

**The ultimate
instrument of
justice**



**Peter James Ljung
P J LJUNG**

THE ULTIMATE
INSTRUMENT
OF JUSTICE

PETER JAMES LJUNG P J LJUNG

PUBLISHED BY FASTPENCIL

Copyright © 2016 Peter Ljung

Published by FastPencil
307 Orchard City Drive
Suite 210
Campbell CA 95008 USA
info@fastpencil.com
(408) 540-7571
(408) 540-7572 (Fax)
<http://www.fastpencil.com>

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form, or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the prior consent of the publisher.

The Publisher makes no representations or warranties with respect to the accuracy or completeness of the contents of this book and specifically disclaim any implied warranties of merchantability or fitness for a particular purpose. Neither the publisher nor author shall be liable for any loss of profit or any commercial damages.

Printed in the United States of America.

First Edition

CONTENTS

Chapter 1	Justin Webber	1
Chapter 2	Two Meters Deep	11
Chapter 3	Instrument Of Justice	19
Chapter 4	Ultimate Test	25
Chapter 5	Polis Inspektör Lindström	37
Chapter 6	Death Comes At A Price	45
Chapter 7	Two For The Price Of One	59
Chapter 8	Miami Revisited	65
Chapter 9	Swift Justice With No Mercy	77
Chapter 10	Nebular 03990 !	95
Chapter 11	Revenge Is Bitter Sweet !	105
Chapter 12	Bernadette 's Death !!	121
Chapter 13	Golden Crown	131
Chapter 14	(S-P-P) SVERIGE PATRIOT PARTI ! ..	141
Chapter 15	A Good Man Departs	169
Chapter 16	A New Start Begins	177
Chapter 17	FROM THE AUTHOR	181
Chapter 18	FROM THE AUTHOR #2	183
Chapter 19	Review By Borås Nyheter	185
Chapter 20	COPYRIGHT & SWEDISH/ENGLISH WRITING STYLES	189

1

JUSTIN WEBBER

Chapter 1

Justin Webber

Göteborg present day.

One of the best eating places in Göteborg was the choice of Justin Webber. An American national, now living in one of the busiest cities in Sweden.

” Tin Tins, ” a modern cosy place, with some of the best filled sandwiches ever. Justins favourite was chicken, with a sauce filling to die for. ” To die for, ” an unusual few words, but, words that are just about to change his life forever.

Placing the delicious sandwich in front of him, the waitress smiled at Justin, and turned to head back behind the

counter. Justin smiled to him self, as he looked up and down the perfect legs walking away. He liked the good things in life, like most people, and her legs looked as good as the chicken to eat.

Justin moved over to Sweden in the mid 1990's, after his mother and father were murdered in their own home. A friend of the family invited him over to Göteborg to recover from the traumatic experience. He was 15 years old at that time. To lose one parent was devastating, but two, at the same time, was catastrophic. The scars ran deep for all these years, and the killer, or killers, were never found. Every time he heard of a murder any where, he felt sick in his stomach, and knew he was powerless over these cowardly bastard's.

Justin's job was of all things, a grave digger, in one of the biggest cemeteries in East Göteborg. On occasion's, there would be funerals of murdered victims, buried, and in time, forgotten. Where was their justice? Justin so wished he could do something to bring justice to these criminals. An old saying arises. " Be careful what you wish for, you just might get it! "

Finishing his Cafè Latè, he took his dishes over to the counter, and complimented the mid 30s looking girl for the delicious sandwich and service. He placed a 100kr note on the counter, and told her to buy a drink for her self some time. She smiled so kindly to Justin, and said - Thank you sir! Touching his hand on the counter at the same time, she drew her fingers over his, and winked at him flirting. - I will definatly be back again, he said smiling to her.

His week's vacation was nearly at an end, and he was going to spend the rest of the day looking for new work clothes, and Göteborg was fantastic for these types of product.

Looking in the changing room mirror, he was pleased at the fit body he now had. He had worked hard on his "six pack," and his long shaped legs were the correct proportion in size, almost athletic looking. His blond pony tail hanging neatly at the back of his head, towards his shoulder's. The checkered wool shirt was ideal for the up and coming cold weather, and would keep the icy winds from his skin. Spending over 3000 Kronor on work clothes was worth every cent, as the winters in Sweden can go to -35 in a very short time. People still died, no matter what the weather was, so, digging a two meter grave had to be done, even if the ground was pack ice.

It was changed day's from "The States," where "Miami" was beautiful sunshine nearly all year round. Justin spent most of his days in the summer vacations at Miami beach, hanging out with his school buddies. He remembers well the day a police officer came along the beach with a megaphone. - "Justin Webber? We are looking for Justin Webber, came the echo from the portable "Personal Address system." Waving to the officer, he pronounced he was Justin.

From the serious look coming from the officers face, Justin knew there was something wrong, but what was wrong? The officer lead Justin to the edge of the water, looked at Justin with a sadness in his eyes. - I have some bad news for you young man, and i need you to be strong.

A coldness came over him, he had this terrible feeling it was to do with his Mom or Father. The next words from the officer, confirmed his worse night-mare. - A neighbor had reported a shooting at your house, when officers arrived, they found your parents had been shot many times, and when the paramedics arrived, they declared them both deceased at the crime scene. The officer continued with the terrible news, and put his hand upon Justin's shoulder. - We have been in touch with your uncle Zac in the next state, and he is driving to us now as we speak. Justin fell to his knees, and held his face in his hands, hiding the tears now rolling down his cheeks. - Ok! We are going to drive to the police department, Address: 400 NW 2nd Avenue. - You can call any of your friends or family to give you support.

Justin was numb, from the brain down, and did not notice anything as they drove the short distance to the police precinct.

In the precinct, there were several arrested people sitting with an officer. Hookers, thieves, drunken bums, all protesting their innocents, and most of the individual officers smiling and saying. " Yeah yeah! - We heard it all before bud. " The door at the end of an office opened, and coming towards Justin, was a man dressed in civilian clothes, with an id tag clipped to his suit jacket. - Hey! You must be Justin right? Justin nodded to the man. - I am Captain Alejandro Santino, i am investigating homicide officer on your parents case, and i need to ask you a few questions that might help us catch the perpetrators of this terrible crime. The officer continued. - You want a soda?

Justin nodded as he looked at the captain with still numbness written all over his face. " This can't be happening, he thought to him self. " It was almost like living in a nightmare movie when sleeping, and he was going to wake up very soon.

Justin approached his apartment in Göteborg with several bags of new clothes, and noticed a familiar face from earlier. The legs were the first things he noticed, and as he raised his eyes higher, he could see the smiling face, it was of the waitress from " Tintins. " - You either have just moved in to one of the apartments, or you are stalking me! Justin laughed as he looked straight into her bright sparkling blue eyes. Returning the smile, and moving slowly towards him, she put her hands on his shoulders, and pulled him closer, and with that second, she placed her lips on his, and pasionatly put her tongue in his mouth, and licked his tongue and lips firmly. Dropping the clothes bags to the ground, he held her waist tightly, and moved his left hand to the back of her head, then pulled gently, so to get her lips and face closer.

- I am Bernadette! she said staring into Justins eyes. - Hi! sweet Bernadette, i am Justin. - Are we going to stand out here all day? or are you going to invite me in for a coffee? Justin jerked his head to signify going into the apartment, with his right arm around her, and all the bags in the other, they proceeded to the elevator.

Opening his apartment door, he placed the bags in the hall way, and leads Bernadette to the living area. She is amazed at his decor, as young guys usualy have a cluster of mess every where, in this case, he was tidy, clean, and realy good

taste in furniture and wall fixings, that just oozes class. The center piece had to be the three meter square aquarium expanding the length of the left wall. - Oh, how beautiful, what a fantastic amount of fish you have, she said smiling as she walked closer to get a better look. - So many different shapes and sizes, she continued. The tank had a coral center piece in the middle of the tank, with every colour available. Although Sea Anemones look like flowers, they are predatory animals, and Justin had five spieces of them attached to the living coral. Bernadette was drawn to the seven sea horses of different sizes, and a yellow one in perticular, she loved at first sight as yellow was her favorite colour. - I love your apartment Justin, she said walking back over to him. - I do not have visitors very often Bernadette, and this is my peace and serenity bolt hole, and sometimes i can gaze at the tank for a long time, up to 4 hours at a time on occasion's, and i feel a peace within me so deep, it calms my soul to the very center.

- Do i dare ask how you got my address? he smiled at her waiting for an answer. Slipping her coat off over her slender arms, she draped it over the coat rack, and moved over to Justin to sit next to him. - I saw you once many months ago, i was walking by these apartments looking to maybe lease one, but, there was none available at the time. - They are hard to get, Justin replied, now holding her hand gently, as they sat back in the deep padded couch. - When i saw you in " Tintins, " i knew it was you, and my heart skipped a few beats, i think because you are so handsome, and i would be so lucky to have a soulmate i feel you might be! Justin started to blush a little, and smiled, and

then told her. - I watched you earlier, and i could not keep my eyes off you, and as you walked back behind the counter, i was looking at the beautiful shaped legs you have, and if i was judging them, it would be 10 out of 10. She smiled more, as she placed her hand on her left leg, and slowly raised her short dress, just enough that he could see the outline of her pink underwear. - I have one more like this, she laughed, as she placed her dress down neatly. - Time for coffee, Justin laughed, and strolled into the kitchen to place the kettle in it 's cradle.

- Thank you for trusting me Bernadette, it has been a long time since i had a relationship, and i just might be a little shy! She had that beautiful smile on her face again. Replying. - I have a sixth sense when picking boy friends, and i go with my gut feelings, and i got really strong knotted feelings with you. - I feel as if i have known you before in a previous life, and now i have met you, i dont want this feeling to leave me. Placing her coffee on the glass and chrome table, she moved closer to him, and pulled his head to hers, and started to kiss him all over again. Justin started to have tingling feelings all over his body, from his toes, to his head, and all places in between. He was starting to get aroused, as she put her hand in side his shirt, rubbing his slightly hairy chest. She got her fore finger, then her thumb, gently holding his nipple, then gently twisting it so it became hard, and pointed. " What a beautiful day this was turning out to be, " he thought, as he started to un button her lacy blouse.

Bernadette stood in the bath room door way, she was wearing Justins bath robe. This robe in brilliant white, was

knee length, and made of thick fluffy strands of cloth. Her hair was shoulder length now, she had let it down when showering, and the blond strands of her hair dripped water on the robe, as she smiled at Justin. He gazed at her so intently, as he lay on the queen size bed. He was naked except for his under wear, and the skin tight cloth showed his aroused manhood to the point of Bernadette sighing, as she looked on his beautiful body. - I want you so much Justin, she said with a velvet sounding voice. She loosened the robe cord, then let it open, unwrapping her self like a present at Christmas time, showing her gorgeous legs and her tight waist, that followed by her very curved breasts. Her silky pink skin was goosebumps all over, and her hard nipples pointing towards Justin. She was certainly all woman, and Justin felt so pleased she had found out where he lived. Slowly walking on to the bed, she knelt down with her legs astride him, then took both hands and gently lowered his underwear, untill they slid off his legs. Justin could see that she was so excited, she was trembling a little, as she placed his manhood inside her aching flesh.... He held her tightly from behind, spooning her sexy butt in his lap. She was making purring type noises, as she half slept. Justin felt so happy, contented, and a new sense of good things to come with her being around. - Wake up you beautiful lady, he said, as he placed a chrome tray with coffee, milk, and sugar, with two china mugs side by side on the fleece blanket. She looked and smiled at him, sitting up with her silky butt indenting on the mattress. Justin reached to the bed side table, and took a red rose, and handed it to her. - I hope this is the first time of many

that i can make love to you again and again? - If you give me a red rose every time you make love to me, you will have to take out shares in a flower boutique! She laughed as she took the rose and placed it to her cute little nose. He leaned forward, took her delicate chin between his thumb and finger, ran his nail along her lip, then kissed her like no one had done before. They both knew from that first kiss, they had fallen for each other. No bells, or fireworks, but plenty of chill factor vibrations, and a feeling they both were meant to be close to each other. - Tell me about you Justin, she said, as she held on to his hand and looking up and down his glistening blond haired body.

Captain Santino, placed the can of soda on the desk that they were now sitting at. Opening a folder in front of him, he started to ask Justin some questions, that just might help catch these murdering thugs. - Firstly, i am so sorry for your loss Justin, and we are going to do everything we can to catch and bring them to justice. Justin had an odd tear run down his face, as he listened to the Homicide Captain. Some times he heard the questions, and other times, the Captain asked him again if he could shed any light on this horrific crime. When he left his mom and dad earlier that day, there was nothing out of the ordinary, not even a phone call, or knock on the door, no one had visited. Justin felt helpless as he nodded, shook his head, and said " No, " to many questions, 15 was a young age to be told that some one had taken his parents away from him, and they were never coming back... ..

2

TWO METERS DEEP

Chapter 2

Two Meters Deep

Bernadette had been with Justin over the last few days, and in just a short time, they were getting very fond of each other. Making the most of each others company, they were like flies to fly paper, stuck fast. Bernadette had placed a vase on her side of the bed, and in it, was eleven roses, it was so nice to see them in full bloom, and she realized that they had made love exactly the same amount of times, like he said he would, he kept his word. She knew he was a good person, she knew now of the trauma he had to bear when he was a teenager, and she knew he may be the person she could be with for eternity.

Monday morning time, and Justin kissed her as she lay sleeping. She looked so warm and inviting, but he knew he needed to move his ass to work. Starting his " SUV; " he placed the stick into drive, and headed along the road for the 15 minuet ride to the Grave yard.

- Good morning you yanky blond bastard! The voice laughed, as Justin shook his working buddies hand. Lars was one of those cheeky sarcastic type, and had worked with Justin on the graves for a few years. - So how was your last weeks vacation then? he asked, as he poured some black coffee into some tin mugs. Justin knew as soon as he told him about Bernadette, he would come up with some jokes, and usualy sexualy orientated questions. - You actualy look like your glowing, and that usualy means you scored over the week end, he laughed as Justin held his hand over his eyes and laughed. - I think this one is for keeps, he said with a smile. Most of the morning was taken up with Lars asking question after question about Bernadette, and making fun of Justins sexual arobics. Like most times, Lars changed subjects like the weather changes, and then proceeded to tell Justin about his week end.

After digging 3 graves ready for that afternoon, Justin looked at the schedule for the rest of the day, saw Lars was to dig four at the East side of the cemetery, and he was to dig three in the South side. Justin climbed into the mini digger, and fired up the engine, it purred into action and puffed out some black smoke clearing the tubes. Driving just a few miles per hour, he was looking at the graves as he drove to the next plots. One grave that always made him laugh, was the engraving on the tomb stone. It read. "

I told you i was un-well! ” with a smiley picture in yellow beside it. As he slowly guided the digger to the first grave plot, he smiled to him self as he remembered one funeral, where the deceased man had such a sense of humor, his last request was for one of his friends to dress up as the ” Grim Reaper, ” and just stand there, and that nearly started a riot with some of the mourners. Pulling up just short of the plot, he positioned the extending arm shovel just above the turf, and got out to mark the ground he had to dig up. Listening to his headphones, and his favourite music, he started to remove the earth from the area marked for the grave. The ground was quite soft, and there had not been any rain for a few days, so the earth was easy to dig. Reaching the two meter depth, he scraped the ground in the grave at the bottom to flatten the base.

Part of his job was to inspect the grave, making sure that there was no un-even areas, and making sure there were no holes in the ground out side of it, so there was no chance of mourners twisting their ankles, or breaking a leg. He unrolled some artificial grass, and placed it around the top of the grave, then jumped into the hole he had dug to test it. Taking his measuring tape out of his pocket, he measured the depth of the hole, and saw it was exactly as it should be. All the years he had been doing this now, was paying off, and it was not often he had got the depth wrong.

Justin stood at his mother and fathers grave side, and stared into the hole that had been dug earlier that day. There must have been eighty people there to pay their respects to his parents, and standing beside him was his

uncle Zac, who had picked him up from the police precinct a few days earlier. Justin was still in his numb state of shock, and still thinking that he was going to wake up soon. But, here he was, in real life, burying his dear parents, who were taken away from every one, by person, or persons unknown. At the far end of the mourners, stood Captain Santino, he was dressed in a dark black suit, and was surveying all the people there. As both coffins were lowered into the ground one at a time, and side by side, there were sobbing sounds coming from the small croud, mainly from the women, and an odd cry coming from two of the male mourners. Justin hardly knew most of them, but he knew in families that some members just showed up at funerals. ” - We lower these children of God into the earth, and ask him to take their souls into his kingdom, and wipe their tears and pain away. The priest said his Catholic ritual, then. “ **In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti.** ” Some mourners replied with “ Amen! ”

Walking away from the grave side, Justin looked back towards the last resting place of his dear mother and father, and under his breath, he said these words. ” Mom, Dad, no matter how long it takes, i will make sure the people who did this to you, will pay. ” At that point, he realized the last man standing there was Captain Santino, he waved to the officer, then turned to get into the funeral car.

Justin pulled out a tree root that was sticking out of the side wall of the grave, and when he looked back at the small hole, he noticed something. - What the..?? As he

looked closer, he was unsure at first what it was, then as he reached into the hole, he saw it was some kind of jeweled wood. He forced his fingers from both hands to pry the wood out, then as he tugged a little harder, the wood slid into the bottom of the grave. Justin stood there, he was shocked, as below him, was a miniature treasure chest type thing. It was about eight inches square, and had four diamonds in each side where the two handles were attached, they were rusty, but he knew this must be an old treasure of some kind. At the front of the chest, there was a hinged bracket, and a shiny square patch, where you might expect to see some engraving. This Patch, looked like it was brand new, and looked out of place on the box.

He peaked out of the grave, and made sure no one was around, or looking, and placed the wooden chest at the edge of the grave. Scrambling out, he picked it up, and then went to the tool box at the back of the digger to get an old towel that he used for wiping oil or dirt away.

He kept looking nervously to see if any one was around, but the grave yard was empty of any living life. Wrapping the box up carefully, he placed it in the towel, then slid the contents into the tool box, making sure he locked it first, as Lars had a habit of taking Justins tools. He was being so cautious because in Sweden, if you find anything valuable, you need to give it to the Government, and this just might contain a fantastic treasure, and he had no intention of giving it to any one.

He was getting quite excited as he wondered what could possibly be in-side. The exciting feeling was with him most of the day, and all the graves were dug, and he

started to head back to the compound where the diggers were stored. - Have you had sex in the graveyard today? Lars laughed as he continued. - You got that look on your face that says you did, Lars laughed as Justin shook his head with a smirk. A few moments later, Lars had as usual changed the conversation to suit him, and even though Justin looked like he was listening, his thoughts were of when he could rescue the box from the digger and place it in his "SUV":

Finishing off all their last minuet chores, Lars and Justin washed their hands and faces, and changed into some more casual clothes. - I'm walking over to Paddington's bar Justin, are you coming for a couple beers? - Not tonight Lars! Justin replied, - i have some stuff to sort out. Justin knew he looked guilty, but Lars was too busy walking out the door to notice. - No problemo! Lars said, and continued. - See you in the morning, we have about nine graves to do tomorrow, so early to bed after my beers. - Night Justin. Justin continued to pretend he was still washing, and sneaked a peak through the door of the work cabin, he saw him get into his car, and then drive out the graveyard.

" Good! " Thought Justin to himself, as he shut the cabin door, looked all around him again, just to check no one was watching, and walked over to the digger tool box. Pulling the wrapped item out, he again looked, with that still nervous look, and placed the item in his trunk. No one was there, no one was watching him, he knew he had to get it home and discover what was in the box.

