listens to the engine purr for a moment.

Whatever McDermott and Gerace had planned for Doyle, the figure knew that it probably wouldn't be good for the arms dealer. They could care less about what happens to Doyle, whether he is killed by them or the figure does it themselves. But they knew that Declan would be in the middle of it all. God knows what they will do to the teenager out of revenge because of his father. But the dark figure knew that the best thing for Declan would be for them to get to his potential captors first, with or without permission from their handler.

As the figure pulls out of the lot and into the city streets, making their way to Ruston, the figure thinks that their journey home is going to take longer than they initially expected. The blond and her little boy would have to wait on them just a little bit longer.
When JJ gets to the door of the conference room two hours later, with seven light brown and thick FBI folders in her arms. She stops for a second and takes a peak in the window at the whole team gathered around the big, brown conference table. Reid sat in the back talking animatedly about something with Blake. While Rossi sat comfortably in the chair with a finger on his chin, scrolling through his black Iphone. Morgan and Garcia sat in the front side by side, talking quietly to one another and with soft smiles on their faces. The other blond slaps Morgan lightly on the shoulder while the dark agent leans back and laughs at her. Judging by the carefree expressions on their faces, they weren't as nervous about this briefing as she had been. Then again, they weren't the ones to have to give it neither.

She was tempted to go back into her office, hide them there from the rest of the team and give them another case to work. The only problem with that plan is that the three of them had already agreed that they would tell everyone today. Garcia and Morgan are going to be expecting her to present the case as is. There was no going back from their decision now, even if the blond was having second thoughts about it.

After her meeting with Morgan, JJ rushed to Garcia's office immediately. The media liaison spent the next twenty minutes recapping her conversation with Morgan and what they were planning to tell the team. Garcia agreed with it being time to tell the team, but like herself, the technical analyst was hesitant to tell them about Declan. She was just as concerned about his safety as she had been. But they both realized that they trust the team and their ability to protect the teenager if it came to that. When they were done talking, Garcia offered to wait for her while the files printed. But JJ declined her friend's offer and shooed her away. The media liaison needed a moment to be alone before she briefed the case to the team.

A part of her was relieved that the three of them wouldn't be keeping this a secret anymore. The media liaison had enough secrets as it is and the fact that she didn't have to hide their search for Doyle anymore, it felt like a weight had been lifted off of her shoulders. As relieved as she is, JJ was also scared of the way that this investigation could play out. She had no idea why Doyle would kill all of his old accomplices before he kidnapped Declan. What if he decided to come after the BAU and everyone that they love as a part of his endgame? What if he decided to come after Henry, what would she do then?

JJ takes a deep breath, trying not to think of the worst just yet. It was a habit that she picked up on during her time with the State Department. You plan for the worst possible scenario while hoping that it doesn't come to pass. After all the things that she had been exposed to and experienced there, the media liaison could understand why they had to think that way. Even though it had been two years since her last assignment there, she still found herself reverting back to that thought process at times.

JJ grabs the door knob and pushes the door open. Once she was inside, the media liaison closes the door and steps inside of the room.

The conversations in the room come to a sudden halt and the gazes of the other profilers landed on her. As she made her way around the table, the media liaison took note of all of her colleague's expressions as she passed by them. Reid and Blake stared at her with worry dancing through their eyes. The scraggily haired doctor affectionately squeezed her hand as she set the folder down in front of him and she gave him a soft smile in return. He waited until she was near Rossi before he turns to the file in front of him and dives right in.
Rossi, being Rossi, stashes his phone in the inside of his black jacket pocket and scoots closer to the table. He tips his salt and peppered head towards her and gives her a polite smile as she walks away from him. Morgan and Garcia give her supportive glances as she sets the files in front of them. The dark agent reaches over and hands the remote for the monitor hands it over to her. He mouths good luck and she shakes her head at him, while silently thinking that she was definitely going to need it.

JJ steps toward her left side a little and presses the power button, pulling up the picture of a tied up Duncan Flanagan. Garcia had managed to catch Will before he left for the day and the detective managed to fax the photos of the scene to her.

On the left side, there was a picture of Flanagan taken in 2011, in a nice, plain black suit with a white and dark blue striped tie. His jet black hair with streaks of grey on the side, was neatly combed back and his full lips grinning widely into the camera.

“Our victim's name is Duncan Flanagan.” JJ said as she tapped a button on the remote, making the other crime scene photos appear. “He was fifty-six years old and the former CEO of a fortune five hundred, importing and exporting company by the name of Flacon, based out of Dublin. He was in charge of their New Orleans and Baltimore bases of operations. He also owned the small, yet very successful ale company called Flanagan's Wake.”

JJ presses the forward button on the remote and brings up the pictures from the crime scene. Flanagan's eyes were closed and his mouth was gagged with a white cloth. His hands were tied behind the chair with a climbing rope and his feet were bound together as well. There was no blood spatter to be found on any of the walls or his desk. From where everyone was sitting, with the exception of the hole in the middle of his forehead, you could barely tell where the other two bullet wounds were.

This was the first time that the media liaison had seen the photos and she had to admit, she could see why Will and the rest of his detectives were having a hard time solving this case. The crime scene appeared too clean and most of the stuff that had been on the table, the blond could tell had not been moved. Unlike the other unsubs they had faced in the past, this unsub had made it a point not to leave any trace evidence behind. Doyle had apparently gotten a lot smarter than he had been the last time the team faced off with him.

JJ pauses for a moment and looks in the direction of Morgan and Garcia. The technical analyst's blue eyes gives her an encouraging look and a soft smile. The media liaison quickly glances away from her and back to the screen.

“On the morning of July 13th, 2013, his wife, Shelly Flanagan, noticed that Duncan hadn't come to bed the night before.” JJ continues on, taking a couple of steps back. “It wasn't unusual for him to spend the night in his basement. She said that he did it frequently and would come up the next morning. She goes down into their basement and hears his music on from the night before. Mrs. Flanagan finds him like this.”

“The medical examiner in New Orleans believes that he was killed the night before and by the time the crime scene unit got there, he was already in rigamortis.” JJ finishes as she turns to face the rest of the team. “He was shot three times. Once in the right side of his abdomen and his right thigh.”

JJ pulls up a headshot of Flanagan's head, which was tilted a little to the right side. “The last shot was the one to his temple. There were no shell casings left behind and the bullets were gone as well.”

For a few minutes, the room is silent as the other profilers go over the evidence. JJ stood on the tip toes of her black boots and fiddled with the remote as she waits for the team to respond.
“It says here that his wife and sixteen year old daughter were there the night of the murder.” Blake said as she looks up from the file and to JJ. “Did they hear the gunshots from upstairs?”

“No.” JJ answers. “According to Mrs. Flanagan, they had their basement soundproofed before they moved into the house. When he was working, Duncan would use the basement as his office when he worked from home and had a tendency to play loud music. The medical examiner also thinks that this unsub used a pillow as a silencer. They found some fragments of feather residue on the back of his head.”

“There's more, unfortunately.” the blond continues on. “The neighbors told Will and his partner that they hadn't heard or seen anyone enter or exit the house outside of Duncan, Shelly and their sixteen year old daughter Ellie. One neighbor did hear a car leave the neighborhood at around ten, but they just assumed that it was someone passing through. The unsub did leave one piece of evidence behind though.”

The media liaison presses the forward button again, bringing up the two pictures of the seared branding of a four leaf clover. In one of the photos, the one JJ had not seen yet, had Flanagan's wrist facing towards the camera.”

“It appears that the unsub may have branded Flanagan post mortem.”

JJ notices out of the corner of her eye, the young doctor scoot his chair farther into the desk. She thinks that she sees a glimmer of recognition in his eyes. He turns his head in her direction with a questioning gaze and he looks he is about to ask her something.

Fortunately before the scrawny young doctor has a chance to mention the clover to the other profilers, JJ presses the button and brings up a picture of grinning Michael McFadden. He was standing next to a balding man in a grey suit and glasses, shaking hands with McFadden, who nearly had his hand in a vice grip. Dated in October of last year, when McFadden signed a deal to franchise his restaurant. JJ remembers reading about it in the Washington Post. Had he not been killed, within the next month or so McFadden would have acquired nearly eighty-five million dollars to create about one hundred and eighty different franchises spread throughout the country.

“Michael McFadden is our next victim.” the media liaison informs them. “He was fifty-eight years old. Owner of McFadden's place since 2001. It's an authentic Irish pub located in downtown Georgetown”

“That's the pub that my husband likes to go to whenever he's in town.” Blake said as she crossed her right leg over her left. “He says that they have the best ale, corn beef and hash he's ever tasted outside of Belfast.”

“Eh, it's alright.” Rossi adds. “He waited on me one time. He was okay with me, but I saw him harassing one of the waitresses there.” Rossi turns away from Blake and towards JJ. “What happened to him?”

“The medical examiner's not sure yet.” JJ said. “When I video chatted with Will this morning, since the Flanagan case was his, he told me that they were still processing his body. They found him dangling from the staircase railing in the Flanagan house this morning. The only thing the medical examiner could tell them was that he had been dead for about a day or so. The realtor found McFadden up there as they were setting up an open house for the Flanagan's house. Shelly and her daughter moved out months ago.”
The blond brings up the picture of the four leaf clover branding again. “The unsub branded him in the same way, post mortem as well. There was also no forensic evidence left behind at the crime scene and like Flanagan, the neighbors hadn't seen or heard anyone enter or exit the house outside of the realtor.”

JJ pulls up a couple of comparison photos of the brandings of Flanagan and McFadden that Garcia had enhanced for her. The lines were more prominent now and the media liaison could tell that her and Morgan's earlier assessment of the brandings were correct.

“As Morgan and I were looking over these, we noticed that the unsub was a bit more aggressive in their branding of McFadden then they were with Flanagan.”

“Their both applied professionally, in spite of the overkill on McFadden's wrist.” Reid adds, pointing to the outline of the brand. He turns toward JJ's direction. “Flanagan's markings appear to be more like a tattoo, while McFadden's resembles a scar. Whoever this unsub is, this isn't the first time that they've done this, isn't it?”

“No Spence, it's not.” JJ answers, bringing up the list of the names of the other victims. “I had Garcia look into unsolved cases with this particular signature and we found nineteen in the US spread all over. It's stretched out from here to Los Angeles. There were also eight unsolved cases in Interpol's database.”

Garcia turns in her chair to face the rest of the profilers and takes over for JJ.

“I talked to the different police departments for these cases and they said that they would have the files sent here as early as tomorrow morning. MPD says that they'll send an officer over with the files in a couple of hours.” Garcia interrupts. “Interpol says that they'll send over the case files for the eight victims over there in about an hour so. The guy in charge of these cases said that they had little to no evidence, but that the murder of Charlotte Pierre, a painter living in Paris and Jack Dawson, a mechanic in Liverpool, were the two messiest cases out of the bunch. And the clovers were not as precise as the ones on the other victims. Charlotte's throat was slit and the police think that she was alive and choked to death for hours, as the unsub branded her. Jack Dawson was bludgeoned to death with a tire iron in his garage and the police found him underneath a car that he was working on in Bristol. The police never recovered the murder weapon and the branding appeared to be sloppy.”

“Charlotte and Jack may have been the unsub's first victims.” Reid adds. “They could have experimented with them before killing the others. Did the agent in charge of the Interpol cases say how the first two victims were killed?”

“No, they hadn't specified that.” Garcia answers. “But they did say that if this unsub is the same one that killed their victims in Europe, that they would hand over jurisdiction to the BAU for the case, since we have the most causalities.”

“Will also said that he would talk to his boss and officially get the go ahead to work the two killings in New Orleans.” Garcia finishes.

There is a pause in the room as everyone takes a moment to let the evidence sink in. Reid occasionally looks over at JJ, as if he wanted to question the familiarity of the clover. He wanted an explanation for JJ's odd behavior and the fact that she looked unusually tense. Reid thinks that whatever the meaning behind this clover is causing that. Unfortunately for Reid, the blond seems to sense that he was trying to read her. And as usual, she controls her micro expressions and guarding herself, not allowing him to do that.

After a few seconds, he gives up on the media liaison telling him anything and turns his attention
back to the clovers. The four leaves that were shaped almost in the form of a heart with the detachable stem. He knows that he's seen it before and he's hesitant to admit it out loud.

“This unsub could be a professional hit men.” Blake suggests as she sits up straighter into her chair, breaking the silence. “It would explain why there was no trace evidence left at either of the crime scenes.”

“Based on what we've heard about the first two kills, it doesn't sound like a professional doing them.” Reid states. “An amateur with some law enforcement background, maybe, whose gotten better at the killing part over the last two years. But not a professional. JJ, could you go back to the photo of Duncan Flanagan?”

“Sure.” JJ said as she goes back to Duncan Flanagan's crime scene photo.

“Did the crime scene investigators move the body by any chance?” Reid asks turning to Garcia.

“As far as Will has told me, they hadn't moved anything when they were taking pictures of the scene. The body and chair is exactly the way Mrs. Flanagan found him.” Garcia answers. “Why?”

“I'm not entirely sure because we would have to get the schematics and layouts to their house, but based on where the glimmer of light coming from the corner over there.” Reid said as he pointed his finger in the direction of the light. “It looks like the unsub had Duncan's body facing towards the basement window. If the unsub were a professional killer, they probably would have placed his body in the same position he had been in the night before so they wouldn't draw attention to the body. It's as if the unsub wanted him displayed for the neighborhood to see.”

“The kid's right.” Rossi adds. “Most contract killers, even the rookies, wouldn't risk making that kind of mistake. If they've been doing this for a while, they're gonna be discreet about their killing and do their best not to draw any attention to themselves. Whoever this is, they're either not a professional or they're just reckless.”

“Richard Kuklinski, also known as the 'Iceman' claimed to be a hit man for the DeCavalante crime family in New Jersey. From 1946 to 1986, he claims to have killed 250 men and he was known to freeze their bodies after he killed them so the police couldn't tell the time of death for his victims. His family had no idea that he was basically leading this double life until he was arrested. They assumed that he was a successful businessman who worked erratic hours. Kuklinski was only caught after an undercover investigation.” Reid notes as the rest of the team nods at his explanation.

Getting back to the matter at hand, Blake redirects the conversation to the victims.

“What I don't understand about their signature is what the purpose of branding the victims after death? Is the unsub asserting some kind of possession over their victims after the fact?”

“With Flanagan maybe. If we were working with the theory of a hit man, it could have been something that the killer was instructed to add.” Reid says as he looks over at the two profilers and technical analyst, who have all been unusually quiet since the beginning of this debriefing. “But in the case of McFadden, I think there is something more to it.”

The young doctor pauses for a moment and notices that the three people in question refused to look in his direction. Their visions seemed to be centered, even when he was the one speaking. They all seemed to be a bit distracted. He may not have been a people person, but he could tell when someone was avoiding
Morgan, noticing that Reid was looking at him, returns the mop topped doctor's gaze.

“With McFadden, there's a possibility that this unsub killed him out of revenge, based on the overkill on his branding. If Charlotte Pierre and Jack Dawson were their first two victims, the unsub obviously killed them in inexperienced. With Duncan Flanagan, it appears to be professional and clean. But for some reason, McFadden bothered the unsub to the point where they wanted him to suffer.” Reid finishes, as he continues to eye the three agents suspiciously. “Is there anything else we should know about this case Jayje?”

The blond liaison glances at Reid and she's pretty sure he's either already figured it out or he's pretty close to it. There was no delaying or stalling the inevitable anymore, they had to come clean. She nods in response to the young doctor's question.

“No Reid, there is more.” JJ answers as she prepares to pull up the gala photo.

Morgan stands up and brushes his suit off. He makes his way towards JJ and stands by her side.

“Before JJ tells you what she's about to tell you, there is something that you guys should know.” Morgan said in a serious tone. “What she's about to say, especially about this new information and whatever we discuss here, has to stay between all of us in this room. It's why I had Garcia turn off the security camera's feed to the conference room. If anyone asks we're only working the two homicides in New Orleans.”

Blake, Rossi and Reid look at each other quizzically, all wondering about the reasoning behind the discretion for this case.

“Why is that?” Reid asks, voicing the other two agent's curiosities.

“Because we're technically not supposed to be working this case or anything relating to it.” Garcia speaks up. Three sets of brown eyes glance in her direction before their attention is turned back onto the media liaison. She silently thanked Garcia for the save, even though she knew that the others would be looking for a better explanation than the one the technical analyst had given them.

Taking a quick breath, the media liaison brings up the photo of the gala. A blown up picture of the four smiling men appears on the screen.

“When I was briefing Morgan the on the New Orleans case, we had Garcia run a background check on our victims, to see if they may have had anything else that may have connected them and made them targets for this unsub. Outside of being Irish immigrants and successful businessmen, we came up empty. They both grew up in different neighborhoods in Dublin, Duncan in the affluent south while Michael grew up in the worst one in the North. Flanagan graduated college and grad school with an MBA while McFadden was just getting out of prison and working as a chef at a diner.”

“What did they have in common then?” Rossi asks, even though he has a good idea of what the answer could be. If he were being honest, the older agent had known what case they weren't allowed to talk about. He was there when Hotch told Morgan and Garcia what Erin had told the unit chief.

The only person who seemed to be genuinely confused and in the dark about everything that was going on was Blake. The linguist had only been a member of the team for the last year and a half.

Reid glances at the photo and the first thing that catches his attention is the blond man in the middle.
Brown eyes widen as he looks into the man’s ice blue eyes and gazes down at the man’s wrist. He can see the stem of his four leaf clover tattoo, even though it was concealed by the older man’s shoulder. The events of the last three years begin to flash into his mind, that he’s tried so hard to move on from. The four leaf clover tattoo that Doyle shot off the dead john doe. His recreation of said tattoo sketched sloppily on the yellow, lined legal pad paper. The photos of the fallen JTF-12 agents posted on the evidence board. Pictures of the stranger with the chewed off thumbnail holding a gun to the head of a four year old boy with his mouth tapped shut with his caretaker supposedly dead right next to him. All of his memories from Boston and its aftermath flew through his mind as he felt his headache begin. What stands out in his mind is the conversation that faithful day he happened to overhear that started the BAU’s manhunt for one of their own and the covert arms dealer.

He sits by on top of the next desk, watching the brunette agent carefully. Over the past couple of weeks, the young doctor had noticed Emily had been acting strangely. Every time he would call her to hang out or catch a movie, she always seemed to be busy or distracted. Even though the agent looks like her normal, well put together self, wearing her usual black attire of a trench coat and matching pants. At further inspection of the brunette agent, the doctor noticed her expressive brown eyes were dull nearly lifeless. Her nails were unusually short and it looks like she is biting her nails again. The only time the agent ever did that was whenever she was worried or stressed. The last time he had seen her bite her fingernails was in the aftermath of Foyet, during her deposition with Strauss and their superior officers.

He had been meaning to pull Emily aside and talk to her about whatever was troubling her. But each time he tried to, she was always preoccupied with a case or with this Tzia woman, had been calling her personal cell phone constantly. It was who she was on the phone with right now. The older agent had helped him recently in dealing with his migraines and he wanted to do the same for her now. He wanted her to know that whatever it is that she may be dealing with, she could talk to him about it. The young genius would do whatever he could to help her out, a courtesy that she had bestowed upon him many times in the last five years that she’s been on the team.

He watches Emily close her eyes for a moment, taking a deep breath in the process.

“Lauren Reynolds is dead.” Emily said, causing the young genius’ to raise an eyebrow curiously.

“Lauren Reynolds is dead.” Emily says one more time before hanging up the Iphone.

“Who’s Lauren Reynolds?” Reid blurts out without thinking. The brunette agent jumps in her seat a little, but turns around to face the mop topped doctor.

“She was a good friend of mine.” Emily responds quickly. A little too quickly for the doctor's liking.

“How did she die?” Reid asks sympathetically.

“Car accident.” Emily said as her eyes glance away from the young doctor.

“I'm sorry.”

“Ian Doyle.” Reid whispers in a shocked awe as Rossi and Blake stare at him in disbelief. Morgan, JJ and Garcia on the other hand, nod solemnly in confirmation. “He's the unsub we're looking at, isn't he?”
“The arms dealer wanted in several other countries, whose also happens to be at the top of the FBI's most wanted list? He's the one who—” Blake asks dumfounded. She read the story on Doyle killing an FBI agent when it broke and even had a couple of her students ask about it, but she couldn't believe that the agent he killed was in their unit. The linguist now understood why her initial reception into the team, was not the warmest she'd ever received and Spencer's closed off demeanor the first few months she was there. A part of her also was also sympathetic to her teammates for losing one of their own. It couldn't have been easy for them to deal with that, after hearing about how close everyone in this unit was to one another. While integrating a new team member into the loop that they hadn't really wanted there in the first place.

“Yeah, that's him. And he did. ” Rossi answers, the shock still evident on his face. He knew that something had been up with the three of them ever since JJ returned to the Bureau.

The late nights, staying almost an hour or two later than Hotch or himself. The secretive conversations and glances that they would trade with one another. The evasive behavior and acting like they had been caught doing something that they weren't suppose to be doing whenever he would stop by Morgan's office to find the two women there with him looking over files and scraps of paper.

But what really should have tipped him off is when he saw Anderson one evening six months ago at the movies. He was on a date with Agent Sharpe and Rossi had questioned why he was there. He knew that he was supposed to be working the anonymous tip line for Doyle and before he left his office, the older agent could have sworn he heard the twitching brunette in there answering calls. He stuttered that he found a friend to cover his shift for him, who needed the hours, before quickly turns around and walks away from him with Gina trailing behind. At the time, he just wrote Anderson off as being his strange, usual self. But now it all started to make sense for the older agent.

“You three have been hunting Doyle I take it?” Rossi asks knowingly.

“Yes.” JJ said with her head slightly down.

“And Anderson knew about it too? You convinced him to give up his shifts on the tip line, so the three of you could take it over?”

“Affirmative.” Garcia says, slightly ashamed of the fact that they kept this from the rest of the team. “We sort of bribed him with a Star Trek collection that he couldn't refuse.”

“How long have you guys been looking for him?” Reid said hurt at the betrayal as his eyes are focused solely on JJ. “And why didn't you tell Rossi and I about it. We would have been able to help find him?”

“They didn't have to tell me, kid.” Rossi said turning his chair facing the hurt doctor. He then focused his gaze towards the two standing profilers. “You can thank Grant later for giving it away.”

Nodding at Rossi in response, blue eyes turn and trying to look into the wounded brown eyes of the young doctor, who stared hard at the four leaf clovers.

“We're sorry, Spence. We never meant to hurt you or leave you out of our investigation.” JJ said apologetically. “There were so many times we wanted to tell all of you—”

“But we wanted to be absolutely sure that we had him first.” Morgan interrupts as he moves closer to the table where Reid is. He takes the folder away from the the young doctor and closes it, forcing him to look up. When Reid looks up, Morgan gives him a sympathetic gaze.

“We didn't want to get anyone's hopes up.” JJ adds, wringing the remote in her hands nervously,
fighting the urge to voice her concern for the young doctor.

“Hell, we didn't want to get our own hopes up for anything pretty boy.” Morgan said regretfully.

“We've been through hundreds, maybe even a couple of thousand, dead end tips over the last three years. It wasn't until Will brought us this case that we finally had something tangible to go with.” The dark agent then looks around the room to the quiet older agents and offers them an apologetic look, hoping for some sort of sign of approval, that they would understand their dilemma better than Reid had. “It had nothing to do with your abilities as agents, we just didn't want to reveal our hand until we had proof.”

“We didn't mean to keep you all in the dark about this.” Morgan apologizes. “But the three of us.” He points to himself, Garcia and JJ. “Just couldn't stand by and wait for the team assigned to Doyle's case to find him because we all know that they won't. He's been underground for the last three years and we wanted to make sure that it didn't want to let another year go by that he's not rotting in jail.”

Rossi and Blake look at each other, before nodding in acceptance at the nervous two profilers and analyst. They understood the reasons why they kept this to themselves and why they were so desperate to find Doyle. They had been there, each agent with the cases that haunted them, to the point where they just couldn't let go. Rossi moreso than Blake.

After Emily died, Rossi wanted nothing more than to join Morgan in quitting his job and hunting down that smug bastard to the ends of the earth. Prentiss had reminded him of the daughter he never had the opportunity to have. He saw a little bit of himself in the ambitious brunette agent and shared the passion that she had for the job. So when she ran, ultimately to her death, he felt as if he had failed her and could have done more for her.

That he should have done and could more to be there for her, especially after that conversation in the elevator shortly before her departure. He thought that she would have eventually gone to one of them and served as his excuse not to probe or ask too many questions regarding the brunette's personal life. He has spent the last three years beating himself up over his inaction, like he was sure each member on the team had done at some point after her death.

In the hospital that night, when JJ returned with the news about her dying, had been up there as one of the worst nights he's ever had in recent memory. Rossi tried to be strong and level headed for the sake of the rest of the grieving team, but even then he found himself shedding a couple of stray tears for the fallen brunette. Emily's loss had hit the whole team hard in more ways than one, so the author couldn't blame Garcia, Morgan and JJ for operating their own manhunt for the arms dealer. He was more concerned about the potential fall out that could ensue for the three agents because of the politics of the higher ups, who had long forgotten what it's like to lose someone close to them in the field, if they had that experience at all. The Italian agent didn't want to see three amazing people lose their jobs for wanting justice for their fallen comrade.

“Did you tell Hotch about your three person manhunt?” Rossi asks, thinking about their unit chief for the first time since this briefing began.

“He knows now.” Morgan said hesitantly, as he walked away from Reid.

“How'd he take the news?” Rossi asks with a sly smile, causing the dark agent to look down embarrassed. He notices Morgan rubbing the back of his neck with one of his hands before he gets back to JJ.
Morgan turns around and glances back at Rossi.

“Let’s just say, there are going to be a few pissed off, sleep deprived soldiers in his barracks right now. In the ten years I’ve been working for the guy, I don’t think I’ve ever heard him scream as loud as he had.” Morgan jokes with a smile, causing the whole room to chuckle in response. The unit chief had not been thrilled to learn that the agents had defied his order to discontinue their investigation. To the dark agent’s surprise, Hotch had seemed to be understanding about the whole thing in spite of his anger.

“But he did give us the green light to go on with the investigation, he just wants to know what is going on from here on out. Hotch also told me that until we can get the rest of the information on our twenty four other possible victims, that we only work in the scope of the two New Orleans victims for now. He’s going to try and get relieved from his assignment early so that he can come back here and help us with Doyle, if he turns out to be our unsub.”

“If we happen to find Doyle before Hotch gets here, what does he want us to do then?” Blake asks, sobering the light levity of the room and bringing it back to reality.

“We go in and apprehend him.” Morgan said, recounting the orders the unit chief delegated to him. “If Doyle resists, then he authorized me to take the shot.”

Wanting to get back to the briefing at hand, now that the team knew what they were potentially dealing with, he sits back down in his chair as the team goes back to the files in front of them. “But before we get ahead of ourselves, let’s try to establish Doyle’s connections to both McFadden and Flanagan first.”

“Which I may have already found, my gorgeous tiger.” Garcia answers, causing the dark agent to smile.

“Take it away, baby girl.” Morgan offers, sitting back and letting Garcia have the spotlight.

The technical analyst holds out her hand to the media liaison for the remote. JJ walks over to her and places it in her hand.

Garcia aims the pointer towards the monitor and begins her presentation.

“Oh, so in my research on McFadden and Flanagan, I ended digging a little deeper into the origins of this photo.” Garcia introduces, bringing up an article from the nineteen-seventy-nine gala. “And I found that this was taken on Valentine’s day at a fundraiser for the IRA hosted by the Flanagan’s which is information these two— the technical analyst said while pointing to Morgan and JJ. “are already aware of.”

“They were both IRA?” Rossi asks.

“Not exactly.” JJ answers him. “Flanagan’s father was an IRA, but McFadden's history with the IRA doesn’t start until after he starts working with Doyle.”

“In fact, McFadden's father was a popular target on a few IRA member's kill list.” Garcia adds. “He managed to swindle and con a lot of money out of them before his untimely death. For a long time, people were convinced that Michael copped to his father's murder to cover for a couple of IRA members.”

“But anyway, as JJ said, Michael didn't officially join the IRA until February 1979, around the time of this gala. According to the records I managed to dig up on him, he remained a member until the day he died.” Garcia says.
“Why wait two years to sign up with them though, since he'd been working for Doyle for two years?” Reid asks.

“Initiation period.” Rossi answers. “We know Doyle's paranoid to a fault and is always watching his back. He probably wanted to know if he could truly trust McFadden before he allowed him into his inner circle and the benefits that come along with it.”

Reid nods in understanding and looks towards Garcia, waiting for more information.

“Wonder what was involved in the initiation process?” Reid asks.

“I really don't think you do, kid.” Rossi said.

“He's right, you don't.” Garcia adds. “I may not have been able to find much information on Michael McFadden after 1979. But I did find thirty-six different identities that match up or closely resemble our deceased victim.”

The technical analyst pulls up a compilation of id cards, driver's licenses and passports that all supposedly belong to Michael McFadden in the order of the date they were issued. They contained different names, birthdays, social security numbers and such. Even Michael's appearance in some of the pictures of the cards was not consistent. In some, he had dyed his hair blond. There are a few of them with jet black hair. The last six identities, McFadden's hair was a dark reddish color and hints of grey on the sides. The only way any of the profilers could tell it was him was based off the crooked smile and missing back teeth that the man couldn't help but display, even when he wasn't trying.

“Shawn Hagar, Jethro McKinley, Michael McKenzie, Joshua Terry, Cedric Keegan and dozen other names belonged to Michael McFadden.” Garcia said proudly.

“How did he not go crazy trying to remember them all?” Rossi asks in astonishment. “I'd go crazy if I had to remember nine of those at a time. Let alone thirty-six.”

“Because he burned through each and every one of them. My guess is he either dumped them when they served their purpose, the police started catching on to him and his illicit activities or when Interpol caught on to his trail. Especially in the late nineties, when they began their investigation on Doyle.” Garcia answers. “For good reason.”

“Why's that?” JJ asks.

“Half of the identities that McFadden had, nine of those were being investigated for a few disappearances of local residents who were supposedly paying Doyle for running weapons for them. Six of those cases were later upgraded to murder investigations when the bodies or parts of the bodies identified as the victims were found. Nine identities of those identities looked good for two brutal murders that involved decapitation, three rapes and gruesome assaults afterward. The other six involved various crimes of theft such as grand theft auto, the robbing of a local jewelry store and the battery and assaults of numerous bar patrons around the area.”

“The guy sounds like a textbook sociopath if you ask me.” Blake observes.

“Which would make him the perfect enforcer for Doyle.” JJ said, crossing her arms.

“You have no idea sugar plum.” Garcia agrees. “I went through Interpol's files and narrowed my search down to possible suspects who fit McFadden's description or were a close match to one of his alias' description. And let me tell you, those cases were too brutal for even my slightly-new-tolerance-to -crime-scenes mind to handle.”
“At least he did was before his heart attack on January 13, 2000. The next year, he opens up McFadden's place. Our once favorite pub is now tainted with the ick factor that was its owner.”

“Just out of curiosity, do we know who put up the money for the pub?” Blake asks. “With McFadden’s background and salary, there was no way that he could have paid for a place that nice on his own without a partner involved.”

“And so few businessmen would hesitate to give money to a former international felon.” Garcia said as she points the remote towards the monitor again, bringing up McFadden's financials for the restaurant. “But lucky for McFadden, some very kind and generous donor put up nearly all of the money for McFadden's place as an investment.”

“Who would do that?” Morgan asks.

“The donor isn’t listed. They're considered a silent partner.” Garcia tells him. “The only thing that we know about the anonymous donor is that they signed the property lease papers with the initials of I.D. The man who sat with McFadden at the hospital, after his heart attack, coincidentally fit the description of our friendly neighborhood international arms dealer.”

“The restaurant must have been one hell of a severance package.” Rossi comments.

“Or hush money.” Morgan said. “Maybe after the heart attack, Doyle wanted to buy his reassurance that he wouldn’t cooperate with Interpol or the other agencies gunning for him.”

“Doyle would always know where to find him, just in case the pub wasn’t enough to keep him quiet.” Rossi adds.

“You both are right on the money.” Garcia said. “Because according to his adult prison record, the reason behind his early release was that he worked out some agreement with the prison guards and became one of their informants. McFadden managed to stop a planned prison riot attempt with the information that he gave them on his roommate at the time. McFadden was then placed in protected custody, after one of the men involved in the failed riot planned to kill him. He was released on good behavior a few months after that incident.”

“McFadden is an enforcer but at the same time, he's an opportunist who only cares about himself and anything that could benefit him. He's big enough and yet strategic enough to stay in Doyle's good graces after his tenure with him was over. That connection was easy enough.” Reid comments after a while.

“But what role did Duncan Flanagan play in all of this? Why would someone coming from the background he’s from, want anything to do with Doyle outside of their IRA connection?”

“Great question mon amie.” Garcia said smiling at the young doctor. “To which I may have the answer to.” She clicks through the financials of Duncan Flanagan as well as a few shipping statements belonging to Duncan's company.

“The Flanagan family is not the squeaky clean, Irish version of the Cleavers that they made themselves out to be.” Garcia introduces the information to the team. “Both Adele Flanagan and her husband, Lucas were heavily involved with the IRA before Gerald and Duncan were born. After that, Adele stepped as far away from the group and her ties with them. While her husband on the other hand, did not.”

“In fact, daddy Flanagan actually donated over one hundred and fifty million dollars to Doyle's IRA
group from 1989 up until March 30, 1999, when he tripped in the shower and fell into a coma that he
would never awaken from. Why he would do that you ask my lovely band of crime fighters? Well
the answer is simple: Lachlan McDermott.”

The technical analyst pulls up a picture of a man in his late forties or early fifties with shoulder
length, light brown hair and a little scruff around his mouth. His light blue eyes were sternly looking
off into the distance at something that the rest of the profilers couldn't make out.

“McDermott was born in Belfast, Ireland on August 26, 1962. His parents, Lionel and Adrienne,
were killed in a car accident when he was about ten years old. But get this, the police officials may
have ruled it an accident, but in the crash report, it said that the breaks appeared to have been cut.
They couldn't prove it beyond a reason of a doubt because of how old the car was.”

“McDermott and his seven year old brother Jimmy, where sent to live with their grandfather, James
McDermott, a widower who owned a fishing company. When he died in eighty-nine, Lachlan
revamped the business, started over from scratch and created McDermott shipping co, which
happened to be in direct competition with Flagcon.” Garcia continues on. “As you can imagine,
Lucas was not very happy about that—”

“So he hired Doyle to take ‘care’ of his competition.” Morgan said.

“Brains and beauty, I like my love.” Garcia said as she gave Morgan a beaming smile. “But it looks
like it. Doyle really didn't need that much convincing though.”

“What do you mean by that kitten?” Rossi asks.

“Doyle and McDermott sort of had a thing, where they hated each others guts.” Garcia answers
pulling up an obituary. “In 1990, Jimmy McDermott, who was highly intoxicated at the time,
decided to confront Doyle about him messing with his big brother. Doyle happened to be in the same
bar as the younger McDermott at the time. They get into each other's faces and the fight gets taken
outside in an alleyway. While Jimmy was turned around, Doyle took the opportunity and slashed his
neck open. The police found him the next day.”

“Were there any witness?” Blake asks.

“Anyone who witnessed the fight either refused to come forward or were mysteriously unavailable at
the time.” Garcia explains. “The police were forced to keep the case closed. But they ended up
reopening it a few months later, when Lachlan gets the knife with his brother's blood on it back in
the mail. Unfortunately they had to close it again when they couldn't find any fingerprints on the
knife.”

“That was cold.” Rossi comments. “Apparently flaunting his wealth isn't the only thing he likes to
flaunt.”

“They've been at each other's throats ever since.” Garcia finishes.

“Were you able to find any possible monetary transactions between Lucas and Doyle?” JJ ask.

“Sorry pumpkin, I came up short on that front. Lucas was smart on that front. He may have either
paid in an account that I wouldn't be able to trace or under the table.” Garcia said disappointedly.
“But I did find something interesting on Duncan. The Flanagan patriarch wasn't the only member
paying Doyle off.”

“What's that?” Blake asks.
“According to Duncan's bank records, he had a business account opened in a Boston area bank, the Second National. It's across the street from this pub called The Black Shamrock. It just so happened to be the same bar that Doyle frequented when he was in town before his initial arrest in Italy.” Garcia tells them, watching as their eyebrows raise.

She looks over her shoulder to the media liaison, whose blue eyes were widen in shock and the color appears to have drained out of her face. If it weren't for the fact that everyone was in the room, the technical analyst was sure that her best friend's knees would have given out in that moment.

“You okay sugar?” Garcia asks with concern laced in her tone, catching the attention of the other profilers in the room who look over in their direction.

JJ shakes her head and nods. As soon as Garcia mentioned the Shamrock, the media liaison couldn't help her visceral reaction to the name, try as she might. She remembers the name from a small, leather bound notebook, that currently sat securely in her safe at home. She hadn't looked at it since the night before Emily's funeral. The blond read it to help her cry and keep up the illusion of the grieving friend for the team and the rest of the world who thought Emily Prentiss was dead at the time. After Emily's real death, it had taken every ounce of strength within her not to reach into the safe and burn her best friend's secrets within it.

Now a part of the contents of that book was coming back to haunt the media liaison and the rest of the team was looking at her as if she'd lost it. The blond couldn't help but wish that this briefing was over sooner, rather than later.

“Yeah, I'm fine Pen. Really.” JJ said dismissively, directing that last statement to the concerned eyes of the rest of the team. She crossed her arms protectively over her chest, “Is the account still open?”

“No.” Garcia said, filing away the media liaison's reaction for later on. “It was closed May 31, 2011. A couple of months after Emily died.” The technical analyst eyes welled up a little at the mention of the brunette. It's been three years and she still found herself wanting to cry at the mention of Emily. She thought about her fallen friend all the time, but for some reason, that she couldn't quite explain, the blond found herself thinking about the brunette more now.

Not wanting to get too emotional in front of the rest of the team, Garcia clears her throat and moves on to the information that she found on Duncan. “The account was opened up in October 10, 1994. Here's where things get interesting mon amies.”

She holds the remote up to the monitor and opens up the next part of Duncan Flanagan's financials.

“Every year on October tenth, Flanagan would fly up to Boston and place twenty-one thousand dollars into the account. And the next day, a man by the name of Judd O'Grady, who claimed to work in upper management for Flagcon, would come in and clear the account completely.”

“Flanagan did this every year?” Morgan asks.

“Yes.” Garcia answers. “Except in 1998, when Flanagan tried to have the account closed.” The technical analyst pulls up the notes made to the Flagcon account.

“According to the manager's notations, that year Flanagan came in and requested that the account be closed. It took them a couple of hours and a pep talk from the manager, but that wasn't enough to change Flanagan's mind. Said that he was adamant about having that account closed. The next day though, another person who was an authorized user on the account, claimed to be Duncan's assistant, requested that the account be reopened. This assistant told the manager that Mr.Flanagan made a mistake in having it closed and wished to reopen it right away. They had forty-two thousand dollars
wired into the account hours later. O'Grady came and picked it up the next day.”

“That doesn't make any sense.” Rossi said. “Why would he go through all that trouble have it close, only to open it back up hours later?”

“He met with Doyle later on in the day.” JJ offered. “We know how convincing he can be. Gave Flanagan a few good reasons why he should keep the account open and he had his assistant reopen it.”

“That's what I assumed too. Unfortunately that wasn't the case.” Garcia says. “According to Duncan's travel records, he caught a flight out of Boston to Dublin shortly after his visit to the bank.”

“So he has his assistant make the call for him.” Morgan said. “That doesn't mean he stopped making his trips there.”

“But it does.” Garcia says cryptically. “When Flanagan attempted to close the account, that was the last time he ever stepped foot in that bank. After that, his assistant would make the deposits there every year, on schedule until May 2011. The assistant was actually the one who closed down the account.”

“Who makes their 'assistant' an authorized user on their business account, if it were money for their company?” Blake observes.

“It would have to be someone that Flanagan trusted without a shadow of a doubt. I don't think he would have handed that kind of power to someone random kid or intern he didn't know and wasn't close to.” JJ adds “they could have been a close friend, relative–”

“Or his wife, Shelly Flanagan.” Reid spoke for the first time in a while, having all of the attention turned on him. The other profilers in the room nod in agreement as the pieces to the puzzle were starting to come together. “Duncan could have called him after he closed the account and told them their arrangement was over–”

“Doyle's next call would have been to Duncan's house. The wife picks up and he tells her that if her husband doesn't pay the money that's owed to him and doubled it for insurance, that he would have someone come after their family.” Rossi said. “The next day she makes the call posing as his 'assistant' and wires the money from their personal account to the reopened one in Boston. He probably didn't have a clue that she had given him the money and didn't notice it was missing or that she continued to give Doyle money for a while. After Doyle kills Emily, he finds out about the account and has it shut down immediately so that the agencies looking for Ian don't trace the money back to him or his family.”

Morgan nods. “Garcia, do you know if the bank manager in charge in 1998 is still working there?”

“No.” the technical analyst replies. “He stepped down in 2010. I can work my magic and run background check to see if he's still in the Boston area and get his contact information that way.”

“You do that, baby girl.” Morgan said. “See if he can tell you anything he remembers about this assistant or if he noticed anything unusual about Flanagan when he went to close the account.”

“Twenty-one thousand dollars is a lot of money not to notice is going missing every year? Is there a possibility that he may have caught on before then?” Reid asks as he leans back into his chair.

“Oh my naïve, little boy wonder.” Garcia states. “Let's just say that twenty-one grand or even forty-
two grand is basically like paying for a burger and fries at Five guys for someone like Duncan. He had a net worth of sixty million dollars from his docks and warehouses alone. And that's without counting the money that he inherited from his father.”

“Garcia's right. Twenty-one grand a year is chump change to someone like Duncan.” Morgan said as he rubs the bottom of his chin in thought. “So why wouldn't Doyle try to get more money out of him than that? It's not like Duncan couldn't afford to pay him more than what he was asking for keeping McDermott off of his back and protecting him from anyone else. What else was Doyle getting out of Flanagan that he apparently didn't want anyone else to know about?”

“His docks and warehouses.” JJ mutters quietly, causing the other profilers to stare at her in attention. “Doyle could have used them to have his supplies imported and exported from whatever country Flagcon was situated in easily. Flanagan must have given him unrestricted access to them in exchange for not raising his rate for protection.” The media liaison finishes, wondering why she hadn't put that together sooner.

“Interpol and the other agencies would have a hell of a hard time tracking them.” Rossi adds. “Because as far as they're concerned, all of Flagcon's shipments were legit. They weren't going to go through all of their supplies to see that.”

“I'll check into Flagcon's records to see if I can find any unusually heavier shipments than what was normal for them, within the last twenty years coming in and out of the US to any of Flagcon's docks in Western Europe.”

“Always reading my mind, aren't you baby girl?” Morgan said smiling.

“You know it.” Garcia says nodding confidently.

Getting back to the matter at hand, Derek stands up and walks over to the whiteboard facing the front of the table, by the door. He picks up the black marker and writes McFadden's name on the left side of the board and Flanagan's name on the right.

“We know that our New Orleans victims were connected to Doyle so far.” Morgan said as he moves over to McFadden's side of the board. “McFadden was his enforcer, muscle and handled security for him from 1977 to 2000.” He writes the word 'enforcer' on the board as well as the years that he worked for Doyle.

“Flanagan provided his financial means, to a point, and the resources that he needed to transport his supplies up until he became public enemy number one for the Bureau.” Morgan also writes down the information on the whiteboard. “It wouldn't be out of the question to assume that Duncan or his wife also provided him with means of transportation to go from one country to the next without going through any TSA checkpoints. Especially if it's a private plane.

“These two were his most recent kills, but if we include the bodies from various locations in Europe and the US, his body count is up to twenty-six.” the dark agent finishes as he turns to face the rest of the team.

“Judging by the way the branding was done on McFadden comparing it to the deaths of Charlotte Pierre and Jack Dawson, Doyle's has gotten better with his kills but at the same time, he also seems to be getting angrier. We'll know more once we get the information on the rest of the victims, but it appears as if Doyle is saving the people who were closest to him for whatever his endgame happens to be.”

“He must be working with a list.” Rossi said. “That'll include all of the people who were or as in the
case of our latest victims, still are working for him. We just have to find out whose's next on the list before he does and figure out whether or not he has some sort of endgame in mind.”

JJ, Morgan and Garcia all look to one another knowing for a moment. Silently, they all knew that now was as good of a time as ever to tell the team about Declan and Louise. JJ steps forward and clears her throat, volunteering to break the news to the team.

“We already know what that missing piece of Doyle's endgame is already.” JJ said wearily. “Declan Jones.”

Rossi and Reid exchange looks of surprise with one another at the mention of the young boy, now teenager's name. The two agents hadn't heard that name in three years and as far as they knew, Emily stowed Declan away somewhere. They knew that Doyle would be searching for his son when he discovered that Emily had not killed him or Louise as she had bluff to him. Where ever the boy and his nanny were at the moment and knowing Emily, they were assured with the thought that they would be somewhere safe. Doyle would spend whatever time he had left on earth searching for the son he never knew. But hearing the tone of the stoic media liaison's voice, something told them that they were dead wrong.

“Six months ago, Garcia and I searched through the evidence bag of Ben Correli.” Morgan said pointing to himself and the technical analyst. “He was the forger that Doyle shot and killed, along with Tsia Mosley, Emily's former colleagues from her days with the JTF-12.”