Turning the key in his apartment door, he gently pushed the door open, then holding the box in the towel, he pushed the door shut with his back. Tonight was Bernadettes all night shift at "Tintins," so he had the place to himself. What ever was going to be found in the next ten minuets was so exciting to Justin, and he was counting the dollar's in his head, as this could be a small fortune. The four diamonds in each side, if they were diamonds, were probably seven karats in total size, so the eight of them would certainly be worth a few thousand bucks he thought.

He was so nervous, and decided not to cook any thing, he was hungry, but this was too important stopping to eat. He unwrapped the towel, then placed the box on the glass table. He was trembling as he gazed at this magnificent item. Studying the box closely, he was trying to determine how to open it, he went to the kitchen to get a sharp knife, and wet rag to also wipe the dirt off, and sat down in front of it.

Cleaning all the stubborn dirt off, he wiped it clean, and the difference was amazing, it looked brand new to a point. The handles were still rusty looking, but a little cleaner, as he looked at it in anticipation, he thought he could hear a faint humming coming from in side, but instantly dismissed that, and thought his ears were just playing tiricks on him. The square chrome looking patch was gleaming under the living room light, and again Justin had no clue as to what it was. Twenty minuets passed, as he tried every way to open the box. He tried to force it open with the knife, and attempted to force the hindges

off, but no! Nothing he tried would help it to open. He kept getting drawn to the shiny patch, it was almost like it was calling to him, "but that's not possible," he thought. As if from no-where, a thought came to him. "Place your right thumb on the square plate." Doing what he thought was a crazy thing to do, he reached forward, and placed his thumb on the patch of shiny metal.

The next sound was spooky, as the sound of humming he thought he heard earlier was back, and this time, he knew it was real, he heard it getting louder, then a little louder, almost like turning on an amplifier, and hearing the hum from the speakers. With out warning, Justin jumped up from the seat, as a pain came from his thumb, as a piercing piece of metal stabled his skin, and holding his thumb dripping with blood, ran to the bathroom to get a band aid. looking in the mirror, he had no idea why this just happened, but thought it might be some kind of booby trap when trying to open it.

" BLOOD ANALIZED, " BLOOD TYPE, A POSITIVE. YOU ARE JUSTIN WEBBER! "

Now Justin really did think he was going crazy as he ran to the box, and stared deep into it, with the now opened lid... ..

3

INSTRUMENT OF JUSTICE

Chapter 3

Instrument Of Justice

As he gained his rational thinking, Justin knew he was sane, he knew what he heard, it was just so strange to have some machine that knew who he was.

“Awaiting voice recognition. “Justin’s eyes widened in surprise, as the voice from the inside of the box spoke again. What the hell is this thing? He said aloud enquiring. ”Voice confirmed. ”I am Justice instrument 2077! State your request! Justin reached into the chest, and lifted very slowly and gently, an object that could only be described as a mixture between an ”Xbox controller, a miniature tv screen, and a small computer surfplatta. ”Justin looked at the metallic chrome looking object, he was

thinking this was something out of a science fiction movie, and again questioned his sanity.

The light reflecting from the object, was bright and hurting his eyes, so moved it slightly to the left to avoid the ceiling lighting. He could now see the object more clearly, as he gazed his eyes all around the weird gadget. At the base of this futuristic looking thing was a symbol. It was about five inches in a complete circle, with what looked like rolling waves on the inside, and encompassed the 360 degree circle. Underneath, the etchings looked like pyramids, and finally under that, was what looked like four swords crossing each other, and there was no beginning to it and no end. As Justin stared at the etched picture, he felt like he was one with the object, he felt a calmness in his mind, he knew this thing meant him no harm, and some how, this was going to change his life forever.

He thought back to a few minuets earlier, he remembered the voice asking him to "state his request." Feeling a bit stupid, he started to ask the thing some questions.

What are you?" I am justice instrument 2077, i am here to serve you, and bring justice to major crimes. Justin's face went from surprised, to confused, and decided to get the machine to clarify it self.

- When you say major crimes, what do you mean? He asked. The voice came back with. "I detect fugitives from justice, Murderers, Rapists, and administer punishment for their crimes. My system is 100% accurate, and i do not make mistakes, as my program is infallible. The human race needs help with crimes, and i am programed to do

that task, where humans can miss clues, i can detect them. Justice instrument 2077 standing by!-----”

” Wow! ” Justin could not believe all this, it was like all his Christmas gifts had come early, and ” Oh my God! ” If this thing can do what it says, then he was going to have a hell of a time with it. He walked into the kitchen with the machine still in his hand, and saw that some chrome looking bars had started to extend from the body of it, they were slightly curved, and he just knew that this had to wrap around his upper arm. He placed the machine under his shirt sleeve, and as he did, the curved bars joined together, if like magic, and no join could be seen. At the same time, it changed shape slightly, and looked just like an exercise monitoring gadget. Justin was like a young boy, he felt like he was invincible, and if this machine can do what it says it can, then he knew soon, that he was going to head for the States, and find his parents killer or killer’s.

Justin thought deeply for several seconds, he was going through so many different things in his mind. Bringing himself back to ” Is this reality? ” ” Have i finally fell off the edge of my sanity? He knew deep down, this was really happening, it was as real as the clouds in the sky. Justin was also an avid science fiction fan, but this! This was science fact, and staring at him was this gadget, that says it can detect clues to criminal cases, and solve them. ” My God! What a discovery. Speaking aloud again, he said. - I wonder if this device is ” Alien? ” Straight away, the machine answered his question. “ I have been on this planet since the year 1352 AD, i have had many controllers

like you! My designers are from an alternate dimension, their quadrant of existence is "Nebular 03990. I have been created to be the Ultimate Instrument Of Justice."

The machine's voice was calm, it was soft spoken, it pulsed a tone that could be described as soothing to the brain, almost like subliminal. Justin had this feeling that it knew everything he was thinking, his every deep secret, probing his every memory cell.

Glancing at the clock by the aquarium, he noticed that it was now the middle of the night, he was over due his bed, but he was too excited to sleep.

As the excitement grew within him, he just knew he had to try this machine out, "and the sooner the better he thought." He decided he would try it out after work the next day, but in the mean time, where was he going to hide it? Bernadette was going to return early in the morning, so it had to be hidden. Slowing his mind slightly, he looked around his apartment, and was drawn to the Aquarium. If he lifted the top panel from the tank, he could slide the chest with the machine inside the center hollow part of the coral. Closing the lid, he looked at the fish and sea horses, they almost looked sadated as a gentle hum came from the center of the tank. Smiling to himself, still with all the excitement, he thought deeply of how the next day was going to play out.

- Hello beautiful man! came from Bernadette, as she kissed him on the forehead. And why are you sleeping on the couch? she smiled as she walked towards the kitchen. She glanced at the fish tank, and said. "Good morning beautiful creatures, and how are we today? she asked as

she passed into the kitchen. A panic came over Justin as he had this fear that the machine was going to answer her! Jumping to his feet, he stood in silence, listening hard for any reply, but, then remembered that the machine was programmed for his voice, and his only. Wiping the sudden perspiration from his brow, he relaxed slightly, as the sudden fear he had, vanished as quickly as it had arrived.

If there was ever a day that went slower than time it-self, then this was the day. Work was not enjoyable this day, as all he could think about was later when he had the chance to test out the "instrument of justice." Was this real? or was this some kind of giant hoax? He thought deeply as the minuets passed, but seemed like hours....

4

ULTIMATE TEST

Chapter 4

Ultimate Test

Night time had now come to Göteborg! The hustle of people walking around the city was like electricity, sparks of life flowing through the streets of this magnificent Swedish location. Neon lights lit up the tall shopping areas, and clubs with people eagerly waiting to have their drinking and dance time. Walking slowly along the side walks, Justin stared at men and women going about there exciting night-life. Street entertainers playing many different musical instruments, each carrying their own sound, penetrating the ears, then flowing to the brain for stimulation.

As he walked, he slowly lifted his sleeve up, to reveal a little of the machine now attached to his arm. There was a pulsating running green light, like "LED" dots running back and forward over the small screen. Justin knew that it was doing something, but what? Again Justin felt like he was attached to it mentally, connected to the heart of the justice machine. His only goal now was to test, and see the results.

Anticipating Justin's thoughts, the machine started to send messages to him, not by sound, but by a form of telepathy. "Searching for fugitives!" Justin heard so clearly the words being projected to his brain, and looked at the screen to see a newly appeared diagram in thin lines, and resembled a sonar screen, just like they have in submarines. Justin walked into a red light district of the city, where hookers were there in doorways, and bars, and were plying their trade to fill their purses with money from the perves and crazies of the city. Some-one once said. "Sex sells!" They were right! This was still one of the oldest professions in the world, and even with the fear of all the sexual diseases around, people still plied their trade for money, regardless of the consequences.

Blocking his way, he saw a woman who looked like an all in wrestler, with muscles on her muscles, and a pair of breasts that would knock you out if she turned quickly. "Want to have fun with these?" she asked smiling, and looked at the large breasts in front of her. Justin smiled back at her. - Not tonight thank you, he replied, as he side stepped her and passed her now growling face. "Your loss!" she replied as she turned her back on Justin, and

walked back to the doorway from where she had come from.

Only a few minuets had passed, then with out warning, the machine spoke to Justin again. ” **Crime scene detected, analyzing data!** ” Justin stoped in his tracks, as he waited for the machine to give him more information.

” **Continue 150 meters, go down side ally.** ” He started to walk forward with a little more speed, he was perspiring a little, still excitement in his mind, as he turned the corner into the back ally. On the screen of the justice machine, an image of the ally appeared, it was identical to the exact place he was now standing. Suddenly, an amber light started to flash Intermittently, then followed by a projected light coming from the front base of the machine. A holographic display started to project itself on to the ally wall. Justin thought this part could have come straight out of ” Star wars ” movie, and pictured ” Princess Leia ” puting a message into ” R2D2 ’s ” memory slot. Smiling to himself, which was then wiped off his face, as a man and woman came into the ally. The projected images were that of a hooker, and a client who were obviously looking for a quiet place to have sex.

The man had a half burned cigarette in his left hand, and the other he held the woman close to his side. The machines sound came to Justins ears, as the mans voice asked her how much she was going to charge him? -500Kr for full sex! 350 for me just to masterbate you, she replied smiling at the man.

- What if i tell you i will screw you for nothing, then cut you up into pieces? Justin was glued to the spot he stood

in, he shivered to himself as he saw the man grab her with both hands tightly, and threw her to the ground like a rag doll. As she hit the ground with a hard thud! she fell into unconsciousness. Underneath the back of her head, blood was running along the grooves between the cobbled stones. The man took a knife from his jacket pocket, looked straight at the razor sharp blade, it was reflecting light from the ally lamp above him. The man smiled to himself in such a way, that it looked like he was a sadist, he gave a evil type laugh as he started to kneel down over the hookers body. Taking the knife closer to her clothes, he lifted her white blouse as far as he could, then cut the flowery bra from the straps. He tore at the blouse, he was like a rabid dog, even to the point he was drooling white saliva from his mouth.

He gazed at her breasts, pink and silky, his eyes slightly bulging with excitement. He tightly held her left breast in his hand, and with the other, he placed the blade of the knife on the top of her shining pink flesh. She never flinched an eye lid, as he moved the blade along her breast, the trail of blood running down her side and joining the blood trail from the wound in her head. Justin at this point felt sad, as he saw the life draining out of the young womans body. She was turning pale white as more and more blood seeped from her wounds. Blood was starting to soak in to the mans clothes, his jeans were like they had been dragged through a slaughter house, as he still smiled. raising her dress, he took hold of her underwear, then cut them away revealing her private soft flesh. More blood was gathering at her navel, then trickling down and running

between her legs. Justin did 'nt want to watch any more, but, the machine had not finished displaying the crime yet. Just before Justin threw up, he saw the man force himself on the woman, she was lifeless, he screamed with a chilling tone in his voice, as he ejaculated in side her. Struggling to breath, Justin was choking on his vomit, as he could not believe what he just saw. Silence fell around him as his ears struggled to hear anything, not even a car on the main road at the end of the ally did he hear. He was pale white, just like the poor woman he had just seen. A horrible numbness returned to him, just like when he had been told about his parents all them years ago. As he tried to compose himself, he slowly walked out of the ally towards the main road. As he suveyed the whole street, he looked at people going about their business, and thought how unreal, but real this was. This was happening, and it had happened, as he saw a police help poster pasted to the wall at the beginning of the ally. He missed this as he walked into the ally, but he sure did 'nt miss it on the way out.

" MURDER HERE AUGUST 17TH. DID YOU SEE ANYTHING?

**ANY INFORMATION TELEPHONE POLISINSPEKTÖR MAXIMUS LINDSTRÖM
KRIMINALINSPEKTÖR : : : GÖTEBORG ! "**

Looking at the poster, Justin thought carefully about sharing the information with the polis, but then decided that they would lock him up, as a prime suspect for the accurate information, and only the forensics and the killer would know the true nature of her death. " Not a good idea! " He thought.

Justin lit a cigarette, and inhaled the aromatic smoke, breathing deeply, and thinking about what he had just seen. This poor girl deserves for her killer to be brought to justice, but how was he going to achieve this with out incriminating himself?

” I am programed to help you in any way, and i can make files available, and clues to crimes can be sent via computer with out incriminating you! ” Do you wish to find the fugitive of this crime? Seeing what he had seen, of course Justin wanted the guilty man to be caught, so with those thoughts, the justice instrument spoke to him again. **” Searching!!——— Fugitive located, setting directional route———Continue walking forward towards road bridge. ”** Justin was now thinking what would he do? What would he say? If anything! Coming face to face with a killer was not the one thing he wanted to do this day, but, knew if he was going to be the girls champion, he had to face this fear and help her in any way he could. Walking towards the bridge, he took another cigarette from the pack, placed it in his mouth with his hand shaking a little, then struck the lighter flint with the button, and inhaled deeply again. Thinking all the time, and trying to figure out what he could do when and if he came face to face with pure evil itself. **” When that moment arrives, i will activate my justice systems, and the procedure will take place to dispense the correct form of punishment. ”** Everything was happening so quickly, Justin thought, and how was the night going to end? **” Justice will be served. ”** The machine answered his thoughts yet again.

Reaching the bridge, the dial on the screen went into radar mode! One of the flashing running lights went from side to side, it was green in colour. The light suddenly changed to orange, and flashing a little more faster than the green had done. A few hundred meters later, the road slightly deviated to the right, and as Justin came around the corner, he saw a bar café with all its bright lights blazing along the road. Like a very fast heart rate, the blinking light went extremely fast, and turned to red in colour. Justin knew he had to go into the busy looking pub! " This was it! he thought, as he approached the door entrance, took a deep breath in, and opened the bar door

Justin could here the thumping of his heart through his chest, it sounded like a deep jungle drum, it pounded on his chest, and the speed increased, making him a bit breathless. Approaching the bar slowly, he asked the barman to get him a large beer, and a whisky chaser. - You sound a little out of breath sir! the barmen said, then pointed to the machine on Justins arm which was showing slightly. - Do these monitors bring you back to life if your heart stops? laughed the barman. Justin smiled through his nervousness, then picked up the beer, and took a big swallow, it cooled his throat, and ran into his stomach, which was now feeling like it had knots inside it. The cold beer hit the spot, and wiping the foam away from his mouth, he glanced around the packed bar.

A bar stool became available, as a man got up and left, Justin sat quickly before any one else could take it. Nursing his beer with both hands, he surveyed the people in the bar area looking just over the rim of the glass. The

foamy beer was leaving a scum mark around the glass, as the beer was getting less and less as Justin drank and looked slowly all around him.

The voices from all the customers were deafening, as each tried to talk louder so they could be heard. At the far end of the bar from Justin, he could see a man sitting with his glass of whiskey, this man was unshaven, long shoulder length hair which did not look like it had been washed in months. As Justin looked more closely at him, the machine spoke to him in thoughts. ” **Fugitive identified..... Do you wish to administer punishment now?** “ Not knowing what the hell this machine was going to do, Justin panicked at the thought of this thing using some kind of ray gun on the man. ” **Ray guns are for movies! I am the Ultimate dispenser of justice, and i will serve your command. When you are ready, just say Activate Justice punishment 2078!** Justins eyes bulged in his head as he heard those words, he was going to have to tell the machine himself to do what ever it was going to do. Maybe it would subdue the fugitive with a tranquiliser or seditive, maybe a stunn of some kind, what ever it was, Justin was nervous about the whole situation. Bringing him self back to his reality, Justin looked as the man got up from his bar stool, then turned to head for the Toilets behind him. This was the time! It was now! Justin thought as he also raised his body and headed for the toilets behind the man.

As Justin opened the toilet door, he gazed inside as he moved towards one of the stainless steel urinals. With the mirror in front of him on the wall, he used it to survey the

wash room. Standing at the far end, the man he was following, stood, relieving himself of his alcohol. The man looked over at Justin, and quickly looked away again. Zipping up his trousers, the man started to head back towards the exit. The man side glanced Justin as he walked passed him. Justins heart was racing fast as he knew he needed to take action now, or it was going to be too late. " Activate justice punishment 2078! " Came the words from Justins mouth. The man stoped, turned towards Justin. - What the fuck did you just say? the man said angrily with his face glaring at Justin with a twisted look. In a split second, a powder blue light pulsated in a fan shape over the man. Struggling to move, he looked like he was paralyzed, he was fixed to the spot he stood in. A fear came over the mans face as he attempted to break free from what ever crazy thing had him. Moving his mouth was the only thing he could do, but when he spoke, his words were coming out quiet, as if he had a silencer on his vocal chords. Justin was shaking with not knowing what was to happen, and how this was going to play out. - What do you want? what 's happening to me? the mans voice shook with fear as the two men looked directly at each others eyes. Justin spoke directly at the man, and asked the question. - Have you murdered any women lately? Looking back at Justin, the mans eyes opened wider, at that point he knew exactly what Justin meant. You could see the puzzled look on the mans face as he tried to figure out how Justin knew. The light was still pulsating, it kept him in his space, and as justin thought back to what he had seen earlier, he got angry. _ You rape a woman, you then mutilate her body

with a smile on your face, and watch her die as her blood drained from her body. - You sick bastard! You had no right to take that young womans life. The man still staring at justins eyes looked more afraid now, and muttered a few more words. - So arrest me, and they will say i am insane! I will get 5 to 10 years, then let me out for good behavior, the mans face looked twisted with his fear. At these words, Justin was enraged! He had got the confession from the man, openly admitting his guilt. ” **Ready to administer justice! Do you wish to proceed?** “ Justin flinched as the machine asked the question. What was going to happen? How was the justice machine going to deal with this? With those thoughts, the machine answered again. ” **Request to demonstrate! I will reveal the answer!** ” Justin got a little spooked as again the machine knew what his thoughts were. - What the fuck is that thing on your arm? Who are you? Asked the man, who now looked like he was going to burst into tears with fear. - I am here to help people like the one you murdered, and this machine will help with that. Puzzled, the man smirked a little, then asked. - Whats it going to do? Disintegrate me? ” **Alan Iseburg, you are a rapist, and a murderer. You will pay the price for the crime. Teresa Ljung will be avenged!** ” In the next split second, a red flickering beam of of light landed on the mans trousers, right where his private parts were, followed by a faint buzzing sound, and then followed by a scream that would have woken the dead! “AHHHHhhhhhhh! Justin looked on in disbelief as the mans groin area started to bleed profusely! Almost like some one had thrown a bucket of

blood over his lower part of his body. The man was in agony, he was shedding tears as he tried to break free his restraint. With a few seconds passing, Justin looked to the floor where a pool of blood was gathering in front of him. Justin once again wanted to throw up as he saw in the middle of the blood pool the mans testicles and penis! ” **Final stage! Alan Iseburg. Justice administered!** ” For a split second, Justin panicked as he thought someone could walk into the toilet area at any time. Before he finished that thought, the red pulsing light moved to the mans forehead, blood filled the mans white bulging eyes, it filled every area of his eye sockets, as the man became lifeless, but still standing up straight in the restraining beam. ” **Justice instrument 2078, punishment complete!** “ Backing slowly away from the extending blood pool, Justin had to move quickly out of the toilet area. ” What if he was caught here right now? ” He thought quickly for an escape rout. One thing he did ’nt notice when entering the rest room area, was at the far end of the urinals, was an emergency exit, and with out thinking he ran to the door forcing the emergency bar on it down and forward. Finding him self in another back ally, he ran quickly to the light at the end, stumbling a little with the speed, he composed him self as much as he could, as he entered the main road along from the bridge. At a further distance from the bar, he stood at a parked dump truck, and shaking, he lit another cigarette, drawing hard on the smoke he was inhaling. He crouched down towards the ground, like a tight ball, and could not believe that he was partly responsible for the mans death.

” He asked him self, 2078? That means that it was counting up every time it dispensed justice! ” White and shaking with fear, Justin moved quietly out of the area before all hell was going to break loose! ...

5

POLIS INSPEKTÖR LINDSTRÖM

Chapter 5

Polis Inspektör Lindström

Justin looked at him self in the mirror of his bathroom as he waited for the shower to heat up. He looked pale as he checked to see if there was any blood on his clothes. Not a single spot could he see, not even on his black shoes. Still shaking, he slowly removed his clothing, then walking into the shower nakid, he stood there trying to warm him self up. As he shook, the drops of water vibrated on his arms, he looked down where the justice instrument had been attached, no marks, no sign anything had been there, but Justin knew what had taken place. His thoughts went

back to him entering the apartment, and going straight to the fish tank corral to hide the machine again. The warm water was having a slight effect on his cold shivering body, as he stood there motionless wondering what was going to happen next.

Sliding the shower door open slowly, Bernadette stepped into the shower behind him, it took a couple of seconds before he realized she was there. Placing her arms around his waist, she picked up the block of soap and started to wash and lather him slowly. She put her hand with the soap around his butt, then moved her hand so she was slightly touching his manhood. Her finger nail ran gently over his raising flesh, it pulled in front of them, as she held tightly and squeezing it so it became harder.

- You seem a bit tense Justin! She said, still holding him in her hand. - Oh just been a strange day, he replied squeezing her hand around his penis so the blood flowed more. His thoughts ran in his mind, as he could still see the mans penis and testicles lying in the pool of blood. - I feel so low at the moment, he held her close as the soapy bubbles slid their bodies together with her private flesh rubbing along his throbbing flesh. Still thinking, he felt so damn guilty, as if he had murdered this man, but trying to shake that thought off, he knew he was only dealing justice with this machine. How could he justify this action? he kept beating himself up with every negative thought. - Maybe you are sickening for something! She said carressing the wet body. She kissed him around the chest, with water flowing over her head and face, then kneltdown so she could kiss the lower regions.

Running the thick pile towel over his body, she moved her hands slowly as to make him feel good, and pressed gently on his groin, as she dried his pink flesh. - I might just take a couple extra days from work and go visit my friend in Borås. - Ya! do that, a change is good as a rest! She said smiling and kissing him on his lips. Continuing, - But you need to make love to me before you go anywhere, she smiled again with her eyes sparkling with the thought of feeling him inside her again.

Inspektör Maximus Lindström stood one meter away from the corpse in the mens room of the pub. He looked puzzled as he gazed at the dead man in the blood. There in front of him lay the penis and testicles soaked in his own blood, the blood was looking thicker now as it dried in the air of the wash room. A police man stood next to him looking as puzzled as the inspektör, wondering how the hell he could have his parts cut away from his body, and yet, the jeans he wore had still been on and zipped up. There was no tares in the fabric, and no sign of a struggle. The biggest puzzle of them all was how the hell did this man meet his death with his body still standing up? The inspektör looked closely at the blood filled eyes, with some blood that had dripped like tears over the mans unshaven chin. Blood droplets were thick and still now, as he looked up and down the mans lifeless corpse. A Polis photographer flashed all around the crime scene making sure he had every angle of and around the body. The barmen in the main bar was drinking a large whiskey as the inspektör walked towards him preparing to ask the important questions.

The inspektör stared the barman straight in the face, as he asked the man his first question. - You told my officer that no one heard any screams or shouts, so how the hell did a man get his balls and dick cut off with out anyone hearing a thing? - Take your time, as i have all the time in the world, and you better tell me everything that happened up to 15 minuets before the body was found! The barman started to say how the bar was quite busy, and that he only noticed the murdered man getting up to go to the toilets. He was busy serving drinks, and had his back to the bar area as he did so. - Do you have close circuit cameras in the bar? The inspektör asked as he looked up at the cieling and around the bar walls.- Just the one up in the down lighter over the drink display, and only to cover any one near the cash register, in case of theft. The inspektör looked up at the direction of the camera, then as his detective mind looked, he saw the mirrors above the till, and wandered if the camera had caught anything from the reflection. - I need to see the nights footage of the till. - Is it dvd? Or memory card? He asked looking back at the barman. - It's memory card, replied the barman. As the barman went to the office to get the memory card, the inspektör was trying all the bar stools to see the different angles the camera might have picked up on. Placing the card on the counter in front of the inspektör, he asked if there was anything else for now? Answering him, inspektör Lindström told him to be near in case of any more questions.

Pushing the memory card into his laptop, he waited for the program to load, which only took a few seconds. He

scrolled back until he saw the murder victim sit down on the stool at the far end of the bar. Judging the guy, he thought to himself if this guy wasn't a criminal, he would jump off the dock at the ferry terminal. His sharpness for detail was second to none, he was quick thinking, smart, and had a nose for inner instinct! Interrupting the inspektör, a police officer brought a plastic evidence bag and placed it in front of the laptop. "We found this knife in the back pocket of the victim's jeans, and it is not the murder weapon, it doesn't have any blood on it sir!" Looking right back at the officer, he sneered at the officer. "Are you a forensic expert?" - No sir, came the reply. Then get that bag to forensics to get tested, and do not assume anything you flat foot cop." Some times, the inspektör had some choice words for officers who assumed, as he told himself many times, "Assuming is a fucked up word that should never be used, especially in murder investigation's.

Walking back into the toilet area, the forensic doctor was pulling the man's jeans down to examine the wounds on the body. - Any idea doctor? The inspektör asked. Looking over the rim of his glasses, the doctor looked closely at the groin area, where the penis and testicles were severed from the body. - I have never seen anything like this before in my life, the cut is more like a laser cut, and has burnt skin fused together over the whole area. Continuing. From first impressions, the first few seconds would have caused half his blood to be pumped out, then the extreme heat has sealed it shut, in English terms, this is called cauterized, so there was just enough blood to keep him alive

for a few moments. - His eyes are filled with blood, so to me, the brain has just exploded in side the skull, i wont be able to tell fully until i have done the post mortem.

Two forensic officers were placing the corpse on the stretcher, as inspektör Lindstöm watched them take the body out side to the waiting black morgue van. There was flashing of camera guns, as reporters were surrounding the cordoned off polis crime scene tape. One reporter ducked under the tape to get a closer picture of the corpse, and was quickly man handled back and put behind the polis line.

Sitting back down at a bar table, the inspektör opened his lap top again, pressed the play button, then watched as the seconds counted upwards on the screen. As the murder victem walked to the toilet door, 27 seconds passed, when the camera had caught a blond pony tailed man walking towards the same door, hesitated for a couple of seconds, then went through the toilet door. He could only see the back left side of the suspect, but his gut feeling told him, this was the man he was going to pursue.

Running the recording forward, he saw after 10 minuets, another man going into the rest room, and then run back out to raise the alarm. The inspektör knew the blond suspect was the killer, as he did not come back out the same door.

Calling to the barman in the staff room, the inspektör indicated for the man to come sit down at the table, then turned the laptop towards him, then pointed to the blond guy walking into the toilet. - Do you remember him? The barman looked closely at the screen, then said. " Yeah! I

remember him, he was sat down the opposite end to the murdered guy, but i did 'nt see him get up, and come to think of it, i did 'nt see him leave the bar either. " - Ok! If i need you to identify this guy, do you think you could pick him out of a line up? No problem! The man smiled as he thought he had said something right for the inspektör. - One last thing before you go. Did anyone sit down on that bar stool when you saw that it was empty? Answering the detective again, the barman looked deep in thought as he said. " No! I remember now seeing the guy's beer glass, it still had some in it, so i did not lift the glass untill after the customer found the body. " - And you probably washed all the glasses waiting for the polis to arrive, right? " The man nodded with a guilty expression. - Fine! You can go for now, and the barman stood and started to walk towards the back exit through the staff room. At the door, the barman turned, then stated. " Oh! There is one more thing, the guy with the pony tail spoke with an American accent! The inspektörs eyes widened as he heard these words, then raised his eye brow to signal his brain thoughts. " No wonder he is just a barman, he thought, there is more brains in my little finger than his head. Geeeez! "

Standing at the place where the suspect had sat, Maximus crouched down to bring his head level with the underneath of the bar counter, he saw finger prints all over the area where the stool had been, then hoped that the forensic guys could get good prints from that area. - Dust for prints here, and let me know in the morning if any good ones come up, he said talking to one of the forensic staff.

Raising his voice slightly to one of his officers, he told him he was heading home, and to bed, he needed to rest his brain to enable his expertise to be fresh for the next day.

7 am sharp, and inspektör Lindström pushed open the corridor doors and entered the office areas. - Good morning sir! Greeted him as he walked through to his own office. The polis woman smiled at him as he placed the laptop, and his brief case on his desk, then headed to the coffee machine. Pouring the black gold into his cup, he raised it to his nose to get the aromatic smell, that usually works wonders for him, and to day was no different. - Forensics have left a report on that knife that was found in the bar last night, and i think you should read it straight away sir! She smiled as she closed the office door behind her. Opening the file, he saw two pages of writing in the report, and started to read.

” The report on the knife found on the male murdered in last night ’s homicide is as follows. ”

” Under ultra violet light, the blade was examined closely, and blood particles were discovered. After analyzing the samples, the results show that the blood is not of the victim, however, after running the samples through the data base, the blood test came up with a match for murdered victim Teresa Ljung, who was murdered on 17th August this year! ”

” Oh my God!! ” gasped the inspektör, as he spluttered out some coffee from his mouth.

” I have got a fucking Vigilante on my hands!! “

6

DEATH COMES AT A PRICE

Chapter 6

Death comes at a price!

Justin sat on the edge of the bed, again he saw his reflection in the mirror, and still looking pale with the horrible guilt feeling. He was starting to feel he had unleashed a monster, then thought back a short time, to the time he wanted justice for murderers. "I have become Judge, Jury, and executioner," he thought as he raised his body to go to the bathroom.

Holding his cell phone to his ear, he stood silent as the ringing tone echoed in his ear drum.

- Good morning! Thank you for calling Mumster's, Rickard speaking! Hi Rickard, it's Justin, How's it going? Justin and Rickard had become good friends for a few years, when they had met in Stockholm at a concert with 3 rock groups performing. They were always glad to catch up when they talked, and Rickard started to tell him how he had just started a new concept.

- It's real good to catch up with you Justin, Rickard said, as he told him of the new baguette butik in Borås, which was only about 45 minuets from Göteborg. - My brother Roger and i started up in June this year, and the business is going great! - Good for you my friend, i was wondering if i came down to chat, and maybe stay for a couple day's, that you might put me up if you have the space? - No problem Justin, you can come down as long as you need buddy! Fantastic! Justin replied. - I will be down in the morning tomorrow, so will see you about 11am.

Justin knew he had to get away for some kind of rest, if it was going to be a rest. The events over last few day's have played heavy on his mind, and his sanity. He knew he was sane now, and this thing was in his life, so he needed to decide if he was still going to use the justice machine.

Packing his back pack, he looked over at the fish tank, then decided to leave the machine in it's hiding place. The elevator door opened, and as he went to walk in, he stoped, then turned and headed for his apartment again. He was starting to get a little obsessed with this machine, then thought how if he could solve other crimes that the polis could not, then it justified the action he was taking. " I

need to help these victims, ” he thought, placing it in the pack.

Heading along the motorway, he was thinking about what the machine did to the murderer, and how was this possible? How could it dispense all this powerful energy? Not knowing the answer, but, Justin started to feel he was some kind of avenging angel, and was standing up for the murdered souls. The justice machine did not speak, it did not send a thought to Justin's brain, and that brought a calming effect to him, and right now, he needed that.

Hugging each other, Justin was so pleased to see Rickard, and walking into the new butik, Rickard could 'nt wait to show him around. - Wow! Justin said with wide eyes, this was a very smart and double floored butik. - The feedback comments have been awesome Justin, and we have trebled our takings in just a few months, and i will show you some of our filled baguette 's which have given us the best part of our profits. Justin certainly liked filled sandwiches, but, it would be hard for them to beat ” Tin Tins ” back in Göteborg, he smiled to himself as he was lead to the kitchen. _ Hello Justin, came the voice by the cooker, it was Violette, Rickard and Rogers ” Moster “(Aunty) who was apparently there alot to help the boy's out in busy times.

Cutting small portions of the baguette, Rickard placed some of the delicious looking fillings on each individual piece, then asked Justin to try them all, and placed a glass of water beside the plate so he could rinse his mouth after each one. When he got to the last one, it was a Råkröra topped with extra Råkor, and, ohh my God! This was like

tasting heaven, it melted in Justins mouth, and the flavours coming through in the taste buds was exciting, to say the least. - This one is fantastic Rickard! He said with a huge smile on his face. All in, every filling was top of the range in quality and when he saw one of the biggest baguetts going out to the butik, he could not believe his eyes at the size of it. - People have commented as far as Stockholm, and we have done hardly any avertising, so word of mouth goes a long way when food is this good. Rickard and Roger were very proud of their concept, and were even more excited at the prospects of expanding, sooner than later.

As Justin moved the last part of the delicious baguette towards his mouth, the Råkor and Råkröra slid down his throat like fingers being placed in a silk glove, smooth and full of tasty heaven. Feeling very good for the boy's, Justin was told that they hoped to have many " Mumster Butik 's " up and running in the next two year's, and even being as big as " Burger King, " " Mc Donalds, " and " Kentucky Fried Chicken. " - If i know you and Roger, you will do it Rickard, he said smiling.

Rickard handed justin a set of keys, and showed him on a map where his new house was. - The new basement apartment has been finished, so you can stay in there, and i put some food in the refridgerator for you, so you do 'nt go hungry, Rickard laughed as he knew Justin certainly liked to eat good. Hugging Rickard and thanking him, he walked through the magnificent butik, passed through the chiming door chime, and left in his " SUV: "

Unpacking his few clothing items, he placed them in the walk in closet. For a moment, he had forgotten the machine, he lifted it out from the bag and placed it on the single bed. Justin stared at the shiney metal in front of him, he was wondering what crime he might discover in Borås!

Leaving his SUV at Rickards house, he ordered a taxi to go to town, and then would see what the night would reveal. He glanced down at the justice machine around his arm again, it was pulsing the chasing green light, side to side it went, as it did previously. " Searching for crime scene´s. " Came the voice from the now activated justice machine. Knowing what Justin was thinking, this clever piece of metal guided him to exactly where he needed to be.

Justin leaned over a railing by the river in town. As he looked behind him, he heard many voices coming from the bus stands depot. Several busses passed to and from the terminals, quickly picking there passengers up, then moving on. " Crime scene detected. " Justin looked at his arm, the machine was pulsing steady, the light just blinking at the spot he was standing. Staring at the river before him, he gazed into the dark water slowly moving. The leaves in the water floating on the surface, gently rotating and being blown by the slight wind running the length of the river. Ripples could be seen, as at times the wind blew stronger for a few seconds, then died down to a gentle breeze. As Justin stared at the water, three small ducks paddled in front of him, looking up at him as they swam by, probably looking for bread that some people would throw to feed them. Suddenly! His mind became a

movie screen, as the machine was now projecting images of the spot he was standing. This time it was different, there were no holograms in front of him on any walls, but was being passed to his inner mind, but with crystal clarity. Justins eyes were like they were looking backwards, and inwards as the new crime was starting to play just like a " TV Crime show, " but this show was for real, and deadly.

The first image to go to Justins mind was of two men, both in their early 30s, they were holding a large black cloth bag, it was about two meters in height. They were in a deserted factory building, and started to walk towards a girl, probably about 18, she was sitting with her hands tied behind her back. Her once very pretty face was covered in small cuts, and slight blood trails running from them. Her eye make up was running from the tears she was shedding, and streaked her cheeks as the mascara mixed with the blood spots. Once again, a evil looking smile came from one of the two men, he was probably the eldest of the two, and took control over the second man. - You can go first Steven, and i will finish her off! The voice sent more chills through Justins body, was this the way most killers were? Were they this perverted and evil as they carried out these horrific crimes? Justin felt sad again for the girl he was watching as the first man pushed her body to the ground and started to rip her jeans and underwear from her body. She screamed loudly as the man forced her legs apart, then started to rape her for several minuets. She sobbed and looked so frightened as the second man undid his zipper, then lay on top her, making her cry even more, then with

desperation, she managed to land a foot in his groin, she connected her pointed shoe with his testicles, he let out a cry of pain, and at the same time, he forced himself inside her again, this time with angry eyes, and an extra strength from his body pushed her closer to the cold concrete floor. As she lay there, cold, petrified, and unsure what they were going to do next, she managed to scramble to her feet, her shaking legs trying to build up the speed in them to carry her to the double factory doors a few meters away. Her attempt was in vain, as the older man jumped on her, and the force pushed her on to the ground again. - Where do you think you are going ? Bitch! He shouted as she sunk her teeth into his arm. With that second, the second man swung a metal bar as he stood over her head, then, brought the bar crushing down on her skull with bones cracking under her hair, she gazed lifeless at the ceiling in the roof. The older man put his hands tightly around her throat, then squeezed hard, he had to make sure she was not going to walk away from this. He stared at her body, they both knew she was dead, and now with that realization, they had to get rid of the body.

Looking all around them, they stood at the river railing, they had brought along two big suit cases and the large black cloth bag, so if any one was watching, or passing by, they would just think they were waiting for a bus or taxi. Twenty minutes previously, they had placed her body in the bag, and added four concrete blocks, as their next task was to throw the bag into the river. This would certainly weight the bag down, and maybe no one would discover the body ever, or not for a long time, and then destroying

any "DNA" evidence. The rail at the river was high enough at the bottom, so they put their feet firmly on the bag, then forced the bag under it, and watched as the bag splashed in the water, then sank quickly. With just some little air bubbles breaking the surface, they knew that it was time to leave, slowly picking up a suit case each, and walked out of the bus area.

Justin felt cold, he felt shocked and sad as once again he had witnessed murderous hands at work. "This world is so full of evil." He looked at the water again, then knowing exactly where the bag was, he spoke gently to the submerged corpse in the bag. - I am going to get these scum who did this to you, and then i wish for you to rest in silent peace!

"Do you wish to find the fugitives?" Justin had no hesitation before saying quickly! - Find these murdering scum now!

A sense of responsibility came over Justin now, he for once in his life was doing something worthy for murder victims, and this machine was now a focus point, it was a instrument for putting things right, where the law had failed. - Hello mr handsome guy! I was just wandering how you were in good old Borås? Came the voice from Bernadette through his cell phone. - Hi! he replied trying to put a happier tone to his voice, so she would not detect any problems, and especially not knowing what he was doing. - I am just in town looking for a nice woman to go home with! She laughed as she knew he was kidding her. - Things are good, and i met Rickard earlier, he and Roger are doing great, and their butik is fantastic, i am sure they

are going to do well. - I miss you all ready! she said with a sad tone in her voice. - Only a few days, then you can have me all to your self, he replied. With a reply from her that would have made a monk blush, he laughed, then told her to be good.