“We were searching for Declan because we figured that's something Doyle would do even in his seclusion.” Garcia adds from her spot at the table. “When we looked into the bag, we found all of the ids that Correli had made up that the CSU team recovered in the safe house. We found several ids with the names Declan and Louise from locations all over the country.”

“Garcia and Morgan assumed that one of Emily's reasons for joining the BAU would be to stay in close proximity to Declan.” JJ continues on for her while pulling up the pictures of Declan and Louise's false ids from 2004.

The four year old, curly light blond haired Declan was facing sideways away from the camera. The crystal clear blue eyes of the young boy faced downward shyly as his picture was being taken. Louise looked expressionlessly into the camera and her light brown hair looked to be down her back. “So they took out all of the ids that were in and around the DC area or within a thirty mile radius of it.”

“There were exactly ten ids that matched that specific criteria.” Garcia said. “But the closest we found was a suburb fifteen miles out of DC and twenty miles out of Quantico. Declan and Louise Jones from Ruston, Virginia.”

The ids that appeared on the screen were of a thirteen year old Declan. His hair was shorter, only reaching down to his ears and a slightly darker blond than it had been when he was younger. The little hair that nearly covered his eyes was swept haphazardly off to the side. His face had become a little fuller and you could see a few light brown freckles on both sides of his cheeks. His lips were in a thin line as the serious expression marred his face and the resemblance to his arms dealing father was uncanny.

Louise had grown a little bit older, since the first few id pictures were taken. A couple of frown lines and wrinkles could be found on the nanny's face, mostly around her eyes and mouth. Her eyes look a little more sunken then they had been before their escape from Doyle. The stress of being in hiding
from the arms dealer had obviously taken its toll on the caretaker. She had a ghost of a smile on her lips this time, as opposed to the photo from 2004. Louise's reddish brown hair was shorter, with some of it getting slightly into her eyes.

“After we found Declan and Louise, our next step was to find a list of contacts for Emily from abroad and stateside, of people that she may have been close to and trusted. Not surprisingly, that was a very short list.” Garcia adds while she stands up from the table and moves over to the monitor next to Morgan.

“But we manage to weed out all of her contacts who haven't been in the DC area within the last ten years.” Morgan continues on. “We narrowed that list down to one person.”

“Tom Kearns.” JJ finishes, pointing the remote to the monitor. She brings up a picture of a man in his early forties with a short, blond buzz cut with little wisps of grey can be found in the front of his hair line. His eyes were clear and blue, that nearly matched Declan's but were a tad bit darker. His smile was white and bright, a contrast to his tanned complexion.

“Born July 26, 1969, Tom is a native of Ruston, Virginia. He has no other family outside of his father, who passed away when he was nineteen years old of a heart attack. He never married and for all intents and purposes, is married to his job. He graduated from Brown University with a BA in Political Science and got his JD from Columbia. He was recruited by the FBI shortly afterwards and once he graduated from the academy, he started working in counterterrorism. His record with the FBI is nearly spotless. The only black mark on his record is that he may have gotten a little too rough on a suspect he was interrogating.”

“In 2000, he was loaned out on special assignment for two years to Interpol. The only thing we could find on said mission is that his job was to help the JTF-12, hunt down a former KGB agent who was reportedly selling nuclear weapons to various terrorist groups throughout a few countries in Eastern Europe and the middle east.” JJ finishes.

“We're thinking that's where they may have met.” Garcia says. “ I checked his phone records, matched them with Emily's cell number and the number from the Blackberry she used from her days at Interpol. Around the time of Doyle's reappearance and Emily's disappearance, he's called both numbers several times. Emily called him right before I called her the night she went looking for Doyle.”

“After Emily's confrontation with Doyle, Agent Kearns put in a request to his boss, asking him to relieve him from working overseas.” Morgan fills in. “He said that a friend of his, who was helping him raise his son, passed away suddenly and that he needed to be home more for him. SSA Bronson granted his request and even allows him to work from home occasionally as long as the case isn't a priority.”

“He also happens to be the lead agent working on Doyle's case.” JJ said, wrapping up their presentation on Agent Kearns. “The one Strauss handed over to counterterrorism.”

“Have you guys tried contacting him or his department about any of this? You know, to give him a heads up on your knowledge of Declan's existence?” Rossi asks.

“Or are you going to wait until Doyle comes pounding on his door, looking for Declan?” Reid asks bitterly.

“Not yet.” JJ says, ignoring Reid's comment for the moment. “Although Derek and I have been taking turns running surveillance on Declan at his school and following him back to his house and neighborhood.”
“Isn’t that a little risky, considering the circumstances?” Rossi asks cautiously.

“We made sure to stay a good distance away from Declan and anyone else noticed that we were there.” Morgan said defensively, taking a little offense to Rossi's implication. Neither JJ or himself would never do anything that could possibly jeopardize the blond teen's safety. “From what we saw, it didn't look like he was being monitored by anyone.”

“We weren't just following him around, hoping to luck out and find Doyle.” JJ confesses, as the media liaison felt the need to defend not only herself, but Derek as well and their intentions. Six months ago, they may have been using Declan as a way to find Doyle. But the media liaison had found herself needing to know

“We wanted to see if Declan's doing alright in spite of everything that's he gone through in the last ten years. And you know what? He's doing just fine. He's come in first place in several science fair contests and is captain of his school's lacrosse team. He has a ton of friends and his teachers adore him.”

“The kid's doing well for himself considering.” Morgan adds in agreement with JJ.

“He has the life that Emily would have wanted for him.” Garcia chimes in softly.

“And it's our job to make sure that he gets to keep that life.” JJ says defiantly. “Even if we have to break a lousy protocol or two in order to do that.”

There is a pause in the conversation, as Rossi tries to come up with reasons to chastise the three agents' behaviors. Interfering with another department's investigation. But now they were possibly putting Declan's life in danger through their following him. If they could find him as easily as they had, imagine how easy it would be for Doyle or anyone else looking for this kid to find him.

The older agent's eyes land on the media liaison. He noticed the fiery passion and determination shining through her eyes throughout the briefing, and it took him by surprise. He had never seen the blond react this passionately about a case before. It concerned him a little how much the blond liaison seemed to wanted this unsub to be Doyle. This case had been personal for everyone but it seemed like JJ wanted this more than anyone here.

The dark haired agent made a note to himself to pull JJ aside and talk to her about it.

The italian agent glances over at Morgan, ready to move on to the next part of the investigation.

“How exactly do you wanna handle this, Derek?” Rossi asks.

The dark agent takes a step forward and addresses the rest of the team.

“We work this case like we have any of our other cases.” Morgan orders. “If Cruz asks, we'll tell him we're working on the Flanagan and McFadden homicides in New Orleans. But make no mention of the twenty-four possible other bodies until we can positively connect them to Doyle.”

“Rossi and Blake.” Morgan says turning to the two agents in the back. “You two are going to take the jet to New Orleans in an hour to meet up with Will at the New Orleans police department. I want you to go down to the coroner's office to look at McFadden's body and see if we can have it transported to Quantico's medical examiner. I also want you to go pay a visit to Mrs.Flanagan and talk to her about her husband and the night of his murder. Rossi, you can fill Blake in on everything involving Doyle on the flight there.”

The two agents in question stand up, collect the files on the desk and make their way to the door with
their marching orders. Blake is the first to leave the room, but not without sending a concerned glance over to the unusually quiet young doctor.

Reid feels her eyes on the back of his head. He that she was concerned about him after JJ, Morgan and Garcia’s revelations. If this had been any of the other team members, it would have been enough of a reason for the young doctor to hand in his transfer papers. But when he takes a moment to actually look the linguist in the eyes and see that she is not looking at him like he's not a capable agent who was so fragile that he could break at any moment. It was a look that said she only wanted to know if he was going to be okay before the real work began. Or if he needed a moment to decompress and talk about what was bothering him about the three agent's deception. In that moment, the young doctor was thankful for the linguist's understanding.

He turns around and gives her a small yet tentative smile, as a way to reassure the older doctor that he would be okay. He gives her a smile wave as well before his focus goes back to the rest of the debriefing. He hears the clicks of Blake's boots as she walks away and the door close.

Morgan then points to the sitting Reid and technical analyst. “Garcia and Reid, you guys are going to stay here at Quantico and work on victimology. When the files come in from Interpol and the other police departments, I want you guys to work on a timeline on all of Doyle's victims. Also dig into their backgrounds and find any possible connections to Doyle. If they ate in the same pub as him or ordered the same dish for dinner as him, I want to know about it. The sooner we figure out the order he may be killing his victims in, the sooner we'll be able to get ahead of him before he kills his next victim. Understood?”

Reid nods and stands up abruptly, not sparing the three agents left a second glance, and walks out of the room, making his way towards the technical analyst office.

JJ looks down at the table, the guilt of lying to the young doctor setting in. She had been the one the scrawny doctor had gone to whenever he couldn't get his mind off of Emily. He had even confessed to her about his near relapse over it all. And yet she had lied to him over and over again about what she was really doing at work after hours. It was probably a good thing that he didn't know that she was still lying to him. But he had to understand on some level, that the only reason they lied was to protect his feelings.

The media liaison feels a hand grip her shoulder comfortingly. She looks over and sees Garcia giving her a warm smile. When Morgan's not looking, the technical analyst mouths 'I'll talk to him', referring to Reid, and then pats her shoulder.

Morgan turns to JJ and Garcia, oblivious to their silent conversation.

“JJ, you and I are going to McFadden's place to talk to his employees there.” Morgan said as he put his hands in his pocket. “Maybe they can tell us why he was in New Orleans and tell us if Doyle's been around there.”

JJ nods. “I'll go call Will and give him a heads up on Rossi and Blake coming to see him.”

“No need, I'll do it.” Garcia offers happily. She figured that he best friend and Morgan would be anxious to get out of here and grill everyone whose even breathed the same air as Michael McFadden. “Besides, I wanted to ask Will to have Gabby send back a pot of some of the best gumbo I've ever had, back with Rossi and Blake.”

“Now that you mentioned it Pen, that doesn't sound like a bad idea.” JJ said with a smile, before Morgan had a chance to answer her. “If she can, will you ask Gabby if she can make a batch for Henry and I. Eating her gumbo is the only time I can get him to eat any vegetables.”
“Gumbo? Doesn't that have meat in it?” Morgan asked confused. “I thought you were a vegetarian?”

“Vegan, my inattentive hunk. And Gabby happened to be a vegetarian before she got pregnant.” Garcia said as she lightly slaps him on his right pecs. “She's told you the last time they were in DC.”

“Must have slipped my mind, baby girl.” Morgan said sarcastically holding his hands up. “Between hunting down a dangerous international arms dealer and dealing with pretty boy's cold shoulder, remembering Will's wife's eating preferences wasn't the first thing on my mind.”

The technical analyst frowns when she sees Morgan avoid eye contact with her and stuff his hands in his pockets at the mention of the young genius. JJ hadn't fared much better, choosing to look towards the conference room window facing the bullpen. Even though both agents were too stubborn to admit it, Reid pushing them away hurt them. The four of them have been at the BAU together for ten years and it hurt to see Reid this upset at them.

Garcia was sure that with time, the boy wonder's logic would kick in and he would see that they weren't lying to the rest of the team out of maliciousness or false sense of glory. That they were doing this to protect everyone, from Doyle who would have retaliated against the BAU, like the last time, if he discovered they'd found him. She didn't want to imagine what the director of the Bureau would do to them if their after hours investigation was uncovered.

She grabs the dark agent's arm and strokes her hand comfortingly down to his hand. “Don't worry my adonis, the boy wonder will come around.”

“I know that, gorgeous.” Morgan said with a smile, clasping her hand and rubbing his thumb on top of it. “Though I wish it would be sooner rather than later.”

“He will. After I give him one of my famous pep talks, I'm sure he'll be back to his normal, unnecessary factoid self again.” Garcia said confidently.

“And if he doesn't?” JJ asks playfully, chewing a little on her bottom lip.

“Then Dr.Spencer Reid will cease to exist and be wiped off of the face of the planet.” Garcia said darkly, with a smirk. “I love the boy wonder as much as is possible. But nobody hurts my hunk and goddess and thinks that they'll get away with it.”

JJ and Morgan both laugh at the goofy technical analyst. Before they could really get into their banter, the turning of the door knob. Morgan walks over to the whiteboard and flips it over to the blank side just as their new visitor walks through the door.

The new section chief, Mateo Cruz, who was dressed a bit too causally for someone than any other section chief any of the three agents had seen previously, walks through the door. He was wearing a light blue blouse, with the first three buttons undone. His cerulean and navy blue stripped tie hung loosely around his neck as his hands were placed loosely in the pockets of his finely pressed grey pants. His jet black hair, that was peppered grey on the sides, was slightly slicked forward. The new section chief wasn't doing too bad, appearance wise, for a man nearing his late fifties. He appeared to be ten years younger than that.

His casual demeanor had been a stark contrast from their previous section chief Strauss' stringent, by the book attitude and climb the ranks of the FBI attitude. From the first case that they had with him, since Strauss' untimely death, Cruz insisted on going with them to watch how the team works. He observed them and rarely interfered with their work, with the exception of the occasional question and suggestion. Maybe it had something to do with the fact that Cruz had extensive experience in the field and was actually hired right after being on special assignment with the State Department. He...
knew what it was like to deal with the bureaucratic red tape and how much harder it made their jobs. So he followed their lead and worked the case with them and not as their superior officer. His suggestion to Morgan was actually the reason why they ended up finding that unsub.

After the Baltimore case, Cruz had earned the seal of approval of the team. With JJ, though, Cruz had earned it long before his tenure at the BAU. During her year and a half at the State Department, the media liaison and Cruz had formed a tentative friendship. He made sure that her transition with the department went smoothly, taking her out to dinner to inform her of all the people in the department she should be friendly with and all of the sleazy old commanders the blond should avoid. During a special assignment with the State Department, he went above and beyond his call of duty and made sure that she was out of the line of fire.

When Emily had to be placed in a federal protection program in the aftermath of Doyle, he was the one who took her case and made all of the arrangements for her. He found her apartment and got her a job at a Parisian government agency using one of his old contacts. Cruz even made sure that Emily would be well taken care of with her new identities and bank accounts. After Emily was safely position in her new home, Cruz taught the media liaison how to keep in contact with her, breaking several rules and regulations. In a rare moment of vulnerability, she even told the new section chief of her newly discovered feelings for the brunette. Instead of judging her and thinking of her as being weak, Cruz hugged her and told the media liaison that through hell or high water, he would make sure that Prentiss came home in one piece. He swore to JJ that she would get to tell the brunette how she felt and that it would all work out.

The latin section chief was there for her eight months ago after he called her early that August morning about Emily's demise. He had given her all the time off she may have needed. Mateo had stopped by her house later that night to check on the blond. When he found her fatigued, lithe figure on the floor next to two empty bottles of vodka, he carried her up the stairs and put her to bed. He ended up sleeping on the couch and listened as the media liaison vented and reminisced about Emily.

JJ trusted Cruz wholeheartedly, which was a hard thing for the blond to do. And the section chief hadn't given her any cause to not trust him. Even if she didn't always agree with the decisions he made for the team, like Hotch and Rossi, she had trusted them to be the best for the team. Mateo was sort of like a mentor for the blond. After she heard about him being the new hire for the BAU, the media liaison worked tirelessly to make sure the team saw the same guiding influence in Cruz that she had seen while she was in the state department. A year and a half later, JJ sees that the team has finally started to come around and sees what she sees in their new leader.

Cruz smiles at all three of the agents and walks toward them.

“Agents Jareau, Morgan.” Cruz greets shortly, receiving a smile from JJ and a nod from Morgan. “Garcia.” His eyes land on Garcia, narrowing his eyes playfully as he notices the close proximity of the dark agent and their colorful technical analyst.

Misreading his glare, Garcia takes a careful step back away from Morgan, looking as if she were being scolded like a child. They had recently had a seminar on sexual harassment, in which some unsavory conversations between herself and her chocolate god had been exposed for the whole department to see. She was still getting ribbed by the agents in the coffee room, who have started calling her coco and asking her where her ice t was. She glanced back at the new section chief, who had his arms crossed over himself and stared pointedly back at her in return, did not look as amused as all the other agents in their department seemed to be.

“Sir?” Garcia greets carefully.

Not being able to hold it in anymore, Cruz's serious expression morphs into laughter.
“Relax Garcia, you're fine.” Cruz reassures her with a chuckle.

The technical analyst's smile widens as she chuckles a long with their section chief for a bit. When he's done, Mateo looks over at the whiteboard with pictures on it, halting his laughter.

“New case?” Cruz asks after a while.

JJ, Morgan and Garcia all exchange looks with one another, to see who wants to be the one to brief their section chief on the New Orleans' case.

Morgan and Garcia silently agree that it should be JJ, since she had a better relationship with the guy then they had. They look at the media liaison, who rolls her eyes at them in response. She turns to Cruz with a small smile.

“Yeah, in New Orleans.” JJ said. Cruz turns towards the media liaison and focuses his attention on her.

“Two men, who were both in their late fifties, were found dead in the same location but killed months apart. Victim number one, Duncan Flanagan, was shot three times in his home office with his wife and sixteen year old daughter home. Victim number two, Michael McFadden, was found hanging upside down in victim number one's home. The realtor found him right before an open house for the Flanagan home that was scheduled for that afternoon.”

Cruz steps away from the three agents and moves towards the desk, opening up the case file. As he flips the file open, he stops immediately on the branding of Duncan Flanagan. His eyes widen a little bit, that was not noticeable to the three agents before him. He stares at the image for a few moments more, going over the familiar branding with his brown eyes. His jaw tightens and as well as his grip on the file.

“Really?” Cruz said a bit strained. He flips the page over to the branding of McFadden, feeling his shoulders becoming tense the longer he stared at the branding.

The agents and technical analyst did not notice their section chief reaching into his pockets and pulling out his phone. Nor did they see him take a couple of pictures of McFadden's scare while discreetly placing the phone back into his pocket.

A few minutes go by before Cruz finally closes the folder and lightly tosses it back onto the desk. Mateo turns around and looks over at the three agents, putting his hands back in his pockets.

“Do you think these two cases are connected?” Cruz asks curiously.

“So far, it's looking that they are.” JJ says. “The problem is, we don't know exactly how Michael McFadden died or where he died. We'd need to take a look at his body in order to determine that.”

“Rossi and Blake are in route to New Orleans as we speak.” Morgan jumps in. “They are going to meet with the coroner as soon as they get there and then they'll call us back with a cause of death.”

Cruz nods. “Are there any other bodies with the brandings as a signature, by any chance?”

JJ and Morgan look at each other nervously. They knew if they told him about the other bodies, they would also have to tell him about their connection to Doyle. As cool as the section chief was, the two agents knew that he would have pulled them off the case faster than Reid can put together a star puzzle.
Seeing her two friends’ dilemmas, Garcia steps up and takes over the conversation.

“Not according to VICAP, sir.” Garcia lied seamlessly. “I searched through every database at my disposal and I came up empty.”

The section chief briefly looks at the technical analyst, surprise briefly etching his features, but he covers it well a second later and goes back to his relaxed demeanor.

“Ok.” Cruz said casually. “Was the request made by the New Orleans pd for the BAU’s help?”

“Not officially.” JJ said. “But I did receive a call from Will this morning requesting our help. He’s the lead detective on the case. It’s all a matter of filling out the proper paperwork and having Will sign off it later.”

“As long as you make it official for your report, it’s fine with me.” Cruz reassures her with a smile. “How’s Will doing by the way?”

“He’s fine for the most part.” JJ tells him. “But wasn’t all that happy about having to leave his pregnant wife at home, by herself on the first day of his two week vacation to work a case they unofficially closed six months ago.”

“Yeah, well the job is always hardest on the relationships that for sure.” Cruz chuckles. “My ex fiancee couldn’t handle the fact that my job was practically my first wife. And she’s a US district attorney.”

The three agents laugh at their section chief, thankful that his questions about the investigation have come to an end.

“Why do you think I’ve been single for the last five years?” Morgan jokes along with the section chief.

“Aw, my chocolate Thor, that’s not true.” Garcia pouts empathetically, while wrapping an arm around the dark agent's shoulder. “The only reason you're still single is because you haven't found anyone as great as me.”

“If that's the case, Pen, then it looks like Derek is going to be swinging single forever.” JJ says sarcastically. “There is no one out there as good as you.”

Garcia turns to Cruz. “And this is why I’ve kept them around for ten years.” She says as she points to JJ and leans in closer to Morgan.

The four FBI agents laugh for a few minutes longer before section chief Cruz stops and pulls out his phone. He briefly checks the time and then puts it back into his pocket.

“Well, it seems like you guys have a good handle on this case. Should be an open and shut case” Cruz tells them, while the three agents in question nod. He turns to face Morgan.

“I'll leave you guys to it then. You'll let me know how this case is coming along or if you need anything, right?”

“Yes sir.” Morgan said. “It'll all be in my report when we're done.”
“That's what I like to hear.” Cruz says nodding. “I should probably get going now. I've got an appointment with the brass to keep. Unless you guys needed me for anything?”

The three agents nod in the negative and the section chief takes that as his cue to leave.

The section chief turns around and walks over to the conference room door. Before he leaves, he turns facing to face the media liaison.

“JJ!” Cruz calls out to her.

JJ jumps a little at the sound of her name and nervously glances over to the section chief. “Yes sir?”

“Tell Henry I said hi.” Cruz said smiling. “And that I hope he enjoyed the movie.”

JJ smiles politely at the section chief. “He loved it. He now worships the ground Captain America walks on now.”

Cruz chuckles. “Good to know. The Cap and Falcon were my favorites as a kid. Happy to introduce him to the next generation of kids. I've still got a few of my comics from when I was a kid at my in my basement if he ever wants to read them sometime.”

“I'm sure he'd love that.” JJ said gratefully. “If it's not too much trouble for you?”

“No trouble at all.” Cruz waves off. “Just name the time and day you want to drop by my place, and I'll make sure to be home so he can pick them up. There may or may not be a shield waiting for him.”

Cruz playfully winks at JJ before he turns around and makes his exit while the media liaison shook her head at their boss' retreating form. Thinking about how Cruz was at heart, a big kid trapped in a fifty-two year old man's body.

JJ turns around facing Morgan and Garcia, who are looking at her quizzically. Well, Morgan was looking at her quizzically. Meanwhile, the blond technical analyst stared at her with a raised eyebrow and a cat-at-the-canary smirk. She shakes her head at the two most intrusive profilers on the team and crosses her arms.

“Whatever you're thinking, don't.” JJ said pointedly. “Nothing like that is going on with Cruz and I.”

“Sure it isn’t, Jayje.” Garcia said amused. “Whatever you say.”

“Why do you know where lives then?” Morgan interrogates playfully with a smile.

“Personnel file.” JJ explains defensively. “He needed a file immediately that couldn't wait a few months ago, so I dropped it off at his place after I picked Henry up from daycare.”

“I'm sure that's the same excuse Rossi had for Strauss.” Garcia said wickedly.

Morgan and JJ stare at Garcia mortified. “Okay first of all, I did not need that image in my head.”

“Second that baby girl.” Morgan says looking away from her.

“And second of all, the guy's practically the same age that my father would have been.” JJ counters. “He's a couple of years younger than Hotch, would you really be in a relationship with a guy and that kind of age difference.”
“Don't knock it till you try it.” Garcia mutters to herself while looking off to the side, hoping the other two agents hadn't heard her. She looks over to see JJ looking at her with a raised eyebrow and a look that said they'll talk about it during their girl's night Saturday.

“Besides, did I ask you why you were checking up on Hotch's place last Saturday?” JJ asks, smirking as the blue eyes of the other woman widen in horror.

“Why were you over at Hotch's?” Morgan asks curiously. “Jack is staying over at Haley's sister's place while he's in Afghanistan.”

The technical analyst sputters and stutters, having a hard time coming up with an excuse on what to tell Morgan and JJ sees that as the perfect opportunity to go to her office and leave the two agents here.

“Yeah I thought so.” JJ said satisfied. “Morgan, I give me twenty minutes and we can head over to McFadden's place.”

JJ walks out of the room, assuming that Morgan heard her. On her way out, she leaves the conference room door crack and makes her way to her office.

Before she reaches her office, she walks by Cruz's office. She looks into his window and sees him hunched over in his seat and on the phone. It didn't look like a business call, since he appears to be using his cell phone. Judging by his scrunched eyebrows and hard glare, which was a stark contrast to the man who was in the conference room, that appointment he had looked more personal. And it wasn't going well.

“When you get this, I really need you to call me.” Cruz said urgently, running his hands through his peppered hair. “You know what, don't call me. Just meet me at my place at seven tonight. We have some things that we need to discuss and we can do that over glass of whiskey or whatever the hell you want. Just be there and on time.”

He presses down on the end button roughly and slams his phone on the desk. He puts his hands on the back of his head and sighs deeply.

The media liaison makes a quick and hasty exit before the section chief sees that she was spying on him. She walks in the direction of her office, with her boss' suspicious behavior entertaining her mind on the way.

If she were being honest with herself, something had been off with the section chief as soon as he saw those brandings. She noticed how his eyes lingered on the photos for longer than necessary and initially she thought that he was just trying to get a feel for the case they were working. But after that conversation, maybe there was something more to it than that.

Or maybe I've been doing this job for far too long and just looking to find things that aren't there. Maybe the call was just a personal call. A disgruntled girlfriend or date.JJ says to herself.

As the media liaison opened her office door, she reminds herself to ask Cruz about his strange behavior later. But right now, she had to focus on her upcoming interrogation of Michael McFadden's friends and employees.
Lauren Reinhardt

7:05 pm

Cruz residence

The black 2012 BMW pulls into the garage of the dormant five bedroom and three bedroom home in the middle of suburbia, just as the sun was setting for the day. The neighborhood kids were all in for the night, which was expected since it was a school night. The overworked night owls of the neighborhood aren't due back for another hour or so. This time of night was the best time of night for the section chief, especially after a long day at the office like today.

The noise hadn't really bothered the new section chief as much as it would anyone else. After the extensive traveling he's done since his earlier days in the army, he was just thankful that he did not have to go to sleep to the sounds of machine gunfire, explosions or trumpets waking him up long before the sun. Luckily for him, the only time there was ever really any noise this neighborhood made was during the annual fourth of July block party.

He turns off the engine of the expensive car and reaches into the back seat for his briefcase. Once he has it, Matt steps out of the car and closes the car door. The section chief takes a moment to look around the neighborhood to see if he would find a familiar muscle car within the vicinity and so far, he couldn't see it. It was either a very smart security measure by the driver of the vehicle. Or his charge had stood him up and hadn't planned on showing. He shrugs his shoulders and walks over to the front door, hoping that his former hypotheses was true.

The peppered haired section chief walks up to his front door and takes out his ringed house keys and sticks one of them in the lock. He unlocks the door and steps inside the black and white tiled entryway. Before he closes the door, Matt checks over his shoulder one more time, looking at the neighborhood sprawl for his guest. Seeing no indication of their presence, he closes the door softly, triple locking the door afterwards.

The section chief then walks through the entrance of the large, minimalistic looking living room. He sets his briefcase on the back of the black pull out couch and takes a moment to slip off his shoes. When he's out of them, Matt steps out of the car and closes the car door. The section chief takes a moment to look around the neighborhood to see if he would find a familiar muscle car within the vicinity and so far, he couldn't see it. It was either a very smart security measure by the driver of the vehicle. Or his charge had stood him up and hadn't planned on showing. He shrugs his shoulders and walks over to the front door, hoping that his former hypotheses was true.

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The section chief then walks through the entrance of the large, minimalistic looking living room. He sets his briefcase on the back of the black pull out couch and takes a moment to slip off his shoes. When he's out of them, the section chief places the black Oxfords and line them neatly against the couch next to the briefcase. He then reaches over and opens up the briefcase, pulling out a plain brown folder with the State Department's seal that refused to close. He closes the briefcase once again and stands up. Even though it had been years since the last time he was in uniform, his nightly routine from the Army was one habit he wasn't able to break. He never left a thing out of its place and his bachelor home was cleaner than most guys he knew.

Once he completed his task, Matt makes his way towards the kitchen bar. He slings his grey coat over one of the tall bar chairs and walks over to his makeshift office that covered the back wall across from the bar completely. His lacquered brown, oakwood desk also served as his bookcase where he kept the compass his father gave him on one shelf and various other trinkets from his many travels over the years.

The section chief sets the brown folder on top of the desk and then kneels on the floor and opens up the desk cabinet's door. Inside, there lay a grey and black digitalized safe that filled up the entire
cabinet. He punches in a six digit code, causing the door to click open. He reaches for the safe's handle and opens the door. Exhausted tanned hands pull out the safe's contents without any regard to order, watching as the metallic revolver, a couple of thousand dollars in cash, a few of his army commendations and the light brown case where his medals were safely secured inside blue velvet, tumbled out of the safe. There was one item left inside of the safe that caught his attention and served as the sole reason for his perusing the box in the first place, the nine by twelve orange envelope that was stuffed to the brim, marked with the name in black sharpie, 'Lauren Reinhardt.'

He pulls out the heavy envelope and closes the safe shut once again. The section chief then stands up with the folder and envelope in hand, walks over to the kitchen bar and tips the envelope open, spilling the contents of the envelope on the counter. Several different ids were wrapped in a rubber band belonging to the same brunette women, with ages ranging from early thirties to early forties and the first names beginning with an 'L' or an 'R'. Some of the names even began with an 'R' for the first name and 'L' for the last. He initially advised her to change the acronyms for the name, but she insisted that it would be easier for her to remember it the way that she had it before.

The peppered hair man also pulls out the subject's light blue file, with her name scrawled on the tab. He flips open the folder to the list written in his charge's scrawl and entitled 'Ian's contacts', choosing to bypass the gory photos of Lauren's accomplishments. After McFadden and outside of their primary target, Ian Doyle, there were three names on the list that were not crossed out:

Chloe Donaghy
Richard Greace
Lachlan McDermott

Brown eyes settled on the three names left on the list. Before this afternoon, he wanted to celebrate the fact that their mission would be over soon with a glass of whiskey. His obligation to the State Department would be over and he could focus one hundred percent on the BAU. He became excited about his upcoming plans for the team, that involved hiring another profiler and rotating leadership, having some of the senior most agents lead on cases and taking some of the burden off of Aaron.

From his short time there, he had witnessed Aaron's dedication to his job and admired that about him. Matt figured that he deserved some sort of break from heading the cases all of the time and be able to spend more time with his growing son, Jack. The section chief also thought that it was time to see what some of his younger profilers could do in a leadership position. He had a couple of agents from his team that he could see having their own teams in the near future and this would give him the perfect opportunity to see if his intuition was right.

Those plans were unfortunately put on hold when he received a folder from his secretary from the State Department that included pictures and various documents proving that there was one more target on the loose. The most frustrating part about it is that this person was under their nose the entire time. That they could have gotten them right after they took out the other target. Then again, it would have been too risky since the teenage daughter was in the house. The girl could have heard her mother's screams and tried to intervene. Lauren would have been forced to kill her then and that is something his charge said she would never do, no matter the circumstance. The agent had already crossed a dozen lines that she swore she would never cross and would have a hard compartmentalizing later. But killing a child is just a depth that she adamantly refused to sink into. If that meant getting caught, then so be it.
He then picks up the id bundle and pulls out the one from Washington DC at the top. Lauren Reinhardt was the identity that she was using now and as soon as her assignment in DC was over, he would dispose of the folder and envelope with 'Lauren Reinhardt's' name on it and replace it with a new alias. The section chief's brown eyes were focused on the scar that marred the brunette woman's face.

He remembers the photo being taken a couple of weeks after the attack, when Lauren was in much better shape. The men that Flanagan had hired had gotten Reinhardt really good and his lie had nearly become the truth. He also remembers asking if she wanted to continue on with this, that he could have her reassigned in a heartbeat if she asked him to. But Lauren, being as stubborn as she is, insisted that she was fine. Being as stubborn as she is, wanted to continue on with the assignment and see it through to the end. She said that it was her best and only chance to get home and she wouldn't be able to do that until Ian Doyle was dead. Seeing that there was no changing her mind, he shrugged it off and gave her the assignment that would take her to New Orleans. Another perk, that was not expressed by the two agents of the State Department, was that it would give Lauren the opportunity to give it as good as she got it from Flanagan's goons. According to the photos that were in Morgan's file, she definitely paid Flanagan back in full.

Sighing, Cruz places the id down on the granite counter. The sarcastic barb here and there about his charge's activities was his way of coping with the guilt of having to order Lauren to go off and kill Doyle's contacts, for the sake of national security, or so he was told during his briefing into the case. If he were being honest with himself, he had not wanted this case in the first place and in the beginning, had done everything in his power to get out of a case he was not supposed to be involved with.

It all started a few days before Emily Prentiss, BAU profiler and daughter of Ambassadors Richard and Elizabeth Prentiss, was officially killed off by the Bureau. JJ had come into his office, after getting off the phone with Agent Hotchner, shaking. Underneath her composed facade, he could tell that there was something troubling the blond. She shocked him by asking for a few days leave in order to help her team with the Ian Doyle case. He had asked her why she needed to be involved in this and she told him every detail of Emily's late night visit to her the night before and how the former agent gave her the orange envelope. He didn't need their newest liaison to tell him what was in the folder because he had seen the same thing several times over with other undercover operatives over the years. He also didn't need her to explain why she had those files in the first place. The agent knew that Prentiss' cover had been compromised and that she was on the run.

He stopped the conversation and made a call to some guys that he knew in Interpol that were in charge of the joint task forces for the agency, asking for information on the JTF-12 and operation Valhalla. His friend was skeptical at the time, since those missions were classified, but when he explained Ian's escape and how an FBI agent's life was in danger, Bart cooperated and faxed the files for the case to his assistant, Jill. Once JJ had the files, he told her that if Henry and Will needed the extra security, just in case something went wrong on the case, that she should not hesitate to ask him about it. He told her good luck, confident that the information he provided to JJ's team, along with Prentiss' files, would help catch Doyle and put him back in a jail cell worse than the one he had in North Korea.

Unfortunately for Cruz, he had been proven wrong and three weeks later, he found himself heading to the hospital room of an antsy and ornery Prentiss to debrief her on what was going to happen next. He had to skip out on her funeral early, but not without giving JJ a reassuring look to ease her unspoken doubts. She was doing the right thing by lying to her team, with the exception of Agent Hotchner and in the long run, keeping them and her safe. When they discovered the truth when
Emily eventually reappears, if she decides to go back to her old life, that they would understand that this was done for their safety.

During the debriefing, a bruised and defiant, Prentiss listened intently as himself, a couple of nameless State Department suits, Agent Hotchner and JJ surrounded her. They break the news of Doyle getting away and how there was a possibility that he could pick up where he left off if they did not get her out of the country immediately. She was told that she would be placed in an apartment in Paris, with everything that she would need to be comfortable until they found Doyle. They had also gotten her a desk job at an Interpol agency there as well, to keep her busy. If she wanted to relocate to a new location, all she would have to do is contact him or JJ and they would do their best to move her.

At the end of the briefing, the banged agent looked away from everyone and down at her feet in resignation of her current fate. Later on, JJ would tell him that as disappointed as she was in her current situation, Emily ultimately understood that this was for the best. At the same time, she wished that there was something that she could do to help catch the monster that haunted her and the rest of her team. At the time, Cruz remembers telling her that the best thing she could do to help them with Doyle, was to keep her eyes open and stay safe. Judging by the way her shoulders tense and the grip that her hands had on her arms tightened, what he said hadn't exactly comforted the former agent. He left her room soon after, hoping that with time, Agent Prentiss would accept it and head his advice. That she wouldn't go off and try to capture the dangerous arms dealer herself, like she had before.

He didn't know at the time, his bosses and Prentiss were on the same page for another two weeks, just as they were getting things ready for Emily.

Five weeks later, JJ came into his office with the papers he needed to sign for the next mission in Pakistan. She was assigned to be Prentiss’ handler and gave her all of the necessary documents that she would need in Paris a couple of weeks earlier. The media liaison tells him that she was adjusting well to her new life but complained about being at a desk all day. He smiles seeing the look of relief on the communications liaison's face, even though she tells him that Emily was getting restless. He had a feeling that the two agents were close during their tenures at the BAU. Knowing that she was safe had apparently seem to make JJ lighter. She would need that levity for their upcoming assignment in Pakistan.

Their conversation is cut short when his bosses order him to attend an emergency briefing. They tell him that through one of their confidential informants, they’ve found out that Doyle has made contact with some of his old buyers and connections from his arms dealing days. With plans to retaliate against the FBI, specifically the BAU. The arms dealer claimed that the FBI’s attack against his most loyal men and Bostonian IRA henchman, was an act of war. He also believed that they knew where his son was and if they didn't, they knew who and where Emily stowed him away to. He swore to take out each and every BAU member, starting with Agent Hotchner's current team, until he had Declan in his possession. He was then told that they would have to deploy a special operations team to apprehend him any and all contacts that Doyle may have had in the states and abroad in order to get to him. They figured that he wouldn't risk being noticed by the TSA, so he would lie in wait in the US until the opportunity to leave arrived. It would be a very costly mission for an already cash strapped department. They would have to cut the stipend they were giving Prentiss and dozens of other agents within the protection program in order to fund this man hunt.

They also suggest another alternative solution, one that was more preferable for them, that involved turning this into a covert mission with one agent and an experienced handler. They wanted Prentiss to find Doyle and the rest of his inner circle and kill them. She was to make it appear to be Doyle's work so that when she finally apprehended the arms dealer, she would have an excuse not to bring him back alive.
The fact that they were considering that as an option for the already traumatized agent, sent a chill running down his spine and made him sick to his stomach. It wasn't uncommon for the government to have covert operations that involved assassinations. They did consider Doyle an international terrorist, so he didn't have a problem with them planning to assassinate him. His problem was essentially sending a victim, even though Prentiss might disagree with the term, to kill her perpetrator. He tried to argue on her behalf and tell his bosses how insane that idea was and how they should find another agent or recruit one from the CIA to do this mission instead of Prentiss, but the board wouldn't judge. They also told him that she started a war with Doyle eight years ago, so she should be the one to finish that war and Cruz would be the one to guide her through it.

As he left the boardroom, they ordered him to tell Agent Prentiss about this opportunity, in case she was interested while he was checking on her in Paris.

A month after his meeting, right before he and JJ were due in Pakistan, Cruz finds himself in Emily's apartment in Paris. It was a cozy little one bedroom apartment located a couple of blocks near the Rhine. After three knocks and a ring of the buzzer, the former agent reluctantly let him in after he identified himself as an agent with the State Department. He flashed his badge into the peephole for good measure.

Cruz noticed that her usually long hair was now cut short. Her dark locks were now dyed a shade lighter and she also had red streaks in every other strand. Once she led him to the red sofa, he asked her about how she was adjusting to her new life. She replied by saying that her life in Paris was quiet and she had gotten a lot of reading done and joked that she could now cook a meal that would rival the ones in her collection of take out menus back in DC. It was something that she had craved in the last couple of years, to be able to relax without the nightmares of the last case flashing through her mind. At the same time, the former agent felt useless knowing that Ian Doyle was out there and she was just sitting here, waiting for him to find her. Hesitating for a few moments, he tells her that he might have a solution to her restlessness and tells her about the State Department's offer.

If she took care of Doyle's contacts, she would not only be immune to prosecution in the United States, the former agent would get home sooner than she would by just waiting for him to make a move. He warned her of the possible psychological drawbacks to the assignment he was about to give her and cautioned that if she were purposefully caught in another country, how hard it would be to exonerate her without causing an international scandal.

Unfortunately for him, none of that seemed to deter Agent Prentiss and the fire in her brown eyes at his proposition only solidified the three seconds for her to agree to do it. She said that Doyle had taken everything away from her. He hunted and killed her old team for doing their jobs. If she hadn't given him what he wanted, Prentiss was sure he would have hunted the BAU as well. He took away her life and everything that mattered to her. As far as she was concerned, she had absolutely nothing else to lose by hunting him the way he had hunted her. The way Prentiss saw it, it was time that Ian felt the terror that all of his other victims felt, by taking away the last bit of power he thought he possessed. He doesn't bother asking if she was sure after that speech because her defiant demeanor spoke volumes about how confident the brunette was in her decision. Cruz reaches into his pocket for his work phone to call his assistant Julie, asking for the names of Doyle's possible confidants and suppliers that the State Department had managed to come up with. He put the phone on speaker and Emily, with pen and paper in hand, wrote down the list. They would spend the next five hours gaining intel on each name on the list and coming up with a preliminary profile for each and everyone of them. When they were done, they discussed the method they would use for these assassinations.
As he left the cozy little abode, he told her not to say anything to JJ about her mission. The brunette looked at him for a second, as if she were going to contest. But her reason won out over her loyalty to the blond liaison, as she seemed to realize that keeping JJ in the dark about her new assignment was for her and Henry's sake than her own. He leaves her with directions to the cafe by the first target's house, where he will debrief her and hand her the materials that she would need for the job, before heading out into the lively Parisian night.

Two days later, he's outside a cafe with Prentiss, who was dressed in black from head to toe and wearing matching leather gloves, two blocks away from Charlotte Pierre's apartment. While drinking a glass of wine to go with Emily's earl grey, he debriefs the former FBI agent on her target.

Pierre was a former girlfriend of Doyle's and one of the few times he strayed away from his usual type of woman, brunettes. Pierre, a blond, also had a father who was rumored to have dealt weapons with Doyle and traded them to enemy troops during the Gulf War. Pierre apparently inherited her father's business upon his death, which paid for her career as an artist. Doyle contacted her the day after Emily, wanting to reconnect with her. She offered the family Chateau in the South of France where they would talk about business and other personal matters regarding their relationship or lack there of. The blond had also told him of her newly acquired contact, that ran a sort of Silk Road of chemical weaponry out of Morocco and how she could hand Doyle's name over to him. The Department believed that Doyle planned to use this contact in order to get back into the weapons dealing game.

He told her what time Emily should expect her to come back to her apartment and what time she usually turned in for the night. The brunette agent would be at the twenty-four hour cafe until at least one am. She was to infiltrate her apartment and finish her off as quietly as possible. The artist had a couple of nosy neighbors, so he advised the brunette to use the silencer with the glock hidden in her leather purse. He also asks Emily about the men Doyle would kill and how he left his mark on them. Brown eyes widen in surprise at this information and he sees her hands hover over the scar he left on her. She tells him how she assumed he left his mark on her because he learned it from the prison in North Korea, like he had told her. She apparently didn't know that Doyle had been doing this to people long before that. This new information seemed to do the trick and incite the former agent even more. He told her that they would take a picture of her scar when she was done with Pierre to put in her file, as an extra counter measure.

As he was leaving, Cruz tells Emily that he will wait for her back at her place. He also suggests that she should not leave any trace evidence behind her and warned her of the publicity that the artist's death would bring. That she can't afford to be sloppy and leave something behind. There were also cleaning solutions within the bag that should not be on the radar of any crime scene unit team if she needs it. He leaves her with a good luck and a burner, in case she needs to contact him for back up. He casually walks away from the brunette without giving her a second glance, in case they were being watched.

Cruz gets back to her place and drifts off into a restless sleep on her couch. The sounds of footsteps rushing through the door awakened him from his slumber five hours later. He pulls the revolver that he had strapped to his leg out and makes his way toward's the tiny bathroom. He remembers setting the gun down on top of the small table by the bathroom door and slowly walks in to find Prentiss hunched over the toilet, dry heaving and in tears. She claimed to be okay, in spite of her behavior saying otherwise. When he asked her about the kill, she refused to go into detail about Charlotte's death, but she said that it was done. He spent the night with her on the couch with the television on, appearing numb to everything around her. Emily didn't succumb to sleep until dawn, right before he was about to take his leave. He rubbed her back and placed a blanket over her sleeping form, whispering reassuringly that it would get easier as they went along. Even if he wasn't quite sure of that fact himself.
The next morning, as he walked by the art's district, where Pierre lived, on his way back to his hotel. A chaotic scene awaited him. There were a couple of French paparazzi, several nosy reporters hounding the local police, distraught fans and a number of police officers surrounding the scene of her apartment. The crowd seemed to get rowdier as the medics load Charlotte's black body bag into the back of their van. He looked at it for a couple of minutes, knowing that their CSU team would not find a trace of anything, before he was shoed away by one of the detectives there who was trying to control the crowd. He walked away with his head down, thankful that the other names on the list would not be pseudo-celebrities.

Three days go by and Cruz found his time in Paris with Emily soon came to an end. She invited him over to her apartment for dinner, after the dust settled on Charlotte Pierre's death. The first hour he was there, Matt reviewed her next case with her. Noticing how uncomfortable she was getting with the conversation, he moved on and started talking about his personal life and career with her. He also spent some time learning a little bit more about his charge. She was a Vonnegut fan and has read and could recite most of Ovid's poetry and prose in Latin. They talked about her parents, their travels and how she never really had a normal childhood. He learned that her biological father, a prominent conservative judge in Connecticut, walked out on Elizabeth when she told him that she was pregnant. To this day, he still refuses to acknowledge her as his daughter. Robert Prentiss had been a really good friend of her mother's, who had feelings for her, but lost hope when she started a relationship with the older judge. He took care of her during her pregnancy with Emily and a couple of months after she was born, they were married. Even though her parents were mostly focused on their careers, they loved her in their own way.