Bringing him back to the present time, the machine sent him messages again, this time with directions to find the fugitives. ” **Continue 8.5 kms South untill you come to Rydboholm.** “ Knowing he had to get a taxi there, he walked the short distance to the main taxi rank, then sat in the back seat of the first taxi, and asked the driver to take him to that area. The driver did not take long to go the short journey, and asked ” where to let Justin off? ” Hearing what the driver had asked, the machine sent thoughts again, and told him to ” **stop at the first railway crossing.** ”

Paying the driver, Justin watched as the car did a U turn, then faded into the night along the dark road, surrounded only by tall trees and some rabbits searching for food.

The night was very quiet, and Justin started to adjust his eyes to the blackness around him. There was the odd animal sound rustling in the forest, but if you had dropped a small pin, you would have heard it for miles. Looking over the railway crossing, he could just make out some house lights on a steep hill ascending up some granite rocks. Slowly walking up the hill, he was careful not to trip over any wood or stones, with eyes now watching the machine on his arm, he saw the blinking of the light, it was now pointing straight ahead, Justin knew he was close to the fugitives home. In the still of the night, he could hear

his breathing, it sounded like thunder in the distance, and trying to control every breath and doing it as quietly as possible.

Justin stood just a few meters away from the front door, his heart started to race faster as he tried to gather his thoughts.

A cold chilling feeling pressed on the back of his neck, followed by a voice he recognized. - You better be lost, or a policeman! The voice echoed around the front yard of the house then he slowly turned around to see one of the fugitives staring directly into his eyes. Once again, he saw evil facing him, only this time, the man was holding a sawn off shot gun. - What the fuck are you doing here? The man demanding an answer. ” **Do you wish to activate?** “ The wave thought came straight into justins mind, and without thinking replied. ” Activate. ” A beam of light came from the justice machine, it surrounded the man just like it had done on the last murderer. The man was frozen to the spot, he struggled to move, but only his mouth and eyes were not restricted. Justin turned his body to the left as a mans voice came from the doorway, he was heading straight for Justin, then reached down to his waist fumbling for a pistol wedged tight into his jeans. He raised the pistol to Justins head, then shouting, justin commanded the machine to ” Activate ” again. A second restraining beam shot from the machine, once again the man could not move, and was glued to the spot he stood in. Justin stepped back a few paces, then surveyed the scene.- What the fuck is going on? The first man demanded to know, then a second later, a hologram pro-

jection shon between the two men. The two men watched with horror as their rape and murder was played out right in front of them. They watched and said nothing as the machine captured every detail, then showed the men their crime. Still confused, the men looked at each other, then Justin. - Does that answer your question? Justin asked with a stern voice. They still never said anything, they looked so guilty, but then they had been caught. The first man then spoke quietly to Justin. - We want a lawyer, he demanded. With a return look, Justin gazed straight into the mans eyes. - What 's going to happen next is not going to need a lawyer, so if you believe in a God, you better have answers to why you raped and murdered this young girl. Justins anger started to raise again, then looked at the machine on his arm and stated without blinking. " Activate Punishment. " Two red beams of light shot from the machine, one to each of the men. The beams caused screams in both men as blood soaked the mens trousers. A small thud could be heard as both the testicles and penises fell to the ground at the same time. Seeing two evil grown men cry was not a pretty sight, but this is what they got for taking that innocent girls life. The blood pools were trying to run along the path, but only a few centimeters, then it soaked into the ground like a large sponge. The red beam stoped, then shon on the heads of the murderers. With a snapping sound, both the mens heads exploded with skull bones sticking through their hair. It was almost like a small hand grenade had exploded within them. They became quiet, their eyes filled with blood and started to run from the sockets. Justin stood and watched, he now had no

remorse for what he was seeing and doing. The beam from their heads stopped again, then finally, the beam shone around the men's throats, their throats were being squeezed by a hidden force, and when the light had finished its work, all you could see was a skeleton bone with tight stretched skin around it. ” **Justice punishment 2079 & 2080 completed.** ”

Staring at the open door, he was curious as to how the two men lived, what were their habits? The fear had left him now, he was satisfied, satisfied to the point he was starting to feel good that punishment had come to scum like these men. Walking through the door, he looked around the large living room, then his eyes opened wider as he saw two girls about the same age tied to a chair each. Both girls in their early 20s, both had been crying, they had a cloth gag in their mouths, their eyes were sad and frightened, they stared at Justin as he looked on in disbelief.

Untying the two girls' hands, then giving them some water, they were so grateful to Justin. He sat on a third chair, thinking as to what was going to happen next.

- What has happened to the men? asked one of the girls. - When you leave the house, try not to look at them, they are standing outside, but they can't hurt you any more. Justin continued. - I want you to call the police 10 minutes after I leave, and tell them the truth, and I am writing down details of a murder they committed in Borås, the location of the woman's body in the river by the bus depot! These men just paid the full price for their crimes, and you girls were certainly going to be next! The girls looked horrified when he said that, but knew Justin had saved their lives.

With a shaking hand, one girl reached to Justin, stroked his face, and thanked him again. Smiling back at the girls, he walked through the door and past the two men, they were lifeless, slight blood still oozing from their wounds, and standing stiff upright. Walking slowly to the train crossing, Justin knew that within the next few minutes, the whole surrounding area was going to be covered with police cars and ambulances. Sitting on the rail track, he sat and knew his life was just about to get messy and! Headlights came towards him, this was it, he was done for. Flashes in his head told him he was just about to go to prison for the rest of his life, with shame brought to any family members still alive. The car pulled up along side Justin, he heard the sound of the window winding down, the window stopped half way, then he heard a voice he could not believe. - Going my way? Justin looked up and saw staring at him, the last person he thought he would see. " Bernadette!?? "

... ..

7

TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

Chapter 7

Two for the price of one

Justin sat opposite Bernadette, they looked with smiles at each other. Stretching towards Justin, she held his hand tightly, her eyes shining bright with the apartments lights. His mind drifted back to the railway track, and Bernadette saying "hello!"

-Going my way? Bernadette!!?? Justin jumped quickly into the car, this was the first he knew she had a car, and what the hell was she doing on this dark road where he had just taken action on two murderers? She drove at a good pace, and did not speed as they went along the forest

filled area. Suddenly, they saw several police cars heading towards them, their blue lights blazing in the night air. Sirens howling as they got closer, then passed them. Justin looked behind them as they still drove in the other direction. Soon the blue lights went from their view, then darkness behind them again. Bernadette very quickly leaned over to Justin, then kissed his cheek. Staring at her, he was waiting for an explanation! She looked down at her right arm, and when Justin followed her eyes, he saw half way up, the identical metal shape that he was wearing! - I have known since the first day you met me at "TinTins," my machine told me that a second device was going to be found very soon, and the new wearer was going to be you - So i had to make sure you were going to be ok with it, and safeguard you from any possibility of danger. - My justice machine also has a link to your's, and allerts me to where you are. - On the night you went into the ally, then found the murderer in Göteborg, i was watching as you went into the bar. The machine carried on to tell me you would be coming out the back ally of the pub, so i knew i had to make sure you were safe then!

- How long have you had your machine? Bernadette smiled again. - Just over 13 months, and i have been to 11 crimes, and each time the justice machine dealt with the criminals who had raped or murdered. - Many times i felt lonely and afraid, i was unsure if to carry on after the first time, but, i knew like you, that if bringing the criminals to justice was the right thing to do, i had to carry on. - I judged myself many times, but my gut feeling was to help the victems, as our own justice system has broken down. -

Many murderers are some times caught, but then they may be only get 12 years in prison, and some let out after 5 or 6 years, which is no comfort for the victim or the family left behind. Justin knew what she was saying, he knew the feelings attached to all this, and now knew he was no longer alone.

- I fell for you when we met, and knew you were a person i could trust, i just needed to wait for the right moment to tell you, so Justin Webber, you and i are deep in the shit together. Looking at each other, they moved towards each other again, then passionately kissed and held on tightly. During the ride back to Rickards apartment, Justin called him to say Bernadette had arrived unexpectedly, and if it was ok for her to stay? " Of course she can! " Rickard had answered.

At the apartment, they spoke of their encounters with criminals, and how they felt on each occasion, going over in detail how horrified they were, and then getting that deep guilt feeling of remorse.

Hugging each other close, they fell into a calm sleep, and enjoyed a peaceful night.

On awakening to the sound of the TV, Justin forced his eyes open to hear a special Polis report from Borås! Bernadette was holding a cup of coffee, and looked at Justin as she said. " You made the news last night honey! "

" From Borås, we can now hear from Inspektör Patrick Jönsson in charge of the case! "

" I have to report the two murders of two middle aged men from Rydboholm, who were found deceased at their home last night. On arriving at the murder

scene, we found two young women who had alerted us to the crime, and appears that they had been held against their will at the location. An unidentified man in his mid thirties rescued the girls, and told them to call the Polis. The man left the area quickly, and the first reports we have are that we have discovered a womans body from the river in town at the bus depot. The man involved told the girls that the two murdered victims had carried out the crime, and where the body could be found. This information has turned out to be correct, and we urge this person to come forward to assist us in our investigation! The man is said to have a deep Irish accent, long dark shoulder length hair, and has a scar on on his right cheek about 5 cmtrs. ” The TV screen then went to cameras over looking the river in Borås, and crime scene tents erected around the area.

Bernadette turned to Justin again. - The girls are protecting you Justin! she said with a smile. - They were certainly grateful for you rescuing them, and giving false clues about your accent and scar, which you dont have. - If you had not come along last night, i would be awaiting jail now, so that is one good thing about this all, other people are glad these two guys are dead.

- When i think about how this machine is swift and quick with the justice, i hardly have time to think about it all, untill i relax, then the adrenalin seems to kick in even more, like a panic attack making me shake like a washing machine. Bernadette looked at him with those all knowing eyes again, then hugged him to help him feel more safe.

Inspektör Jönsson stood by his desk holding the telephone receiver, his ears waiting to hear an answer to the call. " Polis inspektör Lindström speaking, who's this? " Maximus!? Patrick Jönsson in Borås head quarters here. _ Hey! Patrick, good to hear from you, how are you these days? Up to my ass in crimes like you! - I am calling because i read a report the other day through channels about a crime you had in that Göteborg bar, and i think we might have a link down here with maybe the same death wounds. - I'm listening Patrick! Give me the details. After 25 minuets, they both agreed they had identical murders, but with some differences in the wounds. The biggest link's being that both cases, the victims had their testicles and penises cut off, and they all were standing up dead, like rigamortis had set in. All three of the bodies had their clothes in tact, and every detail concerning the unscorched clothes could link them to the same person. Inspektör Lindström told him about how the man he was looking for had an American accent, and a blond pony tail! A slight pause came over the phone, then Patrick answered. - The two eye witnesses say he was Irish with scar on cheek, but i got the impression they were covering for him. - Sounds like it! He said with a slight laugh. - I know mine is a " vigilante, " but i just don't understand how he managed to carry out this kind of precision surgery in just a few minuets, and with what equipment? This is a real puzzler! He said, sounding confused as hell. The next question for me is, if this guy has nothing to do with the victims crimes, how does he know they are the guilty ones? - Is he psychic? Inspektör Jönsson thought for

a moment. - If he is, he is one of the best in the world, but, he is now guilty of murder him self. He continued. - My two victims have crimes under their belt ranging from theft, to assault with deadly weapons, and the world probably is better off with out them, but, once i have the DNA report from the murdered woman in the river, i will probably be looking at the same situation of a vigilante. - Look! Keep me informed, and i will get back to you as soon as i know Max! Bye for now!... Click, the reciever went down with Inspektör Jönsson looking more confused, but also concerned if the vigilante was going to strike again?

Bernadette was really surprised as Justin introduced her to Rickards and Roberts Business. - Hello Bernadette, nice to meet you, Justin kept you quiet , laughing out loudly. Bernadette smiled as she replied. - Oh! he is quite good at keeping secrets! She laughed back with Rickard. - So let me try one of your delicious "Räkor and Räkröra, (Prawns & Prawn Filling) as he says they are the best in Sweden, she smiled again as Rickard walked through the staff entrance into the kitchen. Rickard shouted through to the butik - Two for the price of one coming up!....

8

MIAMI REVISITED

Chapter 8

Miami Revisited

The whole town in Borås was buzzing with the three murders on most peoples lips. News bullitins were being shown on TV every day, also radio coverage on " Rix FM! " The latest news was a release by Inspektör Patrick Jönsson of Borås Polis.

" After examining the womans body, we carried out post mortem examinations, and this revealed to us that the two men who were discovered murdered, were involved in her death. There was enough DNA found on her body to connect the two of them to her murder. The strange cercum-

stances of the two mens death 's, is still an on going investigation, so if any one has any information, please get in touch with me, or one of my officers." The TV broadcaster then announced that they had spoken to the girls parents, and the report then followed.

The Father and Mother stood motionless, they held each other bravely as the news reporter asked the questions. " The death of a young person is tragic, but to have their life taken away in this manner must be heart breaking for you? " The Mother with so much sadness in her eyes lifted her head, she paused for a couple of seconds, then spoke, quietly, but firmly, and you could hear the trembling in her voice. " Her father and i have had some wonderful times and memories with our daughter, and for this to happen even before she could marry or have children is devastatng. I am glad that the two men responsible are dead! I am glad who ever killed them did what he did. I want to thank him for doing justice for our daughter, and i pray he sleeps well knowing for us, he did the right thing. God may one day for give me for my thoughts and bitterness, but today, i am glad they are gone from this world. " Justin and Bernadette looked at each other, they both had tears running down their cheeks. Hugging each other, they knew that they had brought some comfort to those grieving parents, and, the Instrument of justice had done it 's job yet again, swiftly, and quickly.

Inspektör Jönsson leaned over the two mens dead corpses, the metal slabs where they lay were ice cold, it was a cold and quiet place in this room. The only sound on and off, was of the bone saw the pathologist was using

to cut into the skeletons. Holding half of the top of one of the mens skulls, he looked closely at the fragments of bone pointing outwards, the conclusion he had was not making sense, but how ever it happened, it was staring him in the face. - Inspektör Jönsson! You might like to take a look at this! Gazing into the exposed brain, he saw that burn and scorch marks centered on the area from where the bone forced its way upwards, and outwards. - I have never in my 40 years a doctor, seen anything like this! I have seen some crazy wounds on dead bodies before, but this is the weirdest of them all! What i see is there in front of me, but, my logic says " it is not possible for these wounds to exist! " - If you now take a look at the lower groin area, you can see the same burn and scorch marks! The doctor continued. - I have looked into the files of the male victim in Göteborg, and each wound around the penis and testicles area are cauterised with tremendous heat, simular to a laser! but this is not a laser. - As i said, this is weired at it´s weirdest! The inspektör looked at the doctor with confused eyes, he looked again at both corpses wondering just what could have caused these wounds. - If i was to guess at what caused the injuries to their bodies, i would lay my career on the line, by saying. " You are looking for an instrument from a science fiction movie!! " Answering the doctor, the inspektör stared at him with contempt, - If i put that in my report, i will be kicked off the polis, and then waiting for me outside the polis headquarters, will be a crazy wagon to take me away! Straight jacket free of charge!! The doctor raised his eye brows, then forced a

smile and at the same time, shrugged his shoulders to state "I Know!"

Reaching in to his jacket pocket, the inspektör pulled out his ringing cell phone, looking at the caller ID, he saw it was the polis desk at head quarters. - "Jönsson here!" - Hello sir! I have a taxi driver here who says "he has information that might help you with the two murders in Rydboholm!" - Great! Keep him there, do not let him leave!

Pushing the entry button on the polis office entrance, the inspektör calmly walked up to the chairs in the waiting area, and saw just the one person sitting there. He knew this was his guy, as the man was wearing a taxi badge ID pinned to his jacket. - Hey! I'm inspektör Jönsson, you have some information about the Rydboholm murders? The taxi driver stood up and leaned forward to shake the inspektör's hand. - I think i do! The driver told him how he had picked this guy up from the main taxi rank, and had taken him to Rydboholm, dropping him off at the railway crossing. - So he was mid thirties, dark hair with scar on his cheek? and spoke with an Irish accent? - No! No! sir! The taxi driver looked confused as to the inspektör saying that. - Then what did he look like? - He was mid thirties, however, he had long blond shoulder length hair with a pony tail, and he spoke with an American accent!

- Leave your taxi badge details with the desk officer, and i will be in touch with you maybe in the future. The inspektör shook the mans hand again, and smiled at him saying. "You just might have helped to identify the murderer, thank you!"

” Two sugars and milk please Linda! ” Answering the question from Polis inspektör Lindström’s assistant officer. Sitting down behind his desk, he reached for the ringing telephone. Holding his cup of coffee in one hand, and placing the receiver between his chin and his shoulder, he listened intently as Patrick told him of the breaking news with the taxi driver coming forward. ” Fuck!! ” ” I knew it! ” he shouted, as he once again sprayed his coffee over his desk. - Ok! now we can home in on this son of a bitch, and we will have him. Both inspektörs congratulated each other on their team work, and started to discuss their next move to catch the guy concerned.

Rickard stood at the doorway of the apartment he let Justin and Bernadette use, they both looked at his face. It was not smiling, and he looked concerned, as he said to them. ” I think you had better turn on the TV set! Justin said nothing as he walked the short distance to the remote control, turning the power button on.

In front of them was a TV news bulletin, and standing in center of the screen was the Borås inspektör.

” This is a further update to the two men murdered in Rydboholm! New evidence has come to our attention, and we can now give out a description of the suspect we wish to interview. After speaking with a witness, we can tell you that” Justin and Bernadette turned to look at each other, and then Rickard, as the inspektör described the suspect.

” The male suspect is about mid thirties, blond pony tailed hair, shoulder length, and speaks with an American

accent. ” Rickard stood there with a sad face, he knew this had to be Justin, there was no doubt in his mind.

- How open minded are you Rickard? Could you possibly believe me if i told you the 100% truth? Rickard looked at the both of them, and told Justin to ” Try me! ”

For almost an hour, Rickard sat there next to them, he listened with confused and skeptical mind. Justin then took the justice machine from his arm, and sat it on the coffee table. Rickard gazed intently at this strange object. ” Justice machine, please playback first murder and justice administered in Göteborg. ” Rickard moved further back in his seat as the machine played back the hologram right in front of him, it also showed the punishment it had given to the man. ” **Do you wish for me to show the Borås murder and murderers punishment ?** “ ” Yes! ” Replied Justin. Rickard and Bernadette watched every second of the gruesome events, as this was the first time Bernadette also had seen the full events unfolding.

Rickard turned to Justin, then told him. - I was going to telephone the polis first, but, then thought i wanted to see your face first, and see if you could talk your way out of this! As incredible as this seems, i believe you, i believe what i see on the table, and, what this thing! says and records. Bernadette turned to her arm, and pointed to her justice machine. - I have one too! She said. - Mine for some reason does a completely different punishment. She continued. ” Activate last play back from Malmö murder. ” Once again a justice machine shon a hologram in front of Justin and Rickard. Stood in an apartment, was a mid twenties looking man, he was kneeling over a old woman,

she was about 65, he reached into her purse, then took out a load of cash, then placed it in his pocket. He then picked up a brass table lamp stand, and hit her hard on her skull, with blood splattering in all directions, he smiled as he looked at her eyes go dark and then still. Her lifeless corpse laying there, with the blood running down her head and face. Her justice machine then played the recording of the punishment. Held tight in the machines pulsing beam, Bernadette told the machine to " activate punishment! " Both Justin and Rickard watched as the machine sent another beam to the mans mouth, then all you could see was his mouth, head and throat turning hot red, there was smoke starting to emanate from his body as it started to rise in temperature. His body was starting to reach the temperature of a small star! Before all three of them, the mans body melted like plastic from a shop display model. At the final few seconds, all you could see was a blackend fine powder, the entire body, including bones, was completely dust!