Cruz saw the far away look in her eyes and took that opportunity to tell Emily that when he saw her parents at the funeral, they looked to be inconsolable through their stone faced façade. Her father couldn't take his eyes off of her casket while her mother refused to look at it and kept her expressionless eyes on the headstone that bared her name. He saw Emily sadly look down at her hands, but she manage to recover quickly brushed it off with a joke about that moment being the closest they had ever been and she wasn't really there to enjoy it.

Two hours after dinner, he and Prentiss ended up on the topic of JJ. He spends ten minutes raving about the work she was doing and how the department had improved immensely thanks to her, in spite of the circumstances that she was brought in under. He then admitted to seeing JJ going far as a liaison. He wouldn't be surprised to see her as the press secretary for the White House one day, if she used her contacts with the State Department correctly. Emily leaned back into the couch and sighed softly, telling him that JJ was definitely a lifesaver. Without her in the BAU, there were a few cases that the former FBI agent was pretty sure they wouldn't have been able to solve without the blond's knack for wordplay. After that, she started playing with her slightly regrown finger nails, causing a lull in the conversation.

During that lull, the State Department agent took the opportunity to ask the brunette the question that had been on his mind since JJ came in with the details of Emily's assignment with Doyle. He set his wine down on the glass table and asked the banged woman why she gave JJ the information about her undercover work. Out of all the people the ambassadors' daughter had in her life, why the blond liaison? Emily briefly glanced at him, brown eyes widening at the question before she downs the little wine left in her glass. Seeing that he was moving in on shaky ground. He then explains how in his experience, the agents that were previously undercover and had their covers blown would leave their files for their significant other or spouse to find, in case they don't come back for one reason or another. When he receives a half hearted nod in reply, Cruz then finds himself asking if she and JJ
were having an affair. The brunette agent adamantly denies the charge and he is able to put the pieces together for himself.

He remembers asking empathetically, knowing what it was like to love someone who was out of their reach, how long she has had feelings for the BAU’s former liaison. She quietly confides to him since the day she walked into Agent Hotchner's office, asking where she should put her things. She explains to him all the near misses to tell the blond how she truly felt and how she thought there was something between them in the beginning. But then Will happened and the next thing she knew, the blond was pregnant and engaged to the New Orleans detective. She figured that as long as JJ was happy, then that was all that had mattered to her. After all the cases that the media liaison was subjected to daily as a part of her job, the blond deserved to have whatever little happiness life outside of the job could provide. And the banged brunette refused to get in the way of that, no matter how much it hurt her to do so.

Seeing the looking in the former agent's eyes, made him want to tell her what the blond had confided to him the week prior to his visit to Paris out of frustration. That the blond was putting on a show of happiness in her relationship with Will, just as Emily had concealed her feelings for the blond. She also told him that the most enjoyable part of her day, besides coming home to Henry, were their bi-weekly scrabble games.

Underneath his tough yet disciplined exterior, Cruz was secretly a hopeless romantic. He wanted to see where this possible thing between JJ and Emily would go. But he also knew that even if JJ's not in love Will anymore, it didn't mean that the blond would have feelings for Emily or any other woman. He didn't want to get her hopes up, not with the mission the brunette had ahead of her. He needed Emily's mind to be focused on the job at hand and JJ's rejection could be the very thing that kills Prentiss. He couldn't take the risk of that happening, so he decides not to tell the brunette what the liaison had confided to him.

They sit in silence for a couple of moments, before Cruz stands up to leave, telling the brunette that he had to be back in DC for a briefing before heading to Pakistan. He says that he has one more thing to give her and then pulls a picture of Henry out of his wallet, handing it over to Prentiss. She took the photo from him and held it into her hands delicately. It was a recent picture of Henry, with smile where you could see all of his tiny white teeth as he clung his small hands to the swings and blond tresses flung into his face. He looked like he was being swung as high as the little swing set with go, with Morgan in the background grinning at the camera right behind him. Garcia, the BAU's technical analyst was on the swing next to Henry's trying to push herself as high as Henry. He told her that it was taken by JJ during an outing that the dark agent and technical analyst planned for them with the two year old. He then tells her that the little boy would stay with Garcia until she got back from her mission.

Cruz waits for Prentiss to look up but she doesn't. Instead she strokes images of the three people within the photo with her finger longingly. He then goes on to tell her that JJ wanted her to have it as a reminder of what she has to come home to when she was ready. He then tells her that when this mission is over, that he couldn't guarantee that she wouldn't come back to DC with a few additional scars to add to her growing collection. Or that everyone on her team who didn't know about being alive would forgive her for what she has done or what she was about to do. But he could guarantee that a sweet little boy and his mother would be waiting to greet her with open arms and loving compassion as soon as she walked through the door. He then tells her that JJ did not tell Henry that she was dead, but that she was off somewhere on a secret spy mission. The little boy swore to secrecy on his beloved legos that he would not tell anyone about Emily being a secret spy.
The agent swears he saw a lone tear come out of one of Prentiss' eyes, as she set the photo down on the coffee table and stood up. She walks over to the door where he was and wraps her arms around him in a tight hug. He pats her back gently and tells her if she won't stop Doyle for herself, then at least stop him for JJ, Henry and the rest of her former teammates. As Prentiss shuts the door behind him, he quietly tells her good luck and how she was going to need it.

A couple of weeks after his visit with Prentiss and on an Air force one plane to Pakistan, Cruz receives a text from an unknown number, telling him that Dawson was dead. JJ, who is sitting across from him, asks what the text was about. His reply is nothing, just his secretary was telling him about a package that came to his office and he was telling her where to put it. The liaison seemed to accept that answer and turns her head back to the window.

During the first three weeks of his mission in Pakistan, he would come back to his barracks at the end of the long work day with identical text messages from the unknown user five more times: Tierny. Morrison. Coulson. McGee. Hudson. He even received a brief call from his charge the day before they were about to kill Pearson in Edinburgh, to update him about her intentions to move on to the states once the last two victims in Europe were taken care of. She had gotten over the nature of what she was doing and managed to compartmentalize this part of her life, so that when she goes back to her old life, the brunette would not have to carry everything that she was doing back there. It was part the reason why she requested that he stopped calling her 'Emily' or 'Prentiss'. She wanted him to call her by whatever alias she was using at the time instead. It was also why her biweekly Scrabble games with JJ came to a sudden and abrupt end. He wanted to ask her more about her sudden change in behavior but before he could, his charge spotted her target.

She ended their conversation with a promise to call him once Pearson was gone and he told her that they were only doing a brief surveillance of the area in the morning with Hastings and JJ. But afterwards, he would be free to talk to the rest of the day. He promised to call her just in case things ran longer than expected.

Unfortunately, he never got the chance to make that call. The next day while they were in their convoy, they were ambushed by the enemy and their convoy was blown up. One of their agents, Michael Hastings, was killed in action and their interpreter was the one who set everything up and tried to kill him. He managed to get himself and an unconscious JJ out of there before things got worse. It was one of the last things he remembered before succumbing to unconsciousness himself.

During he and JJ's month long stay in the hospital, he received two texts. One telling him that Pearson was gone and another to tell him that she was going dark and that he would not hear from her for a while. The murders of Pierre, Dawson, Tierny and now Pearson were all over the international news. Even though they were no closer to catching her than they had been with the initial murder of Pierre, her charge still didn't want to take any more chances.

He sent her a message to tell her that it was alright and to stay safe, before closing his phone and setting it on the night stand, praying that Prentiss or whoever she was now, would be okay on her own for a while.

Six months later, as he was grabbing a quick midnight snack, Cruz was startled by a figure dressed in black and a mask, drinking a tumbler full of his scotch. The figure in black pulled off their mask and Prentiss revealed herself. Her hair was a bit longer than the last time he had seen it and when he turned on the light, he noticed that it was a shade darker and the red streaks were gone. She offered him a drink, which he gratefully accepted, and asked him why it took him so long to text her back after Pearson. He reluctantly tells her about the ambush and how J.J. had taken the brunt of the explosion. It took him twenty minutes to convince his infuriated and vengeful charge that JJ was fine after a few weeks of rehab as soon as they were relieved, and a reassurance that he would catch
Askari eventually. He told her that all she needed to do was stay focused and focused on Doyle.

Cruz would spend the next three hours debriefing her about her targets in the DC area and how she should kill a couple of them at a time before moving on to the next city. He also updated her on Henry and handed her a current picture of the little boy. This time, it was of the three year old in a birthday hat on his mother's lap, as he blew the candles out on his cake.

Before disappearing into the night, Prentiss told him that he should consider changing his locks and getting an alarm. He tells her in jest that he would think about it, even though he was sure she'll find another way in no matter what security measures he decided to take.

The gray haired section chief turns away from the counter top and towards his liquor cabinet. He pulls out the near empty container with amber liquid and sets it on the counter top. As he's unscrewing the top, he feels someone staring at him from the dining room table. He looks up and sees the dark figure, with one leg crossed over the other with their back against the wall. She was wearing the ghastly black mask again, the one that made her look like a giant fly.

“You know, you don't have to do this every time you visit.” Cruz said casually as he goes back to unscrewing the top. “You can pretend to be normal for two point five seconds and say hello. Or ring the doorbell.”

“I know that.” Emily replies, but the section chief can hear the smirk in her distorted voice. “But I haven't been normal in what, three years? Besides, where's the fun in being 'normal'?”

“I could accidentally shoot you one of these days.” he said as he pops the cubed shape top off the bottle.

“Good luck with that.” she said sarcastically. “You and I both know you'd be dead before the bullet left the chamber.”

The section chief shrugs his shoulders, coinciding to his asset being right. Three years ago, he may have questioned her statement. But after all he has seen in regards to her work the last couple of years, the brunette may be right.

“Humor me anyway and take that damn thing off.” Cruz instructs. “I don't want to feel like I'm talking to some freaky, early seventies scifi alien.”

Cruz pours the amber liquid into his tumblr and sets the container down. The section chief doesn't bother offering her any of the liquid, knowing that she prefers to abstain from alcohol while on the job.

He then walks away from the counter and moves over to the seat across the agent at the small, black table and takes a seat.

Emily, or Lauren as she's going by now, scoots forward into the chair facing his direction. She reaches behind her mask, loosens the straps and pulls the mask forward away from her face. Once it's off, she sets the monstrosity down onto the floor.

Cruz looks up from his drink and he immediately notices the physical changes in the brunette since
the last time they talked in New Orleans. Her skin was paler now, making the scar, that ran from her left eye, across the bridge of her nose and ended at the tip on the right side of her upper lip, was a deep purple in color. Brown eyes had dark circles surrounding them and seemed to be sunken in. She looked like she hadn't had a decent night's sleep in weeks.

He looks down at her hands and sees that her nails looked as if they had been chewed down to the bone of her finger. The section chief could smell the rank stench of cigarette smoke that covered her clothes, making his concern for his asset grow.

Cruz raises the tumblr to his lips and takes a sip of the amber liquid. He shakes his head a little, feeling it burn down his throat. When it's over, he looks at Agent Pren-Reinhardt, who sat there still and expressionless.

"I got a very interesting phone call from our bosses this afternoon." Cruz said as he leans his head on his hand and gets down to business.

He knew that if he confronted her about his concerns for her health now, she would shut down and walk out of here without knowing what her next assignment was going to be. The section chief has seen that the brunette seem to be reaching her breaking point with this assignment. At this point, he couldn't be sure if she wouldn't walk out on him and never return if he pushed her about her health now.

"All good things I assume." Reinhardt's husky voice said sarcastically, as a cold smirk forms on her lips.

"Not exactly." Cruz said unamused. "They weren't exactly happy with the job you did on McFadden and the Cirque Du Soleil spectacle that you left behind. The New Orleans police are starting to connect his death with Flanagan's thanks to your stunt. It's already all over the news in New Orleans and according to their sources, it's expected to make the national news sometime tomorrow morning."

Lauren crosses one arm over the other and stares at her handler indifferently, causing the section chief to sigh. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out his Iphone. The grey haired man pulls up the picture that he grabbed from Morgan's files and lies it in front of the silent asset.

"The BAU has also taken an interest in the McFadden/Flanagan case. This was taken from their briefing this afternoon."

Lauren picks up the phone and scrolls through the pictures. Her eyes widen slightly before going back to normal, but her expression remains neutral.

"Right now, they believe this is all Doyle's work." Cruz tells her. As soon as the three agents were out of the room and busy in their respective offices, Cruz went back into the conference room and looked at the white boards and monitor that Derek and JJ had tried to obscure from his view. "They've already connected the bodies in Boston, LA, DC and Europe to him. You and I both know that it's only a matter of time before they realize Doyle isn't their unsub and they start looking for you."

The brunette nods and slides the phone back over to him.

"So what do they want me to now?" she asks him, purposefully skipping over any mention of her
former team.

The section chief lifts his head up and places his hands on top of one another, bracing himself for the next piece of news that the brunette would not be happy about.

“They want to stop hunting Doyle.” Cruz said reluctantly.

Lauren’s posture straightens up and narrows her eyes at the handler. Before she can say anything, the section chief holds his hand up and interrupts her before she had the chance.

“You can finish off the four remaining people on the list, but they want you to stay away from Doyle from this point on. It'll be Homeland Security's problem from now on.”

“Why would they want me to do that?” Lauren asks coldly.

“They're concerned about your wellbeing.” Cruz said calmly. “They think you're losing control and being reckless in the process. They think that you're about to crack and they can't afford that. They want to abort the mission and place you back in protective custody program immediately.”

“They're concerned about my wellbeing, now?” Lauren chuckles bitterly. “Did they amend their budget this year that would allow them to give a damn about their undercover agents now? Or is it because they're disappointed that I'm still alive when they expected me to really be dead three years ago after Hudson?”

“It's not like that Emily and you-“

“Don't call me that name!” Lauren hisses, pointing a lone finger at the section chief. “And you can tell them where to shove their so called concern, I'm not letting up on Doyle. Especially not after what I've got on him.”

There is a tension filled pause and Cruz uses that to chug another sip of his scotch. He ignores the sting this time and sets the glass back down when he's done.

“For the record, Reinhardt, that's exactly what I told them.” Cruz said casually, smiling at the confusion flashing through her eyes. “I just put it a little nicer than you did just now.”

Looking up at the still confused brunette he continues on with his explanation.

“I told them that in spite of her slip up with McFadden, that Agent Reinhardt has done fine work thus far and is perfectly capable of seeing out her assignment through to the end.” Cruz tells her with a small smile. “I also reassured them that from her on out, you would play by their rules and there won't be any more slip ups. They told me that you better or else the Director of the FBI would be getting a call from him. The mission will continue on as planned.”

Looking down at her hands in shame, Lauren nods and sets them back on the table when she is done.

“Now that we've got that out of the way, let's move on to something else.” Cruz said. “You said that you had something on Doyle?”

Lauren inhales a deep breath in and exhales out soon after. “When I was staking out the cafe that Doyle goes to every morning, he wasn't alone. Richard Gerace sat at his table with him ten minutes after he arrived.”

Cruz stares at the asset in surprise. “Are you positive it was him?”
Lauren nods. “Yeah. I met him once during the Valhalla operation. I would never forget that scar.”

“What were they doing together anyway? I thought they hated each other?”

“Gerace may hate Doyle, but he doesn't hate his money.” Lauren said sarcastically.

“He's paying him to do a job?”

“Not just any job.” Lauren said somberly. “He's paying him to kidnap Declan. From what I heard of their conversation, it looks like Gerace has already found him.”

Lauren would have told him about the other man that Gerace was speaking to after Doyle left and how that may be Gerace's partner, but the asset wanted a chance to gather more intel on Gerace's whereabouts first. Maybe when she caught the cowardly weapons dealer, she could convince him that it was in his best interest to give up his partner before she killed him.

The section chief does not say anything for a while, taking a moment to register this new information. Up until this point, the two of them knew that there was a possibility Doyle would try to and maybe even succeed in finding Declan. But they had not anticipate him finding the teenager this soon. And if he's getting help from who he considers an enemy who he mutilated twenty years ago, then Doyle must be desperate. Both agents knew that if he was that desperate, it was only a matter of time before he starts taking other people down with him.

Cruz picks up the glass and gulps down another swig of his drink.

“Do you think he know where Tom's house is?”

“I'm not sure.” Lauren answers doubtfully. “But somehow, he managed to gain access to Declan's school by either staking out the perimeter from one of the neighborhoods near by. Which I highly doubt the staff at his school would allow that to happen. You would have a better chance of getting into Fort Knox than that school.”

“Or somehow, managed to get some lower level position at the school that would have given him access to the students. Maybe as janitor, custodian or cafeteria worker. Whatever job he has on campus now would have allowed him enough time to scout Declan out and memorize his daily schedule.” Lauren continues on, using her left pointer finger to pick at her right thumb to calm down some of her nervous energy. “I wouldn't be surprised if Gerace's inquired about him to any or all of his other teachers. It wouldn't be a shock if he hadn't already followed Declan home a couple of times.”

The section chief sets the nearly empty glass down and sits up straighter in his chair.

“I'll talk to SSA Breyer at counter-terrorism and see if we can set up a time to talk to Kearns alone and fill him in on developments in the Doyle situation.” Cruz said after a while. “I won't tell him where I got the information from, just that I got it from one of my confidential informants. But I will recommend that there be two FBI agents stationed at his house at all times until we neutralize Doyle and Gerace. I'll also see if I can have someone tail Declan at school from now on, just in case Gerace thinks about trying anything over there.”

Lauren raises a thin eyebrow at her handler, having a hard time buying that Kearns would take the security detail without any objections.

“I'll make sure to emphasize the seriousness of the situation to Tom. I'm sure he'll understand that we need to be a step ahead of Doyle and Gerace for Declan, Louise and the agent's own sakes.
Lauren nods. “What do you want me to do about Gerace, sir?”

Cruz stands up from the chair and walks over to the granite island, where he left his files. He picks the files up and carries them back to his seat.

“Gerace is obviously the bigger threat

“Right now, I want you to focus on your next target in New Orleans.”

“New Orleans?” Lauren asks quizzically. “But I just got back from there. The only person on Doyle's contact list there is Duncan Flanagan and he's been dead for a year.”

“You're wrong about that Reinhardt.” Cruz tells her as he sets the files down on the table. “Don't feel bad, I only found out this afternoon about how wrong we were.”

He sprawls the files out in front of her and watches as the brunette crosses her arms over her chest. He then opens up the flap for the first file. Inside, there are black and white pictures of a blond woman in her fifties, dressed in a nice, pressed pinstriped pantsuit, holding hands with Duncan Flanagan. Brown eyes widen in surprise as she immediately recognizes the woman before her. Shelly Flanagan.

“How is that possible?” Lauren asks dumbfounded. She looks away from the photo and looks directly at Cruz. “We've spent weeks collecting intel on Duncan, not once did

“That's because we were only looking at Duncan. Shelly Flanagan wasn't even a blimp on our radar.” Cruz said, leaning back into the chair, watching as Agent Reinhardt combined through the photos.

“She wasn't in the spotlight like her husband was, outside of the occasional promotional appearances for Flagcon events. She gave up her law career in order to be a stay at home mom for her two daughters.

He watches as she gets to the print out of a Dublin newspaper from seven months ago with the headline: 'Widower appointed to Flagcon board of directors'.

“Then what is she doing being appointed to the Board of Directors?” Lauren asks as she's places the article back inside of the folder.

“That's what I was curious about too.” Cruz tells her. “So I send a couple of agents, in plain clothes, down to New Orleans and Baltimore to talk to some of the employees working at the docks. They told them that Mrs. Flanagan was practically running Flagcon by herself and Duncan was just a figure head for the company.”

“So what, a woman is in charge of a very successful company and that makes her suspicious?” Lauren asked, annoyed with the section chief's implication.

“It does when you're paying Doyle off the books to keep McDermott in line while fraudulently using your husband's name.” Cruz said, pointing to her financials, placing them in Lauren's face.

“He made the trip to Boston and had the account closed in 1998, but Duncan's 'assistant' opened it back up the next day using his signature. Around the time Duncan would have been on a flight to Ireland to visit his ailing father and older brother. Their source says that they believe, without a doubt, that Shelly Flanagan was the one paying him off.”

The section chief then shows her the black and white surveillance pictures of a short haired brunette
woman, who appeared to be wearing a wig, at the front counter of the bank talking to one of the
tellers, carrying a briefcase. She flickers over to the next photo from the following year, except she's
wearing a longer wig and carrying that same briefcase. There is surveillance for every year, up until
the year of her 'death' in 2011. Flipping through each one of them seemed to infuriate Lauren more
than the one before it. Until finally, she is able to set the manilla folder down with a hard thud.

“So you're telling me, Shelly Flanagan has been Doyle's contact all along.” Lauren said with a bite in
her husky voice. “And I might have killed an innocent man for nothing! Now you're asking me to
kill this sixteen year old girl's mother based on yet another flimsy hunch!”

“I never said Duncan was innocent. And it's not a flimsy hunch.” Cruz said defensively, feeling a
little flustered by the situation. “I don't know why their people did not pick up on this while they
were creating the list initially or why they didn't have all the information at the time. But they do now
and both Flanagans were involved with Doyle to some capacity.”

“I know exactly why. The State Department's people probably didn't think that a woman like Shelly
wasn't capable of being anything other than a harmless soccer mom.”

He looked away from her briefly and took a deep breath, before telling her this next piece of
information, knowing that in all likelihood, Emily would get very upset.

“I wasn't going to tell you this before, but now's as good of a time as ever.” Cruz mutters. “Do you
know how Doyle manage to procure the private jet that he used to get here from Russia?”

“No.”

“Flanagan was meeting with investors in Moscow at the time. According to Duncan's cell records,
there was a call made to him from a burner phone out in one of the towns nearby. We're thinking that
he met up with Flanagan in Moscow and caught a ride with him to Denmark.”

“Where Sean and his wife were killed?” Lauren said quietly and Cruz nods to her in response.

“So no, he was not innocent, not in the least. Neither is his wife. They're both guilty of their own
greed and that is what is killed Duncan. It is also going to kill Shelly. Unfortunately, their kids are
going to suffer the most in the end.”

The pair sit in silence for a moment and then the asset nods her head begrudgingly in acceptance of
her assignment.

“Is there anything else that I need to know?” Lauren asked restlessly.

“Yeah.” Cruz said as he leans back in his chair. “Don't underestimate Shelly Flanagan. She may look
like soccer mom of the year, but she is just as dangerous as her husband was, if not moreso. She
could do some real damage to you if you're not careful. You'll need as much strength as you can get
to kill your last three targets after her.”

The soft lace of concern in his voice, touches Lauren greatly. The whole time she has been working
for him, she's always been surprised at the amount of concern he has shown her. He could be
railroading her ass on the phone one minute and pulling her into a comforting hug the next. She will
never tell the BAU's section chief this willingly, but she sort of saw him as sort of a surrogate father
figure, in place of her own. He was always looking out for her best interest, even if he had trouble
showing it.
She stands up from the table and gathers the files that Cruz had just given her. The brunette then picks the mask from beneath her feet and places it back onto her face. She straps the velcro straps onto the bottom of her chin, scoots her chair in and starts to walk away from the table and towards the back door with a slump in her shoulders.

Cruz swigs the last of his drink and watches her leave. He got one last look of her before she would become a ghost once again. It was never easy to watch his asset, who has now become more of a friend to him, because he knows the possibility that this may be their last meeting. He knew with her skill set, that she would be fine and this thought seem to reassure him after every one of their briefings. But for some reason after this one, he wasn't comforted by that thought anymore. Emily had changed after her attack in Dublin eight months ago and even if she wouldn't say it out loud, he had a feeling that the brunette could go dark after Shelly Flanagan. If she decided to go dark, there was no getting her back and Cruz feared that things would get worse if that happened. More bodies would turn up, if Doyle succeeds and gets away with Doyle. He would have no choice but to reveal Emily and the State Department's secret to the BAU. That was something the section chief did not want to even consider as an option. So he decides that he has to make one last ditch effort to give the hopeless agent something to hold on to. Maybe hearing about Henry, JJ and the rest of her team would do something to lift her spirits.

“Prentiss!” Cruz calls out to her, causing the masked agent to turn around abruptly.

“They're all doing okay.”

If he could see the chocolate brown eyes of the brunette agent, they would be looking at him as if he'd grown two additional heads.

“Your team.” Cruz amends. “They're all doing okay. Blake, that new agent I told you about, seems to finally finding her rhythm with the rest of the team. Hotch is away on assignment again and won't be back for another month. Based on our conversation a couple of weeks ago, it seems like he has a new girlfriend. Morgan and Rossi are alternating while he's out, they are doing fine too. Reid has gotten better with his shot. He and Maeve are still surprisingly going strong. They'll be celebrating their one year anniversary together in a couple of weeks. And Garcia is just Garcia, but she seems to be dating someone as well.”

The masked brunette takes her hand off the door and crosses her arms over herself in anticipation.

“Henry is growing up so fast. He loves Captain America and his pee wee soccer team has just made him their new center. If you're back in time, I'm sure you could find a way to make it to his first game next Saturday.” Cruz continues on, seeing the asset's silence as a good sign. That he may be getting through to her somewhat. “And JJ, she's getting by. She's mainly focused on Henry and her dual role as liaison and profiler. But sometimes when she thinks no one is looking, I'll catch her staring at your old desk a little longer than the others.”

Emily turns around opening the door in the process. She takes a step out of the door and the last thing that the masked agent hears is this.

“It'd be nice if that desk was filled soon, so she won't have to do that anymore.”
“Oh what a tangled web we weave. When first we practice to deceive.” Sir Walter Scott.

The buzzing, bright lights of the morgue illuminated the pale and lifeless body of Michael McFadden. The white sheet, that covered his hips all the way down to his legs, leaving his upper body and round, beer belly, that now had a ‘Y’ incision stitches that began at the top of his chest, exposed under the harsh glare of the fluorescent lights. Along with the scrutinizing gazes of the two FBI agents on the sides of the table and New Orleans detective, who stood on at the top. As the medical examiner watches his hands in the sink adjacent to Agent Rossi, washing off the residue that came from his latest inquiry. When he's done, the tall, light brown haired doctor, wearing horn rimmed glasses, grabs a new pair of gloves, turns around and faces the three investigators before him.

Dr. Jansen is thirty six years old and one of the youngest Chief medical examiners that Louisiana's ever had. He had only been there for about a year or so. Within that year, the bright, young doctor has made vast and much needed improvements to the examiner's office and managed to do what his predecessor could not by bringing the office into the twenty-first century. These improvements were a godsend to Will and the other detectives in the department, saving them a lot of time and resources that could be better spent dealing with other unsolved cases.

“The cause of death for Mr.McFadden over there-” Dr. Andrew Jansen said in a thick Australian accent, as he points one of his latex fingers towards the body. “is asphyxia caused by ligature strangulation.”

“Do you have an exact time frame for McFadden's death?” Blake asks as she takes a couple of steps towards the body.

The three investigators look away from the body for a moment and in the doctor's direction.

“Based on his body temperature at the crime scene and the rate of rigor mortis, I'd say Michael died at around four am a couple of nights ago. ” He answers while looking in Blake's direction.

“Isn't it about sixteen hours from here to DC?” Blake asks turning to Will.

“That's about right Alex.” Will answers, crossing his arms over himself. “It would also depend on the traffic out on the freeway that day and there are some back roads you can take that'll get ya there quicker.”

“So why do it?” Alex asks. “Sixteen hours is a long drive just to dump a body and going back to one of the original victims is risky.”

“Maybe the unsub was trying to leave a message for the next victim on the list.” Rossi adds.

“I talked to the real estate agent a couple hours before y'all's arrival.” Will adds interrupting the, turning to Blake and Rossi. “Her name's Shanna Mosley and she said that she smelled somethin fowl the second she walked inside of front doors.”

“Why didn't she call the police before she discovered the body?” Rossi asks while he pulls out his notebook and pen to write down this latest development.
“She assumed that an animal may have found a way into the house and died there recently so she wasn't too concerned about it at the time.” Will answers as he puts his hands in his pocket. “She was gonna call the people who cleaned the house to come back and pick up the animal before the open house started, seconds before she found McFadden's body.” Turning away from the FBI agent, Will turns to the medical examiner. “What else did you find Andy?”

“After taking a look at his heart, I'm surprised your unsub didn't give the guy another heart attack when they attacked him.”

“McFadden did have a heart attack fourteen years ago.” Rossi adds.

“I'm afraid it was worse than a simple heart attack, Agent Rossi. He had hypertrophy cardiomyopathy, a genetic heart condition.” Dr. Jansen answers. “There was a significant amount of blockage in his left and some on his right ventricular artery. I looked through his medical history to confirm my findings and discovered that he had been taking beta blockers and blood thinners for his condition for while in his twenties, but stopped taking them a year before his first heart attack. There was a significant amount of blockage in his left and some on his right ventricular artery. Had he lived, I expect he would have needed a heart transplant and soon.”

“Sounds like cosmic justice to me.” Rossi states. “Although a heart attack isn't as compelling after everything he's done to his victims.”

“‘If there's any consolation Agent Rossi, McFadden has likely been suffering with his condition for a long time.” Dr. Jansen says. “In fact hypertrophic cardiomyopathy-”

“Do you know what he was strangled with Andy?” Will asks wanting to get back to the topic at hand, knowing how excited the medical examiner had the tendency to get off track when going into details about his patient's undetected ailments.

Dr. Jansen looks over to Will and nods. Jansen then walks past the detective ad over to the body of the deceased man. He beckons the investigators to move closer with his gloved hands. The three investigators do what he says and move in closer to the dead man's neck.

“Rope and a black one at that.” Dr. Jansen answers. Seeing the three investigators look at him quizzically, Dr. Jansen continues on with his analysis and answers before they have a chance to ask him their question. “His windpipe was crushed and it appears that he was placed in a choke hold and he succumbed to the strangulation ten minutes later.”

“My assistant found a tiny piece of the rope left underneath his adam’s apple. The criminalists are using the sample to see if they can match it to a particular brand of rope. They should be back with the results before you all head back to Quantico in the morning.”

As he said it, Dr. Jansen lifts McFadden's chin up slightly and points to the lump on the pale man's throat. When he's done, he sets the man's chin back into place and looks up at the three investigators.

“I also found something very interesting in regards to the methodology of McFadden's strangling.” Jansen says as he directs their attention back to himself. Blake and Rossi look at him curiously while Will nods his head telling him to go on.

“What did you find doc?” Rossi asks stepping forward.

“The ligature mark around McFadden's neck was unusual, especially for a man as imposing as he was.” Dr. Jansen tells the two agents as he steps away from the silver tab and over to his desk drawer. He pulls out tanned rope and shuts the drawer up. The medical examiner then walks back
over to the table and sets the rope down.

“Why's that Doctor?” Blake asks.

“Normally, when someone is strangled and the assailant or unsub as you call them, are around the same height or taller, the slope of the ligature mark will face downward.” Dr Jansen says as he straightens out the rope. He turns around to face Will, who was standing off to the side behind him.

“Would you mind giving me a hand detective?” Dr Jansen asks Will with a smirk. He figures that this demonstration would be an early Christmas gift to the detective, having the opportunity to pretend to strangle him.

Will walks up to the doctor with a grin and takes the rope happily. “Sure thing, darlin.”

Will motions for Blake and Rossi to come over and he waits until they are right beside him before he begins the demonstration.

“For example, Detective Lamontagne here is five foot, eleven inches and I'm five foot, ten inches.” Dr Jansen explains as he motions for Will to get ready with the rope. “Because we're about the same height, when he strangles me with the rope, the impression should be facing upward.” He turns around and nods at Will. “Okay detective, have at it.”

Will wraps the rope complete around his neck and pulls the rope upward. The medical examiner holds onto the rope and begins gasping. Blake and Rossi watch intently as the man is strangled, quickly understanding what the doctor was trying to say. Rossi takes out his evidence notebook and pen, making note of this for their unsub's profile for later. He then starts twisting his body from side to side and taps on the rope after a few seconds, having enough of the detective's strangling. Will lets the rope fall immediately as the medical examiner has his head down and rubs his neck starting from the center a little before looking up at the FBI agents. When the medical examiner regains his composure, he takes the rope out of Will's hands and places it back into his own.

“But if the unsub and McFadden had a significant height difference.” Dr Jansen says as he hands the rope to Alex. “Then the impression is going to slope downward.”

Blake places the rope in both of her hands and straightens it out. She pulls on the rope and stretches it for a bit before turning to Dave.

“Would you like to do the honors, Rossi?” Blake asks with a nod.

“For you Alex, always.” Rossi says with a wink as he turns around and faces away from his partner. When he's faces away from her, Blake takes the rope and wraps it underneath Rossi's adam's apple, just like the unsub would have wrapped it around McFadden's. Unlike Will, Agent Blake only pulls on the rope long enough to see how the unsub might have done it. She notes that the rope is facing downward, as the medical examiner said that it would. Still, there was something that troubled the linguist about the last moments of Michael McFadden's life.

“Would this be enough force to subdue McFadden. If the unsub is shorter than McFadden was, wouldn't it be safe to assume that they may have been smaller in size than he was?” Blake asks. She then jerks Rossi into her a bit and yanks a little harder on the rope. “Or would the unsub have to put a little more into their movements in order to throw McFadden off balance enough to strangle him?”

“You beat me to the punch Doctor Blake.” Dr Jansen says impressed with the FBI agent before him. “I was just about to get to that.”

Blake loosens up the rope and pants the back of a coughing Rossi. He brushes her off and says that
he is fine as she looks on apologetically. When he's gathered himself, the italian agent turns back around to face Blake and the other three men.

Agent Blake walks over to the medical examiner and gives the rope back to him before going back to Rossi's side.

When he has the attention of the three investigators, the medical examiner walks over to McFadden's body and continues on with his inquiry.“There were abrasions that went down to his trapezius muscle.”

“Where the unsub restrained him.” Blake said with a nod.

“That's correct, Agent Blake.” Dr Jansen confirms.

Rossi take a couple of steps forward to the table to get a better view of what the doctor . Rossi gazing at the corpse as if something was missing. He then looks to his three colleagues and voices what was on his mind.

“Here's what I still don't understand.” Rossi states, turning to the medical examiner. “McFadden was a big man. There is no way that a guy, who was nicknamed 'the enforcer', wouldn't have gone down without putting up a fight.”

“And you would be correct in that assumption, Agent Rossi. I found bruising and some abrasions all the way down his back. My theory is that if he were in an enclosed space, McFadden may have slammed your unsub up against something several times before he passed out.” Dr Jansen said in agreement.

The medical examiner then motions for Will to follow him to McFadden's body. The cajun detective has his hands on the corpse's lower back while the doctor turns McFadden's shoulders. When he is ready, Dr.Jansen nods his head and they turn the body over to the right facing the cabinets.

Rossi and Blake move closer to Michael McFadden's body and see that there was a trail of purple, black and blue bruises that covering his back. Blake reaches out and lightly touches the trail. She stops in the middle of his back when she notices that McFadden had a slight gash on his left side with a little red lining

“What's this, Dr. Jansen?” Blake inquires, pointing to the blood on his back

“Dried blood from the fight I tested the blood on his back, in case your assailant may have bled on your victim’s back during the struggle. Unfortunately, the splatters of blood belonged to McFadden.”

“Is there anything else we need to know, doctor?” Blake asks.

“There was also a slight ridged imprint, which I believe came from a boot.” Dr. Jansen adds.

“Was it enough to id the brand of boot the unsub may been wearing?” Rossi asks.

“Not enough to make a positive identification, Agent Blake.” Dr. Jansen said. “To be honest, if I hadn't had to go back and collect the sample of blood, I may have missed it entirely. But based on the slight ridge pattern, I'd say your unsub may have been wearing a combat boot.”

Dr. Jansen walks over to his desk and into his file locker. He pulls out the manilla folder with the name, 'McFadden, Michael' written on the tab. The medical examiner then walks over to the three
investigators and stops in front of the linguist.

“Everything that you need to know about your victim is in here and the report is completed. I’ve also signed the papers that will allow you guys to take Mr. McFadden back home to DC.” Dr. Jansen says as he hands the folder to the linguist. He looks at the linguist and Italian agent simultaneously. “If you guys or your medical examiner at Quantico have any questions about my findings, my home and my cell phone numbers are on the card clipped onto the inside of the folder.”

Dr. Jansen reaches out his hand to Blake and the linguist takes it. They shake hands for a moment and the brunette smiles politely at him. “Thank you for your help doctor.”

He lets go of her head and nods, taking Rossi’s hand next. They shake hands for a moment before the medical examiner drops it and turns to Will. The Cajun detective pats him on the back with a smile.

“Thanks a lot Andy.” Will says with a smile. “We appreciate it.”

The medical examiner nods and walks away from the three investigators, leaving them alone with thoughts of the next stop of their investigation, the one they all seemed to dread the most. The old Flanagan home to talk to Shelly and her teen daughter, Ellie and having them recount one of the worst days of their life.

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JJ puts the black Chevy, FBI issued SUV in park in front of sidewalk of the empty shopping plaza. There was a sign in front of a green roofed store with an old English sign that says ‘McFadden’s Place’ in orange and yellow neon lights. The door of the passenger side opens before she can take the keys out of the ignition, as Morgan makes his way out of the SUV, slamming the door shut in the process. The blond follows her partner out of the truck, as soon the silver Civic drives by and walks to the other side of the truck, where her partner is standing and waiting for her.

The media liaison turns her pony tailed hair towards the currently vacant lot that was across the street from the restaurant. From where she was standing, she had a perfect view of who came in and out of the restaurant at any time. She wonders how long the unsub may have staked out the area, watching McFadden’s every move without the restauranteur knowing it?

JJ walks over to Morgan, who was looking down at his phone and texting, and stands next to him, waiting patiently for him to get done.

When he’s done, Morgan shoves the phone into his pocket with a frown and turns to face his blond partner.

“I take it wasn’t Karen?” JJ asks with a smirk.

“I wish.” Morgan says with a sigh as he turns to face the blond liaison. “It was Rossi. They were leaving the medical examiner’s office and on their way to meet with Shelly and Ellie Flanagan.”

“That’s the daughter that was in the house the night her father was murdered?” JJ asks with a hint of concern in her voice.
Morgan nods. “When she was originally interviewed by the New Orleans police department, she said that she didn't hear or see anything, if that helps.”

JJ nods, feeling sorry for the youngest Flanagan. No matter what her father may or may not have done, it was still an awful thing for a kid to have to be there when their parents are killed.

“Did the ME determine the cause of death yet?” JJ asks, wanting to change the topic a little bit.

“He was strangled.” Morgan tells her. “The examiner thinks that Doyle may have killed McFadden here in DC. And then drove to New Orleans to dump his body in the Flanagan's old house.”

“Could it be he reliving the thrill of the Flanagan murder?” JJ asks putting her hands in her pockets.

“Doubt it.” Morgan replies. “I think Doyle may have been taunting the family or the local police. His message is probably 'I got in there once without anyone seeing him, he wanted to prove that he could do it again.'”

“His narcissism and ego are showing, that's for sure.” JJ says darkly, remembering a note that Emily had made in her dossier about the fugitive, after her first meeting with the arms dealer.

Morgan looks at her questioningly but receives a steely look from the blond in return. Before he has a chance to ask if she was okay, his partner continues on with her line of inquiry.

“Did the medical examiner find anything else about McFadden?”

“Rossi said that he had a trail of bruises down his back and defensive wounds on his hands and there were ridge patterns around his neck from where he was strangled.” Morgan answers, putting the concern that he has for the liaison in the back of his mind for later.

“The coroner thinks that there may have been a struggle between him and Doyle. McFadden probably slammed Doyle against the wall several times while Doyle had him in a vice grip. So when we find him, he may be walking with a limp or have back pain.”

“Which puts us at an advantage.” JJ adds. “Couple that with whoever else is on his list, he'll be exhausted by the time we catch up to him.”

“We better get started before we lose that advantage.” Morgan said as he pointed to the restaurant behind him.

The two agents move away from the car and walk over to the light brown, wood stained doors of McFadden's place. JJ reaches the door first and holds it open as the dark agent steps through it.

When the FBI agents step into the restaurant, they notice that the place is empty, with the exception of a couple of girls sitting in the booth in the back.

“So who are we talking to first?” Morgan says, looking down to face JJ.

“Stephen Cahill. He's twenty-four years old and is a life long resident of the DC area.” JJ answers as she reaches into her jean pocket and pulls out her badge. “He's also the assistant manager. Stephen was here working a late shift the night McFadden was murdered and was the one who closed the pub for the night.”

“Was he close to McFadden?” Morgan asks her. “Is there any way that he may have had any connections to Doyle?”
“According to what he told me on the phone, they weren't.” JJ answers. “Garcia couldn't find anything that may have connected him to Doyle, outside of McFadden. He has no criminal record and was a straight A student all throughout high school and college. He was even magna cum laude at his Georgetown graduation.”

“Smart kid.” Morgan comments.

“It doesn't end there.” JJ adds. “He is currently going to Georgetown law for his JD. He's worked a couple of high profile internships, his most recent one being with Justice Elena Kagan.” and he's mostly working here to help pay for law school.”

“Must be working a lot of shifts then.”

“Doesn't have to.” JJ says, receiving a questioning look from Morgan in return. “McFadden paid his tuition in full for all three years. He was footing the bill for Stephen to take the bar exam.”

“Seems a little strange to do that for an employee you're not particularly close to, don't you think?” Morgan points out, thinking that there was more to the story than Cahill was letting on.

A tall man in his early twenties, who was a foot taller than Morgan, comes out of the double doors with his black apron in hand. He had light red hair and was wearing a grey shirt with the green logo of 'McFadden's place and khaki pants. JJ notices that the man before them, bore a striking resemblance to their victim, sans the dimples and in better shape. As he approaches them, his green eyes give them a questioning look as he stops in front of them.

JJ takes a step towards the red headed man and pulls out her credentials.

“Hi. I'm Supervisory Special Agent Jennifer Jareau, media liaison and profiler for the FBI's Behavioral Analysis Unit.” she says as she flashes the man her badge. “This is my partner, Supervisory Special Agent Derek Morgan.”

Derek takes a step forward and flashes his credentials toward the man. The red head nods and shakes Morgan's hand for a moment before retracting it.

“We're looking for the assistant manager, Stephen Cahill.” JJ tells him. “Do you know if he's working today?”

“You're looking at him.” Stephen says with a smile. “It's nice to meet you agents.”

“Do you have time to sit down with us for a few minutes?” Derek asks the manager. “We'd like to ask you some questions about your boss and his whereabouts the last couple of days, ”

“Sure thing. We've been kind of slow the last couple of days, so you guys can take all the time you need to.” Stephen said confused. The two agents watch his tentative smile morph into a frown.

“Has he done something wrong? Does it have anything to do with why he hasn't shown up in the last couple of days?”

JJ reaches out and places a hand on his forearm sympathetically. Stephen looks down at her hand and he knows that there is something serious going on. He nods solemnly and points the two agents over to the booth in the very back of the pub. “Let's talk over there, we should have a little bit of privacy.”

The two agents nod and follow the assistant manager.
When they reach the booth, Stephen climbs in on the side of the mahogany booth that was facing the two FBI agents. JJ moves inside of the booth first and once she was comfortable, Morgan followed soon after. When they were all settled in, Stephen reluctantly makes eye contact with the profilers.

“When was the last time you saw Michael McFadden?” JJ asks quietly, leaning forward a little.

Stephen places his hands on the table and clasps them together.

“Two nights ago.” Stephen answers as he stares into the direction of the liaison. “I was closing that night.”

“Was he working with you that night?” Morgan asks.

Stephen huffs and looks away from the two agents and towards the window.

“Sure he was. If you call getting drunk and harassing nearly every female customer in the place working, then yes, he was working very hard.” Stephen says bitterly, causing the two profilers to look at him skeptically.

Stephen turns back to the two FBI profilers and notices that they were looking at him as if he had done or said something wrong. He looks down at the table and sighs.

“Look, it's not unusual for Mike to come back here when he's done working and let off some steam by running up the bar tab with a few of his buddies from his homeland.” Mike says. “In fact, they have a table reserved in the back over there just for them and we try to keep them in that area and as far away from the customers as possible.”

“Is there any reason why you'd need to do that?” JJ asks.

Stephen's green eyes scan around the restaurant, making sure that no one else could hear what they were saying and then leans in a little closer to the two agents.

“McFadden has a bad habit of getting too 'friendly' with the customers when he's loaded.” Stephen said quietly, with a hint of exhaustion in his voice. “Especially our female customers. The last year and a half though, it seems like he's gotten worse.” The assistant manager picks up one of the green and gold placemats and starts to pick on the thread.

“We've received some complaints from a few of them that have threatened to file a criminal complaint against him. We've also had to settle with them under the table so that it wouldn't ruin McFadden's place chances with the franchise deal.”

“He sounds like a real charmer.” JJ mutters in disdain, suddenly not feeling as bad about McFadden's death as she had been before.

Stephen chuckles. “If you think that's bad, you should talk to our waitresses, they've got it worse. He's allowed to harass them legally because they were required to sign a nondisclosure act. They can't sue or talk about their employment with him unless he allows them to for promotional purposes.” He puts the mat down and looks up at the two agents.

“A couple of years ago, a few of the girls got together and threaten to quit.” Stephen continues. “They even went as far as to consult a lawyer about the NDA and planned to sue him for sexual harassment. McFadden manage to get them all together and amend the terms of their NDA’s to include hefty, yearly bonuses for their troubles as long as they don't quit or sue him.”

The two agents listen to Stephen's story intently, noting that there were plenty of people with pretty
justifiable reasons to want McFadden dead, even the cooperative young redhead sitting in front of them. JJ has even started to entertain the fact that McFadden’s murder could be a convenient cover to get rid of a menace like McFadden.