With his mind diverted from his intentions when he came to see Justin, Rickard had a slight smile, then said. " If you are going to be some kind of avenging angels, you need to lay low for a while, and Justin! Colour your hair brown for now! All three smiled at each other now, as a calm came over them, they all hugged, and Rickard said. "Their secret was safe with him. "

In front of him on the highway, he could see Bernadette in her car, he was close enough to see her waving to him every few minutes, he had a smile on his face when he thought how much had happened in a short period of

time, with catching the fugitives, and the punishments given out by the justice machines. Justin was so pleased he didn't have to justify himself to her, and she understood fully the situations, and she did not think he was mad or a bad person. Their conversation before they left Rickards was to get back to Göteborg, then phone in to their works departments to say they were sick! Then after, they would go to the travel agents to book a trip to Miami, and the states. Justin so much wanted to take and test this machine out, and hoping he could catch his parents killer or killers.

5 minutes before they arrived back at the apartment, the clouds opened up to reveal the first winter snow, falling over the windshields. "Getting away to the sunshine was now the exact right time," Justin thought.

Justin woke to the voice of the air stewardess! - Would you like a refreshment Sir, Madam? The bright white teeth shining through from her slightly opened mouth. Bernadette asked for a double Scotch! and Justin a black coffee. She leaned over Justin's shoulder, and started to place her head on it to try to relax a little more before they arrived in Miami.

Being on a plane for over 9 hours was an exhausting time, then when you have to reset your watches back 7 or 8 hours, you can understand why many people have "Jet Lag."

Justin sat at the window seat, he was staring out into the darkness with a wide eyed gaze, not really fixing on anything, just letting his mind go back in time to when he was 15.

Remembering getting into the funeral car, he sat with his uncle Zac! His uncle was not a great talker, but, he had this calm smile look every time you looked at him. Zac was a gentleman, he dressed smartly, always neat in his appearance, and never swore. Being an ex Miami policeman, he always obeyed the law, and would do you a good turn, if he could'nt, he would do you no harm. He was the old school sort, he would see you struggling with something, then would walk over to help. Justin remembers a time he stoped the car when he saw an old man who was homeless, he had broken shoes with holes and splits, he went to the nearest shoe store and returned with some ajustible slip on shoes for him. When he gave them to the man, you would have thought he had given him the stars! Zac was 'nt looking for the pat on the head, his ego was 'nt that big, but to see the smile on the old mans face was priceless, that was the sort of man Zac was. Justin thought back to when he was about 6 years old, he saw his uncle Zac, his fathers brother coming to the home with boxes of Christmas gifts, he always brought some "Eggnog!" and some "Apricot Brandy." When Justins mom and dad was 'nt looking, Zac gave Justin a small thimble full to warm the "Cockles of his heart." With a wide smile, he told him "not to tell his parents." Of course his mom and dad knew, but they did 'nt let on and smiled about it often over the years.

At the funeral of his parents, Justin thought back to them standing at the graveside, and one of the men crying, was Zac. He had lost a great brother and sister in law, who was

dear and close to him. Each person grieves in their own way, and Zac was grieving hard that day. These people had never done any harm to any one, they lived very happy over the years, and no one could understand how two such sweet people could have their lives taken from them in such a murderous way.

” Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking. We will be landing in Miami International Airport in twenty minuets, please fasten your seatbelts for landing, and make sure your tables are in the upright and closed position. On behalf of our airline, thank you for flying with us, and we hope you will join us again in the future. ”

Bernadette kissed Justin on the cheek, then whispered in his ear. ” I hope you are not too tired to make love to me in the hotel my gorgeous lover? ” She smiled and winked at him, and with a comforting feeling, he smiled back at her.

- Remember justin! I am with you 100%! What ever happens here in Miami, i will cover your back. The Justice machines will watch over us, and i believe you will get closure to this twenty year old tragedy! Justin stood at the hotel window staring out at the beautiful land-scape before him. He was nakid and calm, as he thought back twenty years, and the day he left the States to go to Sweden. Twenty years was a long time with no clues to his parents murders. Bernadette slowly came up to him from behind, she put her arms around his warm body, binding her hands tightly around his waist. With a gentle breath from her mouth, she blew into his kneck, and at the same time moving her hand over his butt. She ran her finger up

and down his silky dry skin, between the butt cheeks, then up and down his spine, slowly, oh so very slowly! She could see the goose bumps rise on his skin, he shook a little as he felt her beautiful body close to his. The body hair from her groin rubbing gently around the back side area, making a tickling sensation. He turned to see her eyes glistening, she was radiating colour from her neck, the orange and red mixing like the paint on an artist pallet. She sighed as he placed his hand with a gentle caress between her smooth silky legs, she had become so excited, so warm, so completely satisfied with what he was doing. She had never felt deep feelings for some one like this before, and right now, she was ready for him to take her, all her feelings, and all her moist areas, she wanted him inside her now! She started to wrap her right leg around Justin, and with a hand, she placed his throbbing nakedness inside, deep and warm with a tenderness some women have never experienced! She pointed her breasts towards his face, as he licked her nipple, and gently flicked it with his tongue. " If heaven was just a feeling, then they were both in heaven, they were happy and joined together in that moment. As they both climaxed with heavy breathing, they looked at each others eyes, all four of them were shining like stars in the night sky, and smiles as wide as rivers coming from their content faces. Gazing at him, she looked at him, then said. " Welcome home you sexy man! "

9

SWIFT JUSTICE WITH NO MERCY

Chapter 9

Swift Justice With No Mercy!

From the hotel, Justin and Bernadette took a short taxi journey to a car rental company, then after signing the papers, they both got in, and Justin adjusting his mirrors to drive the twenty minutes to the old house. What was going to meet them? Justin went quiet as he thought of some of the old memories from the past. He knew the house had never been sold, and as far as he knew, the "Real estate" company had taken it off from the market

over 17 years ago. Bernadette glanced down at both their justice machines on their arms. Both were showing green lights running from side to side. - Are you ready for this Justin? she asked holding his arm slightly, then squeezed it to give him support and comfort. Answering her, he gave a sigh, then said. " Guess i am as ready as i can be! " - My heart is racing high a bit, but, this needs to be done, and i have waited twenty years to discover the true crime, and now i have the means to detect what went on. - I miss them bad Bernadette, i have a heart that misses beats when i think back to the day on the beach, the day i was told they were dead! We are two lucky people who have got something special, we have each other, and we have the justice machines giving a kind of hope, but a hope some people do 'nt even know they have. We have to live through murders and rapes, we have to see the precise details of the crime to bring these scum to light! The victims only have us, and i am coming to terms with it all now.

- When i see in my mind the women and girls that we have helped in some way, it brings a smile to my heart, my soul, it lifts me up to hights of " Spiritual awareness, " even the punishments dealt by the machines. Only some weeks ago, i did 'nt know if i wanted to continue with this so called crazyyness! But, i have changed, we live in a world where fugitives litteraly get away with murder, and if we can make a slight difference for the positive good, then we have done something right.

Bernadette started to tell Justin her first encounter with the justice machine, and after finding the first fugitive, and

then seeing the punishment, she felt a little more at ease for the woman who was raped and murdered, and reminds her self of that constantly!

- We will get through this together Justin! As they both looked out the car windshield, they turned the last corner before Justins old house. The start of the long drive way still stood the proud oak trees, they had definatly grown in the twenty years since he had been there.

Driving the 100 meters to the house took only a few seconds, then ariving at the front door, they looked hard at the newly painted entrance, it was spotless, and everything was in nearly the exact place, as when he left to go to Sweden.

They both stood gazing at the white painted house, some one had spent a lot of time replacing old wood panels, and new window glass had been inserted. Scratching his head, he was confused, he was expecting decaying wood, broken windows, and slates fallen off the roof, which was now showing a brand new roof, shining and clean. Some one had taken a lot of time and money to repair the old house, and it reminded Justin how good this old place was to be raised in it.

As they walked to the door, both of their justice machines announced precisely the same time! ” Crime scene detected! “ Standing at the entrance for only a few seconds, Justin was about to tell the machine to play crime, but then stoped quickly as the front door swung open to reveal someone familiar!

Looking pale and frail, stood his uncle Zac! He looked unlike the man Justin knew, he was shaking slightly as he

looked on the two strangers at the house. " If you look closely at my waist, i am holding a Magnum 44, " and as Clint Eastward said once! "Probably the most powerful handgun ever made! " Both Justin and Bernadettes face went chalk white! Then quickly Justin shouted at his uncle! - Uncle Zac!! It's me! Justin!!

Zac looked Justin up and down, focusing his eyes with a squint, he realized it was his nephew.

" Justin my dear lad, it's so good to see you, why did'nt you let me know you were coming? "

Lowering the cannon in Zacs hand, he pointed it down to the ground, and smiled at Justin. " You nearly had new ventilation holes in you! " Justin smiled back, then threw his arms around Zacs body to hug him. Turning to face the beautiful looking woman beside Justin, he asked. " And who is this charming young lady you have with you? " " Well! She is speacial uncle Zac, it took me a long time to find her, but, i think she found me! " Justin laughed as he introduced them to each other.

Walking into the hallway, Justin stoped, looked at all the old surroundings, it felt strange being back after all this time. The last time he was here, was a few days after the funeral, and it still held the scars of the crime. Now, the scars that were left, were just the ones in Justins head. Every wall and piece of wood was painted to a high standard, and varnish on the old furniture. The floor shon with a glare from the sun enetering the doorway, and the large crystal chandilier hanging in it's pride and place, reflecting colour sparks all around the lower floor.

His uncle sat down in Justin's father's arm chair, it was strange to see his uncle there, as his father never let any one place their ass anywhere near it.

His uncle picked up a glass of Scotch, it was golden yellow as Zac took little sips of the Highland malt!

"I have been coming here nearly every day since you left Justin, I have sat here where you know your father sat for many years. I have been thinking if we missed anything in the initial stages of the tragedy, and going over the police file, which I was allowed to see after the case was filed closed!" - I miss my brother, and your Mom Justin, as I guess you do too? Some times I sit and stare into the whiskey, it seems to calm me for a while, but, I know that's not going to solve what happened. Justin looked at Bernadette, then as if they were psychic! Bernadette turned to Zac and asked him. "How much of an open mind do you have Zac? She smiled slightly at him, then waited for the response." Open mind? Not sure what you mean by that, but, if you mean would I consider anything to solve the crime here? The answer is "Yes!" - I have gone through every report, but nothing, no one saw anything, no one noticed anything out of the ordinary.

Justin looked at his uncle, he saw like himself, the stress of the trauma, even after all these years. Being an ex policeman stood Zac on firm ground, he had still got that spark to deal with fugitives, and if there was a way of solving this double murder, he would jump at the chance. Justin and Bernadette looked each other in the eye again, Justin knew instinctively that he had to share the knowledge of the machines to his uncle. What was concerning

Justin, was what would he say or do after he was shown the murders? and could his mind and spirit take it? There was only one way to find out!

Justin looked down to his arm that had the justice machine securely attached, it was flashing amber now, but not a sound came from the machine.

- Uncle Zac! You are about to see something, that your mind might not allow you to believe, but, this is as real as you and me! - You are not going insane, and afterwards, Bernadette and i will tell you more of this seemingly impossible science fiction type thing. Zacs eyes opened wider as he heard Justin say those words, but you could see on his face that he was trying to prepare for maybe something good being shown to him, even if it did sound crazy.

Justin placed the machine on the coffee table, then looked at Bernadette, then his uncle, then spoke allowed. ” Instrument of justice, play crime scene! ” A silent pause came over the house, then a voice came from the machine! ”

Activating crime scene now! “ Zacs eyes opened even wider, with a disbelief, he watched as a hologram projection shon from the machine. The light beam flickard as it centered the middle of the scene to exactly where they were sitting now. Suddenly! There she was, Justins wonderful mother, then walking into the living room after her, his father! Laughter was coming from both of them, they were kidding each other on, and play fighting. With so much laughter, they did’nt hear the door bell ringing, then they caught a glimpse of a shadow at the front door window glass. The glass was made out of bubbled french glass, so it was hard to make out who it was calling. Justins

father walked to the door, and as he opened it, he was pushed back in by a hand, the hand was covered by a glove, and fitted over a black skin tight sweater. His mother screamed as she saw in the mans hand, a large caliber hand gun. Raising their eyes higher, they saw the man standing now in side the door way, he was also wearing a ski mask that had the eye holes cut from it. The man shut the door, then demanded cash and jewels, as he threw a black cloth bag on the floor next to them. At this point, Zac shouted at Justin. Stop!! Stop now!! Justin told the justice machine to pause the crime scene! Zacs breathing was faster and harder, he looked confused and angry at what he was seeing. - How is this posible Justin? Answer me! Justin picked up a glass and poured some whisky into it, then stretched over to Zac, then filled his glass with more. - Take a good slug of that, and i will tell you the story.

Justin sat back in the chair, he tried to get comfortable as he told Zac of the day he found the machine in the jeweled box, and what happened after that. He went on to tell him of his first murder suspect, and the first murder of the woman in Göteborg. He continued to talk to him of the machines justice punishment, and that its power was enormous! It was bigger than anything he had ever come across in his life! Zac swallowed most of the whisky in one gulp, then poured him self more. - So this thing! This gadget! can detect crime scenes, and administer justice? Zac waited for Justins answer, you could also see the strain on Zacs face, he was weighing all the things he had heard, and with seeing the hologram, he knew if he watched

more, it was going to show his brother and sister in laws deaths!! - Uncle Zac! This is my chance to find out who my parents killer is, it might just help us both to finally find closure to this shit we have had un-answered for twenty years! Zac went quiet for what seemed like hours, but was only seconds in reality. - I have a pretty good level head Justin, and as crazy as this looks, i get the feelings of ” This is real, and right! ” Justin raised that little smile again, as he looked at his uncle then told him. ” The machine can link to you in some way uncle, and the feelings manifest within you, that is when you get that kind of psychic link with it! Zac moved towards the justice machine, and as he did, he felt a surge of energy pulsating from the machine, it buzzed louder as he got even closer. ” **Permission is not granted for you to touch this justice instrument! If you come any closer, i will activate against you!** ” Zac stoped in his tracks, as he and Justin stared at each other. Now Justin knew that is why the machine took a DNA sample of his blood, it was like a security key, that only Justin could access. Taking another full measure of whisky, Zac sat back in the chair and muttered! “Now i´m taking orders from a machine! ” Ok Justin! Let´s find out who this bastard is! ”

Bernadette excused her self to go to the bathroom, and left the living room and smiled at Justin as she left. Justin noticed on her face a kind of knowing something, but never said what it was.

” Continue play of crime scene! Justin watched, as he and his uncle continued to see the crime unfold.

Justins mother nervously picked up the bag, then walked over to the Bureau where they kept some of the jewelry. She fumbled through the drawers then picked up a couple thousand dollars cash from one of them, then placed it in the bag. The masked man stood there, he was standing straight, he had a steady hand with no visible signs of nerves. She walked slowly towards the man, handing him the contents, he looked inside, then in a sudden burst of rage, he started to shout in an evil type of way. - Is that all? You are kidding me right!? With a trembling sound coming from her, she told him, " thats all they had! " Now with a calmer voice, he said. " I do 'nt like liars, and at the end of those words, he turned the barrel of the gun towards Justins father. " Bang!!! " Followed by another 4 shots one after the other. Justins mother ran towards his father picking him up with blood every where. She looked up at the man, as now he was pointing the gun at her. A heavy sobbing could be heard around the house, as she held her dieing husband. - Why? Why this? She knelt there lonely, frightened, and so much wanted to fight back, but she was powerless and helpless all at the same time. She could do nothing!

Zac and Justin looked at each other, their eyes were filled with water droplets, Justin tried to force back the tears as he wanted to focus on the crime, just in case he missed something. - You have what you came for, just go now and leave us alone! She was getting hysterical now, and holding her husband tighter and tighter, she so much wanted him to live. Justins father started to cough and choke on the blood that was now pouring into his lungs

and chest cavities, blood spurted from his mouth as he was gasping for air. - Go!! Just go! she screamed as the gunman stood there aiming the sight right at her. She saw him raise his left hand towards his face mask, then placing some of his fingers below the material, he slowly started to lift the mask off. With more hysterical behavior she shouted at him. No!! No! don't do that! The fear in her eyes worsened, because at that point, she knew if he took the mask off, she was dead!!

- Oh i think you need to see who i am! He smiled beneath the moving mask, then shook his hair as his face was exposed!! Holding her life long partner tight, her eyes looked petrified and confused, as she stared at the now nakid face.

Zac and Justin again looked on in disbelief, they were gazing into the eyes of the long lost murderer!....

Zac stood up quicker than an " Olympic athlete! " His mouth gaping open, as if his jaw had collapsed! There standing in the hologram, was the killer, it was one of Zacs old police buddies. Captain Alejandro Santino!! Both Justin and Zac now stood in the middle of the room, disbelief on both their faces. Seconds, and more seconds ticked by as time seemed to stand still. A void of unreal horror, as after 20 years, they could see the cold blooded man before them, this so called man of law, this up-standing citizen, this murdering scum bastard!!

Justins mother looked on his eyes, her mind was racing, now, it all made sense! Her memory activated from a few months previously. She spoke to the twisted cop! as she knew he was rejected by her 3 months before. - You have

done all this because you made advances to me the night my husband and Zac went for some more beers, you tried to unbutton my dress and put your hand inside my underwear. Underneath that badge Alejandro! ” You are filth! You are the lowest form of scum on Gods earth! You did this because you were rejected?? - Get the hell out of my house!! The fear left her quickly, she still looked straight into his eyes, they had grown dark in colour, like oil pools in the sunlight, empty, and pure evil!

Alejandro smiled back at her, he did ’nt care, you could see by the expression on his face, he was getting some kind of sadistic pleasure from it all. She spoke to him with a little more calmness with her next words, when she said. ” I know i am dead, so pull the trigger now!! ” BANG!! ” As he went to pull the trigger for the second time, the gun just clicked, he had used all the chambers bullets, at that point she lay there, bleeding heavily and fell back on the floor hitting her head. ” Nooo!! ” Justin burst into tears heavily sobbing as he witnessed yet again another parent dieing right in front of him. Seconds passed, then! “Bang!! bang! right into her breasts and finally, he took aim at her head. ” Bang!! ” In a few moments, he had reloaded the revolver, then had clicked it shut, then reaimed. - You wont reject any one else again bitch!!

Zac and Justin were speechless, as they saw the womans head explode with the force of the high caliber gun. Bone protruded from the back of the skull, with grey strands of brain splattered all over the room and walls.

A twenty year old crime had just been solved, but, the murderer, was probably the last person any one would have thought of.

Trying to compose them selves, Zac and Justin wiped their teary eyes, Zac reached to his inside jacket pocket for a handkerchief. Wiping his eyes and nose, he had seen their murders, but found it so hard to believe who the killer was. Both of them reached for the whisky at the same time, as if that was going to make every thing better, if anything, they both felt angry and slightly intoxicated!

- How the hell are we going to prove all of this Justin? Looking empty, Zac turned to Justin for the answer, and replying very quickly, Justin said. " Uncle Zac! You are forgetting something, we have the Justice machine! After 20 years, we still do 'nt have evidence that a jury would believe, so the punishment needs to be done by the only thing that knows the truth! Holding his head in his hands after every thing they had seen, Zac pinched his eyes with his thumb and forfinger, and at the same time wiping more moisture from them. - I am going to kill that son of a bitch my self! I do 'nt need any machine to do that for me.

- Please listen uncle Zac! Taking his life will leave clues some where around, forensics would pick up on it in minuets, so let the machine do what it does, and they will not understand how it was done, but it will be done.