“Was it enough for them?” Morgan asks him.

“So far it's worked.” Stephen tells him. “In fact, two nights ago, he was supposed to be giving them their bonuses before he left for the night, but McFadden never came back. Now all of the girls are pissed and are refusing to come into work until they get their bonuses. I need McFadden's ass back here so I can authorize the payments, but he's not here.”

“Did anyone see him leave?” JJ asks him. The red head takes a couple of seconds to think about it and snaps his middle finger and thumb together as soon as it comes to him.

“Adrianne Weston, one of our bartenders for the night shift did.” Stephen tells them. “She said he was worse than he usually was that night. He even harassed a customer on her way out the door. Told Adrienne he was going to ‘escort’ the young lady back to her car and that he'd be right back to pay them.”

“Did McFadden exchange any words with this girl?” Morgan asks.

“No, he didn't get the chance to.” Stephen says. “She slapped him pretty hard when he held the door open for her then groped her ass as she was walking out of the door. Adrienne says he swore for a little bit and stumbled his way towards our back alley.”

“Is Adrianne working today?” JJ asks as she slides over and gets ready to leave the booth.

“Unfortunately she’s not.” Stephen tells them. “She called me a couple of hours ago and told me that she wouldn't be in. Her mother is in New York by herself and she's sick, so Adrianne had to go up there with her son to take care of her. She won't be back for couple of weeks.”

“How do you have her cell number or contact information?” Morgan asks. “We don't want bother her while she's dealing with a sick relative, but we really need to talk to her about that night.”

The red headed assistant manager looks at the two agents quizzically and hesitates. Ever since the two FBI agents introduced themselves, Stephen has been concerned about why they were here in the first place. A feeling of dread takes over him as he thinks about what McFadden could have done this time to be on the FBI's radar. But whatever it was, it can't be good for the future of McFadden's place. The deal was already in place and McFadden only needed to behave himself for a couple more months before they would all be set for a long time. He just hopes that whatever the FBI has to say to him, there would be something the future lawyer could do to negotiate something with them in order to keep the potential scandal without involving the media.

“Sure I can get that information for you.” Stephen says, eyeing the two agents suspiciously. “But I would need to advise her to talk to a lawyer before she discusses the events of two nights ago with you?”

“That won't be necessary.” Morgan tells him reassuringly. “We just needed someone else to confirm McFadden's whereabouts from two nights ago. We're not investigating her or anything.”

“Investigating?” Stephen says panically, straightening in his booth seat a little. “Who's being investigated and for what?” The red head's eyes widen as he stutters on. “Did McFadden do something wrong? Did he do something to that girl who slapped him? Is he being charged with anything and why haven't I been notified about this until now? And why is the FBI even
investigating this?"

JJ and Morgan look at each other briefly, silently agreeing that the media liaison should be the one to break the news to the distraught red head.

“Take a deep breath Stephen.” JJ orders him softly. “Your boss hasn't done anything wrong that we know about and we're not charging or looking at him for any crimes.”

The red head assistant manager looks at the media liaison confused. He takes a deep breath and relaxes his shoulders a little.

“But you said there was an investigation?” Stephen asks, his guard still up. “If he hasn't done anything wrong then, what are you investigating?”

JJ takes a deep breath and leans a little further into the center of the table.

“There's a reason Michael didn't come back the to the bar two nights ago,” JJ starts, looking at the red head sympathetically, in the same manner that she would for all of the notifications she's had to make over the years.

Stephen looks at her and lightly tilts his head to the side, signaling her to go on.

“Yesterday morning, a real state broker in New Orleans, found your boss' body inside the home she was looking to sell.” JJ said delicately, watching as green eyes widen in shock.

“My God.” Stephen says sorrowfully as he places his hands on top of the table and sets his head in them.

Giving the young manager a few seconds to absorb the news, the media liaison continues on and places a hand gently on his forearm comfortably.

“According to the medical examiner, he was strangled from behind.” JJ continues, lightly rubbing the managers arm.

“We think he may have been killed here the night he disappeared and his body was transported there.” Morgan adds, cutting in for the profiler.

JJ lets his arm go, just as Stephen raises his head up to look at the two FBI agents. It takes him a few minutes, as he holds his mouth open a little as he struggles to figure out what to say. He may not have been the guy's biggest fan, but he certainly would not wish murder on the man who was more than his boss.

“Well would anyone do this to him?” Stephen asks hollowly after a while. “I know McFadden was a bastard and really hard to like, but is that really a justification for killing him?”

“Thinking about that will drive crazy man.” Morgan says sympathetically.

“But this doesn't make any sense.” Stephen says shaking his head. “McFadden was fine and himself two nights ago and now he's dead? He didn't even know anyone in New Orleans, so why drop his body in some random house.”

“It wasn't a random house, Stephen.” JJ says hesitantly, wondering how much she should tell the distraught manager. “The owner of that house, Duncan Flanagan was killed there nine months earlier. Except Flanagan was shot and not strangled.”
Stephen's eyes widen and his mouth gapes a little as he turns his head and stares at the two agents.

“The CEO? I remember that case.” Stephen admitted. “I remember seeing that case in the news for two months straight until the coverage suddenly stopped. Is that case still unsolved?”

The assistant manager makes it a point to keep up with police investigations and trials, big and small, as one of his professors had advised him to do. When he was done with law school, he planned on becoming a criminal prosecutor and was already applying to work as an intern in the US district attorney's office.

He had been watching the Flanagan case closely, because the details of the case had fascinated him. He would debate with his professor about some of the details the police had released, such as how the person responsible could sneak into a residential home without being detected and leaving no evidence behind in the process. His professor thought that it might have been someone who was nonthreatening at first, like a friend of the teenage girl or a boyfriend, so that is why no one thought twice about someone sneaking into the basement. Stephen thought that it would have to be someone with experience in law enforcement or forensics, maybe a combination of both, who staked out the area and waited for the women of the house to go to sleep.

Stephen couldn't believe that he was actually living this case instead of observing it objectively from his arm chair. He never would have guessed that his boss' death would be linked to a potential serial killer.

“Do you think their deaths are connected even though their causes of deaths are different?” Stephen asks perplexed with wide eyes and his mouth opened slightly.

“Yes.” Morgan answers after a pause.

“Why?” Stephen asks bluntly. When he realizes his mistake, he raises his grease stained hands up in surrender. “If you don't mind me asking?”

JJ glances at Morgan for a second in hesitation, but when he gives her the okay to show him the evidence, she pulls out her Iphone and pulls up the pictures.

“They were branded with four leaf clovers after they were killed.” JJ explains as she turns her phone around to see the two brandings compared to each other side by side. “Your boss' moreso than Duncan Flanagan.”

Stephen bites down on his bottom lip and looks away from the pictures, not being able to look at them any longer. He crosses his arms over himself protectively and looks distantly towards the window.

The agents give the young man a few more minutes to take in the news before they would ask him about his connection to Doyle. JJ looks at Morgan knowingly, wondering if he is thinking what she is thinking about Stephen. She wondered if his grief went further than the possibly that he was going to lose his job. For someone who thought of McFadden as being a bastard, Stephen has been taking the news of his death pretty badly. They waited a few seconds more before the assistant manager looks away from the window and back at them.

“Do you think he knew his killer?” Stephen quietly asks, remembering something from a criminology class that he took during undergrad. If there was excessive overkill or method of torture, the probability of the victim knowing their killer is higher.
“That's what we're here to ask you.” JJ leads in gently.

Stephen scrunches his eyebrows in confusion. “Why would I know anything about who he was close to? McFadden was only my boss. He signed my paycheck every week and sent me on my.”

JJ looks around her to make sure that none of the waitstaff could here them and when it's safe, she leans back into the booth and stares at him with a raised eyebrow.

“Stephen, I think the three of us know that he was more than just your boss.” JJ tells him in a low voice. Stephen twitches in his seat a little and lowers his head. “Michael McFadden was your father, wasn't he?”

The assistant manager does not look up nor answer her question for several seconds before a sigh escapes his lips.

“Not according to him.” Michael whispers bitterly. “He doesn't have any bastards, as far as he was concerned.”

JJ and Morgan looked at the boy sympathetically, the media liaison moreso than her partner. She couldn't imagine what it would be like to have a parent not even acknowledge their existence. Then again, their parents weren't international, arms dealing terrorists.

JJ could never see herself treating Henry like that, no matter what he does. Any parent would be lucky and proud to have someone like Stephen as their son and it made her angry that McFadden wouldn't claim him.

The more she learns about this guy, the more JJ wants to find Ian Doyle and personally give him a medal for getting rid of this low life bastard.

Stephen smiles at the two agents.

“Don't look at me like that, I accepted that he hated my guts a long time ago. I didn't even know who he was until I was eighteen, when he came up to my mom's doorstep and offered to pay for college and law school.”

The FBI agents nod and move on with their line of questioning.

“Did Michael ever say anything to you about his life before he came to America?” Morgan asks.

“No.” Stephen admitted. “I asked him about it one time, when I first started working at McFadden's Place. Everyone had gone home for the evening and it was just the two of us cleaning up. He said that if I wanted to keep my job and my tuition, that I would shut my trap and mind my own damn business and never ask him about it again. But I did ask his friend from that time in his life about it when the stopped in here a few weeks ago after Sunday mass.”

JJ pulls up Doyle's mugshot picture on her phone and holds her wrist out to show him.

“Would this friend look like the man in this picture, by any chance?” JJ inquires.

Stephen looks at the black and white mugshot curiously. After a few seconds, he shakes his head at the man in the picture. The guy in the picture did look familiar though, from all of the times he had seen him in the news a couple of years ago. But that guy looked nothing like his father's Chuck.
“Sort of.” he informs them, as he looks away from the mugshot. “Is that Ian Doyle? The international terrorist who killed that FBI profiler a few years ago and fifteen other people?”

JJ flinched a little at the mention of Doyle and what he did to Emily. She sets her phone down on the table and nods. Stephen sees her reaction, as much as she tried to hide it, and instantly felt guilty about what he had said.

“I'm really sorry about that, Agent Jareau, I didn't mean to offend you.” Stephen apologizes. “Was the profiler who was killed a friend of yours.”

JJ decides to ignore his question because she was pretty sure if she said anything about it at the moment, she probably would have offended the only possible lead that they had on Doyle.

“What can you tell us about Michael's friend?” JJ asks, as she wraps her arms protectively around herself.

“His name's Chuck and he's a retired dock worker.” Stephen tells her, noticing her avoidance of the question. “He's lived all over Europe for most of his life but decided to retire to DC because McFadden convinced him to.”

Morgan's suddenly peaks as he moves to sit on the edge of the booth's seat, at the familiar sounding name. He remembers when they were initially building their profile on Doyle, after Emily ran, that Ian used the name of his greyhound, Chuck Murray as an alias. The profiler wondered if Doyle, one of the FBI's most wanted men, really be that stupid and take the chance using the same alias again?

“Is name Chuck Murray, by any chance?” Morgan asks.

Stephen shakes his head. “No. Chuck Delaney. He lives about six blocks away from the pub in a decent apartment complex and comes in here practically every night from nine to midnight for a pint and to talk with McFadden.”

“Was he here the night Michael was killed?” JJ inquires as she presses the home button and puts her phone back into her pocket.

“He was for a couple of hours.” Stephen answers, recalling the night in question. “But after that, he taps me on the arm and tells me to tell Mike that he'll see him tomorrow. He was meeting someone that night and couldn't be late for that appointment.”

JJ and Morgan nod taking in the information. Doyle's not only using a part of his alias, he's also using the last name of one of his previous victims. He could have hung around the area and waited for McFadden to stumble out drunk, since he knew his schedule well and knew what time he would be leaving.

“When I was taking Chuck around DC and the surrounding area, we were stopped by DC Metro.” Stephen continues on with his story. “The cop asks him if he has any connection to Ian Doyle, since he could practically pass as his twin. He smiled to the cop and told him that they were long lost brothers except he was the one who could grow the beard. The officer lets us go after a while.”

JJ and Morgan look at each other, silently making a note to have Garcia look up that encounter with the police.

“Look, I don't know much about the guy, other than he's quiet and seems okay.” Stephen said, interrupting the silence of the two agents. “If you want to know more about Chuck, then I suggest you talk to his landlord, Leo McMahon. He's probably talked to him more times than I have.”
“Does Leo McMahon live in the same building as Chuck Delaney?” Morgan asks.

“Yeah.” Stephen answers. “In fact, he should be at the building right now. He normally stays downstairs at the check in counter until ten o'clock Monday through Saturday.”

Stephen moves out of the booth and stands up.

“I'm sorry to cut this short agents, but I figured in light of the new information surrounding McFadden's disappearance, that I should tell the rest of the staff what's going on, if they haven't overheard our conversation already.” Stephen says as he brushes off the dust on his jeans.

Morgan follows suit and stands up out of the booth. JJ follows behind him and stands besides Morgan once she is out.

“That's alright kid, we understand.” Morgan says as he reaches into his pocket and hands Stephen one of his business cards. “Just have Adrianne give me a call at this number so I can talk to her about what happened.”

Stephen nods and takes the card. “I will definitely make sure she gets this Agent Morgan.”

Morgan holds out his hand towards Stephen and shakes it when the assistant manager takes it. Stephen then holds out his hand for Agent Jareau to take and they shake as well.

“And if you think of any other information that may help or if you need anything, just give Morgan a call and we'll see what we can do.” JJ adds.

“There is one thing.” Stephen says, kicking himself for not asking about it earlier. “About his body-”

“The people at the New Orleans police department are having his body sent back with a couple of our best agents.” Morgan says understandingly. “Once its here, we'll have him delivered to the funeral home of your choice.”

“Thank you Agents Morgan and Jareau, for everything.” Stephen says looking at the two gratefully.


Stephen nods and turns around to go back into the bar area. JJ and Morgan walk away from the booth and make there way over to the restaurant's entrance.

“So, do you want to go and check out the alley first before we call a CSU team over?” JJ asks as she opens the wood stained double doors. They walk outside of the restaurant and head over to the SUV

“Or should we head over to the complex first and talk to Leo McMahon?”

“We can call CSU from the car as we go over to the apartments, as a precaution.” Morgan says while opening the passenger's side of the car. While JJ walks over to the driver's side of the car. “But odds are, we're not going to find anything that is going to help us. Two days have passed already and who knows how many times any potential evidence has been tampered with.”

“Our best bet is the information we're going to get from McMahon.” JJ states.

“It's looking like it.” Morgan replies.

JJ starts up the SUV and pulls the SUV away from the sidewalk and heads into the direction of the complexes.
The front door of the well kept five bedroom, three bathroom home opens abruptly. The three investigators watch from the sidewalk as a tall, sixteen year old brunette storms out of it, with her arms crossed over herself. An older, distressed and angry looking woman wearing an expensive business suit, follows closely on the heals of the teenager.

“Eileen May Flanagan! You get back here right now!” the older woman yells, with her thick, Irish accent.

The teenager defies her mother's order and keeps walking down the sidewalk. The older woman, who the two agents assume is Shelly Flanagan, calls out to her daughter again, which causes the teenager to walk faster. The girl only comes to a stop, when she runs into Detective Lamontagne. She mutters out a 'sorry' before green eyes look up to the detective's, who catches her just before she stumbles to the ground and balances her out. When she's recovered, she takes a big step back away from him.

“It's alright darlin.” Will says with a polite smile. “Now where you headin off too so fast?”

The teenager looks down at her converses and crosses her arms.

“I was going to meet with a friend.” Eileen says quietly. “I don't want to talk about my dad anymore. I don't even want to step foot inside of that house. He's gone now and there's nothing more that I can tell you about the night he died than I did months ago, Detective Lamontagne.”

He looks at the teenager sympathetically, understanding her feelings of loss. It took the detective a year before he could even step foot inside of his father's place. And that was only to help the FBI find his father's old case files related to their unsub at the time.

“Well, I promise darlin, my colleagues and I won't keep ya for too long.” Will assures as he turns to face the two FBI agents standing behind him, just as Shelly Flanagan makes her way to her daughter's side.

“You know not to run off like that Eileen.” Shelly chastises her daughter, pulling the brunette into her and hugging her tightly. Shelly knew that coming here was still very upsetting for her daughter. So when Detective Lamontagne emphasized the importance of having Ellie there for the interview with the FBI, she was a little hesitant to do it. Ellie has gotten to a place where she has accepted her father's death and was slowly starting to move on, thanks to her taking on a new work schedule that allowed her to be at home more and their family therapist, who happened to be a family friend. In the early stages of her pregnancy, her sister Liz and her fiancee made it a point to come and visit as often as they could to spend time with Ellie and help aid in her recovery. But now that Elizabeth was nearly a couple of months away from giving birth to her first child, traveling proved to be impossible.

Which was why when they were done speaking with the FBI, Shelly had planned to tell Ellie about how her sister paid for the plane tickets that she would be using to spend the summer in San Francisco with her sister and the new baby. Shelly would be with them for a couple of weeks, but Shelly planned to spend the rest of her summer in Dublin, like she and her husband planned to do before his untimely death. The blond wanted to take the summer to reevaluate her life and figure out what was most important to her.

There was also a bit of business that she needed to take care of down there that she did not want to involve Ellie in. And by having her go to San Francisco with her sister, she would be insuring her daughter's safety. After what happened to her husband, Shelly has been noticeably more protective of her daughter than she ever has been. The teenager had to check in
It takes her a few seconds to realize that there were three people standing around them and watching intently. She kisses her daughter's crown and slowly lets the girl go. Steely blue eyes look over at the three people before her, only taking notice of the man who was working her husband's homicide.

“Detective Lamontagne.” Shelly says stepping away from her daughter for a moment and takes the detective's hand. “It's nice to see you again.”

“Good afternoon, Mrs. Flanagan.” Will greets as takes her hand and shakes it.

“Have you any news on my poor Duncan's killer yet?” Shelly said, her gaze focused on Rossi and Blake. She smiles cautiously at them before turning her attention back to the cajun detective.

She smiles at the cajun detective and looks curiously at the two people behind him. They certainly did not look like the NOLA police department, they were too formal and well dressed. The widower deduces that they must be the federal agents Detective Lamontagne mentioned on the phone. She was surprised to have received a phone call from the detective about the new development in her husband's case, since the cajun detective had told her that the department had come to a dead end in their investigation. She wonders if the detective and the federal agents will be able to give her the name of Duncan's killer so that she and Eileen will finally be able to move on from their nightmare and her husband will finally be able to rest in peace.

“That's why they're here m'am.” Will says pointing to the FBI agents behind them. “These are Supervisory Special Agents David Rossi and Dr. Alex Blake, they're from the FBI.”

“It's nice to meet you.” Rossi says as he takes a step forward and shakes hands with the widower. Blake then follows suit and shakes Mrs.Flanagan's hand.

“It's nice to meet you, Mrs.Flanagan.” Blake said warmly.

“Likewise doctor.” Shelly replies with a smile. “It's nice to meet the both of you agents. But can I ask why you're here?”

Blake takes notice of the moody teenager, who she noticed has been glued to her mother's side, looking down at her shoes since her mother's appearance. Eileen seemed comfortable with Will, but as soon as her mother appeared, she shrinks into herself and uses her mother as a barrier. The linguist thought that the girl's reaction to her mother was more than a little interesting and she made a note to ask Eileen about it when she interviewed her.

On the way here, the three investigators came up with a strategy of how they were going to interview the mother and daughter. Will had told them that during their initial interview with the Flanagans, how he remembered the teenager avoiding eye contact with him when she recounted the events of her father's murder. He suspected that she may have seen or heard something but is terrified to say anything about it. So the investigators made the decision to split the two of them up and only have one of them interview Eileen. They were hoping that she would be more willing to open up because she is not using her mother as a shield.

Blake volunteered to interview her, while Rossi and Will talked to the older Flanagan, who they knew they would not get anything out of. The mother would give them the answers she had given them before and would more than likely deny her or her husband's connection to Doyle. The youngest Flanagan was really their only hope of finding some way to connect Ian to the rest of the
Blake looks away from the teenager and back to her mother, who was trying to put as much distance between her daughter and them. Normally, the linguist would have taken this as a mother protecting her child, but for some reason, there seemed to be more to Shelly's interactions with Eileen outside of that paradigm.

“Of course.” Rossi said as he put on his most charming smile. “We want to ask you a few questions about the night of your husband's death.”

“I'm sure Detective Lamontagne and his partner have my statements from the first investigation.” Shelly says dismissively, hoping to get out of talking to the agents entirely. “What more can I tell you that isn't already in there?”

“There's a strong possibility that your husband's murder can be connected to a few other deaths that have occurred within the last three years.” Blake says, getting to the point.

The Flanagan's wide eyes stare at the investigators in disbelief. Shelly Flanagan's pale skin appears even paler as she covers her mouth with one of her hands, shaking her head.

“How can that be? There's no way my Duncan can be connected to that.” Shelly's hoarse voice says in disbelief.

“We're not doubting that.” Rossi tells her comfortingly, feeling sympathy for the younger widow. He wonders how much of Duncan's life, especially his friendship with Doyle, did Mrs.Flanagan actually know and how that may have led to his death? Knowing an international arms dealing sociopath is not exactly something that one brings up at the dinner table after work. For all Mrs.Flanagan may known, Duncan was still working alongside Doyle without her knowledge.

“But we'd like to be able to rule the possibility that Duncan could be connected to our unsub. And if he is, with the information that you provide for us, we could be one step closer to catching whoever did this to your husband and dozens of others.”

Shelly Flanagan's shoulders slump and she looks down towards the ground defeated.

“I don't understand.” Shelly says almost helplessly. “People everywhere in this community and back at home, loved Duncan. There's no one that either one of us knew that would intentionally hurt em.”

“There may have been one person m'am.” Will said hesitantly, putting his hands into his pockets afterwards and looking over to Agent Rossi.

Shelly Flanagan holds her father's shoulder in a tight, protective grip as she glares at the two investigators questioningly.

“What are you saying detective?” the widower asks defensively.

Rossi steps forward and tries to diffuse the situation before they lost Mrs.Flanagan completely.

“We can go through all of the particulars inside while Agent Blake talks to your daughter out here.” Rossi suggests. “If that's alright with you Mrs. Flanagan?”

Shelly looks down at her daughter skeptically, as the teenager nods at the older agent.

“I'll be fine momma.” Eileen assures her. “But I can-won't go back into that house.”
Shelly kisses her daughter softly on the head, and then motions for the detective and FBI agent to follow her inside of the house.

Blake and Eileen then follow close behind, but head in the direction of the backyard when they are halfway up the walkway. Blake had hoped that JJ and Derek were going to have better luck with that assistant manager than they were going to have with Shelly Flanagan.

Across the street, a lone, dark figure wearing a black hoodie over her face hidden from the view of the people across the street, watching as the two men go in from her post on the porch. It was just her luck that the house would be as vacate as the old Flanagan home. She had left the car Cruz had managed to get her there and took down the for sale sign, the night she nearly pulled her back out carrying Michael McFadden into the house.

After her little pep talk with Cruz, Emily left her precious Camaro in a nearby safe house that Cruz and the State Department managed to set up for her. She rarely used it, unless she was transferring one of the targets that were local to the DC area. The former profiler preferred not to get comfortable in one area for too long, especially if it was in the city that brought back too many painful memories of her old life. The two men that walked in with the grieving widow, were reminders of why she stayed away from DC for as long as she could until now.

Although she was not surprised to see seemingly ageless Agent Rossi at Flanagan's home. Eventually she figured that the local police would eventually call the FBI in to investigate at the possibility of a potential serial killer. But she was surprised to see that the detective leading the investigation was William Lamontagne jr and the gold band on his left ring finger. She could have sworn that when she left, that JJ was still at the State Department. Cruz told her that she was doing okay and that she was adjusting well being back at the BAU. She briefly wonders if the blond gave up her position to move back here with Will and Henry? What could she possibly doing now that she either wasn't with the Bureau or she requested a transfer to the New Orleans office? She hopes that she's somehow wrong or has misinterpreted the situation and that she was wrong about JJ.

Emily shakes her head of those thoughts and focuses them on the brunette woman who was walking to the backyard with the youngest Flanagan. She's apparently a doctor and the woman who has replaced her. Her interactions were not awkward with Rossi and Will seems to know her. Emily figures that she must have been on the team for a while. She noticed that the brunette seem to be looking at Shelly Flanagan strangely. The former profiler wonders if that woman has seen through Mrs.Flanagan's grieving widow act yet or if she wanted to talk to the daughter first before presenting her theories with Rossi, who was sure to see past it the moment they started to talk to her about Duncan.

The thing that made someone like Shelly Flanagan dangerous was her ability to transform herself, playing and manipulating the roles that she needs to in order to get her way. She could be as ruthless and cold as Doyle when she needed to be. A tactic that served her well during her brief time as a defense attorney. But at the drop of a hat, the older Flanagan could turn that side of her off and become the loving and supporting soccer mom, wife and PTA president of the year who took a position at her husband's company to keep up the family friendly image of their company without anyone batting an eyelash. It was one of the reasons why the older blond was able to get away with so many things and keep her and her husband's secrets under lock and key for as long as she has. Emily couldn't blame the cajun detective for not seeing through the blond's ruse. If she didn't know any better and was as trusting and willing to believe in the good in people like Will is, the former
profiler thinks that she would have fallen for it too.

Little did Mrs. Flanagan know that not only her time on earth was quickly coming to an end, but the expiration on her and her husband's secrets were too. By the time she is through with Shelly Flanagan, people will know what kind of monsters the older blond and her husband truly were.

But for now, she would go inside the house and wait for the three investigators to be done with their interrogation. She was going to continue on where they left off with an interrogation of her own with Shelly Flanagan. This time though, the widower would not have her husband or Doyle to hide behind.
JJ, with Morgan close behind, step inside of wooden doors of the apartment complex and head straight for the front desk. When they arrive, a man in a plaid shirt and black suspenders, with salt and pepper hair, that seemed to have more white in it than gray. He had wrinkles around his eyes and distinctive laugh lines around his mouth. He had his back turned to the two approaching agents and looked to be enthralled in the Nationals and Red Sox game that was playing on the small television. The man, who appeared to be in his late sixties or early seventies, was swearing under his breath as the Yankees manage to get another man on the base.

JJ and Morgan stop in front of the front desk, watching the older man with amusement as he slammed his hand down onto the counter and huffed at the tv. JJ shakes her head at the old man and smirks at Morgan.

"Now aren't you glad I convinced you not to bet on that game with Anderson?" JJ whispers.

"Whatever. I wasn't going to take him up on it anyway." Morgan chuckles as he shakes his head at her. "I told him I'd think about it just to get him the hell away from me while I was finishing up my consultation."

JJ gives him a look that says that she isn't buying his story in the least while the taller agent shrugs at her. She knows that he'll never admit to it, so she looks away from him and places her hand over the bell sitting on the desk.

The profiler's expression becomes serious once more after a few seconds, as she taps down onto the bell twice, alerting the building manager of their presence and takes her badge out of her pocket when she's done.

The building manager turns out of his seat at hearing the sound of the bell. He turns around to see a young couple waiting behind the desk. He assumes that it is the newlyweds that had called yesterday afternoon, inquiring about one of their newly renovated apartments. Leo stands up and wipes his brown pants up and makes his way to the front desk.

"Why hello there!" Leo greets them with a smile. “I hear a congratulations are in order?”

The two agents look at each other quizzically, causing the older man's smile to drop slightly.

"The wedding?" Leo asks hesitantly. “You two are my newlyweds aren't ye?”

JJ's stumbles a bit with her wide eyes looking over to Morgan. She had to bite the inside of her upper li to keep herself from laughing at the older man's assumption. moreso at the fact that he would consider that someone the communications liaison saw as an annoying older brother, as someone that she was dating.

JJ sees the dark agent grinning at her, probably thinking the same thing that she was right now.

"Um no sir, I'm afraid not." JJ corrects him, watching as his smile forms into a frown.

"Oh, my apologies miss.” Leo said apologetically with some of his Irish accent coming through. “What can I do for ya then?”
"I'm Supervisory Special Agent Jennifer Jareau, communications liaison and this is Supervisory Special Agent Derek Morgan." JJ introduces as she flashes her badge to the building manager.

"We're FBI Agents with the Behavioral Analysis Unit." Morgan adds as he takes another step forward to the front desk, to show his badge. "We just wanted to ask a couple of questions if that's alright with you."

Leo leans forward and examines the badge for himself. After a few seconds, he looks away from the plastic and smiles at the two agents once more.

"It would be my honor to help you agents with anything ya need. I'm Leonard McMahon by the way, but most people call me Leo. I'm the building manager for the Sunset Suites." Leo says as he takes Morgan's hand and shakes it enthusiastically.

"My boy and grandson are with police force here themselves. Well one of them still is at least. My son retired last year after being with them for twenty two years to become a teacher. So whatever you need, I'll be able to get it to you."

Morgan and JJ smile politely at the jovial man before them, grateful for his eagerness to cooperate, making this trip a lot easier than they initially thought it was going to be.

JJ smiles at him briefly, before she asks her questions. His welcoming and trusting demeanor reminded the blond of her grandfather on her mother's side, who died a few months before her sweet sixteen. She wonders how a nice man like this could have gotten caught up with someone like Doyle?

"We're looking to talk to a tenant of yours and were wondering if there was anything that you could tell us about him?"

"Ask away Agent Jareau." Leo says warmly. "I know just about every tenant in this building and talk to em more often than I talk to my own kids most of the time. Who do ya need to know about?"

"Is Chuck Delaney a current tenant of yours?" Morgan asks.

The old manager smiles fondly at the two of them at the mention of one of his favorite tenants. Ever since the man moved in three years ago, he has not received one complaint from him and he paid his rent on time. Occasionally, if he sees Leo walking around the halls, working on repairs, Delaney will stop whatever he is doing and help him with the labor without asking for anything in return other than polite conversation. He had gotten to know the young fella over the years and thought that he turned out to be a fine young man, in spite of the fact that fortune was not on his side at the moment.

"Yes, he's lived here the last three years." Leo said fondly. "Good man that one. Pays his rent on time, is quiet but keeps to himself and occasionally he helps me with the repairs around the building."

JJ glances at Morgan in disbelief. After three years of searching every corner of the country and Europe, that bastard has been right under their noses. The profiler had a feeling that he would be limited in his movement, since every law enforcement agency in the world were looking for him. But JJ thought that he would have at least tried to leave the state or at least the county. There has got to be something that is keeping him in the DC area and the blond profiler hopes that its not what she thinks it is.

McMahon must have noticed the look the communications liaison gave her partner because the smile drops from his face and he begins to look troubled.

"Is Chuck in some sort of trouble?" Leo asks worriedly. "Is that why you're here?"
“No, he's not in any trouble at all.” JJ lies, not wanting to risk losing his cooperation by telling the manager that his tenet is a fugitive, international arms dealer wanted on multiple counts of murder. Leo more than likely wouldn't believe them anyway, seeing as how Doyle has managed to snaked his way into the sweet man's good graces.

“But a friend of his was.” Morgan improvises, following in the other profiler's lead. “Do you know a Michael McFadden?”

“Yes of course.” the building manager tells the agent with a smile. “Been happily employed with the fella for the last seven years.”

Seeing the serious look on the agent's faces, Leo's smile drops.

“Is somethin the matter with em? Is he alright?”

Derek looks at Leo solemnly before he continues on.

“I'm afraid not sir.” JJ says tentatively.

“Michael McFadden was murdered two nights ago.” Morgan informs the building manager after a brief pause. “His body was found in a residential home in New Orleans. The police there wanted to know if Michael had any next of kin to release the body to.”

“Oh no!” Leo says stricken at the loss of the man who brought about good fortune for him. He moves the chair back and plops back down into it in shock. “Michael was a good man, how could this have happened? I just had a beer with em the other night.”

“It's not important how he died Mr. McMahon.” Morgan suggests sympathetically, watching as the frail building manager pull his chair out and sit in it with his hands covering his face.

When Leo began working for McFadden seven years ago, the building manager had been down on his luck. His wife Eleanor had recently passed away after a six year long battle with breast cancer. They had spent all of their combined savings and the money from his pension from his forty years of working at the post office in order to pay for her hospital costs and the hospice she stayed in when her condition became terminal. If he hadn't had any help from his son, Leo would not have been able to pay for her funeral. He had lost the home that they lived in for the majority of their forty year marriage and he was living with his youngest son and his new family in Ruston.

Leo loved living with his son and being able to be around his newborn grandson, he felt bad for not being able to provide anything to their household. After living with them for a few weeks, Leo decided to look for any job that would take them in order to help the young couple out. The building manager had seen an ad for the paper for McFadden's place saying that they were hiring for all positions and made his way to McFadden's place the next day. McFadden questioned him for fifteen minutes, listening sympathetically as he told his life story and about his recent troubles. The red headed restaurant owner got up and Leo swore that he might have blown his interview right then and there.

Then to his surprise, Michael came back with a Sam Adams and told him that he got the job the moment he heard his accent and how it reminded him of a little piece of home. He told the building manager that he would not be working in the restaurant, but that he would be the building manager at the apartment complexes he had recently acquired from the previous owners, the Sunset Suites. Michael told him that he would also be getting a nice paycheck along with his own place and that he would need to tell his son that he was moving out. Leo couldn't believe the luck and made a promise to Michael that he would not regret hiring him. The restaurant owner said he had on good faith that
he wouldn't.

Seven years later, the man that he felt like he owed his entire life to was now gone and Leo still
doesn't think he did enough for Michael.

“We're sorry for your loss, Mr. McMahon.” JJ says sympathetically. “Any information you or Chuck
could give us would help find the person who did this to Michael.”

Leo nods solemnly and wipes his eyes of a couple of stray tears out of his eyes.

“Now you said that you were with him the night Michael was murdered?” Morgan asks the building
manager.

Leo turns toward Morgan and nods.

“Yeah. We were havin a beer to celebrate McFadden's Place being bought out by the suits.” Leo said
somberly. “He was so excited about the deal and being able to retire in the Bahamas like he always
wanted.”

“So he was getting ready to leave the country?” JJ asks.

“Not right away.” Leo answers. “He said that it'd take the company that bought em out a while to
process the paper work and get a check to him. Michael also wanted to sell his condo in DC and
house in Norfolk before he left the states.”

Morgan made a note to himself to call Garcia and have her go over McFadden's financials again and
get them an address to his properties. “He had no intention of coming back?”

“As far as I know, he didn't.” Leo answers. “Michael didn't have any family livin. His poor mother
was dead by the time he turned sixteen and he never knew his father. Michael never married and as
far as he knew, didn't have any children.”

JJ nods at Leo, the turns her gaze to Morgan, who both take notice of the lie that McFadden told him
about his home life.

“The only person that came close to family to him, is Chuck.” Leo stops talking for a moment and
puts his hand over his lips and his eyes fill with sorrow as he turns to the two FBI agents. “What am I
gonna tell em? He's gonna be torn apart about this? They were like brothers and he barely has
anyone as it is.”

“You don't have to worry about that sir.” Morgan reassures the upset manager. “We can tell Chuck
when we talk to him.”

The dark agent also has an ulterior motive for doing so. He didn't want Leo to have the opportunity
to warn Doyle of their arrival. The arms dealer may still remember his name from the warehouse raid
and investigation. He didn't want to give Doyle the opportunity to flee before they catch him.

Leo gives Agent Morgan a crinkled sideways grin. “Thank ye Agents Jareau and Morgan, that's very
kind of you. I don't think I could have stomachedit.”

“It's no problem Leo.” Morgan tells him with a smile.
“Would you like something to drink Agent Rossi, Detective Lamontagne? I know the real estate agent left a couple of cans of soda somewhere for the reception.” Shelly asks cordially. She stands in front of the fireplace of their former living room. The two investigators were sitting in the wood stain chairs from the model table the real estate agent had set up in the dining room.

“No thanks.” “No thank you m'am.” The two investigators say simultaneously as they each nod politely at her.

Shelly shrugs and gracefully sits down in the chair, in the room that was once her living room, crossing one leg over the other, placing her hands over her bent knee and waits for the investigators to ask their questions, so they can be on their way.

Of course Shelly wanted to find the person who did this to her husband and watch the prison executioner put the needle in his arm. She wanted to be able to tell her sweet Eileen that she wouldn't need the sleeping pills that her psychiatrist prescribed to her anymore, because the man who killed her father would never see the light of day outside of a prison yard. But at the same time, she would not do that at the expense of the company that she and her husband have spent their entire lives together building.

Flagcon, outside of their two children, had been Duncan's pride and joy. Ever since Duncan's father had told him that he would be inheriting the two ports that he had here, her late husband had worked tooth and nail to make it the success that it is today. He missed out on some significant events in their children's lives, Elizabeth's first grade graduation, various holidays and Lents, Eileen's volleyball tournaments and Elizabeth's engagement party, because he worked so hard to live up to his father's and Gerald's legacies. Even though she was the one who encouraged him to do it and how the girls wouldn't think less of him if he did.

Not to mention all of the sacrifices Shelly herself has had to make with her own career over the years. She gave up her promising law career in order to help clean up the mess that Lucas had graciously given to his son to clean up, after his last CEO nearly sent the American company into bankruptcy. While the public believed that Duncan alone defied the odds and had brought the ports that they had here in New Orleans and Baltimore from the brink of bankruptcy, Shelly was really the one to save the company from complete financial ruin. Duncan only served as the company's figurehead for all intents and purposes. Shelly's savvy and clean up efforts, some legal and others questionable, the company began to turn a profit once again and Duncan was hailed as the savior of Flagcon.

She didn't really mind her husband receiving all of the attention while she dutifully hung onto his arm for various company events. Shelly got the opportunity to contribute behind the scenes and make her own strides in her husband's company. Duncan was a good businessman and all, but the thing that she hated about his way of doing things was too safe. He didn't have what it takes to do what was necessary for the company's best interest, even if it came at the expense of others.

After all the work she has done and the many times she has had to play second fiddle to her late husband's interest, Shelly refused to let that be destroyed because of some of the poor decisions that Duncan might have made when he was a clueless young man with his brand new MBA. Shelly loved her husband, in spite of everything. She wanted to know who killed Duncan and make them pay dearly for it. But she would not do it at the expense of the company that she has spent nearly have of her adult life building.

Shelly leans back a little in her chair and wait patiently for the two men to ask their questions. She looks into the two men's eyes and see their need to want to help a defenseless widow in their time of need. That need was especially apparent in the demeanor of Detective Lamontagne whenever he was
around her since the morning she found her husband's body in the basement. It was a good quality to have and it made him a good man. But as a detective, it was his achilles' heel.

If there was one thing that Shelly knew better than the law and that was how to read people and play to their weaknesses. It had worked on the numerous juries who had let her obviously guilty clients off on lesser or no charges that there was more to their story than what they were seeing. It was a gift that served the temporary CEO well when she became more involved in the building of her husband's company twenty years ago. If this exchange goes down in the way that she anticipates it will, Shelly could have the two investigators on their way within the next fifteen or twenty minutes.

After she was done with the detective and FBI agent, Shelly would make her own calls to her people and see if they can find anyone who may have seen what happened to Michael. If the FBI and local detectives would not find the person responsible for his murder and her husband's then she would just have to deal with the problem herself.

The wild card in this conversation would be the FBI agent. Shelly, for some reason, could not get an accurate enough read on the him like she could Detective Lamontagne. He seemed to be a man of experience who would not be easily taken by her story. He's likely talked to thousands of families over his thirty plus year career with the FBI. Although Rossi looks as concerned as Will does, she notices Rossi appears to be studying her, looking for her tell. It was in his job description to profile all of the people in Duncan and Michael's lives. It wouldn't surprise her if he was coming up with a profile for her right now.

Rossi scoots forward in his chair a little and turns his body to face her completely. She mimics his actions and finds herself face to face with the FBI agent.

“Where would you like me to start, Agent Rossi?” Shelly asks calmly, inhaling a breath in and twitches her hands around in her lap nervously. She makes sure that the federal agent could see her clearly.

“What do you remember about the night of your husband's murder?” Rossi asks her.

Shelly looks away from him and stares down at her propped knee. She pauses for a few moments, dropping her hands from her knee and grasps the edge of the chair.

“I was upstairs at the time, getting ready for bed.” Shelly says drearily. “We had a proposal to present the next mornin about moving Flagcon to San Diego. We were lookin to buy out a shipping company down there that had filed for bankruptcy. I wanted to be well rested and ready for it.”

She pauses and closes her eyes, hesitating for a moment before she goes on.

“What about Duncan?” Rossi asks sympathetically. “I'm sure he would have wanted to follow your lead?”

“Goodness no.” Shelly chuckles, leaning forward to laugh a little. “His idea of preparin for a business presentation was Coltrane, Ellington and Miller with a couple of Cuban cigars and a pint of his best brandy. He always said that you'd need that before the meetin and after the pompous jackasses left.”

“Wise man.” Rossi jokes, letting his guard down a little seeing Shelly relax. “That's how I prefer to deal with our Director and the rest of his lower level suits.”

“You two would have gotten along famously then, Agent Rossi.” Shelly smiles at him for a moment
before her smile drops. She looks back down at her lap and continues on with her story.

“Try as he might, he could never get me to do it with em. Sometimes I wish I had his ability to loosen up and unwind like he did. Unfortunately women like me don't have that luxury.”

Rossi nods. “Did you notice anything that may have been wrong in the house before you went sleep? An unusual noise downstairs? Any of your things that may have been out of place?”

“No. I take a sleeping pill every night before bed. I probably wouldn't have heard anything anyway.” Shelly said sadly. “Everything was the way I had it when I went down to prepare breakfast that morning.

Rossi and Will nod at the widow, not needing her to go on. Shelly inhales for a moment before she continues on with her story.

“That question might be a better one for my Ellie to answer than I.” Shelly says. “She's was home more than I ever was.”

Ellie Flanagan picks out a strand of grass from what was once her backyard, with a glassy look in her eyes as her light blond hair wisps in the wind, silently cursing herself for not getting away from her mother soon enough. She twirls the strand around between her fingers and stares longingly at it. Her childhood flashes before her eyes for a moment, as she remembers the countless birthdays, playdates and impromptu camping trips that took place in this backyard. The last big celebration that they had before her dad's death had been to celebrate her older sister Liz's engagement. Her father barbecued in the backyard as Duncan told Doug how proud he was to have him into the family while she and her friends played a warm up game of volleyball before dinner. The family didn't have a care in the world.

She throws the blade of grass onto the ground, as if it were burning in her palm and thinks about what happened two weeks later. It was the last time she had stepped foot in that backyard before today and vowed to never come back. She doesn't remember much about the details of that morning too well, apart from walking down the staircase to the sounds of her mom's screams after she found dad's body hunched over in his favorite chair. She doesn't remember much of anything that happened afterward. And what she does remember, the teenager would rather forget if for nothing else, to keep the image that she had of her family in tact.

The next thing Ellie knew, she was in a black dress, clutching her sister's hand with her left hand and putting a white rose on top of her dad's coffin.

Ellie picks up another blade and twists it around between her fingers. She's briefly brought back to her memory of the day that they buried her dad, remembering her mother. She was wearing a crisp black dress with bright red lipstick that contrasted her pale skin. Her hair was in a tight bun and her eyes were as empty as her expression. At the time, Ellie thought that she looked as cold as ever for someone who had just lost her husband. It was a stark contrast to the women she had seen the morning her father's body was discovered.

Then she remembered what her mother one of her mother's favorite reminders for her and Liz about wearing your emotions on your sleeves in public. Since her parents were in charge of running a
prominent multinational corporation, her mother had drilled into her head that to show emotion of any kind in a public setting was to show weakness. In a way, she shouldn't have been surprised at her mother's lack of emotion at the love of her life's funeral.

What did surprise the sixteen year old was the spark that would flicker in her mother's eyes whenever they wandered to one of the mausoleums at the grave yard. She was pretty sure that there was someone hiding behind there. But every time she tried to discreetly turn around to see who it was, they were gone.

As Ellie reaches down to the ground and rips a handful of the little blades, she had a pretty good idea of who her mother was staring at, which made her hate the older woman more than she already had.

From her place in the doorway, Alex watches the troubled teenager forcefully toss the grass in her hand to the ground. She moves away from the doorway and sighs, feeling sorry for the kid in front of her.

The linguist was sympathetic to the turmoil that Ellie must be dealing with right now. Just as she was starting to move on and adjust to the fact that her father was no longer with her anymore. Only to be pulled back into that state of mind all over again because Doyle wanted to relieve the night he murdered Duncan. Blake had a hard time moving on from her brother's death in the line of duty as an adult. She couldn't begin to understand what she would have done had she been Ellie's age.

She walks outside and closes the glass door behind her quietly, just as Ellie lowers her head into her bent knees. Blake places her hands inside of her pocket as she walks and stops in front of the sunken teenager. Blake stands there and waits for the teenager to look up and take notice of her presence.

When the youngest Flanagan does not respond right away, the linguist reaches out and lightly taps the girl's shoulder.

“Ellie?” Blake asks.

Ellie's head rises and she briefly looks at the older woman before her, blue eyes opened wide and startled. This lasts a moment before the teenager's eyes dull once again.

“Agent Blake.” the teenager murmurs quietly and then tilts her head down.

Seeing that she was not going to get a response from the teenager, Blake decides to try and connect with the teenager and get her to open up a bit before she starts asking her about that night.

“So I hear you're center on you're school's volleyball team.” Blake says casually. “According to your statistics, you're an amazing one at that.”

“Thanks.” Ellie says quietly, blushing a little at the complement. “Although I think those numbers might look a little different now, seeing as how last season wasn't my best.”

“It's understandable Ellie-” Blake said gently. “after everything you've been through the past few months, I don't think I'd know anyone who wouldn't be a little off afterward.”

Ellie looks away from the FBI agent and clutches the pieces of grass in her hand harder.

Seeing that she was losing the teenager, Blake steps toward her and stands in her line of sight.

“Page 102.” Blake confesses softly after a couple of minutes in silence.

The teenager turns her face back to face the FBI agent confused.
“It was from my first book. I was in the middle of writing that page when my dad called crying.” Blake picks at the sleeve of her jacket. “I could barely understand what he was trying to say at the time, but I understood him clearly when he finally told me that my older brother Danny was dead.”

She remembers the way her father's voice trembled and the softness in his voice as he recalled the events that lead to Danny's death. She had never heard him speak like that all of her life, not even the night his partner was killed. But Blake could understand why he sounded so devastated.

Danny was her father and mother's pride and joy. He was the jokester of the family who always managed to be the life of the party wherever he went. He had a smile that radiated throughout the room and he always had a way of making everyone feel included and wanted. When they lost him they lost the glue to their family. The relationships within the Blake family deteriorated as soon as Danny was in the ground.

“How did he die?” Ellie asks hesitantly.

“He was killed trying to stop a convenience store robbery.” Blake replies. “Danny was on his way back to the station at the end of his shift. He was driving by one of the local convenience stores when he noticed that the door was cracked and one of the windows was busted open. He called in for back up before going into the store. the two men in masks were leaving just as his call ended. He got out of his car and ordered them to put their guns down and they refused.” The linguist pauses and breathes in for a moment before continuing on.

“Danny was shot four times.” Blake finishes softly, swallowing the lump that had formed in her throat. “He was already dead by the time back up arrived.”

Ellie opens her hand and lets the grass blades fall to the ground, not knowing what to say to the FBI agent. She brushes her hands on her jeans and looks up at Agent Blake.

“Did the police ever catch them?” Ellie asks softly.

“They did.” Blake says a few seconds later. “A couple of days before Danny's funeral, my father received a call from one of the unis on patrol. They were stopped on a routine traffic stop on the way out of the state. The money they stole and the guns were found in the trunk. Both men are currently serving life sentences at a maximum security prison in upstate Kansas.”

Ellie nodded but then looked back down at the grass as she takes a couple of strands and twirls them in her hands. “Were things easier after the men who killed your brother were in jail?”

“It helped a little.” Blake says honestly as she kneels down onto the ground, facing Ellie. “But it didn't change the fact that my brother and everything that I loved about him was gone. It tore our family apart for a little while, but we managed to find each other again right before my mother died last year.”

Ellie plucked another strand of grass, not taking any comfort in the agent's story. Her vision blurs and she feels the hot sting of tears starting to come out of her eyes.

A few minutes pass by as Blake gives the teenager a little more time to digest what she's said. She knows that she's close to getting the teenager to open up

“The pain from your grief feels never ending right now. You feel like a day won't go by where you don't think about your dad or what happened to him in that house.” Blake tries to reassure her. “But it will. A colleague of mine at the BAU once said that losing the people that we love isn't easy. But one day, you'll remember your dad and it won't hurt.”
Like a bursting damn, the teenager begins to shake and stops fighting the grief that has been tearing her apart for the last nine months. Ellie finds herself collapsing into Blake and sobbing into her shoulder.

Blake rubs the girl's back soothingly and tells her that it's all going to be okay. After a while, the teenager starts muttering something into her shoulder that she can't quite make out. She releases Ellie from her grip and gives Ellie a moment to compose herself.

The sixteen year old wipes her tears away with the back of her hand. Blake reaches into her pocket and hands it over to the sixteen year old, who takes it thankfully. When the young brunette was done, she placed it on the ground next to her.

Ellie takes a deep breath, knowing that she can't hold it in any longer.

“I lied.” the teenager murmurs quietly.

Blake looks at her confused, but not surprised at the teenager's confession. “What did you lie about Ellie?”

“Everything.” Ellie whimpers. “I lied to Detective Lamontagne about what I saw that night and about momma. Daddy hasn't lived here since he retired as CEO for his company and the apartment that we're living in now, was the one that he was living in the night he died.”

“So your parents were separated at the time of his death?” Blake asks, receiving a nod from the teenager in return. “Was your father really in the basement the night that he died?”

“Yes.” Ellie answers haunted. “There were a few photos of Lizzie and me that daddy wanted to pick up, but then he was going to leave. He came upstairs to tell me goodnight and that he was going to pick me up at nine the next morning and we were supposed to hang out in the city. When he didn't show up, momma got angry and called him on his phone.” the teenager sighs for a moment but carries on.

“I heard dad's ringtone for mom coming from the basement, so I went down there to see if he may have accidentally fallen asleep down there.” Ellie pauses again and begins nervously fiddling with the grass blades again, this time her hands were shaking. “It's where I found his body, tied up in the chair. There was blood all over the desk, I think his head may have fallen back onto the desk. The only thing I remember after that was screaming and momma coming downstairs.”

“What happened after that?” Alex asks as she takes the girl's hand in hers.

“Mom shook my shoulders and told me to calm down. She told me to go back up stairs and go back to bed, that she would take care of everything.” Ellie said softly. “All I had to do was come downstairs when the police came. She told me that if the police ask, to tell them that I was asleep all night and nothing more. Next thing I know, I'm being led out of the house by Detective Lamontagne and his partner and they were asking me about daddy.”

“Why would she do that?” Blake asks.

“Because she thinks her boyfriend may have killed daddy.” Ellie says after a few moments. The teenager felt a weight lift off of her shoulders, voicing the secret that she had been holding in for so long.

“The night dad died, mom was on the phone with some man until one am.” the teenager says softly.

“Did you happen to catch the name of the man that your mother was talking to?”
Ellie looks past Blake and to their old home, in fear which the FBI agent notices immediately.

“I won't tell your mother what was said between the two of us.” Blake reassures the teenager. “And I'll make sure that Agent Rossi and Detective Lamontagne don't disclose where the information came from if we have to interview her again. But it's really important that you give me the name of the man that your father was talking to, just in case we have to rule him out as a potential suspect.”

Ellie bites her lip, but nods in understanding to the FBI agent.

“I think I heard my mom call him Ian.”

Ian, you have just made the first of many mistakes.

Chapter End Notes

A/N:

I'd like to take a moment to thank everyone who has read, left a comment or kudos on this story. It's all greatly appreciated and I hope you are enjoying this story.

This is the latest chapter that I have had posted on fanfiction.net and I am currently working on the next chapter as we speak.

Thanks again for reading!
“If you want to keep a secret, you must first hide it from yourself.” - George Orwell

After spending the last few hours recounting the events leading up to her husband's death and one, very brief cognitive interview later, Rossi was running out of ways of coercing the truth about her husband and the role she may have played in his death. They had learned everything about Duncan. Rossi could tell you everything about the late Flanagan's favorite brand of scotch and cigars to recounting the countless lavish vacations that the former CEO would take every summer, sometimes alone but most of the time with his family. If he somehow chose to write his next book as a biography of the former CEO of Flagcon, he would have enough for a semi decent, fluff piece autobiography about the CEO. Unfortunately for the FBI agent, none of that information would help them catch Doyle.

Whenever he or Detective Lamontagne would ask questions about her husband's business associates or acquaintances. Or even asked a somewhat leading question about Duncan's ties to the former arms dealer or any of his other associates, Shelly would evade the question entirely and plead ignorance about any role that Flagcon's investors may have played with the company.

Out of the corner of Rossi's eye, he notice her eyes flicker away from them and gaze out into the bay window in the kitchen that had the perfect view of the backyard. During those times, she would clasp her hands together on her knees and rub the top her hands in a circular, almost calming motion. When Blake stepped in the older woman's line of sight, he notice her jaw clinch and her left eye twitch a little. Shelly seemed to like to be in control and in their presence, she didn't have that control. Eventually, he knew that the widow would grow tired of being in a position of helplessness and was just biding her time until she had the opportunity to regain her control.

When they were finished with the interview, Rossi knew that the former Mrs.Flanagan would make sure that the FBI and the New Orleans Police Department would never get the chance to interview her or her daughter again, with the assistance of her dozen or so corporate lawyers from her company. She'd probably recant everything that she's told them today if she felt like he and Will were pushing her too hard.

Their ace in the hole would definitely be questions about Doyle, but he wanted to save those for after Blake was done interviewing Ellie. He wanted to see what kind of information they could get from the teenager before confronting her with the information. He's sure they'd be able to crack her calm exterior with questions about the former arms dealer along with her and her husband's former association with him, she won't be able to deflect from those questions.
Unfortunately, the older agent does not think they can wait a moment longer for Blake to get anything more from Ellie. They would have to grill her about it soon or risk losing her for good.

He feels a light vibration in his jeans pocket. Rossi pulls out his phone and looks at the lone text message from Blake. As he read the message, his lips quirked upward a little into a ghost of a smile.

Ellie says that Shelly was on the phone with Doyle the night Duncan Flanagan was killed. Phone call cut short at one am. Doyle ended the call. She says that Doyle and Shelly are/were involved with one another.

Rossi places his phone back into his pocket and stands up out of his seat. Will stares at him quizzically and the veteran agent returned one of his own, saying that he will explain it to him later.

He then turns to face Mrs. Flanagan, who watches the two investigators curiously.

“Mrs. Flanagan-” Rossi begins but is cut off by the widow.

“I told you Agent Rossi, no need to be so formal.” she says with a warm smile. “It's Shelly.”

Rossi returns the smile with one of his own. “Okay then. Shelly, were you aware of your husband's and Flagcon's connections to certain IRA factions.”

Shelly blinks a couple of minutes, giving the FBI agent a look with a mix of confusion and surprise at the inquiry.

“I'm sorry Agent Rossi, but I don't have the slightest idea as to what you're talkin about.”

“Then let me refresh your memory.” Rossi says, standing up from his seat. “In 1998, the FBI's white collar and counterterrorism divisions ran simultaneous investigations on Flagcon after the company made several donations to a couple of IRA paramilitary factions that were on the terror watch list.”

“Which we were cleared of as I recall.” Shelly counters defensively, crossing her arms. She looks away from the scrutinizing gaze of the FBI agent. “Your agency found no evidence of wrongdoing on our ends.”
Shelly sighs as she rubs her temples and takes a moment to compose herself once again.

“Look, I know that our fathers may have been a part of that IRA business, but that doesn't mean I nor my husband ever subscribed to their views. We were just supporting our parents, that's all. And besides, the allegations were made by a former, disgruntled employee who was angry about losin his job.”

“The IRA groups that your company was accused of being affiliated with were ones that were run by its captain, an arms dealer by the name of Ian Doyle.” he says, pausing for a moment to gauge her reaction.

He sees a flicker of recognition in her icy blue eyes, but she does not budge otherwise.

“You're familiar with Ian Doyle, aren't you Mrs.Flanagan?” Rossi asks as he stops in front of her chair.

“Yes I am, from the news.” Mrs Flanagan answers coldly, narrowing her eyes at the agent. “He's that awful man who murdered an FBI agent and all those other people. We get the national news here too Agent Rossi, despite popular misconceptions.”

“I don't think that's the only place you know him from Mrs. Flanagan.” Rossi argues. He pulls out his cell phone and flickers to the picture of Duncan, Ian, Michael and herself smiling at the IRA benefit from 1979.

Shelly gasps a little in surprise initially, wondering where the agents could have found that old relic, but manages to keep her expression neutral. “That was a charity event, honoring Duncan's father previous service in the old IRA. There's no crime in posin for a photo with a couple of generous benefactors. Is that a crime now Agent Rossi?”

“It is when two of the men in that two of the three men in that photo are known arms dealers and one of them happens to be dead and found in the same house that your husband was murdered in.” Rossi answers, pointing to Doyle and McFadden.

“Michael's body was the one that they found in our house?” Shelly asks in shock as Rossi nods his head in confirmation. Shelly places her head in her hands and sighs. She remembers speaking to Michael once or twice that evening and he was such a gentleman to her. She felt the stirrings of a
headache at the possibility that her husband and another person that they were acquainted with were murdered just months apart from each other and what that could mean for herself and for-

“Given enough time, we could subpena your company's records with your warehouses here to start, I imagine we'll have enough evidence to prove your husband's under the table transactions with Doyle over the years which wouldn't look good for your company considering all that's happened-” Rossi says casually, bringing the businesswoman out of her thoughts.

She sits her head up instantly and stares at the agent with a blazing fire heating up her blue eyes.

“Get to the point Agent Rossi?” Shelly says pointedly as she rises from her seat and glares at the FBI agent. Rossi smiles, not intimidated in the least by the widow, remembering the way that his third wife looked at him as he served her with the divorce papers.

Meanwhile, Will abruptly stands up after witnessing enough of the exchange between the two of them, and steps in to intervene if it comes down to that.

“The truth about you and your husband's connection to Ian Doyle sounds like a good place to start.” Rossi presses her. “Then you can tell us why you were talking to the man who murdered your husband a couple of hours before he did it.”

The widow pinches the bridge of her nose and sighs. “Ian didn't do this.”

Rossi looks at her disbelievingly and she wanted to pummel the FBI agent right then and there.

“Doyle used to work on the docks on a freelance basis for Flagcon's warehouses in Dublin, Belfast and Boston for a while. Eventually, he moved on to better paying opportunities-”

“Like arms dealing-” Rossi adds sardonically.

“and that was it.” Shelly finishes with a pointed glare in the agent's direction. “The answer to your second question is that he had been askin me about picking up some more freelance work for a while, since he said he was going to be in the states for the time bein and we were just workin out the details. Nothing more, nothing less.”
Rossi shook his head not believing a word coming out of Shelly's mouth. The businesswoman rolls her eyes in contempt at him in return.

“I can have my assistant fax over his old pay stubs, the contract that we ere workin on and all records of his employment with Flagcon to your offices if you won't take my word for it.”

Seeing that the situation was not going to get any better, Will takes a couple of steps forward and approaches the widow carefully.

“Look m'am, Ian Doyle is a very dangerous man. “ Will says compassionately. “ If he has somethin over you or threaten you or ya family in anyway, you can tell us. You don't have to take up for him anymore.”

“I thank you for your concern Detective Lamontagne, but I am perfectly capable of takin care of myself and my girls. We don't need your protection.” Shelly says as she turns facing away from him. “A man like Ian Doyle doesn't won't scare me or my daughter away from our home. ”

“Then why are you holding information back from us if you ain't afraid of him?”Detective Lamontagne asks boldly as he approaches her. “Why are you protecting the man who may have killed your husband and countless others, not including his old business associates and highly trained law enforcement agents?”

“Unless there is more to your 'relationship' with Doyle then you're telling us Mrs.Flanagan.” Rossi adds carefully, letting the cat out of the bag.

The widower's eyes harden as she turns around and faces the agent and detective. She places her hands on her hips and gives the two investigators a death glare that even scared Rossi a little.

“I'm not protectin anyone, Detective!” Shelly snaps icily as her Irish accent coming out thicker than it normally. “I told ya everything that I knew about Doyle and I'm not hidin anything!”

She then turns to Agent Rossi and walks towards him. “I resent your accusation that I was runnin around on my Duncan! I loved my husband and I sacrificed everything for him to get em where he needed to be! I would never taint our marriage vows by havin an affair with a lowlife thug like Ian Doyle!”
Shelly takes a deep breath and her right hand starts to play with the diamond and gold wedding band that still adorned her left hand, which seemed to calm her down.

Rossi silently observes the widow do that several times during her cognitive interview and whenever they asked her a question that threw her off guard. Her reaction to the charge that she was having an affair had set the widow off more than any of the other questions had. If he had to gauge from his own experience, Rossi figured that there was some truth to that statement.

“If that is all, I think I have told ya everything that you need to know Detective Lamontagne.” Shelly says after regaining her composure, while ignoring the FBI agent's presence. “Ellie and I should be heading off, to give the real estate agent some time to make the house sellable again, if that's possible. Anything else ya need to know, you can talk to the company's legal department.”

Shelly walks away from the two investigators and heads to the back door entrance to the back yard, leaving her cell phone sitting on the chair. Will and Rossi stand off to the side and watch her walk away. The detective turns to the Italian agent and looks at him expectantly.

“So what's the verdict on Shelly?” Will asks curiously. He has a feeling he already knows the answer.

“She's lying about the nature of her relationship with Doyle and that Ellie was right.” Rossi answers as he looks over to find the unattended phone vibrating in the chair. “But I think that she might know a little more than that.”

“Like what?” Will asks.

The FBI agent then walks over to the widow's chair and picks the phone up. He picks up the phone and press the home button. A couple of unread messages appear onto the screen from a number that appeared to be unlisted. But what caught the veteran agent's eye was the sender's brief message to Shelly.

Are they gone yet?

He pulls a pen and pad out of his jacket pocket and writes the unknown number down for Garcia to look up later. When he's done, he sets the pen and pad back into his pocket and picks up the phone once more.
Curiosity compels the veteran agent to open up the message and goes into Shelly's inbox, instead of putting it down as he intended to do. In her inbox, there were twenty three, unread new messages, fifty three in total from the last couple of days alone. He opens up the second most recent message.

You need to get the girl and get out of there. Don't know how much time you have left.

Rossi recalls all of the times that Shelly subtlety checked her phone. She would stare down at it whenever she thought the he or Will weren't looking. When her phone would vibrate, she would occasionally slide her hand under the table to stop it. There were times when Rossi thought that the widow was going to run out of the room and answer the messages, with the way she was toying with her ring.

He scrolls down to the lone message that she answered from the unknown number, which looked like it was sent last night.

Michael's dead. Like the others. He didn't come home last night and his phone's been shut off.

What happened, did you kill him too? Shoot him in the back when he wasn't lookin and brand him, like the others?

You need to get your family out while ya still can. I can't protect ya if you stay there.

The whole time, the Shelly's body language had been tense, which Rossi initially attributed to being in the house that her husband was murdered in at first. But when they mentioned Doyle, it all became clear for the older agent.

Shelly Flanagan was protecting Doyle not because it was a one off affair. She was protecting him because she's convinced that he may have had something to do with his murder and possibly the other murders as well.

Rossi closes out the messages and puts the phone to sleep once more. He places it back into the chair as Will looks on to him, waiting for an explanation.

“Shelly Flanagan is going to lead us straight to Doyle.” he says ominously, receiving a confused look
“Doyle's been texting her the whole time we've been here.”

“Think he's concerned bout her talkin to us?” Will asks.

Rossi shakes his head. “No, I don't think he is. He's probably using a burner and it'll probably be trashed before Garcia gets a chance to trace the number. Doyle seems to be more concerned about getting Shelly and Eileen out of New Orleans than he is about himself.”

The veteran agent thought that was the weirdest part of the messages. He would think that the former arms dealer would be concerned about getting caught. But his concern was mostly on Shelly and her daughter. If Doyle were responsible for killing Duncan, you would think he would make it a point to come back and finish off any potential witnesses and his contact. If he were cleaning house, like they had convinced themselves that he was and getting rid of all of his old contacts, then why would Doyle want her to live after he's killed her husband and the others?

It made the older agent ponder what kind of angle the former arms dealer could possibly be running? Did he suddenly grow a conscience during his three years of isolation or is it something else?

For some reason, Rossi didn't feel right about the evidence that they were gathering to build a case against Doyle. The guy was a monster and he deserved to pay for what he did to Emily and her former tea. But so far, the conclusions that he was coming to didn’t seem to mesh well with the evidence in that they currently had in their disposal. Something about this whole situation wasn't adding up. He just wasn't sure what that was yet?

“A narcissistic psychopath with a heart o gold?” Will asks doubtfully. “Shelly have some sort of hold on him for to worrah this much about her. They musta been closer than we thought.”

Blake guides Ellie to the passenger side of her mother's black Audi. Before their conversation was interrupted by her mother, the youngest Flanagan gave her more insight into her parent's deteriorating marriage. She talked about the arguments between her parents and how their arguments mostly consisted around the amount of money that went missing from their joint account every month and where the money was going to. The worst argument Duncan and Shelly engaged in happened two years ago. Ellie thought she would have to call the police after the way her father had reacted to the fact that her mother had used the company jet to make a last minute trip to Russia. He yelled at her about how she could support him after all that he did to those poor families and the FBI agent that
died in the hospital two days after she went to see him.

Her mother defended Doyle and said that he had every right to do what he did to that agent as well as the others. She told him about Emily's undercover work on him and what the former Interpol operative had done to Doyle's little boy and his nanny when Ian was imprisoned. Shelly had even told him about how the North Koreans had used the photos of Doyle's dead son to torture him into talking and laughing as he wept for his boy.

Duncan had said that it still wasn't enough and didn't justify what he did. He yelled at Shelly and asked her how she could be so stupid and she called him a traitor in response. He told her that if she continued to support that murdering bastard, Duncan would make sure that Shelly would not get a dime of Flagcon's money to support him.

Ellie remembers how her father storming off that night and not coming back until the next week, when he told Shelly that he wanted a trial separation. Duncan told Shelly that they would still appear together in public and that she would still have a significant stake in Flagcon as its CEO. But for the late Flanagan, their marriage was all but over. She told Blake that her mother did not react at all and just told him to go.

Soon after that night, Duncan then got a condo in the French Quarter, where Ellie and her mother were currently living now. They posed together for public events and acknowledged each other in the press. but other than that, the two Flanagans had led separate lives. The only time the former couple begrudgingly acknowledged each other when they were co-parenting Ellie. If the teenager were being honest, she was happy that her parents weren't forcing themselves to be miserable anymore.

Before Blake could ask anymore questions, the older Flanagan had stormed outside and told her daughter that they were going home. She then told Agent Blake that if she had anymore questions from this moment out, the FBI and the police department would just have to go through the legal team at Flagcon would answer them for her.

Ellie hesitates as she puts her hand on the car door. She turns around and looks at Agent Blake.

“Will what I said get my mom in trouble.” the teenager asks vulnerably as her lip trembles a bit.

When Agent Blake doesn't answer right away, the teenager gazes down at her converse clad feet.
“My mother is all that I have now.” the teenager states sadly. “Even though we don't get along that well, especially after dad left, I still love her. And I don't know what I'd do if anything happened to her because of what I told you.”

Blake looks at the teenager sympathetically takes a step forward and puts a comforting hand on her shoulder. She couldn't necessarily assure the teenager that nothing would happen to her. If they discover that Shelly has been funding or helping Doyle in his activities in any way, they would be forced to take her in. If Doyle doesn't get to Ellie's mother first, the linguist was sure they would. Either way Ellie would ultimately lose both of her parents, which didn't seem fair to the FBI agent. Then again, when have any of the cases that they have dealt with in the BAU ever truly been fair?

With a soft sigh, the linguist gives the teenager a sideways hug.

“You are going to be fine, Ellie.” Blake tells her quietly. “We've had our own sources for your mom's connection to Doyle. She won't know what we talked about in the backyard.”

“Thank you, Agent Blake.” Ellie says softly as she turns to face away from the agent and gets into the car.

Blake reaches into her pocket and pulls out a white card. She then places her hand on the young brunette's arm to stop her. Ellie turns around and looks down at the linguist's card quizzically.

“Just in case you remember anything that could help in our investigation.” Blake explains. “Or if you need anything at all. My cell phone, the phone to my office in Georgetown and my work phone are all on there if you need to reach me.”

Ellie nods and gives the FBI agent a small smile in thanks before she turns her back on the three investigators and gets into the car.

They watch as the black Mercedes convertible pulls off the curb of the sidewalk and into the street and stand there until it can't be seen anymore. When they are sure that the Flanagan family is gone, the three investigators walk over to the detective's blue Civic to make their twenty minute drive back to the station.

“So what do we do now?” Detective Lamontagne asks as he starts the engine of his car.
“We go back to the station, call kitten and get her to work her magic.” Rossi answers. “Maybe she'll be able to dig up some more dirt on Mrs. Flanagan that her team of lawyers won't be able to cover up.”

“Not that I don't doubt Miss Penelope's abilities, but don't you think we should maybe talk to people who knew Duncan or Shelly more intimately?” Will asks.

“He's right. I doubt these two had any actual friends in this neighborhood.” Blake agrees as she puts on her seatbelt. When she's done, the linguist turns to face the detective. “Image and emotional distance seem to be important to these two in their professional and personal lives.”

“Shelly and Duncan are the kind of people where they would get to know their neighbors on a superficial, but they wouldn't let them get too close in fear that they may discover the cracks in their marriage and home lives. I doubt we'll find any outsiders who would know much more than 'Duncan being a good man and not believing that someone could want harm him.’” Rossi continues on for her.

“And since we're not going to get anything else from Shelly willingly now that she knows we know about her relationship with Doyle. Garcia will be able to trace the burner that he's using and we can go from there.” Blake finishes.

Will's car pulls away from the Flanagan house as the detective takes one last look at the place.

They miss the black Mustang pull out of its space in the garage and the for sale sign placed back into the grass. They don't notice the inconspicuous classic car following the Flanagan's car at a respectable distance.

6pm

Quantico

A green looking Garcia takes her horn rimmed glasses off and rubs her eyes with a sigh. When she gathers herself again, the technical analyst carefully tapes another grotesque photo onto one of the many whiteboards she and Reid were using to determine victimology with a grimace. Across from her, Reid sat cross legged on the table completely enthralled with the photos, as he tries to connect these victims to each other independent of Doyle.
The hacker had been given the unfortunate task of sorting through all of the crime scene photos and writing down any information that stood out for the wonder boy and so far, they're coming up empty.

Together, the two agents decided that it would be easier to organize the victims by the countries that they were found in. Outside of the seared four leaf clover left on the victims post mortem, there was no clear modus operandi that Doyle was using to kill his victims.

They then separated the victims by the cities that their bodies were found in, they then sorted the bodies out by the dates they were found.

Outside of the fact that they had worked for Doyle at some point, time in their lives and the fact that they were of Irish descent and race, as well having some sort of criminal records, there was nothing that would connect these victims to one another or would explain why Doyle was killing them in the manner that he was killing them in. Unfortunately for them, the two agents started to run into more inconsistencies than consistencies. For one, some of the bodies were just too decomposed or burned to a crisp to determine whether or not they were branded like the others. Such as the case with Claire Dunlap, who was killed in an electrical fire.

Another reason why they were having trouble with determining whether or not Doyle had anything to do with their deaths is because his first ten victims deaths could easily be classified as anything other than homicide. Malcolm Mckeen died in his sleep of natural causes and Victor Montrose died of cardiac arrest. Timothy McPhee, Corey Morrison and John McGee all reportedly committed suicide. Lionel Coulson and Owen McPherson were both noted alcoholics, so their deaths could easily have been a result of their addictions. They were going to have a hard time of selling those deaths as homicides or how Doyle could have been responsible for any of that. On all of these victims, there were faint traces of what could have been a brand, but they weren't as definitive as the brandings found on Duncan Flanagan and Michael McFadden.

Their age ranges varied, the youngest victim being in his late twenties and their oldest victim in his late seventies. Geographically, the victims were spread out all over the world. A majority of the victims were originally from Europe, who immigrated to the US later on in life.

Reid figured the most likely way these victims lives would intersect with one another's is through their criminal backgrounds, which the hacker promised to have loaded onto the computer screens by the time the genius and Grant brought the whiteboards they would need in. Unfortunately for Garcia, the task of gathering their criminal records proved to be a bit more challenging than she initially anticipated to be.

There was a lot of begging and pleading involved on the hacker's end just to get Interpol's
gatekeepers to let her look at the files that they had in their possession of the victims. She spent an additional three hours on the phone, speaking with every bureaucratic channel that Interpol insisted on throwing at her, made the technical analyst wish that her best friend was there break through the red tape. When Interpol's people finally coincided to her request, their sister agency would not stop feeding her all of the files that they had on their victims.

There were dozens of files currently sprawled all over the table, consisting of wire taps, surveillance photos, information on their finances and the hundreds of various aliases that they were using in order to get through from one country to the next. Shane Pearson, one of the victims from Belfast, had the most identities, twenty-four in total.

She places the photo of Jack Dawson, born Shane Hennessy, who was sitting in the black leather seat of his Audi, with his lifeless green eyes staring directly into the camera, with his head slumped to the side and his throat slashed all the way open. The night he was killed, Jack was headed home after a night out with a few of his associates. He was found the next morning by one of the bouncers, who happened to be heading home for the night, found Dawson slumped over in his condition.

Her gaze unconsciously falls on the picture of the O'Brien's, whose bodies were lain in the middle of their living room floor and the sight of them makes her want to turn away. Oliver's body lay unbound, with his hand on the twenty-two Beretta that he reportedly used to kill his wife with. Doyle had set their murders up to be a murder suicide, like he had with the Cosenza family. Only this time, he hadn't had the chance to burn the O'Brien's house down. They had no children fortunately and the DC metro police at the time suspected that their deaths may have been due to the financial stress that may have driven Oliver O'Brien to shoot his wife before shooting himself.

The neighbors that the LAPD had talked to in their initial investigation, who were shocked that Oliver was capable of doing something like this. From all accounts, the O'Brien's marriage was a loving and happy one. In spite of their recent financial luck, the two of them always seemed to find a way to get through it. They just could not imagine that Oliver would kill Maureen before killing himself, even though all the evidence pointed to him.

She looks down at Oliver's prone wrist to find the branding as clear as day seared onto his skin.

Garcia shook her head at the sight and sighed. She knew most of the victims that they had so far were far from the innocent civilians that they wanted the public to think that they were. And judging by the brief glance that she took at their criminal records, a majority of them should be rotting in a prison somewhere, it still doesn't change the fact that they didn't deserve what Doyle did to them.

The sounds of Dean Martin's 'That's Amore' break the silence within the room and the technical analyst silently thanks David Bowie and the computer gods for relieving her from the horrific photos if only for a moment. The bubbly analyst made a note to send Rossi a nice bottle of scotch once they
brought Doyle in for good.

“The Oracle of all things unknowable, whose currently regretting holding that title at the moment.” Garcia mutters that last part as she picks up the phone and answers. “What can I do for you”

“Hey kitten.” Rossi says as he leans back into Will's chair. “How's Reid coming along with victimology?’

Garcia turns around to look at Reid, who still appeared to be in his catatonic state.

“It's going alright.” Garcia remarks sardonically.

“That well huh?” Rossi asks with a knowing grin.

“Unless you call watching superboy slowly reboot his magical powers of genius, only to come up with zero, zilch and squat that we can use to find Doyle while looking at some of the grizzliest crime scene photos my lovely eyes have ever behold then yes, it's going spectacularly.” Garcia replies exhaustedly, as she grabs a nearby chair and slumps forward into it. “How are you and Blake doing with the Flanagan's?”

“If it makes you feel any better, we were doing about as well as you when we went to talk to Shelly Flanagan.” Rossi offers sympathetically.

“So we've got nothing on top of nothing?”

“Not quite kitten.” Rossi said with a chuckle. “We do have something, she just doesn't know that we have yet.”

“Don't know if its the lack of sleep or what but you've lost me on that one.” Garcia tells him confused.

“The youngest, Eileen Flanagan, told us that her parents have been separated for the last three years and the apartment that they are staying in now was his bachelor pad. The night that Duncan was killed, he was coming by to pick up a few of his things from the basement. Ellie was the one to
discover her dad's body and Shelly told her to go back upstairs while she cleaned up his body. It's probably why the police couldn't find any evidence of Doyle in their initial investigation.”

“Why would she cover up for the psychopath who murdered her husband?”

“She may be in love with him or have some type of relationship with him, at least according to what Ellie told us. The night of Duncan's murder, she was on the phone with him until she went to bed at one. Duncan was killed an hour and a half later. ” Rossi asks. “He was the one to close the account that was meant for Doyle in 1998, but Shelly may have been the one to reopen it again.”

“That would match the bank teller's story” Garcia adds. “But this woman had jet black hair according to him and Mrs.Flanagan's a blond.”

“Could have been a wig. I'm going to need you to comb through Mrs.Flanagan's financials again but this time, limit your scope to the last three years. See if she made any transactions that would be a little out of the ordinary for her.”

The technical analyst picks up her files and adjusts the phone on her shoulders as she gathers up the rest of her things. The noise that she was making managed to shift Reid's attention from the photos to his partner.

He turns around and looks at Garcia curiously. “Whose that?”

“Rossi.” Garcia mouths to him, receiving a nod in return. He then turns his body away from the photos to watch the technical analyst's conversation with the other profiler.

“I need you to trace a couple of numbers for me and tell me the calls made from this phone.” Rossi asks as he sits up in the chair. “The first number is Shelly Flanagan's number, 504-621-3398. The next one is 202-345-9787. It maybe be a burner phone that Doyle was using to call her. I need to know when those calls were made and how frequently Shelly may have called this number. If you find any other suspicious phone numbers, make a note of that too.”

“Got it.” Garcia exclaims excitedly, feeling some of the pep coming back into her step as she stands up from the table. “You will know what Mrs.Flanagan had for lunch at exactly 1:20 pm last Wednesday by the time I get done with her financial records. Anything else my fellow crime fighter?”
“Will do my liege.” Garcia says happily. “I will work on those for you and be back with the info faster than a New York minute. Garcia out!”

Garcia hangs up the phone and happily places it back into her purse. She looks and sees the profiler gazing at her inquisitively.

“Finally back from the void, Dr. Reid?” the bubbly blond asks playfully as she points at one of the evidence boards.

Reid shrugs and starts to play with his hands. “Did Rossi and Blake get anything from The Flanagan family?”

“Plenty sugar.” Garcia says with a smirk. “Mrs. Flanagan may have stonewalled Rossi and Lamontagne, but her daughter had plenty to say about her mother and her relationship with Doyle and Duncan.”

Reid nods for the technical analyst to go on. He gets up off of the table, stands up and finds himself in front of the whiteboard that contained Duncan Flanagan's crime scene photos.

“Apparently, Shelly and Duncan had been separated for the last three years.” she tells him as she opens up her laptop and types in her password. “He had his own apartment in the French Quarter, which happens to be where Shelly and Ellie are staying now.”

Reid looks at her surprised as a few strands of curly brown hair gets in his face. “Really? We didn't find any documents of a separation?”

“They were trying to keep it on the DL for their company's sake.” Garcia explains as she opens up the search engine and looks up Duncan Flanagan's apartment. “As well as Ellie's. They tolerated each other long enough to co-parent Ellie. Other than that, he had his life and she had hers.”

“If he wasn't living there, why was he at the house in the first place?” Reid asks.

“Ellie said that he had stopped by that night to pick up a few things for his apartment.”
She looks up any condos in the french quarter where the lease is signed under the name 'Flanagan'. Five hundred names are listed under the surname 'Flanagan', but the one that catches the technical analyst's eye is one that is listed under the name Gerald Flanagan, located in the downtown area of the Quarter.

“Duncan's apartment is located in the downtown french quarter area.” Garcia says as she looks up from the screen. “It's fifteen to twenty minutes away from Flagcon's main headquarters.”

“Was Shelly Flanagan a co-leaser on the condo as well?” Reid asks.

Garcia scrolls down the lease to the signature page to find both of the Flanagan's names there and that it was signed June 15, 2011.

“Yep. Shelly and Duncan's signatures are present and accounted for.” Garcia says as she opens up another window to run the search on the numbers that Rossi gave her. She enters in Shelly Flanagan's number first and looks at her call log to find the other number that Rossi gave her.

“Guess they did that just in case anyone found out about them living apart, they could say that it's their little love nest in the city.”

“It doesn't make sense.” Reid says quietly after a few minutes of silence, as he stared intently at the crime scene photos.

The eight victims that came before Duncan Flanagan were all killed rather violently. Jack Dawson had his throat cut from someone in the back of his car. Owen McPherson asphyxiated on his own vomit caused by a night of drinking, but the medical examiner at the time made a note saying that they didn't know if the consumption of the alcohol was voluntary or not. Sheamus Nielsen was killed from the injuries that he sustained in a bar brawl, even though all the people who were there that night said that it was a slight scuffle and Sheamus barely had a scratch on him before he was kicked out. A few hours later, the police found Nielsen's unrecognizable face lying face down in a nearby park.

The pattern of death for the first fifteen victims whose deaths, with the exception of Charlotte Pierre's, could be ruled as accidental or blamed on someone else entirely. Jonathan Tierny, a glitch in his oxygen tank, Corey Morrison committed suicide by train, Eva Sinclair and Victor Montrose died of cardiac arrest and Ethan Hutchison accidentally drowned after a midnight swim. All accidental or seemingly accidental with as little carnage involved as possible. On a majority of the fifteen victims, the four leaf clover was faint and barely visible. If he hadn't known what to look for, Reid doubts he would have been able to find the brandings on the earliest victims.
Duncan Flanagan's death on the other hand, was a combination of the two methodologies that he was using. He used the ketamine to tranquilize Duncan and then shot him at point blank range before branding him with the clover. It didn't make sense to the young genius as to why he would combine the two methodologies for Duncan and not the rest of his victims?

It felt like the profiler was profiling two different killers at the same time and it was frustrating to say the least.

“If he had been watching Duncan for a while, then he would have known about the apartment. Why wouldn't he have just kill him there instead of going back to his old home and doing it there with witnesses? And why would he just kill and brand Duncan when he literally tried to torture the six others that came before him?”

“Jealousy?” the technical analyst asks, receiving a confused stare from the young genius. “Shelly and Doyle have been seeing each other for a while. Ellie said that her mom was on the phone with Doyle until one that night.”

“That explains part of it.” Reid nods but as he looks at the photos of Duncan's crime scene, he's not entirely convinced that was the only reason.

“She also said that her parents argued about that account that we found in Boston.” Garcia goes on, waiting for the results of her search. “Duncan was the one to shut down the account but Rossi thinks that Shelly opened it back up for Doyle, posing as Duncan's secretary.”

“Are we sure that she was the one who did it?”

“That would fit with what the former bank manager, Richard Tyler told me.” Garcia says. “He said that he remembered her because she came in at the exact time every year in October. She would make a deposit into the account and leave soon afterwards. He said that he didn't see her in 2011 or the year after that before his retirement.”

Garcia's laptop pings and Shelly Flanagan's call log appears on the screen. She leans in and raises her eyebrows at the information in front of her. “That's interesting.”

“What?” Reid asks as walks behind Garcia's chair and looks at the screen.
“In the months leading up to Duncan's death, Shelly Flanagan received ten calls a day from an unknown number. She stayed on the phone with the unknown number for hours at a time. After Duncan died, the calls from this number increased to twenty sometimes thirty calls a day and about a dozen or so texts.”

The technical analyst's phone lights and the sounds of 'You make me feel like a natural woman' starts blaring in the room. Garcia looks down and smiles when she sees that it is her partner in crime. She presses the talk button and places the phone on speaker.

“My chocolate God, just the man I was thinking about.” Garcia says with a smirk.

“Something big baby girl.” Derek says with a slight smile. “But I don't think you're going to like.”

“Compared to what I've been looking at all day, it can't be that bad.”

“It is that bad.” the temporary unit chief says. “JJ and I found Doyle. He's living here in downtown DC.”

Garcia stops what she is doing and freezes with her mouth slightly opened in an 'o' shape. “D-Doyle, as in the Ian Doyle. The same Ian Doyle that we've been looking for the past three years? That Doyle?”

“Unfortunately it is. He's staying in an apartment complex called the Sunset Suites under the alias Chuck Delaney.”

“Isn't Delaney the name of the JTF-12's handler?” Garcia asks startled.

“Yeah. He was going for not very original and completely obvious.” JJ replies sarcastically.

“But how is that possible?” Reid interrupts, leaning into the technical analyst's phone. “He's on the FBI's most wanted list and we've had his picture everywhere. Why hasn't anybody reported seeing him until now? It's not like he had the resources that he had when he first escaped from prison?”
“He had enough friends in high places to keep him discreet but not comfortable.” Morgan answers as he leans back into the seat of the SUV. “Michael McFadden owns the Sunset Suites. He was stowing Doyle away there and even got him a job working on one of his old friend's docks during the day. McFadden never made him sign a lease so there is no paper trail.”

“He also may have changed his appearance. Every law enforcement agency in Europe and the US is looking for him. Doyle would have known that he had to change his appearance in order to get by.” JJ adds.

“Even if he hasn’t changed his appearance, this is downtown DC. He has access to most of the things that he needs and only needs to take the bus in case he needs anything that he couldn't find in this area.” Morgan says.

“McFadden also had a son, Stephen the assistant manager at McFadden's place.” JJ tells them. “He also said that Delaney would sometimes use his car if he needed to go out of town for anything. It's a brown, ninety-nine Toyota Camry.”

Garcia stops typing for a moment and pauses, biting her bottom lip slightly, her thoughts racing a mile a minute. She could and couldn't believe all that she was hearing about Doyle and his whereabouts. She had a feeling that he would have had someone in the city that would have been able to cover for him. She just didn't think it would have taken as long as it had for them to find him.

“This is-” Garcia starts to say but is interrupted by JJ on the other line.

“Fucked up beyond belief? Being given the run around by a international arms dealer with a temper.” JJ asks, digging one of her nails into the console. “Yes, we're very aware of that.”

“Not how I would have put it sugar, but close enough.” Garcia says. “And get ready because it is gonna get a whole lot more ‘fucked up’ as you so eloquently put it.”

“Give it to us Garcia.” JJ says.

“Well, you know the mystery account that Duncan opened up in Boston for Doyle in 1991 but had it mysteriously closed seven years later, only for it to be opened back up a month later for the deposit? It turns out it really wasn't Duncan Flanagan who had the account opened back up via his assistant. It was none other than Shelly Flanagan wearing a wig. According to the bank manager, she came in at the same time every year and deposited the twenty thousand dollars for Doyle up until 2010. In 2011
though, the bank manager says that he didn't see her that year nor the next before his retirement.”

“Duncan grew a conscience and wanted to stop paying Doyle to do his dirty work.” JJ says agitated. “So what's her excuse? Did she want Doyle to get rid of some PTA moms for her?”

“They were, well still are, sleeping with each other. According to Rossi, Ellie Flanagan overheard her mother on the phone with Ian until one am that night, an hour and a half before her husband was killed. I did a quick comb through her phone records and found that the months leading up to her husband's death, Shelly was on the phone with an unknown number around ten times a day. After Duncan was murdered, the calls increased and came with a barrage of text messages from her personal and business cellphones. This morning though, she received a call from a DC number that I'm pretty sure is a burner because I can't get its exact location.”

“Do we think that she had something to do with her husband's murder and the others?” Morgan asks.

“Wouldn't rule her out yet darling, but I will look up her travel records and financials over the past three years to see if they correspond to any of the other victims though. While I do that, I will give the phone to wonder boy and have him talk you through the victimology.”

“I knew I could count on you baby girl.” Morgan says with a smile.

“Be right back my love.” Garcia says as she hands the phone over to the awaiting profiler. “It's all you darling.”

“Thanks Garcia.” Reid says with a tentative smile as he places the phone on his thigh. “Hey Morgan, JJ.”

“Hey pretty boy.” Morgan greets smiling. “You finally decided to talk to us now?”

“Yeah, um Garcia gave me enough incentive to forgive you guys-” Reid chuckles nervously as he looks over to the technical analyst, who had her eyebrow raised in his direction. “at least for now.”

“Good choice Spence.” JJ chuckles. “If there's one person's shit list you don't want to make, it is our resident Oracle.”
“She reminded me of that when she called Maeve during her lunch break.” he says with a blush, as he listens to his two teammates laughing in the background. “They both provided sound arguments as to why you guys left the rest of the team out of the loop of your Doyle investigation.”

“We really are sorry Spence for doing that to you and the rest of the team though.” JJ says regretfully. “We just wanted to make sure that we had something before we got everyone else's hopes up over nothing.”

“Don't worry about it JJ, I get it.” Reid says brushing his friend's concern to the side.

“How's that victimology coming along?” Morgan asks, getting right back to business.

“Well as you know, there is no geographical profile since it looks like Doyle just found where his victims were living and followed them there. Boston, Los Angeles, Belfast, Dublin, Barcelona, London, Stockholm, Paris, Washington DC and New Orleans. The victimology on the other hand, is as all over the place as the geographical profile but I have managed to organize the kills in some sort of pattern.”

“The first eleven victims, with the exception of Charlotte Pierre, their deaths appear to be accidental. The method of death ranges from various suicides to a failed oxygen tank, an accidental drowning, car accident and overdoses. The brandings that were found on the victims were faint and you wouldn't be able to tell that they were there unless you knew what to look for. At each of the crime scenes, the only DNA and fingerprints the police could find belonged to the victims and for that reason, the deaths were ruled accidental, suicide or overdose.”

“Charlotte Pierre was the painter who was found shot to death with a slashed throat in her home right?” JJ asks.

“Yeah.” Morgan answers. “She was also one of Doyle's many ex-girlfriends. He attended one of her gallery showcases a couple of months before raid on his house in Tuscany. Why would Doyle shoot her and make the other ten victims look like accidents?”

“Because of all of the publicity surrounding Pierre's death. He couldn't risk the police or the media noticing a pattern between all of the kills, so he switched it to accidental deaths so that they couldn't be linked back to him.”
“Also, Charlotte Pierre was his first kill since-” Reid stops for a second, but pushes on. “Emily. So he may have just been trying to acclimate himself back into it and got sloppy in the process.”