Facing away from the front door, none of the two men standing there noticed the front door had been opened, and standing there, the murderer him self!

- Well! Well! Well! the voice interrupted them as they spun around quickly to face the murdering cop. - So that 's how

you discovered me huh? After all these years i had the feeling that young Mr Webber would come looking for answers, but this machine! This is something else! The cop stood there pointing a gun directly at the two of them. - And in case you are wandering, " Yes! " this is the same weapon i used! Would you like to know another crazy thing? It was the same neighbor who tipped me off that some strangers were at the old house, and sadly, the 89 year old wont reach 90, she has gone to meet her maker, i guess the old nosey bitch wont be reporting any more shit huh? As Alejandro had been talking, he did 'nt notice Zac reaching slowly for his very big cannon revolver, at that moment, Justin sent a thought out to the justice machine. " Activate fugitive mode!! " Nothing! Again he thought the thought! " Justice machine, Activate now!! Still sliding his hand slowly towards his gun, Zac stoped, as Alejandro caught a glimpse of what he was trying to do. - If you want to make the last move you ever have, try for your gun for one more second! Zac froze and removed his hand from the weapon.

- After all these years " Santino! I just thought you were a good cop! One of the good guys, and yet, now your true colours have surfaced to make this world even uglier! With that response from Zac, Alejandro gave one of those evil looks, just like most of the killers smiles that glued to thier faces, just before and after their vicious crimes. Turning slightly towards Justin, he remembered the day he was in his office, interviewing Justin. - And you young webber! I was going to pin the murders on you! But! The time frame was all wrong, you had too many alibi wit-

nesses. - Over my career, i have enjoyed watching people squirm like an insect when they see me coming, they smell of shit and stench in their cosy little hide aways. - Your mother was acting like an angel, so " goody two shoes, " like " butter would 'nt melt in her mouth. " Justins face went red, he hated what he was saying about his mother, but trying to keep all his built up anger inside, that was 'nt easy. " All women are nothing but whores and shit under my shoes! Courage started to return to Justin, he started to raise from his chair, slowly, but fast enough to make Alejandro flinch and re aim his gun at him. . - Ohh! and one more thing, i had an interesting conversation with a polis inspektör Lindström from Göteborg! He is most anxious to talk to you about some murders there and Borås! - Tut tut! You have been a busy boy huh? - So what is going to happen now? - Any ideas Zac? Justin? Silence fell on the room again, all that you heard was the ticking of the mantel clock against the wall.

Zac looked at Alejandro, then smiled in a knowing way at him. - I have witnessed you murder two innocent people, you say you killed the old lady next door, and i imagine you have more murder notches to your gun belt that we do 'nt know about? - Let me tell you how this is going to go Alejandro! The police detective stood more up right, he was really interested to hear Zacs comments on this situation. - I think that you under estimate this machine Alejandro! You have no idea that in a moment, this device is going to capture your ass, then as we stand there watching you try to escape from it, we are going to watch as you get your deserved payback! Silence again..... Then!... A

thunderous laughter came from Santinos mouth, he laughed so hard, his side started to hurt, then as he laughed, he took aim at the machine, "Bang!!" "A loud shot echoed around the room as instantainiously, the machine exploded into hundreds of smaller pieces with the force of the bullit striking it dead center! Tiny fragments of the justice machine spewed on to the floor, bouncing to every inch of the room. For such a small device, it was unbelievable the amount of splintered metal laying before them. - I 'm sorry! What were you saying Zac my old friend? The silence that followed was deafining! " Tick Tock! Tick Tock! Again the sound of the clock boomed in their ears as the gun was trained on Justin and Zac. Smoke was curling it's way out of the gun barrel after the shot, it floated higher towards the cieling as Alejandro spoke yet again. " Well boys, i think it's about time we wraped this little party up huh? " Looking for their reaction to that comment, both of them smiled at Alejandro as Zac opened his mouth to speak. " As i said! In a moment, the machine is going to capture your ass, then as we stand there watching you try to escape from it, we are going to watch as you get your deserved payback! - I think you boys have had too much of the Scotch whisky! And i thought i was the crazy one here! Laughing again he wiped the laughter tears from his eyes, and then said. " Lights out time!! " He aimed the gun first at Justin, then....

" Activate justice machine now!! " What a sound that was, as a humming sound came from the justice machine. Alejandro was paralyzed from the neck down, his eyes widened as the face expression showed his confusion. " Do

you wish for me to activate my justice sequence? “ The voice was soft and gentle, but so different to the last machines voice! Justin and Zac both at the same time sighed a sigh of relief, as they looked behind Santino, and smiled at the welcomed sight before them. - I thought you had fallen down the toilet Bernadette! All three started to laugh as they started to calm down after all the trauma. Adrenalin pumped hard through their three bodies, as the after shock was taking hold. Zac turned to walk towards Bernadette, then approaching her, he grabbed her like an angry bear and squeezed her tight as tears dampened his cheek bones. - Thank you young lady! He held her for a brief moment, as the voice from Santino shouted. ” You need to read me my rights! you need to take me in! Demanded the now frightened looking detective. All three stood in front of him, staring wildly into his eyes. Zac looked to Justin, then nodded to him knowingly as to what to do next.

- Alejandro Santino! You are guilty of murder! To actually say for all these years, ” That you were friends with me and Justins parents, is now an insult to their name. ” Santino started to snivel and blubber like a little baby, he was whimpering like a frightened animal, but, animals deserved more respect than him. Justin leaned over to Bernadettes ear and whispered to her. Pleading for his life he screamed at the three possible executioners before him. ” Mercy! Mercy! he cried just as the words came out of Bernadettes mouth. “Activate instrument of justice punishment!! ” Justins last words before the machine activated, were..” Mercy? You never showed Mom and Dad

mercy!! ” ” Go to fucking hell Santino!! ” A loud hum came from the machine as a red beam shot quickly from the metal object on Bernadettes arm. The next sound was of the beam pushing through Santinos stomach, the beam went clean through his body and fixed on the wall behind him, blood following the beam in the same direction , then stoped! As the three of them watched, they could see clean through to the back wall and then daylight through the hole that was now there. The blood stoped draining instantainiously as the heat from the beam cauterized the wound. Alejandro gasped for breath, but he was still alive, still breathing. A second beam,third, fourth, and fith shot from the justice device Simultaneously! Each beam in the same patern as Justins parents wounds, then, holes as the first wound apearing with daylight penetrating the freshly burned flesh. He started to smell like ” burnt pig! ” Zac thought, then said. ” Rot in your own juices scumbag!! ” The life you were watching, slowly draining from his carcas, as suddenly, the last beam shot through his cheek, then with a small explosion, his skull opened up on one side as the beam came to rest on the wall behind.!!

” Do you wish to use burn program? “ Bernadette glanced at Justin, and as she did, he nodded to her to confirm the final action! Like standing next to a small sun was the feeling and heat for five seconds, as the complete dead body disintergrated into a small pile of dust partcles!

” Justice instrument 4267 punishment complete!! ”

Swift justice, and no mercy was shown for Alejandro Santino. ” Murderer “

10

NEBULAR 03990 !

Chapter 10

NEBULAR 03990 !

A cloud of gas and dust in outer space. Visible in the night sky either as an indistinct bright patch, or as a dark silhouette against other luminous matter. Some people say that "Nebulars are old stars that come to die!" Some say "This is a magical place that things from our wildest dreams mature. Colours so bright, so radiant, shapes like horses heads, lions, and even unicorns, what ever your belief, "Space" is one of the unknowns, and man has only just begun to tap into this vast void!"

Justin lay with his head against the aircraft window, the night sky like a black canvas with bright specs twinkling

every few seconds. A new peace had fallen over him, with the pain of his parents death hundreds of kilometers behind him, he had serenity in his heart for the first time in his life. He thought back to the last day in Miami, and starting the journey back to Sweden, and the unknowing fate that waited for him....

- I guess you are going back then Justin? His uncle Zac sad at the thought. - I need to! I can't go all the rest of my life looking over my shoulder uncle Zac! Maybe the one miracle i need will happen for me, but i doubt it! I take the responsibility seriously for what has happened, but i don't regret anything now, if my purpose was just to help a few good people, then i have achieved that. As Justin spoke, you could hear a sadness underlying in his voice, it was quieter and soft, even though he was 35, he had grown even more with all the pain and emotions that had surfaced over this short time. The justice machines had opened his eyes to the reality of life, and how some people abused and made others suffer. They made sons and daughters parentless, and mothers and fathers childless. This was a world that was running out of control, and justice had to be found another way.

- I see on the Miami news that they have put a nationwide hunt out for Captain Alejandro Santino! - Yeah! replied Justin with a little smile. News reports say that, " An email arived at police head quarters confessing to the murders of twenty years ago of Mr & Mrs Webber! and killing a 89 year old lady in connection with it. - Yup! - Says also he could not live with the guilt any more, and the murder weapon turned up at the precinct in a mail box! with his

prints all over it. - Makes you feel that he got his just deserts huh? Justin smiled again, then took his uncles hands in his. -Shaking them, he looked at his uncles eyes, there was a calmness about them now, they had recieved the answers that had been searching for 20 years, and now they could let the peace penetrate into his soul.

Justin looked to the garden just outside the house, a single red and pink mixed rose stood there, proud and up right, just swaying slightly in the breeze. Justin knew within his heart that this was his parents rose, the red for his father, and pink for his mother, and that they were together somewhere in the vast universe, laughing, kidding each other, and play fighting.

- Love is a wonderful thing Justin, your parents had it till the day they died, and i believe they still have it, and enjoying a new peace in colour and light. - If that is heaven, then thats just the start of it.

Zac walked back into the house, pausing just for a moment, then walked over to Justins fathers chair, poured out a large whisky, then sat his aching butt on the soft seat. Resting his arms on the arm rests, he lifted the glass with the golden nectar. " Get your ass in here Justin! Pour your self a stiff one, then me and you are going to chat about Bernadette and you getting married! Laughing again, they began to tell each other stories of Mr & Mrs Webber, their crazy parties, the strange things they did, and about their honesty in their life that they gave to others, kindness and hospitality to every one. - Oh! And Justin, if you find another of those justice gadgets, send me one! deep low laughter filled the house, the house that held so much sad-

ness for years, now gone, just like the evil creature that caused it!

Bernadette came in and sat beside them. She could see the relief on both their faces, but a slight hint of worry on Justin's. - It's easy to say "Do 'nt worry about returning to Sweden," But i have a good feeling something good just might come out of it all. Looking at her with that cute smile of his, he nodded to her, then gently held her hand and kissed it tenderly pulling it over his cheek and chin.

Loading their luggage into the trunk, Justin pushed it shut, at the same time, Bernadette was hugging Zac, holding her as tight, the same way he held her that day they dispensed the punishment to Santino. He put his mouth to her ear. "Look after him honey!" He looked at her out the corner of his eyes, then a slow wink followed by a gentle kiss with her winking back to reassure him...

Justin turned his head to see that the sweet lady beside him was resting again on his shoulder, now with a small pillow the stewardess provided. Her Justice machine was showing on her arm, he looked at it with a smile, then, he saw scrolling words running across the screen. Curiously, he looked closer to see a message to him! " **In less than two minuets, you will feel a small jolt of electronic pulses, do not be alarmed, someone wants to meet you!** " Three worry lines appeared on his forehead, wandering what to expect next, he tried to calm him self, thinking, " Just another weird thing happening in his life again! " His next view was of him standing in the isle of the plane, he saw passengers reading, taking coffee, and a few were using their laptop computers, some working on

reports, others playing cute games. He stared at his seat. Seeing himself sitting there was another crazy unexplained happening. Panic was setting in. " Am i dead? " A clear thought came to his mind. " No Justin, you are in an astral travel state, i am here to guide you to a place of serenity, a place where only a few humans have ever been to. The voice was deep, soft, it was like listening to a hypnotic voice, but you just knew it was real. He was 'nt dreaming, he felt that, but his mind was trying to work out how this was possible. " Walk to the middle right door Justin! " " Look beyond the metal and glass, you will feel the energy of the atoms parting in front of you, have no fear as you walk into the atoms. "

Glancing back to his seat, he saw how comfortable Bernadette was, she had a sleepy smile as she snuggled closer to Justin, he felt her closeness, but at the same time he felt he was being drawn into this new unknown, an unknown so powerful it excited him greatly! A famous quote came to him as he walked into the metal and metallic light that pulsed before his eyes! **"That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind."** Neil Armstrong July 20th 1969!

He felt like a mist! being there and everywhere all at the same time, even hearing soft musical tones, deep base, then high pings, almost like he was inside an acoustic synthesizer. An unbelievable surge of energy rushed through his very thought process, giving him thoughts of " Everything and anything is possible, no boundries, no fears, no pain. " A Serenty, peaceful,calming,and feelings of pure untainted love. " Trying to discribe the feelings, no one

would believe him, if God existed, he was 100% Love and light! ” Warm whisps of invisable wind blew over his misty state as he floated more along a path that he could not see. How long had he been in this state? Was it hours? Days? Time had stoped, only colours and tones of fantastic vibrations rippled through him. Each colour that he passed through had a different vibration, it made him think clearly, it made him whole and part of the wide unknown he was traveling in. If this was peace in his life, he never wanted it to end.

Looking at a growing silver and red mist before him, it grew larger with every second, as he got closer he stared at the mist looking at its construction. Silver chrome and some alloy were swirling around like the gases around a planet. If you mixed metal and mercury together, that was the thing he saw before him. His eyes widened as he started to push through the atoms again, and then seeing a sight that could only be discribed as a Greek Amphitheatre! The semi circle was vast in size, it stood there with pillars of marble looking stone, some white, some black. Justin stood there, his eyes reached the space above him, gazing at the swirling colours of gasses, some even resembled the symbols of ” Ying & Yang! ” There black and white wispy circular movements, some spiraling one way, and others the opposite. Where or when ever he was, he was at peace, with life, with a possitive energy, and sense of belonging, he felt like he had always known this place, yet this was the first time!

He found himself standing before a white marbel alter, on it was a very familiar looking object. He knew he was

smiling, but he didn't have a mirror to see, but he knew. It was a small jewel box identical to the one he found in the grave, with diamonds, but this time, it had gold inserts through out the casket. It shone and pulsed as he stared at it. In his mind, he placed his thumb on the metallic square plate below the hinged catch. " **Master Instrument of justice 0001. You are Justin Webber!** " The voice echoed from inside the box, at that moment the catch opened by itself, there before Justin was a round object, it was different to his first justice machine, but he knew it had the same abilities as the other which had served him well.

" You have proved your self well Justin! " The voice he heard on the plane was now around him, but still no bodily form. As he stood there, he felt a presence behind him, he slowly turned. The body form in front of him was like a " Native American, " his body was free of any clothes, he stood there with his back to Justin. A platted pony tail dark black in colour hung down past his shoulder blades. The body could have been a contender for the best kept torso competition! This man had a physique to die for, any man would have enjoyed this beautiful body. Shinning bronze in colour, he stood there, saying nothing, Justin wondered why he had been brought there, where ever " there " was. In slow motion, the man turned to face Justin, staring at each other, Justin felt an overwhelming burst of energy bouncing from him, a warmth and aura brighter than a street lamp. Coming from the center of his forehead, Justin saw coloured particles of light heading straight for him, he wasn't afraid, just curious, but knew

any second that he was going to get some answers. Penetrating Justin's skull, he felt like he had been plugged into the national electricity grid. Energy from every colour swirled around in his mind, making him feel light and happy. The man had an essence of tranquility about him, never speaking, but his slight smile shone like perfection in itself.

Moments later, Justin heard it, he heard the thoughts of the man before him.

"Welcome Justin. I have a story to tell you. My name is John, I am here in love and light. I am light, I am here and everywhere. You are apart of this great place we call "Nebular 03990!" This dimension is home to many of our conscious states, we are not physical in nature, but we do take forms from planets in space!" Justin listened in silence as he continued.

"In your realm of thinking, your time scale, this dimension has been here since the dawn of dinosaurs! This is just one of thousands scattered through out time and space. Pure thought, pure minds come here to look at the beauty that only a few will get to see." Justin with the new glowing feelings inside his soul looked at John, he had no movement from his mouth, but heard every word from John's mind. There was something so familiar about this man, but could not pinpoint what it was." John continued. - Your earth is decaying Justin, and within a few decades, it will arrive close to its final destination! In ten of your earth years, you will know that you have never been alone, you will know that entities of love have been watching over you all since your dawn of time! Two thou-

sand years ago, you had a peaceful man walk upon your soil, he brought a love to mankind that had never been seen before, and he sacrificed his life so humans could live. ” Justins eyes opened wider, seems to have been doing that a lot lately. - Peace in your time is possible Justin, and to feel as you do now, will be spread to others, and the thoughts of love will return 10 million fold. A new beginning is coming, and you will know the time, as they will try to do to a man, the same things they did to the Holy man!

- You are one of the chosen! The new justice unit you have is the master version, and a new responsibility will come with it. Your new unit will also be able to predict crimes, it will lead you to places before they happen, it will be your choice what action to take. One day, you will get the call to help a new peaceful man, you will know him when you see him, because your heart will not lie to you. When you arrive back in Sweden, you will be taken on a journey that you might not want to travel, but this needs to be done as you will alter your end result of your life if you stray from that path. Justins emotions tried to raise to negativity, but was suppressed by the place he was standing in. ” Do not be afraid Justin, as your heart is good, and soon you will see why you were chosen, and to be chosen is a privilege. It is time for you to return now, and my friend, until we meet again, Peace be with you!

” John! Please wait! Justin looked on as John turned and started to fade into a golden mist, dancing like smoke as it vanished! Justin had so many questions, so much he

wanted to know, but his thoughts moved around again telling him he would know the answers soon!

Lighter and free was the next feelings as he was being drawn back through the atoms, sparks of charged particles burst in front of his face as he floated in the nebula! " Justin! Justin! Wake up! " With a fast jolt, he sat up straight in his seat as Bernadette said. " Thank God for that! I thought you had died on me. " Holding him tight, she flinched backwards as she rested her eyes on his arm. " Oh My God!! " - Look at your arm! Her eyes bulged when she looked at the chrome and golden sports monitor. His senses were returning to him, but felt light headed as he glanced down at his left arm. A warm smile returned to his face as he looked back at her with the knowledge that he had just returned with. - Can you explain this? The facial expression was priceless, she just could 'nt work it out. - Well i had better tell you i think! He smiled more as he told her the story. " So did 'nt you feel embarrassed standing in front of a perfectly formed nakid man?? " A small laugh rippled his throat muscles as he replied. " The thoughts never crossed my mind. " She smiled back at him saying. - If i had been in your place, i would have asked to stay longer, both laughing now, they started to look more closely at the new justice machine.

" Master instrument of justice 0001 ! Standing by !

"

11

REVENGE IS BITTER SWEET !

REVENGE IS BITTER SWEET!

Bernadette and Justin held each others hand tight as the plane touched down gently and safely back on Swedish ground. Snow covered the airport run ways and entrances to the teminals, snow ploughs scraping the white slush before them. Justin was quite nervous now as he and Bernadette entered into the arrival area. Looking around the desks, his eyes looked for the polis, where were they? They must have checked the flight passenger lists returning from the States, but no! Not even an airport polisman. Looking confused, Justin was still on his guard, looking, watching for them coming into the arrival lounge.