“With the O'Brien's, who were his twelfth and thirteenth victims, he changes his methodology again. He forces Oliver O'Brien to tie up Maureen and have him watch her die. Then he kills Oliver O'Brien and brands the both of them. He then unties Oliver, leaves the gun by his body and then plans to set the house on fire. He doesn't get the chance to do that, seeing as their neighbor Mary Sanchez called the police when she heard the gunshots. Doyle slips out of the back door and leaves the police to find their bodies. This was the first time he's shown any overtly homicidal tendencies towards his victims, seeing as he doesn't try to cover this homicide up. He continues this pattern with his next seven victims, bulging Sheamus Nielsen to death, slashing Jack Dawson's throat, shooting Scotty Harrelson, setting Claire Dunlap's body on fire and running a katana sword through Lionel Couslon. Their four leaf clovers are also more prominent and looked to be seared onto them than the others.”

“How do we know that Claire Dunlap was branded like the others?” JJ asks. "Her body must have been seared beyond recognition.”

“It was, but there was enough unburnt skin left on her wrist to identify the branding.” Reid answers as he sits down in one of the chairs next to Garcia.

“Is it possible that he's saving his rage for the later of his victims?” Morgan asks. “The first ten victims were just him trying to clean up his mess but the second set of victims were more personal for him. Maybe he feels like they did something to him and this is his way of getting revenge against each of them for it. The brand just signifies his ownership of them and applying it after they die instead of using it to torture them while they're still alive may mean that he still owns them after death.”

“That what I was going with initially until I got to his most recent victims Duncan Flanagan and Michael McFadden.” Reid goes on, lazily crossing one leg over the other one and leaning back in the leather seat. “Out of all the victims, McFadden and Flanagan were the ones who Doyle seemed closest to. His relationship with Duncan deteriorated, possibly over the affair that he was having with Shelly Flanagan.-”

“Michael McFadden was as close to a best friend that Doyle could get.” JJ adds. “Stephen and the landlord, Leo McMahon, said that the two of them did everything together. They met up every night for drinks at his bar, party on Saturdays and go to mass that next Sunday. They were practically inseparable.”

“Yet Michael McFadden was strangled and according to the medical examiner, Doyle had to break a rib or two in order to take McFadden down-” Morgan adds.
“And his clover is as dark as Jack Dawson's and Claire Dunlap's.” Reid finishes. “It's almost as if he were showing mercy to Duncan Flanagan, a man that he likely hasn't had much contact with in a while. Why would he do that for him and not for Michael McFadden?”

“I think I might have the answer to that Reid.” Garcia interrupts as she pulls up the travel records for Flagcon's private jet and Shelly Flanagan's financials over the last three years. “He was paying him back for getting him out of Camp-22.”

“I've looked over Flagcon jet travel logs for the last three years and so far everything looked like your standard business trips with the occasional spur of the moment trip to a tropical island or back home to Ireland. But in January of 2011, the one of the jets was scheduled to fly back to the United States from Stockholm, but at the insistence of the CEO, the flight was diverted to Moscow. According to one of the reports that Interpol sent over when we put Doyle on our most wanted list, a man was found stabbed to death on the freeway about one hundred miles outside of Moscow on January 12th and the car was found a few days later in an abandoned parking lot near the airport. The Flagcon jet stayed there until February 10th.”

“Where did the jet go to afterwards?” Morgan asks.

“Paris, France.” Garcia tells them. “They stayed there for two weeks and then they made another stop in Brussels, Belgium and they took off on March 1.”

“Jeremy Wolff and Tsia Mosley were in Paris at the time and Jeremy was poisoned on the seventh.” JJ adds. “And Doyle killed the McCallister family on the twenty-eighth of February.”

“Either Shelly or Duncan facilitated in Doyle's escape and the murders Jeremy Wolff, Sean McCallister and his family.” Reid finishes. “His escape from prison wasn't random, it was planned.”

“Garcia did Shelly Flanagan make any big withdrawals from either the company's account or her personal account in December.”

“Yes.” Garcia answers as she minimizes the window for travel logs and pulls up the window for Shelly's financials.

“Actually, it goes back a lot further than January love. She's been making withdrawals of about two
thousand, three hundred and eight dollars and ninety-five cents to a bank account near Kwan-li-so, for the last seven years.”

“So, she finds out that Doyle was staying in Camp twenty-two and pays off one of the guards to help him escape.” JJ says. “Then they travel all over Europe and kill the McCallisters and poison Jeremy Wolff before coming to the US.”

“I’m guessing if she was willing to play chauffeur for Doyle to help him escape, that she was also willing to help him with the other victims as well.”

“The Flagcon jet was in town for some of the other murders. They were in Paris on June 22, two days before Charlotte Pierre was murdered and left the next day, when her body was discovered by her house keeper. Duncan was giving a speech at this Better business brunch in Los Angeles the day Timothy McPhee committed suicide by electrocution and the jet left a few hours later. They were also in Baltimore for the yearly inspection of their docks there and when that was done, they flew out to Washington DC for a day trip. Judson Harris committed suicide that night—”

“That’s all I need baby girl, thanks.” Morgan says stopping her. “I’ll call Rossi and let him know what we’ve found so far and see if we can pick Shelly up and bring her in to the New Orleans pd tomorrow. Since it doesn’t look like she’ll be cooperating with us after Rossi, Blake and Will’s visit, she won’t talk without her company’s lawyers present.”

“What are we going to do about Doyle now that we've found him?” Reid asks. “Cruz is going to want to know that we've found him if we plan on bringing him in.”

“Morgan and I were planning to stake out Doyle's place for the night and see what he tries to do. If he tries to leave the house and go to the airport tonight, we'll arrest him on the spot for the murders.” JJ answers. “I'll call Cruz and fill him in on everything that's going on. He won't be happy with being kept out of the loop this long, but I think he'll get over it once we tell that we've found Doyle.”

“What about Declan?” Reid asks. “If Doyle knows that he's alive and possibly here, then it's only a matter of time before he finds him.”

“Declan's going to be fine.” Morgan answers. “Garcia's got hidden cameras surrounding the outside perimeter of the house he and Louise are sharing with Emily's friend. But I will see if I can get Cruz to put two agents on his house now that we know that Doyle is in fact in the city. Then we'll call Tom and fill him in on the developments with Doyle.”
Reid nods, accepting the older profiler's answer for now.

“*Oh and before we go, Garcia can you do me a favor?*” JJ asks almost innocently.

“Anything for you sleeping beauty.” Garcia says smiling.

“*Would you mind keeping mini prince charming and his trusty steed Sergio at your lair for the
night? I can drop him off at school in the morning, if its not too much trouble?*”

“I would love to Jayje.” Garcia says happily. “You know I can never say no to my godson and his
handsome, ferry comrade.” The technical analyst's eyes light up a couple of seconds later and she
turns her chair to face Reid, who stares at her curiously.

“In fact, we can even make it a sleepover with wonder boy over here and he can help me dig up
more dirt on Shelly Flanagan and catch up on the latest Doctor Who that's clogging up my DVR.”

Reid’s eyes widen and he starts to shake his head at the idea, but resists seeing as the bubbly blond
was right in front of him. “Um, I don't think that's a good idea, Garcia. Maeve and I were going to
see a classic Russian film festival that's only-”

“That's perfect!” Garcia said excitedly. “Invite Maeve over too so that we can gossip while you have
guy time with Henry-”

“I really don't think-”

“That sounds like a fantastic idea pretty boy!” Morgan says chuckling. “Spending the evening with
two beautiful ladies and a cool kid, sounds a lot better than what we're doing.”

“Yeah Spence, one night of socializing with something other than your books won't kill you, now will
it?” JJ says teasingly.

The genius sighs and runs his fingers through his mop top hair, realizing that he was not going to win
this argument at all. “What time do you want us there?”

Garcia does a fist pump into the air and smile brightly at her partner in crime. “Sixish, maybe seven. You don't have to bring anything other than your beautiful mind and your very lovely girlfriend.”

Reid smiles hesitantly and stands up out of the chair. “I guess I'll go call Maeve and tell her about our change of plans”

After awkwardly patting the back of Garcia's chair, Reid walks over to the other side of the room, leaving the giggling blond and the other two profilers on the other line.

“If I find anything more on Shelly Flanagan, you two will be the first to know.” Garcia says her goodbyes, not wanting to hold up the phone calls that the two agents had to make. “Farewell my fellow crime fighters and be safe!”

“Thanks baby girl!” “You're a lifesaver, Garcia!” JJ and Morgan say simultaneously before the line goes dead.

8:00pm

New Orleans

Emily leans back into the black leather seat of her car and watches as a group of rowdy, young tourists walk past her car down the sidewalks of the Central Business District, wearing Mardi gras beads and carrying brown paper bags in their hands, which she assumes is filled with cheap beer and small bottles of liquor, probably getting ready to begin their long night out. This wasn't the first group of kids that the brunette had seen walk down streets of the Quarter in groups, with it being spring break for the college kids in Louisiana and the brunette was sure that it would not be the last time tonight that she would see it. That would work to her advantage for her plan.

As the group of students leave her line of sight, the brunette focuses her attention on the yellow and white colonial french style condo. She had noticed a couple of NOLA pd cars drive slowly by the condo. Rossi and Blake must have recommended that they have uniforms running surveillance around the surrounding areas, just in case Doyle decides to come back for Shelly, which also worked to her advantage. The police wouldn't be looking for her and it wouldn't be suspicious if a brunette with a briefcase came in and out of the building.
She hadn't had time to scout the place out as she usually would have, much to her chagrin. Before she left, Emily stopped by Henry's house to say hello before she would have to make the second trip to New Orleans. The brunette didn't know when she would be able to visit the five year old again as soon as she was done with Shelly Flanagan and Greace, since she was nearly done with her assignment. But she was also glad that she did go to see him because he was having trouble sleeping that night.

When she came to his window, the first thing that Emily heard the sounds of the kindergardener tossing and turning in his sleep. The brunette's posture went rigid, with her hand instinctively hovering over the holster on the inside of her thigh, ready to pull the small revolver out in case someone was hurting the little boy. Her posture relaxed a little when she entered the room and realized that Henry was only having a nightmare. He kept calling out for his Aunt Emmie, his and whimpered at the end of his cries and the sight almost broke her heart. So she took Henry's head in her hands and cradled it, brushing her fingers through his hair for a few moments. She then began to softly sing a couple of lullabies that her mother sang to her when she was his age, before she became Ambassador Prentiss. This went on for thirty minutes until the little boy's whimpers ceased and his face relaxed and he smiled softly at her while burying his head into her arms. She stayed like that watching him for a couple of hours, missing her flight to New Orleans in the process. When the boy moved his head out of her arms and onto his pillow, Emily gathered what little of her resolve was left and walked away from Henry's bed.

She doesn't quite know how it happened or why she would put her mission in jeopardy to do it, but the former FBI agent found herself wandering through the main hall of JJ's house and walking in the bedroom that the blond once shared with Lamontagne. Luckily for her, the door would not be an issue since the former media liaison always kept her door open, in case Henry needed her or Will for anything. She thought that the blond would have stopped by now, since Henry was a little bit older and the trips that he would make to his parents' room would be few and far in between. Tonight, she was glad that she hadn't broken that habit yet.

She walks in the room to find that JJ hadn't changed much of her bedroom in the three years. Her king size bed with the black and grey bedding was still the same. The armoire that Emily had given JJ as a housewarming gift was still there with the pictures that she kept on top of it. She noticed that there were a couple of pictures missing from her collection and she assumed that it was the ones featuring her and Will during happier times. She assumed that Will took all of his things out of the armoire when he moved back to New Orleans and that the cabinet would be filled with the blond's clothes.

Even though it has been three years and she happened to be the first person that the blond told about her relationship with Will being over during their scrabble games, it still surprised Emily that things with Will and JJ didn't work out. She knew that the two of them, as far as compatibility was concerned, were like oil and water. JJ did everything in her life to escape the confines of her small town and earned a prestigious job working in the big city while Will was the kind of guy who seemed content to settle down, work and grow old in the city that he was born and raised with a beautiful wife and a couple of kids. On paper, these two weren't compatible, but for a while they seemed to make it work.
Her gaze landed on the pictures once again and she sees that her prediction had been right. In the place of the two or three photos that the blond had of Will had been replaced with one of Will and his new bride, with JJ, Henry, Jack and the rest of the team smiling happily in the background. Reid, had apparently took her advice and decided to keep his mop top short and somewhat tamed, had his arm around a pale brunette girl's waist who was leaning into him. Emily smiled wistfully for a moment, happy that the socially awkward prodigy seemed to be blossoming a little.

Her gaze then landed on Hotch, who had his arm wrapped around a flushed looking Garcia's shoulder, smiling more than she had seen him smile since Haley's senseless death and she briefly wondered what was going on with that. She was surprised to see that Garcia was not hanging on Kevin's arm but sort of happy about that at the same time. Unlike the other members on their team, Emily had had her reservations about Kevin since the day he wanted to speak to Rossi alone in his office. She thought that he may have been a nice enough guy, but that the technical analyst could do so much better than Lynch and she just didn't know it yet. Jack, who seemed to have grown more taller and take after Haley every day, stood tall in front of his father in his mini tuxedo.

Rossi, who looked to have a little more grey in his hair and circle beard than the last time she had seen him, was still Rossi apparently Rossi as he gave his patented smirk while holding a glass of scotch in his glass.

Morgan, wearing an all black suit, stood next to a beautiful, leggy red head in a green dress that accented her eyes, looked as debonaire and handsome that he usually is. His smile wasn't as wide as the others around him and Emily feels a wave of guilt come over her because she knew that she was responsible for that. From what Jen had told her, he was one of her pallbearers at her farce of a funeral. She can’t imagine how devastating it was for him to sit and watch her supposed death and have to bury the person he thought he couldn’t save, not knowing that the brunette probably wouldn’t be alive today had he not held down the pressure on her wound the way that she did. The worst part for Emily is that when she gets out of this, she has no idea how she’ll be able to repay him after all that he has gone through. The sentiment holds true for the rest of the team but for Derek especially. He was her partner and one of her best friends. Hell, she doesn't even know if he'll be able to forgive her for what she has done if he ever learned the truth.

Surprisingly, she sees a glowing Ashley Seaver there as well, with a tall, lanky man with jet black hair and glasses, who had his hand on top of her stomach, with his gold wedding band shining proudly into the camera's light. From what JJ had told her, Seaver decided to transfer out of Hotch's unit and into Andi Swan's, which made the brunette happy. The heaviness that filled her heart lightened slightly at the thought of Seaver settling down and having a family. If anyone could find a piece of normalcy and happiness, especially in the line of work that they were involved in, she was glad that it was Seaver.

Finally her eyes landed on JJ and Henry, who looked absolutely stunning in her light pink, sleeveless dress like the other bridesmaids in the bride's party. She had her hands hanging loosely
yet protectively on Henry's shoulders ad she noticing the absence of the ring right away. She was giving the camera the same kind of tight smile that she would give to the press when she was giving a press conference. Unlike the rest of the team, her smile didn't quite reach her eyes. Henry's wide smile as he stood in front of his mother completely made up for his mother's half hearted one. Emily had a feeling that she knew the reason for Jen's lack of a smile. She closes her eyes and thinks about the day that she became the cause of the disappearance of said smile.

A few weeks before the wedding, Cruz came into her hospital room in Dublin to tell her that she would need to fake her death again, this time for Jennifer. He told her that it would be for the former media liaison's safety and well-being if the blond thought that she was killed on one of her assignments. Emily remembers fighting Cruz tooth and nail on this for hours and at one point pleading with him to let her cease all communication with JJ if it meant that she would not have to fake her death to someone she cared about again and who has sacrificed everything to keep their secret. Cruz apologized to her and said that he tried his best to fight for her, but that the brass above him would not budge on the issue. Emily reluctantly relented to their request and gave Cruz her bloodied shirt from the brawl as evidence of her death once again.

The next night when she arrived in Los Angeles and accidentally ran into her mark, Sheamus Nielsen, she made sure to take out all of her anger and frustration at the situation that she had been placed in out on Sheamus Nielsen. She lured him out of the bar with her charm, after watching him in action, giving one of the poor patrons a hard time for sitting in his seat. The brunette even allowed the pasty red head to lead her out into the darkest part of the bar's back alley. When his cold, clammy hands tried to cop a feel up her shirt, she kneed Sheamus in the ribs, where he went down easily after being hit there during his earlier fight. He muttered to her that she was 'nothin but a crazy bitch, but he knew a way to rectify that’, she found a pipe that was leaning against the dumpster. She lifts the pipe up into the air and waits for Sheamus to look up at her and when he does, his green eyes give her a hard glare. She wacks him in the middle of his temple once and when that doesn’t seem to do the trick, she smacks him again, this time on the side of his head. Emily started to think about how Cruz summoned JJ from her work, saying that it was urgent and she hits Sheamus again. She thinks about how he told her that something went wrong and the brunette did not make it off the table and she hits her mark again. She thinks about how JJ doesn't believe it initially because they had told the team the same thing two years prior, that is until she sees her bloodied shirt, she hits Sheamus once more. She thinks about the blond crying in the middle of his office, not wanting to believe what he was saying but is forced to because the dried blood doesn't lie and she hit Sheamus twice. She finally thinks about the resigned look on the blond's face as she realizes that all hope of her friend coming back and things getting back to normal was completely gone and the brunette finds herself hitting Sheamus six more times after that with more force than she used on the last hit, knowing that the red headed man was long gone but not caring.

Hitting Nielsen repeatedly was the only thing that was keeping her from crying and possibly leaving DNA behind at the scene of her crime.

When she was done with Sheamus, she places the pipe in her bag with plans to get rid of the evidence later on. She hollowly takes out the tattoo needle and makes sure to sear the four leaf clover into his skin. She wanted the whole world to know who he belonged to and all of the things he
had done to deserve his death. The brunette wanted everyone to know that she had blamed Sheamus and the other bastards that she was forced to kill, for the predicament that she finds herself in now. Most importantly, she wanted the rest of Doyle's bastards to know that they were not safe and that the farther down the line she got, the more brutal the deaths were going to be for the ones who were still left.

Emily opens her eyes again when she hears the ruffling of sheets. She wasn't afraid of the former media liaison waking up, since she knew that JJ could sleep through anything, even a hurricane, and not be aware of it. She knows because the blond had done exactly that when they were on their way back from a case in Kansas, during tornado season. There had been turbulence during the entire flight and not once did she see JJ move or be disturbed by what was happening outside of the plane. Reid had thrown a paper ball at her a couple of times to get her to move to no avail and Morgan even wanted to draw a fake mustache on the blond to prove a point. Luckily for Morgan, living to see the next horrific case was more important to him than one upping Reid with the mustache and being killed by JJ when she awoke from her slumber.

The brunette didn't want to press her luck though and she had to remind herself that Jen may have been able sleep through a storm three years ago, but a lot has changed since then. Judging by the dark circles that had formed around the blond's eyes, a deep sleep seemed to be a rarity for her these days.

She hears another noise coming from the blond and the next thing she knew, the profiler was whimpering in her sleep like her son had a couple of hours ago. Emily moves hesitantly towards JJ's side of the bed to hear what she was whimpering about.

'Emily, I'm sorry...'

A tear slide down the blond's cheek and a sniffle followed. The somber brunette took it upon herself to gently wipe her tear away. Her eyes started to water and she didn't think that she could stand her friend seemingly blaming herself for the way things have turned out.

'No Jen- I'm sorry' Emily croaked lowly in her distorted voice. 'I'm sorry for everything and I promise it'll be over soon.'

The blond seemed to settle down a little after that and the brunette saw that as her cue to leave. She quickly and quietly made her way back into Henry's room and nearly tossed herself out of his second story window. She back to the next block in record time to her car. As soon as she was situated in the Mustang, she ripped off her mask and cried into the wheel of the steering wheel until dawn.
Emily sighed and reached behind her seat and grabbed the briefcase with her supplies. She took a deep breath and rid herself of her memories of the last week. It was always hardest to continue on when you reach the end of anything, but for Emily and what she was doing, she found it even harder to continue on with the act. She didn't know if she could see this through to the end without losing her mind. As each day passed, it became harder and harder for the brunette to compartmentalize all that she had done. Her boxes had been filled to the brim as it is and she knows that it is only a matter of time before they completely fell apart.

Like so many of the unsubs she had spent years of her life profiling, it was only a matter of time before she completely devolved and start get sloppy, make mistakes and be exposed for what she truly was by the people she cared for most.

As she gets out of the Mustang, with her mask and briefcase in hand, Emily wonders quietly to herself if Shelly Flanagan will be the one that pushes her into the abyss.

Seeing two men wearing dark matching dark clothing that was identical to her own outfit, walking around towards the back entrance of the condominium building brings Emily out of her self loathing for the moment.

*Guess it's time to show these boys how they have no idea what they have just gotten themselves into.*

9:00pm

Shelly Flanagan exits the elevator that leads to her floor and into the quietly deserted pale yellow hallway with takeout in one hand and her purse in another, relieved that the day is finally over. After everything that had gone down with the FBI agents and Ian's incessant calling, she had been happy to have a moment to herself to relax and unwind until Ellie got home from her friend's house later on.

After the interrogation with the FBI, the widower had been dismayed to find that her daughter's demeanor had changed. She had tried to talk to the teenager about it on their journey to her friend Brittany's house, but unfortunately Ellie was having none of it. The teenager refused to look her in the eye and when they arrived to their destination twenty minutes later, she nearly sprinted out of the car.

She cursed that FBI agent, Blake or Lake was her name, for putting whatever insidious ideas that she had put into her daughter's head. The better part of her judgement told Shelly not to talk to law
enforcement again without her legal team. The only reason she even agreed to do the interview with the FBI is because detective Lamontagne had been very sweet and accommodating to her and Ellie. Shelly promised not to make that same mistake again. If the FBI and police department want to talk to her, they have to go through her team first. She'd like to see that Agent Rossi make those kind of comments to one of the best lawyers that she has heading her legal team. Darla would probably sue that creep for sexual harassment before the FBI could get a warrant to search their condo.

When she reaches their condo number B609, she takes the black key with the mustache, that Ellie had made whenever she would spend weekends with Duncan and sighed as she places it the hole and opens the door. The CEO takes a quick look around the hallway, making sure that she was not being followed, feeling some of Ian's paranoia rub off on her. When she's satisfied that the hallway is completely empty, Shelly goes inside of her home and closes the door behind her.

As she reaches for their light switch, Shelly feels her wrist being grabbed painfully.

Before she has a chance to scream or yell out for help, she feels a pinprick on the side of her neck and her eyes begin to feel heavy.

The last thing Mrs. Flanagan remembers is the sounds of a bag being unzipped.
“We should forgive our enemies, but not before they are hanged.” - Heinrich Heine


Emily wakes up to the heart monitor's steady rhythm. She tries in vain, to open her eyes but quickly finds that she's unable to. It feels like there is a half ton weight that has made a home on top of her eyelids. She sits for a few minutes more, wondering where she was and how she ended up in the state she was in.

She waits a few minutes more before she tries to open her eyes again. This time she's successful, but her vision is blurred. She turns her head to her the side and instantly regrets it as she feels a wave of pain and nausea sweep over her. She sat there for two minutes with her nails clawing at her head, unable to speak because her throat felt as dry as the Sahara desert.

When the pain finally subsided and her vision became less fuzzy, she's graced with the site of one of the most beautiful woman she's ever seen. Blond hair cascaded around her, almost like a halo, around the sleeping figure curled in the seat of the uncomfortable hospital chair. Her eyes begin to lightly flutter open as she gives her a sleepy grin.

“You're awake?” the angel's voice croaks, almost as if she wasn't sure if what she was seeing was real.

Emily tries to give her angel a reassuring smile. Unfortunately, her face wasn't up to the task, because as she tries, she feels a shooting pain rushing down from her cheeks to her jaw. Instead, she reaches out her hand for the other woman to take.

Their fingers intertwine and for that moment, everything felt right. All of the anxiety that she felt about waking up in the hospital room washes away and Emily finds herself feeling safer than she has in a long time, in spite of her current physical condition.
A gentle warmth washes over her as she takes in the woman who has kept her going by being the only bright spot in her darkest of days. Summoning the little strength that she has, Emily scoots over and leans over the bed railing, wrapping her best friend up in her arms as far as her ivs will take her.

“It's really good to see you again, Em.” JJ murmurs into the crook of Emily's neck and she feels her friend nuzzle into her a little.”Welcome home.”

It was over now and Emily was finally home, where she was meant to be in JJ's arms. The only thing that could have made this moment more perfect than it already was, would be if Henry were here to revel in it with them.

Emily tearfully shakes her head as she holds onto her best friend and secret love for dear life, never wanting to let go. Her senses are overwhelmed with the distinct scents of vanilla bean and strawberry, the same way she remembered it had the night she said her last goodbyes to JJ and Henry. It briefly reminded her of the life she had before Doyle ripped her world from underneath her feet and made her one of his victims. A time where she only had to worry about filing out the paper work for their latest case out correctly or whether or not she had enough clean clothes and a sitter for her Sergio before their next out of state case. JJ was still their media liaison and the team was still a team. There were no burials, extractions, lies or secret assignments from the State Department. Enclosed in JJ's arms, she's just Emily Prentiss. FBI agent for the BAU, Kurt Vonnegut enthusiast, daughter of Elizabeth Prentiss and she was madly in love with her best friend who would never know and adored her little boy.

For the first time in three years, the former profiler felt more like herself than she had and years and the burdens and responsibilities of the world weren't solely on her shoulders anymore. She was not no one anymore and she could finally breathe again.

But like most good things in her former life and the life she currently leads now, it was never meant to last.

Just as she was getting used to and being comfortable in JJ's arms again, the air in the room turns cold and the room became a couple of shades darker. Any and all traces of warmth she may have gained from JJ's presence evaporated. Her eyes opened and her senses heightened once again. The gentle grip on her back disappeared and she felt her short hair being tugged on. The pleasant smells that once greeted her were replaced with the rank smell of cigarettes and brandy. Emily instantly recognized the scent as something that usually permeated the air of The Black Shamrock. And instead of being carefully tucked away in the crook of her neck, the one that is holding her is towering over her by a few inches. She could feel an Adam's apple graze her cheek slightly.

Emily looks over at her hands, hoping that her hypervigilance and adrenaline were still making her
react in the way that she is because she was still trying to process all that she's went through. She peeks over his shoulder to find that she was holding the short, familiar gray hair of the man she's been running from for the last three years.

Ian was here and it almost feels as if he were holding her like he used to hold the Lauren Reynolds he fell in love with. Before Lauren became the source of his pain and anguish after her betrayal was exposed by Wolff.

The way he held her did not make her feel as safe or as loved like she had been in JJ's arms. All she ever felt with Ian was fear. Even during her time as Lauren, when Doyle started to fall deeper for her and allowed her to see the man behind the notorious monster, being in his arms never felt right. There were times when he would catch her by surprise by holding her waist and she would have to fight the urge to push him away because Lauren would have never done that. Lauren could love Doyle for everything that he is and has done before and while they were in love and she understood his darkness because his darkness was similar to her own. The same could not be said for Emily. No matter how hard she tried to ignore everything that he had done or had been involved with for the sake of her cover, there were times when the thought of just being near him and acting as his support made her physically ill.

It doesn't take long for the familiar paralyzing fear to take a hold of her once again. It doesn't take long for her to realize that she has to get out of this hospital now and away from him as quickly as her ailing body would allow her to.

She looks around the room and instantly she realizes that she is no longer in her hospital room. Instead, Emily finds herself handcuffed to a chair in a large empty room that two of her apartments could fit into. She believes that this place may have been a warehouse once.

She wants to move, to get a better idea of where she was and any evasive measures she could take to get out of here. But the man, who was steadily pulling tighter on her hair, wouldn't allow her to move.

His refusal to let her ago and the tightening of his grip are increasingly making it harder for her to concentrate. He squeezes her hair tighter in the way he probably wants to squeeze the life out of her throat right now.

Emily begins to panic as she tries to wiggle herself out of his grasp, twisting and turning in his grip to no avail. But all it seems to do is to agitate Ian enough for him to yank her hair harder than necessary.
She cries out in pain and tries to keep her tears at bay, not wanting to give Ian the satisfaction of knowing that he was hurting her. A whimper leaves her lips as the pain that he was causing her was increasingly becoming more unbearable.

Ian's grip on her arms loosens until his hands cup her upper arms. Emily manages to use the little strength that she had to push Doyle away as much as she could. Her eyes widen as she gazes into the cold, light blue eyes with crow's feet crinkled around the edges, of the man who has been the subject of her nightmares for the last seven years and the reason why she's sitting in this hospital room right now. He grins sinisterly at her with a twinkle in his eye and a wave of dread rises within her as she realizes

“Hello Lauren.” the gravely voice of Ian Doyle greets her. “Or should I be callin you Emily?”

“Ian, how did you-?” Emily asks as she tries to scoot away from the gruff looking man, who was now sporting two black eyes after the beating she had given him.

“Does it really matter how we got here?” he interrupts as he raises his hand and lightly strokes her cheek. “The only thing that matters love, is what I'm going to do to you now that I've found you again.”

“You're not going to get away with this Ian, not this time.” Emily says hoarsely as she straightens her back further, staring at the man who haunted her dreams defiantly. “They'll find you again and make sure you pay for what you've done-”

Doyle laughs and grins at her unafraid of her threat. “You said that before and how much good did that do ya?”

“Come on Emily it's been three years, do you honestly think they're still lookin for you after all this time? You're practically a ghost to them now. They've moved on and have forgotten all about you.”

“That's not true and I know what you're trying to do.” Emily denies, trying her best to block out his words. “You'll have to do a hell of a lot better than that to get under my skin Ian.”

“You've seen it for ya very eyes Emily. You're expendable love, sorry to tell ya.” Doyle says casually.

Emily turns her head away from him, only to have Doyle turn her back towards him.
“They're supposedly the best profilers that the FBI's Behavioral Analysis Unit has. If they were gonna find me and they were serious about it, don't you think they would've by now? You've seen where I live, I'm practically hiding in plain sight and they still aren't anywhere close ta capturing me. Doesn't that strike you as even a little bit odd?”

Emily closes her eyes and shakes her head, doing everything that she can to will him away. This is all a dream and he's not real, the brunette repeated to herself, not knowing if she was repeating at as a mantra to try and ignore what the former arms dealer was saying or if she was just trying to convince herself that what he was saying wasn't true.

“Reid's got a new girlfriend. Rossi is busy writing another book and lookin for wife number five. Morgan has practically all but forgotten ya, between being in charge of the team and his girlfriends of the week. Hotchner is barely in the country most of the year and when he is, he's busy with Jack. Penelope's stopped lookin at your photo on the Wall of the Fallen when she walks by it. Seaver's long gone from your train wreck of a team and Blake has already replaced ya. And JJ. Sweet Jennifer-”

“Give it up already Ian.” Emily says in a strained voice. “It's not working and you know it.”

Ian pauses for a moment and grins maliciously at her, knowing that he's finally got her where he wants her to be. “Now that she's finally outta the State Department and got rid of her dense, pathetic excuse of a husband, she's probably gotta line of men and women stretching all the way to New York City fallin over their feet for her.”

He places his hand on her cheek and strokes it, sending a chill down the restrained brunette's side as he prepares to deliver the final blow. He wants her to know the emptiness that he carried with him everyday because the very person that he wanted was so close, yet out of reach for seven years thanks to her. He wants her to know that she is completely and utterly alone now with no one to come to her rescue this time unlike the many times before.

Suddenly, Ian's features begin to morph and she was no longer looking at the arms dealer anymore. Instead, she was looking at the former liaison once again. There was no warmth found inside JJ's eyes this time around. There was a cruel coldness about them that shook Emily's bones more than she should have let it.

“Do ya think when she's lyin in bed by herself, or with a nice lookin fella or lady, if the little brat isn't around, that you're actually on her mind then?” Ian says with JJ's voice. He leans in to her ear, so close that Emily could almost feel her lips lightly touching the shell of her ear.
“During your weekly Scrabble games, how do ya know that she wasn't already preoccupied with someone else?”

Emily balls her hands into fists until her knuckles turn white, as the cold hand on her forearm causes her to reluctantly open her eyes. When she does, JJ is thankfully gone and Ian is back to looking like himself again. Except this time, there seemed to be the lightest hint of sympathy found in his normally hard eyes.

“Face it Emily, you're as much of a ghost to them as I am.” Doyle tells her, with a patronizing sense of compassion laced in his tone. “They'll never find me and the life that ya once knew is over. You will never be Emily Prentiss again. Ya might as well accept it and just give in.”

“I don’t need them to get my life back!” Emily says darkly and with conviction, snatching her arm away from her captor. “I'm well on my way to doing that on my own! And when I get out of this chair I'm going to hunt you down and finish you off the way I should have three years ago!”

The only thing that has kept the brunette from giving up during her time in exile is the knowledge that when this was all over, that she would be able to go back to her life as Emily Prentiss. As the years wore on and her body count started shooting up, she slowly began to doubt Cruz and his promises of being able to go back to who she used to be. Too much blood had been spilled and stained her pale hands. Justified or not, it seemed impossible for her to go back to the way things were, not after everything she had done.

So in a way he was right. Emily could never go back to being just Emily Prentiss again. That doesn’t mean she would allow Doyle the satisfaction of knowing that he was right.

“No you're not and you won't.” Doyle chuckles. “You're drownin and you don’t even see it. But if that’s what ya tell yourself to get to sleep at night darling, then who am I to tell ya otherwise?”

“Answer me this.” He says stopping directly behind the chair. Doyle moves his hand to the back of the chair, gripping it slightly. “Will they even want you back when they realize you're the one killing all of my people? That you're no different from the unsub's they're paid to hunt or me?”

“They were just jobs Ian, like you were.” Emily bitterly mutters with a sneer. “I was just doing my job and they'll understand.”
“Were they really Lauren?” Ian asks incredulously. “Killing an innocent Duncan Flanagan in cold blood as his daughter looked on horrified all apart of what the State Department told you to do?”

A chill run down her spine as Doyle's hands rest gently on her shoulders and the images from that night begin to filter through her mind and when she looks up, the brunette can see that they were displayed on the monitor. Emily was supposed to be in and out of the house by the time Shelly Flanagan's corpse grew cold and before her daughter realized that her mother was dead. Why Duncan chose that night of all nights to be in that basement and collect his things, the former FBI agent will never know. But she knew that she could not let the older man live and risk her cover being compromised. So she did what she had to do, catching the former CEO from behind and restraining him with the ketamine, then ending his life with a shot to the knee, chest and temple shot for the kill.

The night only got worse as she finished applying the brand to Duncan's wrist, turns around when she hears a choked gasp and sees the couple's teenage daughter who stood petrified in the doorway of the basement, her eyes glazed over in the all too familiar horror that she had witnessed on the faces of the victim's families after they would show them the extent of the suffering that their loved one had went through.

Seeing that look being reflected back to her in the flesh and the fact that she was now responsible for the teenager looking that way at her, Emily felt the last bit of humanity and righteousness that she still held for her mission dissipate.

For the first time since she started her mission, Emily felt the lines between right and wrong no longer existed. It was the first time since she agreed to do this for the State Department, that she was confronted with the aftermath of the destruction that she may be causing these people's families', despite everything they had done and she was utterly disgusted with herself.

Emily didn't feel one way or another about killing Duncan. He was complacent in his wife's support of Doyle. In her eyes, that made her just as guilty as Shelly was. What has haunted her since the night she killed Duncan Flanagan was the fact that his daughter looked at her as if she were a monster.

“If I'd known that she was there I would have-” Emily says defensively, but is cut off by Doyle's snort.

“Stopped. I don't think you would have, love. I sincerely doubt you would have.” Ian says casually, as a cold smile stretches across his face and his eyes flash dangerously. “ You like what you did and you'll continue to like it. When are you gonna stop bullshitting yourself and just accept it?”
The screens of the three monitors flicker on and the image of Charlotte Pierre appears on screen. In it, Emily watches the terrified artist struggle beneath the pillow that the brunette had used to cover her head.

The sounds of Charlotte Pierce's muffled wails blast through the speakers, Emily tries to turn her head away. When she does, Doyle grips the bottom of her chin and forcefully turns her head to face the screen. Just in time for the bullet to go off that ended up nicking the artist's shoulder.

“All those years of chasing after subs like me, bearing witness to the depravity that we are capable of inflicting on innocent people. Must have killed ya that you couldn't put us through the same kind of torture that we put our 'victims' through as payback.”

She watches herself lift the pillow up just enough to expose Pierce's neck and make the killing cut. The sounds of the artist choking on her own blood as the images of her lifeless form as the screen fades to black.

The other computer monitors then flicker on to the images of the last moments of the other people's lives she's taken over the last three years. McPherson and O'Hare as she slowly but surely shoveled their booze of choice down their throats. She watches Coulson's wide eyes as she pressed the blade of his beloved katana through his abdomen with his own hands, while she carefully made sure not to touch it herself. Then she thought about the pictures of McPherson, when he was in his prime and how much of a fan he was of dismembering the people who paid for his protection when they couldn't pay. She thought about how Coulson, a former judge who was sympathetic to the IRA, and how he let the worse of the worse of Doyle's men escape on misdemeanors or minor fines, just so they can go back out their and commit their atrocities all over again. While O'Hare proudly defended Doyle's men, even though she was fully aware that none of them were innocent and deserved to burn in hell, if she ever believed such a place existed. Yet she defended them and won all of their cases anyway because Doyle paid her handsomely to do so. The same way he also paid Shelly Flanagan during her short stint as a defense attorney for his people.

The O'Briens', Harris and Harrelson's pleading last looks to her before she shot them both at point blank range flash on the screen next. Then she remembers how they were gleefully responsible for the slaughter of a family of a former business associate of Doyle's, who was about to go to the police with evidence that proved that he was associated with Valhalla. The O'Briens', who knew the family and were the only people who were aware of their situation with Doyle, sold them out for fifty grand and a nice, cozy home paid for by Doyle in the San Fernando Valley. Harris and Harrelson served as the trigger men that stormed into the family's home and executed them without remorse. They cleaned up any evidence that would prove that what they did wasn't a home invasion gone wrong and they retired handsomely off of the deed.

She saw how the eyes of Eva Sinclair, April Hudson, Victor Montrose's eyes popped open as she injected the drug that induced their heart attacks into their feet. Emily would have felt more
sympathy for them, were they not responsible for kidnapping girls from Eastern Europe and trafficking them for Chloe.

“Now that the tables have turned and you’re no longer a useless FBI agent bound by some meaningless oath, that you have the free reign to do what ya want and make guys like me suffer, you’re enjoying it.”

“It's not personal.” Emily feebly denies as the grip that Doyle has on her chin tightens.

“How is it not personal?” Doyle questions angrily. “These people were responsible for killing your old team. They're the reason why Tsia, Sean and countless others are gone! They're the reason why the State Department owns you-”

“No Ian, that was all you, Shelly Flanagan and Jeremy Wolff!” Emily weakly denies right before she turns her head and bites down on Doyle’s hand. He lets go of her to tend to his injured hand and the brunette breathes a sigh of relief. Unfortunately, it doesn't last long as Ian makes his way back to her side. She feels her cheek sting as Doyle backhands her. Suddenly, she feels the warm, red liquid drip out from her lip and onto her jean clad leg.

He presses his fingers harder into her cheek and squeezes.

“But I had to have help, didn't I?” Ian points out. “And they have all helped me get to you and they were helpin me bring back Valhalla. So you had to have enjoyed destroying them on some level? You finally have the upper hand against these unsubs and you love it! The whole lot of them deserved to die and you can’t tell me that you actually feel bad about what you've done, can you?”

She watches the quiet rage flare up in Jack Dawson’s green eyes from the rear view mirror as she sliced his throat and taunted him about his helplessness. Instead of feeling guilty about it, Emily fought the urge to smile. After everything Jack Dawson had done over the years, especially to the women that he may or may not have been involved in, a slit throat seemed milder in comparison to what he deserved. The terror in Morrison's eyes as she held the gun in his direction and forced him to walk into the incoming train. Morrison may have been recruited by Doyle when he was a child living out on the street, but that didn’t stop him from killing kids that were like him whenever Doyle needed him to.

Emily could even hear the crunch of Sheamus Nelson's skull as she hit him repeatedly with the lead pipe until he was practically unrecognizable. It was almost poetic justice that what happened to him is what he had done to the last girl who had the audacity to tell him no.
Strangely, as she watched the dead eyes and blood drip down the forehead of Duncan Flanagan and the redden face of Michael McFadden as the life was being sucked out of him, the brunette felt nothing at all. As far as she was concerned, the two of them had gotten what they deserved. Duncan may not have known of his wife’s association with Doyle and how far that went, but he sure as hell didn’t do a thing to stop her until it was far too late. McFadden had his fate coming to him for a long time now, considering all of the people he’s screwed and murdered over the years. If she hadn’t been the one to kill him, then it was only a matter of time before someone else did.

Ian was right. All of them played some part in the execution of her old teammates. They provided Doyle with the leverage, money and connections that he needed to escape his North Korean prison and come after each and every one of them. Emily expected to feel guilt and anguish for taking the lives of other human beings when she had taken vows not to, unless it was absolutely necessary.

The only thing she seems to feel when those pictures flash across the screen one more time is absolution.

Doyle releases his grip on her jaw when the screens go black and briefly steps away from his captive.

Closing her eyes tightly, Emily tries to shake these thoughts out of her head. She tries to remind herself that this was how the unsubs think. This is how they try to justify and make excuses for what they do and Emily refused to do that. Emily spent most of her adult life fighting guys like Doyle. She refused to let him turn her into one of them, into him. Not after everything she has been through and everything she still had to look forward to.

“Let me go.” Emily hears herself painfully whisper to Morgan, fighting to keep her eyes open for him briefly. She opens her eyes in time to see him place his hand over her own hands, adding pressure to her gaping wound. Emily watches as the scene unfolds numb and ashamed.

“No, no.” Morgan says, taking one of her chill hands in his and holds onto it for dear life. “I am not letting you go.”

He briefly looks over his shoulder, away from her and frantically shouts. “Help me!”

Emily’s breath becomes more shallow, hearing the anguish in his voice.
“Listen to me! I know why you did all of this! I know what you did for Declan. I'm so proud of you.” Derek proudly confesses. “Do you understand that? I am proud of you because you are my friend, and you are my partner.”

She watches her counterpart's eyes slide close and her breath become more shallow.

“No! Emily come on, stay with me!” Morgan urges as his grip on her hands tightens. “If you can hear me, squeeze my hand.”

She watches herself squeeze his hand weakly and for a moment, Emily witnesses the distress from her partner's eyes alleviate itself and is replaced with a glimmer of hope.

“Yes! There you go baby!” Morgan says tearfully as his grip on her hand tightens. “Just keep squeezing.”

Emily hangs her head in shame, already knowing what was to come after that moment. She would be loaded into a helicopter to an undisclosed hospital in DC, while her team, her friends, the only family she's ever known, were being given the news of her death. JJ and Hotch were probably told where she was being taken and how they would have to go to her funeral to keep up appearances.

“Tell me Emily, would Derek be proud of you now?” Doyle asks softly and for a minute, Emily thinks that Doyle is trying to be sympathetic. He runs his fingers through her hair, in a gesture that was supposed to be comforting, but it made Emily sick to her stomach.

“Will he or any of the others be as proud of you as he was then, as they're putting you in handcuffs and taking you off to jail to be charged for capital murder? Do you think any of em would still welcome you with open arms when the truth comes out about what you've done? If any of the things that you've been doing over the last three years were to ever leak out in the press? ‘A former FBI agent turned state executioner', do ya really think the State Department's going to stand by you then? Or will they join the public outcry it'll cause in callin for your head? Will your precious handler protect ya then when it's his ass on the line too or will he feed you to the wolves like everyone else has your whole life has to protect his own career?”

She doesn't bother looking up at him or answering his question because there was no point in arguing with what he was saying. When the shit hit the fan, she would find herself with no one, like the State Department had cautioned her. They would burn her file and anything else that may have connected her to their mission. They would probably label her a rogue agent who used federal funds to fake her own death and then they would hunt her to the ends of the earth and probably try her for treason.
Cruz would get up on the podium at their mandatory press conference, the same way that his successor had before him, and deny any involvement that he may have had with her. He would probably be nice about it and say that she was a good agent and maybe play up her record with the Bureau a little bit. He'll then add how unfortunate the circumstances are and how he'll do anything in his power to help her get all the help she'll need. Because he's such a nice guy, he'll probably fight for her to get life in prison instead of the needle.

“What about your team?” Doyle inquires gently. “Do you think any of them would be able to stand lookin at ya after what you've done? If they can, do you think they'll still see the Emily they knew before? Or will they see an unsub?”

Her team, the very people she used to call her family, would all turn their backs on her. Rossi will probably make a chapter for her in his next book, where he'll be sympathetic to how she fell so far. Maybe he'll even say that for as long as he knew me, I was a good person who only wanted to protect her family only to have it blow up in her face. Hotch will probably interview her as a part of the BAU's interviews that they do on infamous unsubs and in his own way try to figure out in his own way, where Emily went wrong and if there was anything he or the rest of the team could have done to save her.

Reid and Garcia will never be able to look her in the eyes again and see the Emily they once they'll. Gone will the image be of the big sister that he could go to who understood him and didn't treat him like he was a kid. Or the best friend whom she has spent many of wild weekends stretched across her guestroom bed, who'd make her the greasiest, post hangover tacos in DC. The only thing they'll be able to see anytime they saw her is the images of the bodies left in her wake and all she had done to them.

Morgan would probably want to take her out himself. He trusted her and considered her one of his best friends. And she does what she's done to those people, whether they deserved it or not. He would never be able to see past the things she has done for their own good. In Morgan's eyes, what she's done is a lot worse than anything that Ian has done because she was supposed to be on the good guy's side. She was never supposed to sink to Doyle's level and yet here she is.

“JJ, sweet, beautiful Jayje. After all the lies she's told your team to protect you. She put her relationship with the team on the line for your safety, over something that you were responsible for—” Doyle stops his movements with her hair and leans down next to her ear. “And you repay her by becoming a serial killer? What did you tell her during your scrabble games and conversations whenever she asked you about your day? Did you tell her that the bogus agency that they had you working for had you up to your knees in paperwork? Or did you tell her that you were in town and in the middle of cutting off an old man's oxygen tank?”
Doyle chuckles and moves away from her side. A couple of tears roll down Emily's face.

“As we speak, she's probably already regretting the day she met you.” the grey haired arms dealer continues cruelly. “Imagine how she's going to feel when she's told that she's been aiding and abiding a murderer the whole time? I wonder what her opinion on conjugal visits are?”

Emily clutches her hands until her knuckles turn white as the truth of the arms dealer's words hit her hard. Jennifer will never forgive her for what she's done, no matter what the justification for it is. She was stupid to entertain the notion that the blonde would ever be able to love her back then, mostly because of the fact that Will was in the picture. The brunette couldn't believe that she was deluding herself yet again by thinking that anyone, especially JJ, could love her or share a bed with her every night after all she's done.

When he doesn't receive an immediate response from her, he stares at her for a few moments and smiles incredulously.

“Oh my God, ya do still think that there's hope for you and Agent Jareau to have a fairy tale ending?” Doyle says surprised. “Do you think you're just going to admit your feelings for the girl and she'll magically forgive and forget the fact that you're nothing but a lowlife serial killer with badge? You think that you, the blondie and her kid will ever be a happy little family after this?”

“Dream on Emily! She will never love you for what you are now and you will never see her little brat outside of the plane glass of an visiting room?”

“Stop it!” Emily screams desperately. She was tired and frustrated and she didn't know how much more of this she could take. She wants to end this now and forget about Emily Prentiss and everything about the brunette's life and start over somewhere new. “Why are you doing this! What do you want from me! You've already won and taken away everything away from me! You won! You fucking won, is that what you wanted to here! Will that finally make you go away! What more do you want from me!What more can you take away that you haven't already!”

Ian walks around to the front of Emily's chair and stands in front of her. He stares at her for a few minutes before he kneels in front of her. He raises Emily's chin and waits patiently for her to open her eyes.

She feels someone stroking the sides of her face aren't the calloused hands and longer nails of Doyle. These hands are smaller and she can barely feel any of the nails there. When she does, the cold blue
eyes of her captor are gone. Instead, she finds herself staring at a familiar pair of brown eyes that are nearly black with her mangled bangs barely concealing them. They're cold and hard, yet they manage to gaze at her sympathetically. She's wearing a tanned jacket, that Emily could have sworn she's seen before and when she gazes a little further down the brunette's jacket, the captured brunette sees that she is wearing a gold claddagh ring around her neck like her own personal albatross.

The brunette in the chair's eyes widen as the realization of who she is talking to hits her like a speeding train. Lauren Reynolds.

Emily takes a moment to study the woman before her. Her nose was the same crooked nose as the one that could be found on her own face. Behind the cold exterior, Emily sees a light and a sense of optimism behind the brunette's eyes, one that hasn't been tainted with the horrors of twelve years of hunting and tracking down the worst that humanity has to offer. The job hasn't taken every piece of her that she's willingly given to it. The boxes that she uses to compartmentalize her life and the job were not nearly as full as they were now in this version of her.

“ I'm not trying to take anything away from you, Emily.” Lauren Reynolds tells her sympathetically, stroking her cheek lovingly. “ I'm only trying to get you to see the truth and accept it as your new reality. ”

She sends Lauren a confused glance, which causes her counterpart to sigh and place her hands on her shoulders.

Lauren tells her emphatically, as she strokes a piece of loose hair behind the captive's ear. “ Do you remember why you wanted into the BAU in the first place? Why you had Clyde, who wanted to recommend you to some of the top intelligence agencies in the world, fake a really shitty FBI service record that placed you in bumfuck places in the Midwest? Why you fought so hard to show your resume to Strauss, who only added you onto the team to use you?”

“I wanted to do something to help catch people like Doyle.” Emily says quietly. “ and to maybe give the victims and their families a sense of closure, knowing that the monsters who hurt their loved ones won’t have the chance to harm another family's loved ones again.”

“You know you can do better than that Emily.” Lauren says disappointed. “ I'm not your team and I'm not Hotch or your mother. You know the real reasons why you wanted into the BAU.”

When Emily lowers her eyes to her lap, Lauren sighs and drops her hands from her shoulders.
“You may have wanted to be a 'do gooder' and 'give the victims and their families closure' as you say, but that's not the real reason you joined the BAU. You joined because you wanted to make up for all that you'd done during the Valhalla. All the people that you ordered to die and the things you had to do with Doyle in order to get the intel that Clyde and Sean needed made you feel sick and dirty inside, so you had to do something that would make you feel clean and pure again. So you decided to save a little boy from his narcissistic, psychopathic father who wanted to turn him into a 'warrior' along with the only mother he's ever known.” Lauren tells her bluntly. “But it wasn't enough.”

“Getting Declan and Louise out of there just wasn't enough penance to soothe your guilt. So you decided to punish yourself by working for and in a unit that no one who isn't a complete basket case like Gideon or Reid or a workaholic with virtually no life outside of their work like Hotch or Rossi, would willingly work with. At least with the resume and the qualifications that you have.”

Emily shook her head, but said nothing else. Lauren, like Doyle, had her pegged right. Clyde wanted to recommend her to other intelligence agencies and a couple of private, security places that the Consenzas ended up working for. When she first applied to the BAU, she saw it as her second chance. There she knew who the good guys and the bad guys were. It was all black and white and grey rarely existed in the world of the Behavioral Analysis Unit and at the time, that was what she needed. There was no need to screw someone over to make her case and she would be helping victims and their families feel safer, which was another perk to the job.

“For five years, you deprived yourself of a life and kept your focus solely on the job.” Lauren continues. “You finally convinced yourself that you would never have to cross the line like you did while you were with the JTF-12. You'd never have to sleep with the enemy again to get an arrest warrant. You'd never have to give the order for an innocent person's death just because you couldn't compromise your cover. You'd never have to pretend to be Lauren Reynolds or any other incarnation of her to catch a terrorist ever again. At the time, that was enough for you wasn't it?”

Lauren stops stroking your hair and she smiles at you.

“But then you got comfortable in your new life at the BAU. Slowly but surely, you stopped looking over your shoulder every five minutes and you even invited your team members over to your place after Hotch convinced you to come back to the FBI. Something that you never would have been caught dead doing during your undercover days. You allowed yourself to get to know your coworkers on a less superficial level and eventually they became your family. You deluded yourself into thinking that Doyle and your association to him would remain one of the many secrets that you would take with you to the grave. Emily Prentiss finally had the life that she wanted on her terms and nobody could take that away from her. You were even thinking about throwing caution to the wind and playing house with a coworker involved in a miserable relationship.”
Lauren puts her hand on her shoulder and starts rubbing it soothingly. “You were doing really well for yourself for a while there weren’t you?” Her motions come to a sudden halt and the agent stands up and moves away from her. The banged brunette marches over to the monitors and turns her back on the captive. “At least until Sean came back into your life and fucked it up all over again.”

Lauren doesn’t say a word for a long time and Emily watches her hang her head down and clutch the edges of the table. “Don’t get me wrong, it was sweet that he came back to warn you about how screwed you were, knowing that it would put his own life and family in more danger if he did. It would’ve been so damn easy if he’d just let you live obliviously for a few weeks more, give you at least a few more moments to enjoy your life before it all went to hell?”

“It wouldn’t have mattered anyway.” Emily disagrees. “The dominoes would have fallen the same way, whether he would have warned me about it or not. At least with the warning, I was more prepared than I would have been and not blindsided like the others.”

“The Fagans were ready for Doyle for years and had a panic room as a part of their contingency plan for him and look how well that worked out for them.” Lauren says sarcastically.

Lauren nods but does not speak again for a while, not wanting to recount the events that led them here. They both knew what happened after that dinner and the weeks afterward they spent in fear, looking for the smallest reassurance that they would come out of this alive. Lauren thought maybe this time it would be different. Hotch and the rest of the team wouldn’t make the mistakes that Clyde and Sean had made and they would take him out before he could.

Boy was she stupid to allow herself to hope for anything other than what's already come to pass. She should have known better and done more to protect herself and to protect them from any of this.

Lauren closes her eyes and breathes in deeply. She may not be able to fix the mistakes she's made in the past, but she could guarantee Emily has a future. Even if that future does not involve the FBI or the team. All she has to do is to get the stubborn former agent to see it. She had hoped that by playing the bad guy and taking advantage of her biggest fears and insecurities would give her the motivation that she needed to finish Doyle and leave Emily Prentiss dead. But all it did was make her more stubborn and determine to go back to her old life in DC.

So she figured if she could tap into the part of Emily who was ruthless and pragmatic enough to do what was necessary through a more sympathetic figure, maybe the former agent would see that too.
Lauren moves away from the table and turns around to face Emily, who still refused to look at her directly. She walks over to the chair and goes to the back of it. She then pulls a key out of her dark jean clad pocket and undoes the cuffs that were on the former agent's wrists. She gives Emily a moment to take her wrists in each of her hands and rub them for relief. The agent then steps in front of the newly freed brunette with her arms crossed over her chest. She waited until the other brunette stood from the chair before she spoke again.

“You know, if you somehow manage to not fuck this up and get out of this alive, that you can't go back to your old life.” Lauren states out loud what Emily has had in the back of her mind for the last three years. The recently released brunette stares at her counterpart incredulously and is about to say something in protest, but is stopped when the other brunette continues on.

“"I know that Cruz gave you his word that you could go back to your old life and that he would make sure that your team at the BAU would never know about your involvement with these murders, but do you honestly think you can go back? After everything that's happened, do you think you could go back there and pretend that you didn't die twice and have your life completely invaded thanks to a narcissistic psychopath?” Lauren questions, turning to the defiant brunette. She places her hands on the brunette’s arm and rubs it comfortably.

Emily felt herself deflate a little while she slowly came to the realization about how right the other brunette was. How right Doyle had been in his own way. After all she's been through the last three years, she couldn't just waltz back to DC and expect everything that she's been through to go away. She wouldn't be able to tell the team much about her extended absence and she knows how much they're going to want answers if she just shows up in the bullpen one day when she's supposed to be buried in a nearby cemetery. She wouldn't be able to give them those answers because the State Department would breath down her neck and make sure that she's prosecuted for all of the murders.

If she doesn't tell them about her time in witness protection, then they'll never want to have anything to do with her again, especially JJ. Maybe Hotch and Rossi would understand why she couldn't tell them, but everyone else sure as hell won't. Derek would rake her through the coals for making him carry her coffin and bury her. Reid would probably find ten thousand different evil genius ways to make her death look like an accident. Garcia would not only never speak to her again, she'll probably erase any trace of her from the internet and anywhere else permanently.

Either way, Emily knew that her life in DC and the BAU was over. She had nothing to go back to there.

Emily started to feel dizzy and her vision starts blur. She doesn't know if it was from the tears forming in her eyes or the realization that everything that she has done up to this point was for nothing. All of the horrible things she has had to do to those people, will only soothe her need for revenge. It won't give her her life back.
She'll save Declan from his father and keep the team safe to capture unsub like her for another day. But the Emily Prentiss they knew and loved was officially dead. The Emily Prentiss who could look JJ in the eye and say that she was a good person was no more. What will she do now that she's lost everything that made her who she was?

Emily doesn't see Lauren walk away from her and back over to the monitors. She doesn't hear the drawer opening and see her pull out the glock. All she can focus on is the crushing pain rushing through her chest and her head starting to spin. She feels like she was going to vomit, but couldn't no matter how much she desperately wanted to. She wanted to go back to her hotel room and shower until she could rub her skin raw, just so she could feel clean again.

“What happens now?” Emily asks quietly, her voice as dead and lifeless as she felt at the moment. She didn’t notice that she had said her question out loud instead of saying it inside of her head.

She comes back into herself when she feels the cool, steel metal of the glock being placed in her hands. The safety was taken off the gun and it looked like Lauren had cocked it for her.

“You're going to wake up and take good care of Shelly Flanagan.” Lauren orders venomously. The way she said it would have chilled the old Emily to the bone, if she were still able to feel anything. “Just like Doyle took care of you.”

Lauren rubs her shoulder and squeezes Emily's forearm.

“When you're done with her, you're going to track down and get rid of that rat Gerace, who'll lead you to our endgame, Doyle.”

Lauren's hand moves away from Emily, but the other brunette doesn't notice. The JTF-12 agent's eyes soften and for a moment, she almost regrets having to break the already broken brunette more than she already was.

“It'll all be over very soon Emily.” Lauren murmurs comfortingly. “Just hang on a little while longer. Then you'll be able to start over.”

“No I won't.” Emily says ominously.
Emily's eyes shoot open with her breathing a bit erratic. She looks around the empty warehouse, trying to see if Doyle or Reynolds could have been hiding somewhere nearby, as irrational as that may have sounded. She looks at the computer monitors sitting on the wooden table in front of her, to the branding machine and finally to the chair where Shelly Flanagan was tied up with the white gag still covering her mouth. She looks down to find her finger still on the trigger of the gun, the way she had left it before she drifted off to sleep.

She takes the hand that is not holding the gun and reaches for the black mask. Emily then picks up the mask and stares at it for a moment, as the numbness that she felt in her dream reacquaints itself with her now that she was conscious once again. After she was done with Shelly Flanagan, there was no going back. No more BAU. No more FBI. No team. No mother. No Father. No Henry. No JJ.

Emily Prentiss is dead and gone for good. And this time, there would be no stowing her away in Paris.

The former FBI agent places the mask over her face and adjusts it to cover her entire face.

Shelly Flanagan would know what it was like to have everything taken away from her world ripped away from her, like the older blonde had helped to murder Emily Prentiss and everything that she stood for. Tonight, Shelly would lose more than her life. Her company will be in shambles after she leads the police to all of the older blonde's dirty little secrets. Her daughters would never be able to look at a photo of her or their father without thinking of all the horrible things that the two of them were capable of and played active roles in.

Shelly Flanagan, like Emily Prentiss, would be destroyed forever. And Shelly Flanagan would be helpless to do anything about it.

Emily gets off of the crate that she was sitting on and walks over to the unconscious blonde. She stands in front of her, just as the CEO moans and groans underneath the gag. The drugs were beginning to wear off and she knew that the widow would be a little disoriented the first time she wakes up.

Blue eyes stare into the large black eyes of her mask. Shelly stares at her in confusion and she sees that the blond's eyes are still dilated. When Shelly tries to move, the older blonde realizes that her hands are bound behind the chair. She looks like she wants to scream, but is starting to realize that she can't. Her eyes widen as she stares into Emily's mask and for a moment, she sees a trace of fear starting to set into her eyes.
Emily has to fight the smile that threatens to stretch across her face. For a moment, she has the upper hand against the older blonde. But she doesn't want to enjoy it because this was wrong. What she was about to do, Emily knew it was wrong and stood against everything that she believed in.

But at the moment, the former FBI agent couldn't find it in her enough to care, even though she knew this was all wrong.

Because tonight, Shelly Flanagan would answer to someone all of the things that she has done for the first time in her sixty-two years of life. Tonight, she wasn't going to talk or weasel her way out of things using her money or influence. Doyle wasn't going to save her this time and that is one small satisfaction that Emily would be sure to enjoy, even though what she was doing would be the opposite of enjoyment.

Deciding not to leave the older blonde in suspense, Emily lifts the gun, places it under the blonde's chin and under her throat. She can almost feel the vibrations of Shelly's gulp under the gun's nozzle.

“Hello Shelly.” Emily greets her, in a monotone voice.

Tonight would be the last night of Shelly Flanagan's life. And if Emily has it her way, it would also be the worst.

Shelly takes one last look at her and then her world goes black once again.

10:00pm

Washington DC

JJ drums her fingers against the rough and bumpy texture of the steering wheel of the standard issue FBI vehicle. She slumps forward onto the wheel, waiting impatiently for her partner for the night to return. Despite the fact that Morgan had only entered the little cafe ten minutes ago, the profiler found her nervous anticipation and impatience was starting to get the better of her.
She had been waiting for this moment ever since that faithful night Emily showed up on her doorstep to tell her she was leaving and most likely not coming back. At the time, JJ thought she knew why her friend was visiting her in the dead of night to talk because of the dejected look in the former profiler's eyes. She wanted to send Henry back to his room and try to talk her friend out of quitting. JJ had seen the toll this job had started to take on Emily, whether she wanted to admit it or not, before her own departure. She had started to see her friend react to more of the cases that were coming in, especially after the havoc Foyet reeked before his justifiable demise. It seemed like the brunette was having a harder time using her famous compartmentalization techniques to cope with their cases and they were really starting to get to her, at least that's what Garcia had told on one of the rare girl's nights that the twosome had at the time now that she was working at the State Department.

In a way, she had expected a visit from the brunette sooner or later, telling her that she couldn't handle the weight that their jobs placed on them professionally and personally. She understood how hard it was to solve the cases that they received, most filled with unspeakable and unimaginable living horrors, knowing that there would be another horrific case around the corner after that. Although she was sad to leave her co-workers, who she was closer to than her own family, a part of JJ was relieved to not have to go through that anymore during her brief tenure with the State Department. So when Emily showed up that night and finally say that she'd had enough of the BAU, JJ thought it was her duty as her friend to try to get the brunette to reconsider. She wanted to tell the profiler that out of all the people on their team and in their department, she could not imagine anyone more perfect for this job than Emily. And whether she knew it or not, Emily was a large part of the heart of their team and they would be lost without her.

JJ doesn't know how long she would have stuck with the team after everything that happened with Elle, Reid and everything else that has happened to the team without Emily's quiet strength.

She had no idea that what Emily was about to tell her would forever change all of their lives for the worst.

As Emily disclosed her secret life to her as briefly as she could before she needed to go, JJ had been in shock. JJ had always suspected to some extent, that Emily was not as forthcoming with her credentials as an agent as she had wanted everyone to believe. To be honest, everyone at some point in time during the former profiler's tenure with the BAU, had assumed as much. It wasn't just the fact that she could look at a crime scene straight out of a horror movie and not flinch. Profiling had just come so easily and naturally to her friend that she figured Emily could do it in her sleep. They all figured that there was no way that being the BAU was the first time she's ever worked as a profiler. The 'working on a desk job for ten years' thing seemed pretty far-fetched after watching Emily at work.

But JJ was not expecting to hear about the secret life that Emily led before she came to the BAU. Emily Prentiss, an international spy who infiltrated one of the world's most dangerous arms dealers operation, who now wanted her dead for selling him and his son out to Interpol and his captors,
sounded like something that could have happened out of a cheesy crime novel in the grocery store. She never thought in a million years that it would all be real, let alone that Emily was caught directly in the middle of it all. It was all too unbelievable to be real.

Then again, when has any case that she's ever worked with the BAU or the State Department, ever been too unbelievable?

It wasn't until she received a call from her assistant, who patched her onto Hotch, told her that Emily ran and that she was Doyle's next target, did she realize that the situation with Emily was in fact real and how dire the former profiler's circumstances were.

Cruz, who had given her as much of the classified files as Interpol would allow them to have, briefed her on the case within an hour before she set off to the Bureau to tell the team about their friend's secret life.

The entire time, JJ didn't know what to say and didn't know how she was going to explain any of it to their friends. A part of her was angry at Emily for running away from the team and leading them on a goose chase throughout DC and wasting what little time they might have had to try to save her. If she had just said something or found a way to tell the team without telling them how involved with their case she actually was, then maybe there could have been a slight chance that they would have been able to trap the arm's dealer in his own trap somehow. They would have found a way to protect her through hell and high water. Why couldn't Emily trust them enough to protect her as well as keep themselves safe? Why did she have to believe that she had to handle everything on her own?

Once her anger passed and Cruz began to tell her about everything Doyle had done the past week, with one of the victims being one of the few people Emily had been close to, she started to understand why she was offering herself up as the sacrificial lamb. He was killing families and anyone that was involved with his capture. Emily was apparently the main target on his list and he would have done anything to get to her. He probably would have hunted down each and every member of the team, making their deaths as gruesome as possible all for her. He probably would have tried to come after herself and her family had Emily not gone after him alone.

Emily risked and sacrificed so much for the safety and well being of the people who were the closest thing to a family that she's ever had. She revealed more about herself the night before, knowing that there was a chance that JJ would never be able to look at her the same way again, just so she would know the truth before she handed herself over to Doyle. How could she be mad at the brunette for handling Doyle the way she thought was best for the people that she loved?

After her meeting with Cruz, JJ was determined now more than ever to save the brunette from Doyle and hopefully from herself at the same time.
But like Elle before her, JJ and the team didn't get the pieces of the puzzle that was Doyle and Valhalla together fast enough to save Emily in time. Less than ten hours since Cruz read her into the Doyle case, Emily Prentiss was dead to the world and all who knew her, except for herself and Hotch.

Four hours later, some men in nondescript suits came in and escorted her to Emily's room and told her the extent of her friend's injuries, or at least the parts about her injuries that they wanted her to know so she could tell the brunette when the drugs wore off. They also told her that the State Department had made her Emily Prentiss' unofficial liaison until Ian Doyle was brought into custody or otherwise.

A tapping sound coming from the SUV's window brings JJ back to reality and the mission at hand. She looks over to see Morgan carrying a drink carrier with six grande cups of coffee in each slot. She presses a button on the wheel that unlocks the doors.

“Look at that, the cavalry has finally arrived.” JJ quips dryly with a smirk. “What took you so long anyway?”

He climbs into the car and places the carrier gently down onto the floor of his side of the car.

“It wasn't that long first of all.” Derek defends himself as he buckles into his seat. “And second of all, the cute barista at the counter was making your boy a fresh pot of coffee just for us.”

JJ turns her head and gives him a look that says she wasn't entirely buying his story.

“Sure she did Derek. I'm sure your nice hot cup of coffee will go good with her phone number that she wrote down on your cup.” JJ deadpans.

“Like I told pretty boy, I don't take anyone's phone number while I'm on the job.” Derek says defensively. “Especially with what we have to do tonight.”

“I'm sure that won't stop you from looking at it later on.” JJ says with a grin.

Morgan rolls his eyes and looks out at the road. “Are you ready to go or not?”
JJ turns the SUV's engine on and takes the vehicle out of park. “As ready as I'll ever be.”

A few moments later, the two agents drive away from the coffee shop and head in the direction of Doyle's apartment.

“So, were you jealous earlier that the famous Morgan dimples and charm still has the ability to make the ladies weak in the knees?” Morgan asks playfully.

“Not even a little Morgan.” JJ says causally. “I'm sure if I had gone in with you, you would have been the last thing on her mind.”

Morgan laughs, happy for the brief moment of levity considering what they were doing tonight, but doesn't say anymore than that. The rest of the fifteen minute drive is spent with the two agents lost in their own thoughts about how the rest of the night will unfold.

Chapter End Notes

A/N:
Hello again, sorry for the wait. Originally, I was going to have Derek, JJ and the rest of the team in this chapter. This was also supposed to be the last chapter that Shelly Flanagan would appear in alive. But when I started writing this chapter and really got into it, having the rest of the team in this chapter just wasn't going to work out the way that I want it to. So next chapter is when we'll have the stakeout at Doyle's and Shelly Flanagan's swan song. I also plan to have that chapter stretch out a little longer than this one. Chapter ten is the chapter where we'll get a brief glimpse into present day BAU.

Hope you guys enjoy reading this and that it was worth the wait.

Thanks again for all of the kudos, reviews and comments. I don't get back to as many as I should, but I would like to thank you all for taking the time to review the story, it keeps me going.

Until next time...

The Geek in Pink
“Confession is always weakness. The grave soul keeps its own secrets, and takes its own punishment in silence.” - Dorothy Dix

Emily zooms in on the unconscious widow, whose head is slumped over her right shoulder, making sure that she got all of her from her vantage point. The ketamine that she dosed her with while they were still in New Orleans should be wearing off soon and the brunette knew she wouldn't have time to set up the camera once the older blond was conscious. She had been extra careful in making sure that the CFO had enough of the ketamine in her system to subdue her, while she placed her on the plane. And like the others, the dosage that she gave her was enough to make sure that she would be coherent after the drug ran its course.

Emily needs Shelly to be as coherent as possible for the kind of conversation that they were about to have and not just for the taped confession. She needed answers to the many questions that have gone through her mind since Doyle's return. Unfortunately for her, Shelly Flanagan is one of the very few people left alive who could help her figure out Doyle's next move and where he may be planning to take Declan now that he knows where he is, whether she wanted to or not.

What better person to ask than the woman who knows Doyle in ways Lauren Reynolds will never know him. The one who has been with him, in more ways than one, since his days as a runner for Cillian Fitzpatrick, whose empire Doyle inherited after he died in 1975.

Emily remembers the first time she was made aware of the other woman. She had known about Shelly Flanagan, thanks to the numerous hours of preparation she spent with Sean and Clyde while they were prepping the identity of Lauren Reynolds. Part of that preparation meant knowing and memorizing every single person that she may or may not be in contact with during her time with Doyle. From the maids and groundskeepers that worked on his seven estates throughout Europe to the men that had the privilege of being a part of Doyle's inner circle. Shelly Flanagan was one of the names that came up frequently in Doyle's inner circle. They figured if they could establish a weak link in his inner circle, they would be closer to discovering the identity of Valhalla through one of Doyle's associates.

Most of what they said about her, was unflattering at best. She figured that the business that Doyle was involved in and the company that Doyle surrounded himself with, of course they were not going to be happy that a woman knew more and was closer to their boss than they were. Men like the ones Doyle kept in his inner circle, could never handle a woman with even a fraction of a little more power than they had.
Outside of the information they were able to gain from the wiretaps, Interpol had no real information on Shelly at the time that didn't include her marriage to Duncan Flanagan and brief biographies of her two daughters. Her high school and university accomplishments as well as her record as a defense attorney and her flimsy ties with a couple of IRA organizations. All of which is public knowledge and anything anyone can find in a basic Internet search. She had never been arrested and has been described by many who know her as a shrewd and charming business woman who was willing to do anything necessary to succeed and continue her father in law's legacy.

There were few people outside of her husband and their family that really knew her outside of work. In fact, most people that she has ever work with thought that she was a bit of an ice queen. She faithfully stood by her husband's side for the public but everyone in their inner circle knew the truth. She was the man behind the curtain of her husband's family business. Everything that Duncan Flanagan was, his reputation as a powerful and successful businessman was because Shelly made it so, despite the fact that Duncan fought her through it every step of the way.

So why would someone like Shelly Flanagan, who has put everything into Flagcon and her husband's success, risk it all by associating with an known criminal like Ian Doyle?

Up until a few months ago, Emily never understood what a trust fund baby like her could possibly see or associate with someone like Doyle. She always assumed that it was because Doyle was the embodiment of danger. Which is something that someone with Shelly's background would latch onto to, since it is something she rarely experiences in her everyday life.

It wasn't until she did a little bit more digging into the mysterious CFO's background, did she find most of the answers to most of her questions. The rest, she figures, she'll get from the woman herself tonight.

One night when she was Lauren Reynolds, Doyle talked to her at length about Shelly and their relationship. They were laying in bed and talking about their past relationships. Most of the conversation consisted of why neither one of them had been married at all at this point in their lives. Doyle told Lauren that the closest he had ever come to getting married and settling down was with a North Dubliner girl named Shelly. He said that they met in some old pub. Shelly was pissed off about breaking up with her beau at the time, for the five hundredth time. Doyle spent the night listening to her complain about all the things that were wrong with him. Doyle assured her that she had all the man that she needed with him now. The blond smiled coyly at him and took another sip of her drink, seemingly agreeing with him. She then offered a night cap for him at her place, which was conventionally nearby. It didn't take the pair long to fall into bed together. He left the next morning and came back the next night. For months, whenever he was in town and not running errands for Cillian, he was with her. After a while it became their routine and eventually he started telling her things that he hadn't told anyone else. In time she had started to pay him the same courtesy.
When he spoke of Shelly and reminisced about their relationship, he tended to brag about some of their more infamous conquests as she expected he would. But there was this tender look that shined brightly in his eyes as he spoke about her. The only time she would ever see him look that way is when he talked about having a future with Lauren and whenever he talked about Declan. He told Lauren that Shelly was the only woman he ever respected before her. She may not have believed the story that told Lauren about how they met. But she could not deny the fact that whoever this Shelly person was, she must be very important to Doyle.

The relationship with Shelly came to a stand still for a year or two after her marriage to Duncan Flanagan. After a while, as Ian told her that Duncan could not keep Shelly satisfied in the way that he could so they ended up sleeping together again. Throughout her pregnancy and a little while after, Shelly thought that her eldest daughter was actually Doyle's and not Duncan's. The last time they were together and the time that she found out she was pregnant were too close together. He even tells Lauren that her eldest daughter, Eliza, has his eyes.

They both agreed not to get a DNA test done on her, knowing that the revelation of her daughter's true paternity would mean the end for both Shelly and Doyle. Lucas Flanagan would have made life a living hell for himself and Shelly, if it came to light that his precious bloodline was tainted by a criminal.

When Doyle would leave her in one of his estates if he had to go on a deal alone, a part of her always wondered if he was going to meet Shelly under the pretense of a business deal. He told her a couple of times that he stopped sleeping with her after they got together. But her intuition told her that he may not have been completely up front with that. He was committed to Lauren in theory and his ideal of a family with her and Declan. But he was still Ian Doyle. He was a man who bragged about sleeping with half of Europe's population of brunettes. He wasn't the type to let a commitment like marriage stop him from doing whomever or whatever he wanted to do, no matter how many times he proclaimed that Lauren had changed him for the better.

The week before Doyle's surprise ambush, she was supposed to meet Shelly for a private dinner at the Tuscan villa to celebrate his and Lauren's engagement. Doyle said he wanted to introduce the two most important women in his life to one another. Jeremy would have given her the little intel Interpol had gathered on the other woman. In hindsight, she doubts that the information he would have given her anything would have been worth anything since he had already sold herself and the rest of their team out to Doyle for his Spanish villa.

What astounded her the most about the weapons dealer's longtime paramour is the connection between the two of them. From what Emily could dig up Shelly comes from a well off, influential old money family who would have had two hernias and a heart attack if she was even seen with someone like Ian Doyle despite his loyalty to the IRA and their causes. There was nothing in their
respective pasts that she could dig up, that would explain how the two of them got together. Or at least it appeared they had no connection to each other from everything that Interpol could gather. Outside of their mutual love and extravagance for the finer things life had to offer, their backgrounds couldn't have been more different.

At least that was what she would have said before she killed Duncan Flanagan.

Now, Emily knows that the unconscious woman before her wasn't just lying to her husband about her relationship with Doyle. She also knew that Duncan started to suspect as much as she had as well.

*It's time to wake up the guest of honor and have her answer some questions.*

Shelly blinks a little and her eyes open again, as Emily gets closer her. Clear blue eyes gaze up at her confused at first. For the briefest of moments, Emily sees what appears to be surprise and then fear as she assumes the blond remembers their encounter in her apartment. CEO's gaze turns into a frosty and defiant glare that would have made anyone else squirm. But for Emily, the blond woman's gaze was nothing compared to Elizabeth Prentiss' famous glares that she was on the receiving end of for most of her teenage existence. So she ignores it for the most part and moves forward.

“Welcome back, Shelly.” Emily, in her distorted voice, greets petulantly. “It's a pleasure to see you again.”

“Who are you?” Shelly mutters hoarsely as she is barely able to look up at her captor.

“Who I am is of no concern to you. It's not like you'll be with me long enough for that to matter anyway.” Emily tells her ominously, watching as the defiance in her prisoner's eyes dim slightly and the fear flickers back. “The question you should be asking is why do you think you're here in the first place?”

Shelly closes her eyes and Emily presses a gloved hand to her cheeks and lightly slaps it a couple of times until her eyes open once again.

“Oh no, you're not going to sleep through this Mrs. Flanagan.” Emily spits out spitefully. “You're going to tell me *why you think you're here* and you're going to do it now before I lose my patience and things get more difficult for you.”
“I don't know.” she mumbles hoarsely. “You're the one who kidnapped me. You tell me why I'm here.”

“What was that?” Emily barks as she takes Shelly by the ear and twists it, causing the handcuffed blond to thrust her body forward, wincing painfully. “I think I misheard you. Would you mind explaining that to me again?”

“I said you're the kidnapper, you tell me why I'm here instead of playing your sick games!” Shelly spits out venomously as her accent thickens slightly.

Emily looks at Shelly for a moment and shakes her head. She takes the other woman's hand and lightly touches each of her finger, starting with her pinky. When she gets to the pointer finger, she stops and grips it lightly.

“You know Shelly, if you want to make this night a little easier on yourself, then I suggest you readjust that attitude of yours and play along.” Emily pulls the finger back suddenly and doesn't stop bending it until there is a loud crack, breaking it in the process. Shelly bites down on her lip as her eyes tear up and cloud her vision. Emily then takes her middle finger in her hand and repeats the same pattern with that finger until there's another loud crack.

“You'll stay alive a lot longer if you do. I'm not one of the countless employees you get off on bullying and tormenting into submission day in and day out. I'm the one that's in control of your fate here not you!”

This is going to be a long night indeed. Emily thinks to herself as she steps away from her captive to give her some time to absorb her situation, leaving the CEO to whimper in anguish.

10:35 pm

Washington D.C.

JJ takes out one of the hot mugs from the drink carrier. She opens the lid of the cup and takes a sip of the black coffee. She closes her eyes and moans a little, savoring the rich, smooth taste of the caffeine as it goes down her throat. She had to admit, that this was hands down one of the best cups of coffee she's ever had in her life. It even tops the freshly ground Colombian coffee that Emily got for her as a
birthday present from her friend who owns a coffee shop in Seattle, after Henry was born.

JJ closes her eyes and deeply inhales the scent and lets it take her away from the SUV for a bit, before she takes another long sip of her coffee. She moans involuntarily and Morgan turns to her with a raised eyebrow.

“Do you two need a few minutes alone mamma?” Morgan jokes with a smirk. “I know it's been a while since you've had any special-”

“I can and will shoot you before you get the chance to finish that sentence Derek.” JJ mutters, with her eyes still closed and focused on the coffee. Morgan laughs and brushes off her empty threat.

She sits the mug back down into the carrier and turns to look at Morgan with a grin. “I hate to admit it, but you were right about the coffee there being the best around here. I see why you're late every other morning getting it.”

“Hey, I'm not late every morning.” Morgan says defensively. “Reid always clocks me in on time, especially when I get him a couple of cups of this in his hands.” He holds up his mug, grinning and takes a sip of his coffee and groans as the black coffee goes down his throat.

“The only thing to make that could possibly make this little cup of heaven better than it already is would be a couple of hits of sugar and cream.”

“Gross.” JJ said repulsed and scrunches her face at her partner for his horrendous suggestion. “Why in the hell would you ruin this beautiful cup of perfection with your sugar and cream?”

“Because it tastes better that way and I like?” Morgan states petulantly. He takes his seat belt off and turns over in his seat and picks up the coffee carrier. When he feels around and realizes that what he is looking for is not there, his smile turns into a frown.

“Something wrong Mr. cream and sugar?” JJ asks while glancing at the other agent from the top of her mug.

“No, not really.” Morgan says as he sets the coffee holder back down onto its place on the floor. “Unfortunately, it looks like I won't be having any cream in my coffee this time.” JJ pumps the fist without the coffee lightly. “But I do believe I stashed a couple of packs of sugar over there. Could
you pass them to me please?”

“Sure.” JJ takes off her seat belt and leans over to the side of the car door. She reaches down inside of the side door pocket and finds a small yellow box with the words 'Splenda' scrawled in blue across it, that looks like it has seen better days. She turns her head and looks at her partner with a raised eyebrow, not believing that he would allow fake sugar to be in his car.

“Splenda?” JJ asks incredulously as she turns the side of the box with the writing towards him. “I never took you for a Splenda man, Morgan.”

”Morgan looks away from the door confused. “What are you talking about?” The profiler stops mid sentence and frowns as he stares at the box as if it were a ghost. He can't believe it was still in here after all of this time. He could have sworn he had gotten rid of it a while ago.

JJ's smirk drops when the other agent doesn't answer her right away and she looks at up him with concern.

“The Splenda wasn't for me JJ.” Morgan corrects her quietly, not quite looking his partner in the eye. A moment passes and JJ looks at him quizzically. “It was for Emily.”

“Oh.” JJ answers flatly.

Suddenly, the small box feels like an anchor holding her arm hostage as JJ stares at it. This always seems to be what happens whenever the topic of the brunette reared its head. With the one year anniversary of Emily's real death coming up soon, its been happening more frequently than she'd like it to admit.

JJ thought she was over reacting to anything that reminded her of the fallen brunette. She thought that if anything and everything that reminded her of Emily was out of sight, then eventually the she would be out of mind. It started with her avoiding the brunette's picture on the wall of the fallen FBI agents before work everyday. It eventually grew to her ignoring Garcia and Morgan's invitations to join them in their daily morning ritual, which involved saying hello to what was left of Emily. She stopped looking at the brunette's old desk whenever she had a break throughout the day, even though she would catch Reid and sometimes Morgan glance at it during one of their paper work days. It was harder when she would catch Hotch and Rossi occasionally look down at her desk from their fortresses when they thought that no one else was paying attention.
At home, JJ made it a priority to put away the clothes and shoes in boxes that she had in her apartment that belonged to Emily. Thankfully, all it was were the occasional pieces of clothing that she had either borrowed from Emily or that the brunette had left in her apartment during one of their legendary girl's nights with Garcia.

Some of the brunette's more fragile possessions and books that the team had cleaned out of her old condo, were neatly stacked and tucked away in her attic. At the time, JJ had the team put her stuff there with the secret hope that once Doyle was apprehended that Emily would be able to pick up her stuff without any trouble. Now they just collect dust because she couldn't bring herself to look at them without crying.

Any pictures that she had of Emily, whether it was an individual one, group pictures and especially the ones that she took with Henry, were carefully stashed away in the empty drawers where Will's clothes used to be. JJ even manages to drum up the strength to not reach for Emily's Ipod that lay in her night stand drawer whenever her longing for the brunette stirred and Henry was either asleep or at Will and Gabby's place and not there to distract her. In the weeks following Emily's death, listening to the brunette's music was her lifeline and gave her the strength to go on with her day. Eventually, JJ realized that she was starting to rely on the device too much and has slowly weaned herself away from it. She's successfully left it in the drawer for three weeks and two days now.

But no matter how she tried to convince herself that she had moved on from Emily and her death or how she talked herself into believing that the brunette and her murder or the fact that she felt responsible for it all, had no effect on her anymore, there was always something there to remind her of what she and everyone else had loss

JJ sets the box down slowly and briefly glances over to Morgan to find him looking at her with a frown and one thousand questions written all over his concerned gaze, that JJ was just not ready to answer for yet.

Before he has the chance to ask her if she's okay, JJ looks up at him and smiles. Not the smile that she reserves for her family and colleagues. It was the smile that she used to give to the media during a press conference.

“I'm alright Derek.”JJ lies. “It just slipped out my fingers is all.”

JJ looks away from the other profiler and out the window, not waiting for his response.

She chastises herself a little for allowing herself to slip up in front of Morgan, knowing that she was not going to hear the end of it from him or Garcia, after he eventually tells her at the end of their
stakeout. She knew he was going to try to goad her into talking about the elephant in the room, Emily. Unfortunately for her, there was no out for this conversation, seeing as they were stuck with each other for the rest of the night.

As much as she wanted to get it all off of her chest and tell someone about all that she was feeling, JJ knew that she couldn't talk about Emily the way that she wanted to. Even though Emily was gone, Doyle was still a threat. If he discovered that she and the State Department were the ones who hid Emily, Doyle may go after Henry. She could not risk his safety just because she made the decision to become Emily's handler.

Another reason why she can't talk to Derek about their fallen companion, is because it hurts so damn much to think about all that she and her friend were missing out on together. She would start thinking about everything that they could have had together if she had been brave enough to let Will go earlier on and stop using Henry as her excuse for staying with him. JJ could not go down that road anymore. Especially not with Morgan.

Besides, its not like it matters that much anyhow. Emily was gone and JJ believes that whatever she feels or may have felt about her and vice versa, should stay buried with her.

“Six years ago.” Morgan says out of nowhere after being silent for the last few minutes.

JJ turns and looks at him perplexed as she picks up her cup and takes a sip out of it. Morgan doesn't give her a chance to say anything as he continues on.

“I started keeping the Splenda in the SUV six years ago.” Morgan explains. “You were still on maternity leave at the time. We were looking for an unsub in DC who was going around kidnapping and killing women in and around downtown nightclubs. Hotch wanted Emily and I to stake out a few clubs to see how he chooses his victims. We thought that if we were lucky, he may decide to hit the same place twice. We knew we were going to have a long night a head of us, so Emily told me about Cafe Au Lait-”

“The place where we got that amazing coffee from?” JJ asks with a small smile as she holds her mug closer to herself.

“Yeah, that's the place.” Morgan confirms with a grin of his own.

“Emily was always the coffee connoisseur.” JJ said fondly. “I suspected that you couldn't have found
“Don't I know it?” Morgan says shaking his head, but turns abruptly when he realizes the other part of what she's said. “I kept going there long after she stopped, so that has to count for something? And I was the first person to bring you, Garcia and Reid here after the fact did I?”

“I guess it does.” JJ says skeptically, taking another sip out of her coffee.

“You know how Emily is—was a hard ass when it came to how she took her coffee?” he asks and JJ nods in response. “Well that hadn't changed much after you left. She always got a—”

“Black coffee with one spoonful of milk.” JJ recites fondly. She knew the brunette's coffee order by heart as well as she knew the way Henry took his Saturday morning cereal. “Not two percent, but skim milk and—”

“Two Splendas.” Morgan finishes. “Nice mamma bear.”

“Emily would come back from beyond the grave and fix her coffee for me if I ever forgot the way she took her coffee in the morning.” JJ tells him. “The one time I accidentally gave her Will's coffee by accident and I thought she was going to murder me for giving her sugar instead of Splenda.”

“Nonsense JJ.” Morgan disagrees. “She loved you and would have missed you too much to kill you.”

JJ's heart stops and her eyes widen for a moment at his implication, wondering if somehow he knew something, as the other profiler avoids the hopeful look in her eyes. “I on the other hand, thought I would have to call in a US Marshal to extract me from the car and get me as far away from her as possible. And the only thing I did was not tell her that they were all out of Splenda and that I substituted it with real sugar.”

JJ finally cracks and laughs with a full belly laugh as she imagines an irritate Emily trying to hit Morgan with a coffee mug and while he tried to get away from her while not drawing attention to themselves. She's disappointed that it hadn't happen until after she was finished with maternity leave.

“I bet you didn't try to pass regular sugar off to her again after that?” JJ says in between breaths, trying to gain as much of her composure as possible. It's the first time she's laughed like this in a year.
and the profiler has to admit that it feels good to do this after so long.

Morgan grins widely at his partner, happy to see that he could make JJ smile again, even if it was just for a moment.

“Hell no. I learned my lesson believe me.” Morgan answers sarcastically. “One beat down from Prentiss was enough for me to make sure that I always had Splenda on hand in this car whenever we were doing stake outs for as long as she was my partner.”

He picks up the box and lightly tosses it about for a moment. Morgan then takes the box and tosses it in the back seat of the SUV. “I guess I forgot to take it out of here after she-” The profiler grimaces for a moment, almost as if he doesn't want to say it at all and looks away from JJ. “died.”

JJ quickly picked up on Morgan's hesitation, but she would never call him out on it. She more than anyone else, understood how hard it was to talk about Emily.

Though it has been three years, or so Morgan and the rest of the team assume it has, the team still seem to be recovering from Emily's death. Although Seaver and Blake were great additions to their team, there was still this Emily shaped void that everyone knew would never be filled on the team again.

JJ loves Blake and has grown closer to the other profiler over the last year and a half, despite their rough patch which was unfortunately right after Seaver's departure to Swan's team, Blake could never be Emily. They may have had the same shade of hair color and the two women knew could speak more languages than her or anyone else on the team, with the exceptions being Reid and Rossi. Blake didn't laugh like Emily nor did she light up the room, even with bed hair, the way the fallen brunette did.

Sarcasm for Blake, like Reid most of the time, went over the linguist's head at times, while Emily spoke it more fluently and beautifully than anyone she has ever known. Where Blake was the storm during the darker cases they would have, Emily was the light at the end of it. Most importantly, Blake did not make JJ's heart flutter from her stomach whenever she happened to cross her mind and her voice did not make her stop whatever she was doing and enthral her, like a siren, the way Emily's could. As much as she enjoys Blake and respects her position on this team, JJ knows that she and everyone else on the team would give up their earthly souls to have Emily back with them. For things to go back to the way they were before Doyle tore their world asunder.

Morgan stares at JJ, who sees a vulnerability in his eyes that she hadn't seen from him since the day of Emily's burial. “I miss her you know. Especially now. She should be here with us. It's not fair that
she's not here to take that son of a bitch down for good.”

JJ nods and turns to the window shortly after. She knew that if she said anything more to him or acknowledge his statement any more than what she already has, that she would give in and tell him everything.