Going through the security gate and passport checked, Justin held his breath as the officer scanned his passport. A low sounding ping from the computer terminal hit his ears like a church bell. "Welcome home Mr webber" came the officers response. Bernadette gave the officer hers, then small ping! again "Welcome home Miss Ljung! They both picked up their hand luggage. The carousel spun around the delivery room for the main luggage, and only two minutes saw their cases bouncing around on the rubber delivery system. Making their way through to the terminal main area, he took one last look, he saw no one coming to arrest him. Inhaling on both their cigarettes they were outside near the taxi drivers, and suddenly overheard two of them discussing the horrific police officers daughters murder in Göteborg. One of the drivers pointed to the daily Göteborg Times! "Poor bastard lost his daughter to a small bike gang, I hope he's as good a detective as they say he is. Justin walked over to the newsstand and took out one of the free papers. - Shit!! Justin said loudly and walked faster back to Bernadette. - Look at this! He stood close to her as they both read the chilling news.

GÖTEBORG TIMES

POLIS INSPEKTÖR DAUGHTER MURDERED IN SMALL BIKER GANG ATTACK!!!

Kriminal Inspektör Maximus Lindström's daughter was found murdered in Göteborg yesterday evening in an abandoned warehouse. Two witnesses, a young couple saw 5 bikers hold down the girl, then ran away and called the police emergency number. The well

known Swedish detective was said to be devastated when reporters tried to interview the officer

” I don’t know whether to be sad or glad! ” - Justin Webber!! That poor girl! - I know, i know Bernadette, just glad that he was ‘nt here to arrest me!

Returning to his apartment, they walked into the elevator with their luggage, then saw the mail box filled with unopened letters, and sitting on top of the box was a brown paper package. The apartment was freezing after their time away, so going to the electricity box he switched the central heating on for the night.

With freshly brewed coffee they sat in their piece of chill space. Justin went over to the aquarium and checked on the fishes and sea horses, they were all fine as he had installed a automatic feeder for the time he was away. He stared at the yellow sea horse. and noticed it was swelling at the belly, it was expecting young ones. Out of everything that had happened, that was some good news.

Exhausted, Bernadette kissed him on his forehead. ” Good night my handsome man! I am off to bed. - Night sweetheart! She walked slowly to the bedroom and fell on the bed,sleep came quick to her as she drifted peacefully away. Justin picked up the mail and started sifting through it. Putting them in order for bills and spam junk mail, he picked up the brown package. ” I’m not expecting any packages! ” he thought to him self. The wrapping paper came off quite easily, then, he opened the white box and took hold of a small business card.

” COMPLIMENTS FROM JOHN!! ” The post code was marked 03990! He smiled as he knew what was in the box.

Holding the metal object in his hands, he noticed that it was definitely the old instrument of justice, and attached to it was a small note. Justin! The unit failed in America because of a unexpected powerful sun flare, this has been rectified, and it will never happen again! ” Bloody hope not! he smiled again, and then thought how fortunate all of them were to be alive!

Lifting the fish tank lid, he reached in and placed the original machine into the box, then locked the old chest.

Hello Lars my old friend, how are you? Justin had driven into work to check when it was ok to start back Grabbing Justin, he hugged him tight and smiled as he missed him being away so long. ” Great buddy, i ’m so glad to see you, has ’nt been the same since you have been gone. ”

- The boss says you can start back on Monday, so extra few days for you. - Anything new happening? Lars asked him if he had heard about the polis inspektörs daughter? ” Yeah i saw the paper yesterday. Lars explained that the girls funeral was in two days, and they were expecting at least 200 attending. - Ok pal, well i ’m heading home, and maybe get you up next week, pre Christmas drink before vacations. ” You are on permanent vacations at the moment, ” and then laughed his usual laugh.

No matter how much Justin tried to shrug off his guilt, it surfaced time and time again. An after thought crossed his mind, he knew the feelings he had when his parents were murdered, and Polisinspektör Lindström would be devastated and crying inside. ” The man was just trying to do his job, and now something precious and good was taken away from him. ” Justin started to think as to the situation

of him being wanted for questioning, how was this to be solved? At this point, his SUV's engine cut out completely and steered the vehicle to the hard packed snow along the edge of the highway, it stopped beside a red and white snow pole marker. " Now what!?" Justin shouted. Completely forgetting he had the new justice machine on his arm, it was beginning to hum loudly, then, a 3D hologram appeared from the machine, it projected a small image on to the flat surface of the car dashboard. The Master instrument's voice came from the metal. " **Future crime scene detected!** " Justin watched carefully as the machine not only projected the crime, but a time sequence scrolled under the hologram informing Justin that this was going to happen in 45 minutes time! He sat there thinking to himself for a few moments. " **Potential rape and murderer arriving in 42 minutes!** " " What to do?? What to do? He looked out to the edge of the road, and a few meters back he saw a small forest road running back through the trees, and with the engine now starting by itself, placed the handle in to reverse! Driving the few meters and hiding the car just out of view from the snow pole. Justin continued to watch the upcoming crime, he saw the man stop his car in the road at the exact spot Justin had been, then leaned over to the passenger seat and started to pull this 16 year old girl towards him. The man was at least 40, and at that point, his intentions were not of that he showed when he picked her up hitch hiking in the snow. " What are you doing? No!! " She started to scream in high pitch tones, then still struggling with the man, she bit his arm. He raised his hand and clenched his

fist and forced the arm fast and vicious in its nature towards her head striking her between her cheek and eye. She was dazed and looking like she was going to pass out. He opened the car door then pulled her out his side dragging her limp body in to the forest just off the road, then quickly snatching her jeans from her very cold body, ripping at her under wear. Once again Justin looked on as the familiar evil smile came to the attackers face! As she started to gain more consciousness, she looked around her, she felt the ice cold snow on her naked skin as she felt his penis thrusting in and out of her tender warm flesh. Numb with shock and cold, she tried to lift her arms to fight him off, but her strength was leaving her, her thoughts were of her good life that she knew was just about to be taken from her. He pulled a knife from his jacket and as quick as he did that, forced the knife deep and quickly through her chest and penetrating her heart. A very low sound of her last breath being exhaled left her body with a little misty steam coming from her mouth.

” **22 minuets to potential crime!** “ Justin now realizing that this was different, this had not happened yet, it was now, he had to decide the best way to prevent this happening, and being careful not to get him self killed.

With a half formed plan in his mind, he sat and waited as time ticked by. ” **Justin Webber! I can do many things to help, just think what you want help with, then i will activate best proceedure for this situation!** ” That was comforting to hear from the justice machine, and maybe this could turn out well for every one. The time on the counter on display was showing 45 seconds left, what ever

had to be done, had to be done in the next few seconds. ”

0 Crime scene starting now!!

Within a few seconds the car he had seen in the projection slowly pulled into the side and stopped in the same spot the hologram said it would. Running through the few meters of snow which was hard, as the snow was deeper at the forest edge, he stood at the driver door, with condensation all over the inside windows, he took his forefinger knuckle and knocked on the cold glass. A whirring sound of a small motor kicked in as the window slowly lowered in front of him. The man gazing at him with wide open eyes looked angry as Justin stood there. ” Can i help you buddy? ” The mans face was now full of anger as Justin answered him back. He bent down to window hight, he could see the same girl he had seen sitting there, she looked calm and slight smile on her face. ” Ohh!! I think i can help you more! Buddy! Justin said it with a sense of sarcasm, and then told the two of them to ” get out the vehicle. ” - Are you a cop? The man asked with a slight fear now appearing on his face. Justin paused, then replied in a softer voice. ” Sort of! ” Both the driver and then the girl got out standing now in the snow. Flakes of white fluffy powder fell between them as the man waited for Justin to show him his polis badge! ” Activate restraining mode!! ” Within a split second two glowing beams went in two directions as the light engulfed the driver and the young girl. Their faces were confused as they tried to break free from the beams. ” What the fuck is happening? Who are you? You frigging psycho!?! The man demanded an explanation, he was just about to get it.

In their encased light pulsating, they looked shocked as Justin asked the justice machine to play crime intentions! The young girls face looked panicked as she saw what the man had planned for her. " This is bullshit!! " Still the man shouting. Turning her head to Justin, she asked " who he was? " Continuing, " Is this true? " She waited on an answer from Justin, and with a straight face he said. " He was going to rape and kill her just like in the hologram projection. "- In his pocket is a 18cm hunting knife which has pearl and metallic inlays with a stag with horns carved into it! Disbelief came from the mans face, then the girl asked the man. " You were going to stab me while you raped me!? You bastard!! " The hologram played it's last seconds of the yet to happen crime, and silence. Looking at the confused and frightened girl, Justin told her he was going to release her, then let her sit in his car, if she was ok with that? Shaking with the freezing snow falling, she agreed. Justin spoke to the machine again. " Release girl! " Only a split second and the beam from her stopped and she started to wobble slightly, then got her balance and ran to Justins car tracing his snow filled footprints.

" I have'nt done anything cop! " The man sneered at Justin as he spoke the words. Lighting a cigarette Justin inhaled on the grey smoke coming from the tip, the smoke was thick as the temperature was so low, blowing through the snow flakes as Justin spoke again to the man. " If i let you go, you will do to another girl what you intended for her, so you and i know what was going to happen, and i need to find out exactly what will happen if you are released. " You could see the thought process on

the mans face, he was weighing up the situation and trying to reach a balance in his mind. But here was the problem, the mans mind was unbalanced, he was a murderer waiting to happen. Justin asked the Master justice machine to tell the man with voice and thoughts at the same time, of future events to unfold. ” **Your thoughts are to break free and head to the nearest bar. From there you want to find another young girl to keep you warm in a sexual way, you have been thinking for many days about committing these acts of violence, and your fantasies have been increasing stronger as the days go on. Today was going to be your first attack, but you would end up a serial killer, so justice needs to be implemented now!** ”

” So what to do with you is this! ” The man was desperately trying to get free, but it was impossible, he was stuck fast like glue Justin continued. ” The intentions you had and have are dangerous to society, so there is only one course of action, your mind shall be wiped clean, and you will live the rest of your time in some institution with doctors baffled as to your condition, but at least the women in towns and cities will be safe from you. If looks alone could kill, Justin would be laying on the ground now with snow floating over his body, but that was ´nt going to happen. ” You fucking crazy bastard fuck!! Let me fucking go!! ” Justin flicked his cigarette butt towards the ground, looked the man straight in the eyes and spoke quietly to him. ” No!!! Goodbye! ” “Activate punishment!! ” That now familiar hum from the machine kicked in as the new blue beam penetrated the mans skull, it did not smell this time

as it entered his flesh then brain. The mans eyes swirled in his sockets as the beam got stronger untill the machine reached it's critical life threatening stage. ” **Master instrument of justice 0002 punishment complete, Releasing now!** ” The mans legs gave way as he fell to his knees, his face blank and lifeless, but still breathing and alive. Walking through thicker snow now, he headed towards his own car, and there standing, was the frightened girl with tears of relief, but confused still. - Is he dead? replying Justin said. “Nope, he's alive, but in his skull, the lights still on, but no one is at home! - What did that machine do to him? - Just wiped his memory, but he wont even know what planet he's on now, and now it's time to get you back to where you were heading, you are one lucky little lady. Turning to Justin shaking, she forced a smile and said. ” Thank you sir!

Turning the radio on after his morning coffee, he listened as a news report came over the speakers.

” A man was found kneeling in the snow along the main forrest highway yesterday! An ambulanced rushed him to hospital where they gave him blankets and survival foil, then after examination, he was found to be mentaly incompetent and taken to the city asylum. A doctor commented to this reporter saying. ” The snow has bleached his brain, that is the only explanation! ”

Justin choked a little as he heard that, then replied. ” Stupid jerk!! But close! ”

Justin stood by his grave digging machine, he had dug another two graves for the day, and was about ready to pack in for the day. ” I have'nt forgotten about you Mr

Webber! ” Came the voice from behind him. Startled he spun around to see Inspektör Lindström a few meters away. Justin sat back on the machines foot plate wiping the snow off that had fallen. ” I was visiting my daughters grave! Then what a surprise as i saw you here working, so thought i would say Hello! ” Justin lowered his head a little, then sighed, and looked the polis man straight in the eyeballs. Holding his hands out clasped together, he said. ” I guess it had to happen inspektör, so take me in! ” Maximus took out a pack of cigarettes, lit one, and then held it out for Justin. If you had blown on Justin at that point, you would have knocked him over with surprise! Reaching out to the lit cigarette he started to smoke, then Maximus took another out and sat down next to Justin. Staring at the polisman, he could see the sorrow in the mans eyes and face, it was heart breaking, and Justin again remembered how that had felt.

” They still have ’nt got that Yank cop in Miami yet huh? Strange how that turned around so quick, Do you agree Mr Webber? - So now i know you are my avenging vigi-lanti, and i must admit i am surprised how so liked and loved you are. To start with, i thought you were just another piece of human garbage on a killing spree, but lately, things as you know have turned for me, so at the moment, you have got a break! Drawing on his cigarette the Inspektör looked right at Justin. - What puzzles me is how the hell did you do these scumbags? There is an answer, but i don ’t know if i am going to understand it! The polis officer was right, he did look puzzled, and all of this time thinking he was one of the best detectives in

Sweden. Pushing his lips together closely, Justin thought carefully before giving the officer some facts.

" You are a good cop sir! I know that and feel it, you are one of the few left in this world who would always do the right thing. You remind me of my uncle Zac State side, you would like him. - Just like you, he did his job with great dedication, and in the end, it was his friend for many years that had killed my parents, so the crime was solved, and now justice has been done! " We have courts and a system for all that Justin, and we break the law if we step in in any way. - Someone once said inspektör. " The law is an ass!! " I believe that, because most of the law talk so much shit!! Justin sat there in deep thought for a moment, then looked back at the officer. - Would you like to know the truth about your deaths in Göteborg and Borås? Do you have the time to sit and keep an open mind? Maximus lit another cigarette. " Try me!! " Justin took another few seconds, then. " Ok! Follow me to my apartment and i will tell you everything! The inspektör smiled enough to let Justin know he had agreed. It was now getting darker as they drove out of the cemetery gates. There was no turning back for Justin now, and maybe he could rest peacefully later that night?

Opening the apartment door they both walked in to see a bath robe clinging to a newly showered Bernadette. " Oh sorry honey! " Justin looked red in the face as he shut the door behind them. - I'm early tonight Justin, i'l go get changed, she hurried into the bed room and shut the door. The inspektör surveyed the apartment, he realy liked the set up, and the fish aquarium was magnificent! - Wow!

Your tank is fantastic Justin, and i love the sea horses. He looked deep into the tank as Justin poured out some Scotch whisky for the two of them. ” Scotch inspektör? ” Stretching his arm out to him. - Thanks replied Maximus as he took the golden liquid from Justin.

For a few seconds, Maximus noticed the health checker machine on Justins arm. - Are they any good? He asked inquisitively. Pause again from Justin, then said. ” More than you can imagine! At this question, Justin removed the machine and asked the Inspektör to get comfortable. Placing it on the glass coffee table he sat down him self and waited for Bernadette to join them.

With a warm sweater and jeans, Bernadette stroled into the living room looking at the man now sat with Justin. ” And who is this nice gentleman!?” Justin looked at her and then gave her the reply. ” Let me introduce you to Polisinspektör Maximus Lindsröm! ” Another case of picking someones jaw up from the floor as she stood there opened mouthed. Justin sat her down and started to reveal the afternoons events, then brought her up to date on what he was just about to show him. A worried look came over her, but straight away Justin tried to reassure her every thing was ok! ” If you are sure about that honey, then i am behind you!

” Inspektör, what i am going to show you is going to be different to any thing you have ever known, and as i said to some one once, ” Do your best to keep an open mind. ” What you see in front of you is an object of great power, it is not a health machine monitor! This in the wrong hands could cause a shit load of trouble. Looking back at Justin

the inspektör replied. " And your hands are not the wrong hands? There was a hint of a smile as he waited for Justin's reply. - Sit back and watch!! Justin directed his voice at the machine, then spoke the words. " Master Instrument Of Justice, play murders and punishments for Göteborg and Borås, with commentary, also show the future punishment given to the man in the snow on Forrest highway! " That was you too!!? " - Shit! "

" Master instrument of justice 0002 replaying crimes and punishment!! "

Minuet after minuet the inspektör watched the hologram, as scene after scene played out in front of him, glancing at Justin and Bernadette who were in turn watching his expressions! occasionally. At the last incident with the man on the highway, the inspektör was angry at what could have been for the young girl, then he looked sad as he thought of his beautiful daughter who was taken from him only less than a week ago! His eyes and nose started to drip moisture from them as he picked some paper tissues from a box Bernadette offered him.

Justin and Bernadette waited to see more responses from him. How was he going to react now?

- I saw it, but i am having difficulty in believing it! - So what you are telling me is. " You can get led to a crime scene, then it tracks down the fugitive, then places a force-field of some kind that sticks him to the spot, and finally gives them a punishment that fits most of their crimes to the way they murdered? Justin thought carefully before answering, but he didn't have to, as the inspektör gave his response. - I believe that if every police force had one or

two of these, we would start to wipe out every scumbag between here and Denmark! I was going to lock you up for ever Justin Webber, but now i don't know if i should do that, or give you a medal!? ” Your choice now inspektör, ” Justin replied. Bernadette was silent, just like she was most of the time, but to-day she was going to have her say. ” Inspektör Lindström, would you like to catch these biker killer's? ” Silence again as seconds ticked by. - More than anything, but the law states that criminals deserve a fair trial! Justin spoke again. - We can put an end to this with your daughters killer's tonight, because they could be ready to strike again! Who's daughter will it be next? A friend's? A colleague? Maybe you do respect the law, but these assholes don't! Picking up his glass of whisky he poured it into his mouth and let the warm glow hit his stomach! ” Let's go get those sons of bitches!! This is going to be Bitter Sweet Revenge!!! “

12

BERNADETTE'S DEATH !!

Chapter 12

BERNADETTE'S DEATH!

Justin, Bernadette, and the inspektör sat in the car in silence, as each one had their own individual thought's. An anxious inspektör sitting on the rear seats wondering what was going to happen next? Bernadette pleading with any God to help them in their next hours, and Justin, wishing that it was all over and catching the men responsible. Maximus pressed the button on his guns magazine clip, checked that there was a full magazine, then placed the clip back in the gun. Pulling the top moveable part

back, he then let it slip forward by it's self to push a bullet in the gun chamber, then put the red catch on to the safety position and put it back in his shoulder holster. Justin had been watching him closely as he had done that, and felt it strange to have an active police officer detective on their side. Bernadette checked her justice machine to make sure it was working good. An unusual event, but this was going to be one of the worst days in their lives for some people! The officer told Justin that " It was only five more minutes to the old warehouse, and drive slowly in case the bikers were back at the crime scene. " This wasn't likely but, caution was the evening's word as safety was paramount to survive.

The old track that led up to the warehouse was low in places, so slow, it had to be because of the deep holes all the way along it. With caution the vehicle moved forward at about ten km's an hour. All of their hands reached for the car roof and side windows as their bodies were shook all around in the car. Driving a few seconds later, the SUV drove on to concrete, and there before them in the headlights was the old abandoned warehouse. Pitch black all around, it was silence as Justin stopped, then turned the engine off.