She would get down on her knees and apologize for not telling him that Emily had lived two years after her supposed ‘death’ in peace in various parts of Europe. She would apologize for not doing more to protect Emily and being the cause of her death this time for not being a better handler. She would tell him everything that she has fought to keep in for the last three years to him if only to have a little bit of the weight of her many secrets taken off of her shoulders and handed over to someone else for a little while. Morgan has trusted her enough to include her in on his three year crusade of finding Doyle and later on protecting Declan the way Emily had before she died. Surely she could trust him with the news of Emily staying alive two years longer than anyone thought she was, even though he would probably hate her and never forgive her after she does tell him.

In the end, JJ couldn't do that. She couldn't be that selfish, no matter how much she wanted to be. The resurrection and second death of Emily Prentiss and everything else that went along with it would be her albatross to bear for the rest of her life. It was her punishment for not doing enough as her handler to save the brunette from her fate and prolonging her second chance in the process. She would bear this punishment alone, despite the fact that it didn't matter anymore who knew of the details of Emily being brought back and her second death. She would carry this with her until the day she dies and she thinks it was stupid for her to entertain the idea of telling him the truth.

Besides, JJ doesn't want Morgan to mourn for Emily a second time. It destroyed him enough the first time and he managed to come back. She would never forgive herself if she told him about her second death and it irrevocably finishes him. She would have another lost life and tragedy plaguing on her conscience.

The two profilers say nothing more for a while after Derek's confession. Instead they get back to the task of waiting for Doyle than to spend anymore of their time dwelling on the major elephant in the SUV. Or how unfair it was that she wouldn't be here to see any of it.

The two agents lean back in their seats and wait for their target to show, hoping their wait wouldn't be much longer.
The butt of the gun whacks hard on the side of Shelly's face again and this time, her left cheek busts open. When they were done, her captor walks away from her and leaves her alone in her pain. A small river of blood leaks out of the open wound of her stricken cheek. At least she couldn't feel the pain her captor had just inflicted onto, seeing as the numbness settled into her face a while ago shortly after they began their assault. She's pretty sure a couple of her teeth have fallen out of her mouth by now, but she's too petrified to open her mouth and see.

Her captor had hit her every time she didn't give them an answer to the question she has they've been asking over and over again like a mantra, why she thought she was here. They also asked her about her relationship with Ian, which she easily said there was none. They also asked her if she knew where he was, which is the only one she's answered honestly, she didn't know. Whenever he called, he never gave her his specific location in case there may have been someone listening in on their conversation. She had her suspicions as to where he might have been, given that he now knows that Declan is still alive. But she refused to give this monster any information that they can use to go after him. She won't be responsible for his death as well.

None of the answers that she in the time that she's been in this hostage situation has satisfied whoever this is. Every answer she gave was met with a strike to the face. When they were frustrated enough, they would sometimes hit her in the ribs or they kicked her chair to the ground just to intimidate her. She would have used that opportunity to run if her entire body hadn't felt like it was burning from all the pain.

At some point, Shelly figured that what she said to this psychopath no longer mattered. She will always be wrong and be struck for it. So she's stopped talking a while ago and decided to let them hit her however many times they needed to until they understood that they weren't going to get the answers that they sought from her, whatever those answers may be.

In between the beatings, Shelly thought about the all people who knew about her connection to Doyle and want her dead for it. If she were honest, she had been thinking about it long before this situation began. After Charlotte died and Ian had called her in anguish, they initially thought that it may have Clyde Easterman may have been the one behind this to get revenge for killing every member of his Interpol team. He had interrogated her a few weeks after her trip to Moscow when she was in Bradford, visiting a friend. She's had a couple of her private investigators keeping tabs on him after that conversation. They lost Easterman when Ian went to DC and came back to Boston, but they were able to catch up to him again after that FBI profiler's funeral. He had gone back to London as soon as she was buried into the ground.
According to her people, Easterman was unfortunately not the man who was after her and killed her husband. On the night of Charlotte's murder, they spotted him at a pub in Edinburgh watching a Manchester United game with friends and a couple of his old colleagues. They said he had looked somber the entire night.

Her mind then went to Lachlan McDermott, her business competitor and Ian's enemy for god knows how long. The only thing they have in common, outside of their business interests, was their mutual hate for one another. By association Lachlan hates her as well. He had told her on one occasion that he respected her and all that she had done to make Flagcon successful.

It could be one of McDermott's men looking to intimidate her into something. He's probably already figured out that Doyle was close by and is doing this to intimidate her into giving him up. It wouldn't be the first time McDermott had used her and her husband's connection to Doyle to get something that he wanted. Now that Duncan wasn't alive anymore to protect her, he probably figured now that the company was in the middle of transitioning leadership, that he could use this as an opportunity to make a move against her and her company. He's been waiting a long time to get back at her for the part that she's played in his and Ian's childish feud. Now that Ian was off the grid, he could use her to lure him out.

Best of all, she was one of the very few people left alive who knew the arms dealer better than he knew himself, Shelly would be the perfect leverage for whatever diabolical plan Lachlan had up his sleeve.

No he wouldn't do this. Shelly rationalizes. Not like this, at least.

As malicious of a person Lachlan McDermott is, especially in regards to the rivalry his company had with her own, Lachlan wouldn't kidnap her to get whatever he wanted from her. He had as much to lose as she did if anyone found out about his criminal ties and how his company was a front for it all. Lachlan wouldn't recklessly abduct her, knowing that someone within her company would eventually find out about it, they would expose him for the common thug that he truly was instead of the successful businessman that he pretends to be.

Their mutual, unspoken agreement had been to keep each other secrets as long as neither one of them got in the way of their other outside interests. He wouldn't throw it all away now that her husband was not here to protect her anymore. He already had the dirt that he would need on her to expose Flagcon anyway.

If it's not him, then who would do this to her? Who would take her away from her company and her girls, knowing that in kidnapping her, they would practically lose everything and have everyone of
her people and Ian's hunting them down? Who did she know that would have that much to lose?

Shelly didn't have enough time to dwell on the question as she suddenly hears the sound of foot steps enter back into the room. They stop two feet away from her chair and just as she turns her head. Her tired blue eyes look up at her captor, waiting for them to ask the question of why she thought she was here to repeat the cycle all over again.

Her captor doesn't move or speak for a long time, which surprises Shelly a little. The gun that they used to keep her complaint was nowhere to be found. She's tempted to sit her head up further to see where it could have gone but she doesn't. Instead Shelly closes her eyes again and lowers her head, hoping that her captor will think that she's sleeping.

“I know you're awake Shelly.” the gravelly voice tells her.

One of the leather gloved hands holds her cheeks together and push her head up at eye level with them. While the other places its fingers on her eyelids and forces them open.

Shelly tries not to look into the grotesque eyes of her captor, not wanting to give whoever it was the satisfaction of knowing they are frightening her, so she tries to turn her head down.

“What do you want from me huh? Is it money? My brother in law will happily give you however much ya need of it. He can even get you out of the country and I won't tell a soul about what ya've already done ta me here.”

“Your money is useless to me and it won't get you out of this.” the deep voice says without moving an inch. “Your money didn't save your husband from his fate, why do you think it will keep you from yours?”

“Then what is it do ya want then!” Shelly screams frustrated. “I haven't done a thing ta you! I don't even know who ya are for God sake?!?”

The masked figure doesn't say anything for a while and Shelly feels her blood begin to boil. How dare this masked coward to bring up Duncan in that way to her? He may not have been the love of her life and they disagreed more times than not at the end of his life and their marriage. That didn't change the fact that Duncan was one of the most good and honest men she had ever known in spite the fact that he inherited a few of his father's shortcomings. He never would have made a deal with this degenerate if it meant risking Ellie's life or hers.
“Is this how you killed my husband, leaving my girls fatherless? Tying him up and leavin him defenseless in a chair like the coward ya are?” Shelly asks. “Or did ya wait until he was knackered enough so that he couldn't see ya coming? Answer me ya coward, since you're a fan of asking people questions so why won't ya answer mine!”

The monster doesn't speak and her temper flares. She tightens her hands into fists and her knuckles turn white. She closes her eyes tightly and a couple of tears roll out of her eyes.

“Why does it matter to you?” her captor says disinterestedly. “You have the company that you wanted and you're with the man you've always wanted? Why do you care about a fool like Duncan?”

“He was still my husband, the father of my beautiful girls and you killed him, that's why I care! He was one of the best men that I ever knew and believe me, my life has been plagued with enough bad ones to tell the difference. He would have been what this miserable world needed and you took that away! He was an innocent man who only wanted to make a living for his family and leave behind a legacy his girls could be proud of and now that'll never happen!”

“You had me there Shelly.” the deep voice says after a while. “You gave a very convincing performance.”

Shelly glares defiantly in the direction of the masked figure.

“For a fraction a second, I actually believed that you were being sincere. I was convinced that you genuinely loved and cared about your husband.” the raspy voice says. “But we both know that you're not capable of being genuine or caring about anyone or anything outside of yourself. The martyred widow who bravely keeps her husband's legacy alive while holding down the fort at home as the perfect mother. How pathetic.”

“I did love him!Who are you to question the way that I felt-”

“You cared about the doors that he and his family's reputation opened up for you!” the voice roars as they walk towards her chair, scaring her a bit.

“You're second in line and in charge of a multi-billion dollar company without having a drop of Flanagan family blood in you while your husband, who didn't want the life that he ended up with,
served as its puppet. He gave you the perfect house and the perfect family and all you had to do was sit back and play the role of wife and mother of the year. You still got to run your trafficking operations with Doyle on the side, along with the criminals that you got off years earlier. You had your cake and ate it too and now it's time to pay for it.”

Shelly thumps her back hard against the chair and whips her head in her captor's direction. “I've told you before that I don't know who Ian Doyle is! I met him at a party one time at Duncan’s bastard of a father's company party and that was it! I haven't seen him in over thirty years!”

“You're not even going to deny it are you you?” the captor asks, their voice lowering slightly, in of in a tone that Shelly suspected was laced with venom.

“You're more offended and ashamed by the allegation of being associated with an international arms dealer than me telling you that you never loved your husband or your family more than you loved the boost in your profile and status that they gave you! Tell me, how many of your youngest daughter's volleyball games have you actually gone to that you didn't send your assistant to record it for you? Were you at your eldest engagement party or were you too busy sneaking around with Doyle to do that? Hell, did you even know that your husband was seeing another woman a few months before his death? Do you truly know anything about your family at all or were they just props you dusted off and used for the occasional company functions and galas when it was convenient for you?”

Shelly's head jerks up and she looks at her captor and gasps in shock. There was no one in this world, outside of their immediate family and the family publicist, who knew the real life details of her family's life. She and Duncan had agreed that it was better this way to protect the girls from any potential backlash that they might receive in the media. She and Duncan were public figures, their daughters were not. And they did not want them to be dragged through the mud just because they happen to share the same blood as herself and Duncan.

Duncan experienced this kind of scrutiny as a kid, especially when his father came under fire for the tax breaks they were getting despite the fact that the world was suffering an economic depression. He didn't want the girls to have the experiences that he had with that.

So how did this monster know all of these details about her family when no one else in this world did?

The fire blazing inside her eyes dies as she concedes to the fact that her captor was absolutely. She's never seen one of Ellie's game for herself. There was always a meeting she had to attend or something going on that took her away whenever she had a game. She promised Ellie every time she came in late, that she would make more of an effort to go to her games, but the business just got in the way. There was always a meeting and it conflicted with her daughter's games. It was easier to send Elsa, her assistant to go to the game for her and tell her about it since she played volleyball in
high school and college.

Her team even made it to the State Championship game last November and won because of Ellie's volley and she missed it all because Gerald needed her for an emergency share holder's meeting in New York about a dock they were opening up in Auckland. Ellie hadn't talked to her for a month afterwards and did everything that she could to avoid interacting with her.

She actually made it to Lizzy's engagement party. She was there for a full hour before she received a text from Ian, who was in hiding at the time after he killed that FBI agent. He sounded desperate and he needed her and like all the other times he had needed her, she went to him. They have known each other longer than anyone in this world will ever know and she was all that he had now. He told her about Declan still being alive and how Lauren or Emily or whatever her name was, didn't tell him where he was before she passed out and how she had died afterwards. He told her that he was going to be unavailable for a while on his search for Declan and gave her the number for the phone that he would be using so that she would be able to reach him whenever if she needed him.

She hadn't found out about Duncan's relationship with Sara until he brought her over for the family's last New Year's Eve party before Duncan died. He had introduced her as a family friend to their colleagues and friends, which was technically true. But Shelly saw through it all and knew that Sara and her ex husband shared the same kind of relationship that Ian and herself shared. His eyes sparkled around Sara in a way that they never had with her. When he smiled at her, it wasn't strained or for anyone else but her. He always hovered his hand over her lower back, not caring who could have seen.

The one thing that stood out throughout the night that he spent with her was that he looked genuinely happy with her. The happiness that shone in his eyes for her was something that she had only seen when the girls had been born. The realization that Duncan never looked at her the way that he looked at Sara, hurt her the most by the end of the night. She dared not for them in the direction that they ran off to to celebrate the beginning of the new year together. She understood why Duncan was in a rush to move forward with the divorce that never came to be in the last few months of his life.

Sara had been working for the Flagcon New Orleans office for ten years as a supervisor for the intake unit. Within the last five years, the red head started to become a permanent fixture in their home for the holidays and the girls adored having her celebrate with them. She was fun to be around, kind and easy to talk to. She was more than capable at doing her job and was a natural born leader. Sara was generally a hard person not to fall in love with personally or professionally. Sometimes she wondered if the girls would have preferred to have Sara as their mother instead of her. She knew more about them and their day to day life than she ever would and she was the one who gave birth to them. Sara knew the many interchangeable crushes that Ellie had on many boys and, to Shelly's surprise, a few girls. She had been Lizzy's tour guide when the executive offered to show her eldest daughter what her San Francisco was like when Lizzy was interviewing for a position there.
Sara had transferred to their main offices in Dublin soon after Duncan's funeral, leaving a note for the
her to give to the girls with Elsa. She thought that Duncan's death and Sara's transfer would give her
a chance to become closer to her girls and give her some opportunity to get her family back.
Unfortunately, it didn't turn out the way that she thought it would, as both girls seem to push her
farther and farther away.

Ellie refused to talk to her for months after and made sure to stay as busy as she could with school
activities and a part time job at the mall. Liz on the other hand, doesn't talk to her at all unless it was
absolutely necessary. She had to find out about Liz and her fiancee Jeremy were moving to San
Francisco through Elsa, who mentioned it to her offhandedly after lunch when she was preparing for
her afternoon meetings.

Shelly can barely get her eldest daughter to talk about her pregnancy outside of the information that
she gets from her daughter about her grandchild's health. She doesn't even come to her for advice
about her pregnancy. Liz probably thinks that anything going on her life would not interest her since
she hasn't had a real conversation with her daughter outside of the occasional pleasantries in years.
She doesn't blame either one of her daughters for their disinterest in her since she can barely
remember the last time the three of them ever did anything together.

Even though whoever was holding her hostage was a monster, they weren't wrong. Shelly could tell
you more about Doyle than she could about the man she had spent the better part of thirty years with
and the two girls she gave birth to. If she were the kind of woman to have regrets, not getting to
know her family the way she should have known them would be one of them. She should know the
comings and goings of her daughters' lives, but she doesn't. She should have known that Duncan
was living his life without her but she didn't. He always said that she had been his best friend and she
couldn't tell how happy he had become in the last few months of his life.

The worst part about it was that it was too late to make it right. She lost her girls a long time ago and
Duncan was gone now. Depending on the plans her captor for her, she would most likely be joining
him in death soon, without the chance to make things right with her family.

The masked figure turns away from her and starts doing something on the computers that she can't
quite see, fueling her anger more. She sits up as much as she can with her bindings and glares
daggers into her captor's back. “Did whoever you're working for tell you to run surveillance on me
like a good little lackey? Because I know ya can't be the only one involved in this!”

The fiend stops for a moment and raises their head up. “I didn't have to. Everything that I know
about you, Anna, you've already told me.”

Her skin turns a ghostly shade of white with her mouth opened wide enough to unhinge her jaw as
she hears the name that she hasn't been called in so long. She wanted to throw up then and there as
images of a doe eyed six year old overwhelm her mind in a pale blue dress her mother had given her for her last birthday, with tears rolling down her chubby cheeks as she held onto a half burnt teddy bear like a life line.

No one in her life now that was still living, outside of Ian, who even knew her by that name anymore or the waste of a little girl she had been. After she married Duncan, Shelly made sure that no one would know who that girl was and what became of her.

There were a lot of things, from her past and her present, that Shelly worked hard to keep to herself without Duncan being none the wiser. To think that all of it was for nothing now that this masked delinquent knows her secret makes Shelly's stomach sink.

Her captor chuckles but continues what they are doing, not bothering to look at her petrified face. “I know everything about you Anna and soon enough, the rest of the world will too. Especially your girls. Will they still want you as their mother once they know what kind of monster she was?”

Hi everyone,

Once again, I am so terribly sorry for the delay in getting this chapter out. Between my crazy schedule of work, school and to be quite honest, writer's block, I have had a hard time updating my stories. My schedule has lighten up a little bit, so I have a bit of time to write and get this update out.

This chapter was intended to be longer, because I wanted to do the stakeout/demise of Shelly Flanagan all in one chapter. But I figured leaving it on a cliffhanger and breaking it up in pieces will work better. Just a bit of a warning, the next chapter will be a little more violent and involve psychological torture, so if that is not your thing, I would stay away from the next chapter.

Thank you all so much once again for reading and I hope this chapter was worth the long wait. And I promise, I'll try not to be away from this story as long as I have been.

Until next time,
The Geek in Pink
11:00 pm

Washington DC

The bass line of 'Bootylicious' reverberates loudly throughout the car. JJ’s eyes open slowly as she picks her phone up off of the console and sees a text from Garcia waiting for her.

*Face time A.S.A.P! - The Oracle*

Jayje unlocks her phone, being greeted to a picture of herself and Garcia on the outside with Emily and a baby Henry in the middle, grinning into the camera. That picture was taken the last at the last New Year’s Eve party before she was transferred to the State Department. She lingers on the picture for a moment and then she swipes to the left until the Facetime app. She scrolls through her contacts until she gets to ‘Garcia’ and hits the bright green call button. JJ then taps a distracted Morgan on the shoulder, causing him to turn towards her and away from the building.

JJ and Morgan are greeted with a black screen at first, with two voices squabbling in the background.

“No Reid, move the computer this way so that she can see the both of us!”

“But the lighting would be better from this angle and its closest to the board this way.”

The camera on their side shakes as the laptop is shuffled back and forth. Morgan raises his eyebrow knowingly as she rolls her eyes.

“Baby girl and pretty boy I take it?” Morgan deduces with one of his eyebrows quirked.
JJ smirks as she slides her phone into the phone mount on Morgan's dash. “Who else would it be?”

The hands on the camera disappear as a clearer picture of the two agents, with the light blue walls of her living room serving as their back drop, appear smiling on the screen. Reid, who was wearing a pair of flannel pajamas with pattern of Tardis on them and a plain white t-shirt, gives the camera a small wave.

Garcia, who was wearing a pink tank top and light green pajama bottoms with her feathery pink pen in one of her hands and uses the other to wave excitedly towards the camera.

JJ and Morgan chuckle at their friends and whatever is going on with their impromptu sleepover.

“Bonjour mon amies!” Garcia greets them happily, like someone who has had one too many cups of caffeine. “Do I have some news for my two favorite people.”

“Hey Pen, Reid.” “What's up baby girl, pretty boy.” JJ and Morgan simultaneously. Reid nods in responses and brushes a few strands out of his face.

“How goes the stakeout?” Garcia asks. “Any sight of the sith lord yet?”

“Not bad so far.” JJ tells her nonchalantly with a sly grin. “The Sith lord is nowhere to be found so far. The only good thing we got going in terms of the stake out stakeout has been the coffee and the power nap I was indulging in before I got your text. If only the company were better.”

“Hey! You should feel privileged to be here as far as Blake and I are concerned.” Morgan says indignantly. “Or would you rather be in New Orleans with Rossi and having awkward silent dinners with your ex and his pregnant wife?”

JJ pretends to think about it for a second and blinks. “Point taken.”

“He's right you know. You did get the better deal this time angel.” Garcia adds. “Besides getting the opportunity to spend hours in a confined space with a living, breathing god.”
“Lucky me.” JJ drawls sarcastically, earning a nudge from her partner.

“And from what Rossi has told me about Shelly Flanagan, you definitely got the better end of this increasingly complicated stick sugarplum.”

“Is she really that bad?” JJ asks.

“Rossi said he's had better conversations with his third wife.”

“If my memory serves correct, I think she was the one who tried to throw a frying pan at his head when he told her that he wanted a divorce.” Reid adds with a smirk.

“Wow.” JJ whistles. “Well then, thank you Morgan for keeping me here. You are my savior.”

“Anytime princess.” Morgan replies sarcastically to her with a smirk. “So how's our unsub's timeline coming along?”

“It's done and waiting for your stamp of approval boss.” Garcia replies brightly. “When Rossi and Blake get back from New Orleans, hopefully with a big pot of my vegan gumbo that the Gabster promised me, we'll be ready to go over all of the grisly details then.”

“Nice job.” Morgan compliments them.

“Did you manage to dig up any dirt on Shelly while you were on your roll?” JJ asks as she props her feet up on the dashboard.

Garcia's smile quickly morphs into a frown. She bites her lip and glances briefly at Reid, who starts scratching the back of his neck nervously. “Yes and no.”

Morgan and JJ look at each other confused.

“What do you mean baby girl?” Morgan asks.
“When we were looking for dirt on the Shelly Flanagan that we know and kind of despise today, using her maiden name Boylan. Long story short, we came up with zilch, zero, zip, nada.” Garcia explains.

“Goose egg.” Reid deadpans unhelpfully, receiving a glare from the technical analyst.

“So you weren't able to find anything on Shelly's past that we could use at all?” Morgan asks.

“I didn't say that sweet cheeks.” Garcia says with a smirk. “I may not have found anything on the Shelly Boylan Flanagan that we know now, but my lovely assistant and I may have a clue about who she used to be.”

“Garcia is being a bit too flattering-” Reid says with a blush on his face.

“I was talking about Maeve.” Garcia deadpans as she types something into her laptop.

“Of course you were.” Reid mutters, ducking his head to hide the red tint growing on his cheeks.

JJ subtlety covers her hand over her mouth, stifling her laugh.

“Before I tell you what Reid, Maeve and I found, I have the information that you wanted on Shelly's Baltimore and the New Orleans Flagcon based offices.” Garcia tells them looking away from the laptop and into the camera lens. “Her financial history, like the rest of her background, is squeaky clean. Too clean if you ask me.”

“Are you sure Garcia?” JJ asks crestfallen.

“Outside of the two shady North Korean LLCs, which is linked more or less to Flagcon than it is to her, I couldn’t find anything that would otherwise link her making payments to Doyle outside of the benefit gala. I thought that was a little weird because we know that she’s been giving Doyle money in the bank account that she has in Boston, which the branch manager at the time confirmed for me. But other than that, I couldn’t find anything that would give us any kind of insight as to who Shelly Boylan was before she met Duncan Flanagan. So it was back to the drawing board until-” Garcia pauses for a long while until JJ rolls her eyes.
“Let me guess, the wonder twins found something out about Shelly that the all-knowing Oracle missed?” JJ asks sarcastically as she props her feet on the dashboard.

“Wonder twins, what’s that suppose- “Reid starts to say but is cut off by the annoyed technical analyst.

“Yes Jennifer, that’s exactly what happened.” Garcia says with clenched teeth. “And for future reference, the Oracle of Quantico never misses anything. I just hadn’t thought of it at the time is all. Thank you once again for stealing my thunder sour princess.”

“We don’t have time for thunder mama.” Morgan said as he tries to hide his smile. “Now what did you guys find?”

“Fine, have it your way, wet blankets.” Garcia mutters as she turns her body facing Reid and waves her hand at the camera. “Take it away brainiac.”

“Thanks Garcia.” Reid mumbles and sits up straighter on the couch. “Like Garcia said, we couldn’t find anything on Shelly past her secondary school and university records. Garcia thought that we should take another look at her personal travel records from the last ten years as well as all of the trips that she may have taken with Flagcon to see if there might be any inconsistencies there. And again, they seemed to be consistent. I read and reread her records when I couldn’t find anything, until I noticed a pattern. There were some trips that she took logged here that weren’t under her name.”

Reid moves away from the camera for a second before he reappears again with a stack of papers in his hand.

“In fact, out of the two hundred and fifty business and personal trips she has taken over the last few years, seventy-five of those trips were taken under an alias.”

“She’s a public figure and the CEO of a multi-million-dollar company.” JJ infers. “So it’s not out of the realm of possibility for her to use a different name for privacy reasons.”

“Especially if she were using some of those trips to visit Doyle.” Morgan adds. “How many names are on that list kid?”

Reid looks down at the list. “She used fifteen different names for some of the trips and for the rest of the trips, she used variations and anagrams of those names.”
“That sounds a bit excessive.” Morgan says. “Most CIA agents going undercover don’t keep up with that many names, let alone a CEO.”

If you only knew the half of it, Morgan. “Well luckily, she didn’t have to since I assume her executive assistant normally handles her travel arrangements.”

“That’s true.” Reid agrees. “Although she had fifteen names to remember, only one of those names or a variation of that name makes up a majority of the list of aliases that Shelly uses. I was sort of disappointed in myself for not seeing it in the beginning and it took Maeve sitting on my lap and pointing out the consistency-”

JJ rolls her eyes good naturedly. “The name Spence. The name.”

Reid blushes. “Oh right, sorry JJ I got a little sidetracked there. It’s Anna McKinney. We believe that may be her real name.”

“Anna McKinney?” Morgan ponders for a moment.

“I wonder what brought on the name change?” JJ asks what she is sure her partner is thinking. “Was she in some sort of witness protection program by any chance?”

“I’m not quite sure, but I don’t believe she was.” Reid answers. “Garcia has more information on that, so I’m just going to hand it back to her.”

Reid scoots away from the camera and Garcia takes his place. “There were over 100 girls who went by the name of Anna McKinney, who were born in Dublin who were orphans and placed in the system. So I had to narrow it down to the ones that would have been close to Shelly’s age today. There was only one girl that came close to it. An Anna McKinney, who was born in the slums of North Dublin on October 26, 1950. Her father was a Brit expat who was dishonorably discharged from the Royal Navy for conduct unbecoming and her mother, Aoife Boylan, was a waitress at a local diner owned by her father, Jakob Boylan.”

“So I take it she didn’t come from Irish royalty then?” JJ asks a bit surprised.
“You’re half right love.” Garcia says somberly. “Shelly’s grandfather on her mother’s side was wealthy. When he found out her mother Aoife was pregnant, he disowned her and left her penniless. Shelly’s father Ronald McKinney was for all intents and purposes a drunk and very abusive. The police had been to Aoife and Ronald’s house on more than one occasion but he always brushed off the complaints the cops would get and this is where it all of this comes together. On January 12th, 1957, there was a report of a fire by an Ethan Finnegan, a long time neighbor of Aoife’s.”

JJ and Morgan look at one another knowingly before signaling Garcia to continue on.

“Ethan Finnegan called emergency services when he saw the flames and they found the charred remains of Aoife and Ronald McKinney. According to medical examiners, there was what looked like a through and through that went through Ron’s clavicle. But they weren’t one hundred percent certain at the time.”

“Did the police ever find the gun?” JJ asks scooting as she settles herself further into the sleep.

“See here’s where it gets wonky. They found the gun, but it didn’t belong to Aoife.” Garcia answers her. “The gun actually belonged to our neighborhood watchmen Ethan Finnegan. It gets even wonkier when you find out that the gun in question disappeared at some point while the police were going through the chain of evidence, conveniently before they could dust it for fingerprints.”

“Convenient’s right Pen.” JJ mutters, as she rolls her eyes in Morgan’s direction while Morgan nods in agreement. “The missing gun that just so happens to belong to the good samaritan may or may not have killed Ron McKinney Did he happen to give her the idea to shoot her abusive husband?”

“He claims that he hadn’t.” Garcia answers. “According to his statement, he hadn’t seen the gun in weeks before the police found it at the scene.”

“I’m sure it did. Not that I would blame him much if he did” JJ says sarcastically. “So what happened to Anna McKinney after that?”

“She lived with Ethan Finnegan for a year before she was made a ward of the state. She was in and out of ten foster homes before her rich aunt, Beatrice Boylan adopted her and changed her name when she turned fifteen.”

“Which would explain why you couldn’t find anything on her before she was adopted.” JJ concludes. “Question is why would they have waited so long to find and adopt her?”
If Ros had lived long enough to have children and died soon after, JJ knows that she wouldn’t have hesitated to find her and take her immediately without question. The fact that Shelly’s aunt didn’t seem to care enough about the girl who was the only living link to her sister, to take her in before she adopted her at fifteen, unsettled JJ. It was no wonder the CEO seemed to be an ice queen.

“I have the answer to that as well sugarplum.” Garcia tells her brightly. “Brian Boylan died on March 15th, 1964 of liver cancer and left all of his fortune to the daughter he threw out into the cold, Aoife. Problem was that he didn’t know that he had outlived his daughter—“

“So Beatrice adopted Shelly so that she could be the executor of her father’s will until Shelly came of age, by any chance?” JJ cynically fills in for her.

“Eight gold stars for you.” Garcia says. “Beatrice would have gotten away with robbing Shelly blind of her grandfather’s fortune without her knowing about it. Her private high school was expensive and Oxford even more so. Along with living expenses, Beatrice more than Shelly if it wasn’t clear. If Aunt Beatrice had her way, Shelly wouldn’t have seen a dime of grandpa’s fortune.”

“Awfulness runs in the family then” JJ comments. “And what do you mean by ‘if Beatrice had her way’?”

“Well someone out there must have agreed with you darling because Aunt Beatrice died a year to the day of taking the young Anna McKinney into her home.”

“How did she die?” Morgan asks surprised.

“She was coming home after a charity dinner and she was stabbed twice in an alleyway. A bartender taking out the trash found her and called emergency services. She was pronounced dead on the scene.”

12:00 am

Baltimore, MD
“I know everything about you Anna and soon enough, the rest of the world will too. Especially your little girls. Will they still want you as their mother once they find out mommy was a monster?”

I watch the petrified CEO gape at her like a fish out of water. I start to imagine the countless things that are going on in the blonde’s mind right now. How helpless she must feel right now, knowing that the iron grip she has held onto for the last thirty years is loosening beyond her control. She is now under the mercy of the person who was going to take the carefully crafted safe zone that she has created for years and shatter it in a matter of minutes. How if I allow her to live through this encounter, that someone would not stop until every ounce of the life that she has created is tainted beyond recognition. She would have nothing to go back to. Everyone that means anything to her will either abandon her or be disgusted by the monster that they have had in their midst for all of these years. Shelly will get a slice of the hell that I’ve lived through for the last three years. But unlike me, the CEO would not have several aliases to hide the shattered remains of her life under.

I feel a strange, yet invigorating sensation flowing through me right now about all the power she has over Shelly. I begin to truly understand why the unsubs feel the way that they do about their victims. It had happened a few times before with some of her other marks like Jack Dawson, the slimy pig. I was always able to brush that feeling off and refocus on what I needed to do for the mission.

For some reason with Shelly, I’m not able to brush the feelings of total domination over the CEO. It’s honestly starting to scare me at how much I am enjoying the pain I’m inflicting on this woman. Maybe it’s because she stole my life and everything that ever matter to me. Maybe it’s because I want her to feel my pain and revel in how she was going to lose it all.

Or maybe I love the fear in Shelly’s eyes because I’m turning into him.

I turn away from the CEO and rubs her temples. I didn’t want her to think that there was even the smallest of possibilities that she would be able to talk herself out of this chair.

I put on my mask of calm and cool calculation just long enough to stop myself from killing the CEO on the spot, I turn around and walks over to the table on the back wall. I pick up the thick Interpol file on Shelly that Cruz gave me during my impromptu visit and flip it open.

I skim through the information about the CEO that I was already aware of. I look over the bit about her aunt and the mysterious circumstances surrounding her death and decide that this would be my way in. I’ll rile her up a little before I show Shelly my full hand and see how she reacts.
“It’s nice to know that class status doesn’t matter to you in regards to who you murder Shelly.” my distorted voice mentions too casually. “That’s probably one of your only redeeming qualities at the moment.”

Shelly looks up and glares daggers into her mask. “What are yer going on about.”

“Of course you don’t know. What a surprise.” I tell her abrasively as she takes a few steps towards Shelly’s chair and grip the back of it. “Well what do you know Shelly? Because I can tell you what I know about you from these files!” I hit the CEO in the back of the head with the manila folder and grab the back of her neck.

“Here’s a bit of advice for you Shelly, getting your street rat of a boyfriend to kill your aunt for you still makes you a murderer.” The CEO looked at her stunned for a moment as I let go of her neck. I smile on the inside at the power I had to silence Shelly with a few words. “But then again, you don’t seem to know much of anything, don’t you?”

“Something bad always seems to happen to everyone associated to you. And yet you have never have any idea how they got that way don’t you? Or at least that’s what you expect me to believe.”

Shelly doesn’t respond, having half the sense to keep her mouth shut. The pointed glare she was sending in my direction though, speaks volumes. I was entering into territory that she didn’t want me treading in. I slowly lean into her ear and I swear I can almost feel the hairs stand up on the back of her neck.

“If I understand this correctly, you told the police you had no idea who the man that they found in your old house was. Did you have a bout of amnesia and suddenly forget about all the times you had McFadden intimidate witnesses for you when you were a defense attorney trying to get Doyle’s guys off? Did you forget conveniently forget that Michael was your boyfriend’s right hand man for as long as you’d known him?”

Shelly avoids looking at me at all costs, but it wasn’t out of shame like I was expecting. It looks like she is getting angry and more frustrated with every word I was saying because I’m pulling back the curtain over her lies. She was no longer the great, mythical stoic CEO that singlehandedly saved her husband’s company that was tanking for years before she took it over. I’m revealing her as the ordinary woman who was so entrenched in her own corruption that she was too blind to see that the only thing that separated her from Doyle was her husband’s reputation.

I take this as my sign to push further to see how far I could get her to bend. Especially when she sees what’s at stake for her if she doesn’t.
“Just like you have no idea who Ian Doyle is. Is that how you want to repay the kindness that Ethan Finnegan bestowed upon you? By pretending like the old man didn’t take you in while he was trying to wrangle his bastard grandson-”

“I never stayed in that man’s house! He was just a neighbor of mine who witnessed my mother’s death doin me a kindness! I had never met em before in my life before that night!” Shelly bellows out enraged.

“Like I’ve told ya repeatedly, I have no association with the Doyle! I hadn’t even met the man until the night of that benefit. Whatever information ya think ya have on me is false and you should probably get better sources.” Shelly ends her rant panting with her lips terse together.

I roughly release my grip on the back of the chair and watch gleefully as the CEO has to counter balance her weight to keep it from tipping over. I shoot a glare at the CEO to remind her who was actually in charge of the situation. She couldn’t even tell her the truth about something as simple as where she lived after her parents died, despite the fact that it was in her records.

Supervisory Special Agent Prentiss would have given her the benefit of the doubt; despite the doubts she may have had about her story. She may have even showed her an ounce of compassion, seeing as she was young at the time and because she had been through more than someone her age should have. But this woman wouldn’t even acknowledge the simple truth of her past with Doyle, even though it is literally public record. How stupid does Shelly honestly believe me to be? Does she think that if she keeps denying the truth to her that it will get her out of this?

Shelly seems to have forgotten the position she is currently in. What better time to remind her of what she stands to lose if she keeps denying everything the way that she is, than now?

I reach into the slit of my boot and pulls out her blade. I walk behind Shelly’s chair and grabs the blonde’s hair. She places the blade at her neck and shallowly presses it up against her throat.

“Public records don’t lie but you do Anna.” I hiss venomously. “His name is listed as your guardian until you were seven before he realized that raising you wasn’t the same as watching his drunken son’s kid for a few hours a day.” She makes a shallow cut a couple of inches across the base of her neck and watches a trail of blood run down it slowly. “You knew who Doyle and his family were back then. Just as I am confident that you know where Doyle’s hiding now. You’re going to tell me where he is hiding now before I lose my patience with you.” I make the slit a little bit bigger, feeling the CEO starting jump a little and struggle in my hold.
Shelly hisses as she feels the cold blade dig deeper into her skin. “Why do ya need to know where he is? You plan on going after ‘em like you went after my husband and Michael?”

I slowly drag the blade slowly across the CEO’s neck and watch menacingly as the slit lets out just enough blood to allow a few drops to slide down her neck.

Catching her off guard for a moment, I place my hands on the base of her neck, causing a few more drops of blood to squeeze out of her neck.

“I wasn’t lying to ya when I said that I don’t know where he is.” Shelly gasps out desperately as she helplessly kicks her legs out, as if it would magically loosen my grip on her. “He never tells me where he’s going to be for my safety and that’s the truth.”

I let go of her neck and walk away, tossing the knife onto the ground to her gasping for air. I quickly make my way around the front of her chair, where the CEO has her head down, still struggling to breathe. I take her chin in my left hand and slowly lift her head up to look into her tired and defeated eyes. Some of the coldness that was there earlier has dimmed. If I didn’t know any better, I swear I may see light traces of fear in her dilated pupils. It seems like the seriousness of the situation that Shelly finds herself in has finally sunk in. Maybe she now realizes that there was no way she was going to walk out of this building alive and therefore is starting to tell her the truth now that she knows what she stands to lose.

Part of me, after everything that I’ve been through, still wanted to believe that people can be good but lose themselves in the grayness of life, wanted to believe that in what could be her last moments on Earth, that Shelly genuinely felt remorse for how all of this has turned out. I want to believe that secretly she hates herself for all the blood that she has on her hands. That if she wasn’t so deep into Doyle and his organization, that the CEO would do everything that she could to make it right. If not for her own self-preservation or concern for the legacy that she has helped built for her late husband and son-in-law; but for the sake of her daughters not thinking that their mother and soon to be grandmother, wasn’t a complete and total monster. For a moment, I wanted to believe that there is something deeply embedded inside of Shelly that was worth saving and maybe working out a deal with to allow her already grieving daughters one parent left in their world.

I almost believed it too, until I looked closer and saw in her eyes that whatever I thought the CEO was feeling right now is bullshit. It’s all a performance to get me to go easier on her. She’s playing me like she plays everyone else eventually.

Only this time, I won’t let her get away with it.
I close my eyes for a moment, suddenly feeling a throbbing and piercing, rapidly shooting through my skull like a bolt of lightning shooting through a tree, causing me to abruptly turn away from the CEO for a moment. I place my hands on my temples, in a vain attempt to stop the pain. These migraines have been happening more frequently since my return to DC and they’re only getting worse as the days go on. This one slows me down for a moment, making me briefly forget where I am and what I am supposed to be doing. As I open my eyes, the low light hurts them for a moment. I take another moment to gather myself before I face Shelly again.

I gaze deeply back at Shelly’s curious gaze through my slightly blurred vision and that is when I see it. The beginnings of a smirk play across the left corner Shelly’s lips. The CEO thinks that she has the advantage now that she has shown her a little fear. She thinks that I am going to back off a little now that she has shown some submission and feigned remorse.

Shelly thinks that what I want is to dominate her. Shelly believes that once she has drummed up some sympathy for herself, then she must believe that she’ll eventually be able to talk Emily out of doing what she is doing.

I forcefully drop the CEO’s chin from my hands and storm over to the desktop. I enter the password for the computer into the home screen and watch the computer silently roar to life. I pull up a small black screen and maximize the screen. I click through some of the items from the flash drive folder and an image appears.

I turn my head and look at her over my shoulder. “I have to say McKinney, you almost had me there. For a second, I actually thought about not killing you.”

The CEO looks back at me surprised. I’ve back her up into a corner of a false sense of security. She’s exactly where I want her. *Time to go in for the kill.* “It’s a good thing I saw your manipulation from a mile away.”

I move far away enough from the desktop, just enough for the CEO to see the screen. Shelly stares at me for a second before she looks at the screen. Her eyes squint curiously for a moment before they widen. If Shelly were a cartoon character, this is the moment her eyes would have fallen out of her head. I find myself smirking in satisfaction.

*On the display, a tall, lanky young man stands in front of Shelly’s big mahogany desk between two very large, muscular men. His left leg is bounces every two or three seconds, despite the fact that the desk cuts off the rest of his legs. The young man has his head down, causing his shoulder length, flappy brown hair to cover a majority of his face.*
“You may be able to bend and manipulate people to your will Shelly.” My gravelly voice tells her ominously. “But you can’t manipulate the truth.”

The camera zooms out and a woman appears in the frame on the other side of the desk. She sees the CEO begin to shake in her chair in terror as her face comes clearly into view.

Shelly’s mouth widens and her pale face becomes paler as she watches herself place a reassuring hand on the young man’s shoulder.

“I want to believe that you’ll do the right thing Shelly. I really do.” I mock her shamelessly, hoping that this will be the thing to shake her to her core.

I watch her watch herself help the shaken young man up and out of his chair as his face come into view. His hair moves out of his face for a moment with his shiner coming into view. Shelly leads him out of her office with two big men, who look to be security, flanking her sides.

I click on the fast forward button, watching as Shelly’s skin becomes whiter and whiter as the tape fast forwards them from down the hallway all the way up until the young man, Shelly and her body guards get to the docks.

A third man, who couldn’t have been more than six feet five inches, comes into view, causing Shelly to step out of view of the camera and we watch as her two goons grab this young man by each of his arms. The third man then begins punching the young man relentlessly in the stomach as he helplessly flails his legs and tries to get out of the guards’ grips to no avail.

The third man takes out what looks to be, a silver set of brass knuckles, and punches the young man in the gut. He then punches the poor boy in the solar plexus hard, causing the young man’s nose to bust open. The third man continues to beat the young man’s face until it was almost unrecognizable.

I watch menacingly as the CEO looks like she is going hurl as she watches herself step back into view and grab the young man’s face.

I turn the volume up as far as it will go and wait for the kill.
“Tommy dear, did you really think I wasn’t going to find out what yer doing?” Shelly says in more menacingly than maternal tone that she was going for. “Working with that skin flint McDermott behind my back?”

The young man, whose eyes had already swollen shut, sputters vulnerably. “I’m sorry ma’am, I was only try to bring a little extra home for my new baby. He offered me good money- “

“And I would have offered ya more if you asked.” Shelly tells him coldly. “Now ya won’t even get to see your baby grow up.”

Shelly let’s go of the young man’s face and turns her back on him.

“Please Shelly.” The young man begs in a high pitch voice and tears begin to roll down his face as Shelly begins to stroll away. “I promise ya I won’t tell a soul about what I was doin with McDermott or what’s happenin tonight if ya just let me go home to ma wife and baby. They need me.”

Shelly turns back around and gives the young man a look that would seal his fate.

“Ya should of thought about yer wife and baby while you were sellin’ ma family’s secrets.” Shelly abruptly turns away from him and walks away.

“Clean up the mess when yer are done her, will ya boys.”

I force Shelly to watch the young man on the tapes last ten minutes. Every scream, every howl in pain, every plea from the young man for his mother, for his wife, and for his daughter. We watch the young man take his last breath as the three goons wrap his body in a blue tarp and carelessly push his body into the sea below.

The three goons joke about the young man’s stamina and how one of McDermott’s men put up more of a fight than he did. We watch as two of the lackeys’ hose down the docks, while the executioner took off with the murder weapon.

Two minutes later the tape mercifully fades to black.
“Like I said Shelly, I would have loved to believe you.” I jest with her humorlessly. “But you’re a heartless bitch who wouldn’t know what the right thing was even if it bit you in the ass.”

I close out the file and get to work on pulling up what I really want the CEO to see.”

“Just ask Tommy O’Leary.” I deadpan, leaving her alone for the moment while I work. “Oh right, we can’t because he’s dead.”

Chapter End Notes

A/N:

To my dear readers:

Let me start out with an apology for taking nearly a year to update this story. Life and writer’s block for the most part got in the way. As well as drafting outlines for some original pieces that I am working on. Unfortunately, it took me a lot longer to publish this chapter than it did my previous chapters. I promise to make it up to you guys with another chapter real soon, since I already have a few pages of the next installment written. I am also going to get you guys a one shot, set in this story’s universe, done for you guys really soon. I also have another CM story up my sleeve, starring the new Unit Chief Prentiss (which I still can’t believe is something that is happily happening in canon!)

Initially, I wanted this chapter to be longer, but I found myself working a lot faster when I broke their night down into about four chapters.

Right now, I’m churning out the next installment to this story will pick up right where this chapter left off, in which we learn a lot more about Shelly and the things that she has done. Also more Garcia-Reid-Morgan-JJ as well as a special appearance by a certain professor. Also, what is going on with Emily? Is she as stable as we are used to seeing her, considering all of the stress she has been under? Anyway, thank you guys again so much for being so patient with me and my terrible updating schedule. I promise that now that my schedule has lighten up a bit that I will be updating this story more frequently and you won’t have to wait another year for an
update. The only reason I continue this story is for all of you and I hope that this little bit was worth the wait.

Reviews and criticism is all greatly appreciated and I hope you guys enjoy the update!

With love,

The Geek in Pink

P.S.: How would you guys feel about, say a hypothetical Buffy the vampire slayer verse criminal minds story? Drop me a line if that is something you might be interested in.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!