No one to be seen, no life, just an old scary building and the blackness surrounding them. All three got out, then slowly with the inspector and Justin carrying flashlights, they moved towards the large open warehouse doors. Justin's justice machine came to life again. " **Crime scene detected! Do you wish to play crime?** " Sighing a little, Justin turned to the inspector, his face looked nervous as

he had heard the machine too. - Go ahead Mr Webber! I am as ready as i will ever be! Maximus and the others waited, as Justin told the machine to " Activate! "

Loud motor cycle engine noises could be heard as one after the other, five drove into the large empty warehouse. Behind one of the bikers sat a young girl. She was slumped forward and uncountious as they came to a halt. The motor cycles were placed in a circle with their head lights still switched on, and the girls bike rider pushed her off the bike, and watched as she hit the ground hard. The leader turned to the man. " How much chloroform did you use on her? Replying, the man smiled and said. " Enough! " Being the gang leader, you could see the control he had over the other four men, and demanded they wait untill she was contious before they had their fun! Beer, whiskey, cigarettes were taken from their jackets as they knew they would have several minuets to wait until she was fully awake. The young Rebecca Lindström started to open her eyes, still dazed from the drug she pushed herself up on to her feet, then tried to balance as she held her hands up to shield her eyes from the bikes head lights. " Welcome to our party! " The leader laughed at her, then he was joined by the other four who sneered and laughed with him. Trying to see an escape, she stood there, shaking and crying loudly, then pleaded with the men to let her go. Walking closer to her, the leader stoped only a few centemeters away, then raised his hand to her blouse. Suddenly, his other hand produced a large bladed knife. Slowly cutting the blouse from her body, it cut through the material like a knife through butter. She stood there still shaking,

and trying hard to cover her breasts with her arms. " Ok boys!! One arm or leg each! " They all laughed again and cheered as they quickly went to her shivering body. Each of the four gang members had taken hold of a leg or arm, then stretching her, the leader stood between her wide open legs. Once again he took the knife and started cutting away at her underwear. The flowered panties fell in pieces as she screamed more and tried to struggle free. That familiar evil laugh appeared again, this time on the leaders lips, as he demanded his gang lift her up to the height of his jean zipper. As quickly as she had started, she had stopped crying, she had gone into some kind of shock, she was motionless like a corpse, but alive! Zipping his jeans up, the leader shouted at the girl. " Hey you bitch!! Wake the fuck up! " He slapped her face hard as she still lay there suspended by being held. No movement, just a large red mark appearing on her face where he had hit her. Looking beyond one of the gang, he saw in the headlights of one of the bikes, a handle shaped object. Walking over to it, he bent down then picked it up. Looking it up and down he saw that he had hold of an old wooden dusty tennis racquet. A big smile came over his face as the evil thoughts went through his mind. " Any one for tennis boy 's? " All five gave out a huge laugh, echoing around the warehouse. He looked at it with a knowing smile, stood back near her body, then said in a put on British accent! " My serve i believe?

Throwing a pretend tennis ball in the air, he lifted the racquet in the air, then " Swissshh ! " The racquet made that noise as if cutting through the night air quickly as it

decended towards the young girls face. It bounced quickly from her head as it reached for the sky, then down fast again as he repeated it time after time!. Her face looked like it had been cut slightly in several small squares as the blood started to leak from the little square marks left by the weapon.

Suddenly! A car engine burst in to life about a hundred meters away, the men looked startled as they tried to see who had driven away. They dropped her like a rag doll as once again she fell to the ground. ” Go get that fucker!! ” Shouting loud as three of the men started their bikes and went to look for the unknown unwanted guests.

The two men left, stood over her lifeless body, blood slowly seeping through her wounds. Blood spots had splattered over the warehouse dust as it had fallen from her face. Only a couple of minuets had passed, then with their blazing head lights the three returned shouting. ” They got away who ever it was, we better get the fuck out of here now! ” The leader and the last gang member jumped quickly on their bikes, kicking their engines into life, the leader signaled to the others with a circle motion above his head, his hand went through the air clockwise to let them get the heck out now! The leader looked to the side as he rode by the girl smiling that evil smile most murderers had!

The young Rebecca Lindström lay there, at that moment she was still breathing. Her eyes were open and staring at the roof of the building. Her chest nakid to the air was moving a little, up, then slowly down, then nothing! Her life was gone!

A sudden burst of someone throwing up could be heard, as the inspektör puked hard wrenching his guts as liters of yellow crap projected to the floor. Then came the almighty cry of a tortured soul as he fell to the ground hitting the dust time and time again. Sobbing loudly and gasping for breath as he cried for the daughter he had buried a few days previously. His precious Rebecca taken by men who could not be called animals, as that would insult animals. These men were monsters, and they needed to be exterminated like a rodent with a plague!

It must have been at least ten minuets before a silence fell in the warehouse. Taking two cigarettes out of a packet, Justin lit them both at the same time, then extended his arm to the inspektör. Bernadette had placed her careing arms around the man, then reached to the cigarette placing it in Maximusés mouth. His lips bounced from each other as the smoke found it's way to his lungs. Another silence came, as all three were numb as to what just happened.

" Do you wish to find fugitives of this crime now? " The sound coming from the justice machine bounced around the echoing walls of the abandoned warehouse. With him stumbling as he rose, the inspektör steadied himself, dusted his trousers and jacket with his hand, streightened the tie, and took a final draw from the cigarette. He raised his head so that his eyes were staring at Justin, looked at him with hatred filling them fully, there could be no more room left for the amount of hatred he had for these so called human beings, and now was the time to spend the hate in return for who ever was responsible. Tonight! He

was an unchained wolf! ready to tear fellow humans to pieces!

The atmosphere was tense as the three of them got back into the SUV. Tonight saw a great detective change from a good level headed policeman to a hardened avenging father with a gun! Tonight! nothing or no one was going to stand in the way of his vengeance.

The vehicle sped fast this time along the track, no one cared as the vehicle bounced like a football! throwing all three about inside. " Fugitives are 7.7kms away! Caution must be taken in the last 500 meters! Master instrument of justice! Standing by!!! "

The 7 kms did not take long as Justin was speeding, he wanted to get these killers, all of them, he just hoped that all 5 were there! Once again they had arrived to where the bad guys were, this time however, Justin turned all lights out, and as they started to come to the end of the farm road, they noticed a large stack of starw next to a straw thrashing machine. Hitched up to the towing eye, a large green tracktor stood motionless. Fifty meters ahead was a two level farm house, the lights were on lighting up the foreground like a football field. At the bottom of the three porch steps were four motor cycles. They shon in the artificial light, the chrome and metal paint sparkling.

" Fugitives detected ahead!! " " This was it, everything was just about to happen SHIT STYLE!! "

Whispering, Justin spoke to the inspektör telling him to lay as low as possible next to the front of the tractor, and turned to Bernadette and told her to stay with the wheel of the thrashing machine and not move untill Justin had

them all in a locking beam. Both nodded in agreement to him as Justin got up, then started his path to the farm house. The inspektör held his gun sight on the front porch, staring with eagle eyes at every movement. Justin walked forward, he turned slightly to look back at his accomplices. His thinking process slowed down as when he turned he saw a horror story unfolding behind him. A ugly hairy all over biker was taking aim at Bernadette and Maximus, shouting loud he mouthed the warning, "BEHIND YOU!!" Maximus laying on the ground rolled quickly and spun and aimed at the man behind him. "BANG!! BANG!!" Two simultaneous shots rang out in the air as the bullits both found their target. In a split second, Maximus fired 4 times as his rounds found the mans chest and one in his head. As the biker started to fall forwards, his trigger finger started to go into a spasm! Hitting the ground the semi automatic weapon started fireing by it self, bullits flying in the direction of all three of them. The inspektörs gun was still aiming at the man on the ground. Maximus started to gurgle from his stomach, he looked down and saw blood pouring out of three holes, he was losing a lot of blood, too fast for this to be recovery wounds. He proped his back against the tractor wheel, glad that he could ease the pain that was shooting through his body, just like the bullits had done. Running from the farm house portch four bikers hurried into the open air carrying auto matic weapons. It was like the American 4th of July as repeating bangs and flashes lit up the night sky. What seemed like an eternaty, hundreds of bullits flew

towards their direction, with every few seconds the men reloaded the guns.

” Activate the fucking restraining beams!!! ” Justin shouted through the sound of the gun fire, muzzle flashes nearly every second. With flashes of blue light, the beams caught their targets, one after the other capturing the four remaining murderers, as they looked like they were frozen in time. Justin was heavy breathing, he turned to the inspektör. ” Oh no!! Maximus! ” Justin ran to the polis man, then put his hands firmly on Maximusés chest, trying to stop the bleeding. A faint sound came from the thrashing machine. “ Justinn Juustiinnn. “ He could hardly hear it, but as he did, a horror came over his face again, and his heart started to miss beats as his eyes fixed on a blood soaked Bernadette.

As Justin held her head next to his chest, she was struggling to breath, every time she inhaled, blood pumped out of her left breast, he pulled her sweater up and forced a cloth handkerchief into the two bullit wounds. She managed to move her head slowly to look at the man she had started to love, his eyes dripping with tears like melting ice. It seemed like hours holding her as she gasped for every breath, trying to smile to him as he ran his fingers over her blood stained cheek. He thought about calling an ambulance, but deep down he knew it was only a matter of seconds, and then the end would arrive snuffing her beautiful life from existence. He gently lifted her up more towards his lips, then kissed the bullit holes as she grabed him tightly, then exhaled for the last time.

” Justin! ” The voice repeated, ” Justin! ” Now a third time. ” Justin fucking Webber!! ” Justin looked over to Maximus and saw he was still alive, barely, but still alive. ” Before i leave this fucked up planet, go finish them sons of bitches off for me buddy! ” Still having difficulty in breathing, he watched as now the hatred took over Justin’s Eyes that had turned black, for a moment, evil touched his heart, and now it was time to become the devil himself!! He stood up, he looked at the four men before him, and walking closer to them all, he spoke. ” I have only seven words to say to you guys. With pools of blackness all over his face, he stared at each one in turn. ” Your fucked and your dead!!!! ACTIVATE PUNISHMENT!!! “

13

GOLDEN CROWN

Chapter 13

GOLDEN - CROWN!

” Jesus Christ!! ” Justin Could ’nt believe what he had just seen. The justice machine spoke again!

” **Possible future crime scene will present it self in 2 minuets 25 seconds! Evasive action needed!** ”

” We can ’t let this happen! ” Said the inspektör, and Bernadette agreed. ” That just frightened the hell out of me! ” As she spoke, she smiled at Justin and uttered a few words to him. ” You kissed my bullit holes? From my angle watching, i thought you were being naughty! ” None of this was funny, but for a brief moment, it was! ” This

machine is fantastic Justin, to see into the future, it could save so many lives! ” Maximus said. They were all interrupted as the machine came to life again. ” **Future crime scene in 1 minuet! Take evasive action!** “ Justin stopped the car at the same spot as in the hologram projection, only this time, he was the only one in the car. ” **Future crime scene active now!** “ The justice machine then spoke to Justin. ” **Bernadettes justice machine is now instantly connected to Master instrument, i await any commands for evasive action!** ” ” Ok then! Let’s see how this scene plays out!?” Justin started to walk towards the lit up farm house, the bikes were exactly where the hologram showed the four of them. Looking behind him as he did in the hologram, he saw the first biker taking aim at Justin himself. At that moment He told the Master instrument to activate Bernadettes machine to restrain! Bernadette had been dropped off 20 meters before the area where the first biker was relieving him self in the long grass, and slowly and quietly crept up behind him to within a safe distance. The biker didn’t stand a chance of missing that beam, it fired out from her metal machine like a lightening bolt! Silver in colour the beam held the guy and an invisible gag was placed around the mans mouth, now there was no chance of the man tipping his buddies off to warn them. Maximus slid around from the back yard, then moved slowly along the side of the house keeping close to the wooden boards. He checked to make sure the area was clear, then as quick as he could sat on the first bike and kicked started the engine. The 1200cc engine roared into action as Maximus ran back to the side

of the house. He looked at Justin and put his thumb up to him for "Go for it!" Maybe 20 seconds past, then one after the other, all the bikers came out wondering why the bike motor was running. Inspektör Lindström spun around the corner house, and shouted at the four bikers. "Halt!! Polis!" His gun was wavering between the four, and only two or three seconds, the biker nearest to the porch door started to lift his semi auto machine gun. With the now familiar shout, Justin raised his voice in an instant! "Activate restraining beam!!" "Four beams of silvery blue light fired out quickly from the master justice machine, each one freezing the bikers! Swear words of every description came from their mouths as all of them tried to escape, but as usual, there was no escape, and now it was close to their punishment, but no one knew yet as to what that was going to be. What was known by Bernadette, Maximus and Justin, was that they were just about to die!!

Justin walked up to the bike gang leader, stared into his eyes, and looked hard to see if he had any good in them. Black! Just completely dark black with just a hint of white around the eye pupils. "So this is what evil looks like today huh!?" With a twisted look the gang leader growled at Justin, then.. "Fuck you asshole!! then spat into Justin's face!" "What ever the fuck this thing is, release me and i'll show you evil!! You fucking stupid cop!!" The anger on his face was a pleasant sight as Justin replied. "Ohh! I'm not a cop, but he is," pointing to Maximus who was now walking towards the captured four bikers.

Maximus stood there dead center in front of the four of them. "Do you know who i am scumbags!?" One of the

gang shouted at him. " Who gives a flying fuck man!?! " Rebecca Lindström! Does the name jolt your memories? " One after the other, each face looked shocked. " I am not a cop tonight boys, i am just a grieving father who just lost one of the most beautiful things on this earth! You snuffed out a life that was pure and clean, not that i can say the same about you fucking shits! Silence, they were lost for words as Maximus glared into each face one at a time.

" What about this scum here!?! " Bernadette shouted from the edge of the field. Justin spoke to the master justice machine. " Can you bring the fugitive in Bernadette's beam closer to here without releasing him!?! And with the next seconds, the machine answered him. " **No!! That is not possible Justin!** " That was'nt the words Justin wanted to hear, but quickly thought to his next move.

With the gang leader and the three next to him, Justin knew he would need to get Maximus to go and help her, so gave the master justice an order to release the automatic weapon from the nearest biker. A scream penetrated the quiet surrounding the farm house, it was louder than the bikes engine which was still running. " Arrrrggghhhh!!! " The bikers hand fell to the ground with the machine gun still grasped in it! Smoldering flesh could be smelt as it lay on the ground, with every second pushing sizzling flesh through the blades of grass. The man felt every nerve bursting into his brain, each nerve sending the signal of excruciating pain that brought a tough man to tears like a small baby! The other bikers watched in horror as the man stood there bubbling like a coward. " Show you have a spine man!! You're one of my

gang, you snivelling turd! ” The words from him did ’nt make a bit of difference, the other biker carried on with the pain he was now experiencing.

Maximus went over to the machine gun, and with out flinching bent down to pick up the gun forcing the curled fingers from the handle. He thought for a moment, this hand was one of the hands that held his daughter, so had no remorse for taking the gun from it. The hand once again hit the ground, this time it fell upon a light layer of fresh snow that had just fallen too. Snow flakes 2 or 3 cms wide came from the night sky as the inspektör walked briskly towards the biker and Bernadette. Bernadette was shivering as the new colder wind started to blow around her, making her shake a little, the snow flakes blew around in a small tornado shape circle, the wind unseen in the air. ” What ’s our next step!?” Asked Bernadette, with Maximus answering her quickly. - We need to release him and walk over to the others, Justin want ’s them all together! - So you can tell your machine to release him in a moment, but not before i have a quick few words with him first!

Inspektör Lindstrom turned to the biker, who now was petrified as to what was going to happen next? Maximus placed his pistol back in the holster, then held the machine gun tightly trained on the man before him. ” Here ’s what ’s going to happen in the next few minuet’s! Your puny little brain is ’nt going to understand about this piece of equipment that holds you, so don ’t try. When the light releases you, all three of us are going to walk slowly over to the others, and if you deviate one centimeter, il blow you to hell right then, so your choice murdering scumbag! You

will also slowly place your gun you are holding on the ground, then walk forward! If the barrel of your gun goes any where other than the ground, well!! Does 'nt take a genius to know what 's going to happen to you! " Ok Bernadette! " Bernadette glanced down at the machine on her arm. " Release fugitive! " As quick as it had started, in a second it had stoped. Maximus had moved behind the man and was pointing the other gang members gun at the guys back. The familiar wobble came around the man as he got his balance on the fresh snow. You could see the relief on the guys face as he stood straight, then looked at the gun still in his hands. From the front view, the mans face started to smile as the thoughts went through his stupid head! " That was a mistake! " He thought! At that exact moment,the master instrument of justice alerted Justin to " **Potential future crime now!!** " Without hesitation, Justin replied in a stern loud voice. " Activate Bernadette 's justice machine and punish NOW!!! " All this happened so quick, the biker only got three inches around in his swiveling body, but not enough to open fire on Maximus and Bernadette. Automatic gun fire again boomed in the night air with muzzle flashes igniting the air! "BANG-bangbangbangbangbangbangbangg!!!!" with the echo of the last round bouncing over the field.

Bullits had ripped through the mans body, they made gaping holes all around his back and stomach. In an instant, nearly every drop of blood in his body poured or splattered on the snow,the final bullit had struck the metal on the front of the tractor still standing there. it ricochet 's back and lands dead center of the mans forehead! as he fell

forward indenting his large built body in the white powder, was it over? The man lay there, no breath, no warm puffs of air coming from his lips, just a hint of gun smoke drifting over his dead body. This time the gun fire had happened, as before the hologram was just a possible future. Maximus in the heat of the moment was so hoping the biker would make a move for the worse, he wanted so much to take this scums life as he did his daughters. His wish had been granted, and the justice machine had been cheated of the death. It would have taken the mans life, but maybe some justice had to be taken by the father who 's sweet girl was no longer walking on the earth. Showing nothing, he turned to Bernadette who had thrown her self on the ground and was brushing the snow from her clothes and looking relieved. " You ok!?" He asked, but he knew she was, as the man in front of him stood no chance of living or harming Bernadette with him there.

All three now standing together, they had slight smiles of relief as to what just went down. " That was too close for comfort, " then wiped some persperation droplets from his forehead. Justin pulled his cloth handkerchief from his pocket and started to wipe his brow, then looked at it, he remembered the hologram, and of him pushing it into Bernadette 's bullit holes.

" Are you taking us in!? Because all of this is bullshit!! " Justin replied to the gang leader. " Was it bullshit when all five of you held her and beat her with the tennis racquet!?" " Ohh fuck you dick for brains! " It was difficult for Bernadette the inspektör and Justin to see how this guy was being such a jerk held by something they could not

possibly understand, and that only a few minutes time, they were going to be no more. Justin looked to Maximus, it was time for the grieving father to take the action with the help of the justice machine. He put the machine gun on the snow covered ground, then placed his hands in his pockets to keep warm.

" I was going to say so much to you guys, with the why's! and what for's! but you know what? GO TO HELL!!! " He turned, looked at Justin, and then came the words from Justin's lips! " Activate punishment now!!

A familiar noise entered the night air as the Master instrument of justice started to do what it was programmed for, to serve justice to fugitives that had no remorse for their crimes. The three of them waited for the usual humming sound to grow in volume, then to see other beams of light striking the bodies of the four men.

No!! This time there was no silver or blue beams, but in its place was a golden glowing light that projected a nearly perfect circle, nearly perfect was the right word, as the golden circles hovered over all four bikers heads to a distance of about 20 centimeters! Then the humming intensified, you could see a slight smoldering heat. The humming got even louder, the golden strands of light crossed each other between the circles. " Oh my God!! " Bernadette said as the three of them watched. As they looked at the circles, it had changed slightly to resemble tennis racquets. The golden light strands crisscrossed each other as it took shape. Another louder burst of humming could be heard as the circling rings of intense heat and light glowed like the mid day sun! Then it happened! Simulta-

neously, they all started to descend towards the four bikers heads. A shock and fear came over each of their faces. As Justin Bernadette and Maximus looked on, they too were a little anxious to find out what this thing was going to do? This was the first time any of the three of them saw anything like this, but, that was 'nt surprising as this machine realistically should 'nt even exist! With a final burst of humming, the Golden Crown looking objects descended at a slow pace taking about five seconds to reach the faces of the gang. If Bernadette Justin and Maximus could describe what happened next on paper, it would be something like this... " The Golden Crowns came into contact with all four faces, as the gang members were getting their justice. Their skin started to smoke and melt as the crissed cross lights entered deep into their skin. If you pictured a Skilo block of square butter, then heated a metal wired tennis racquet up to temperatures that could 'nt be measured, you would see how the wires melted through and came slowly out the other side, but afterwards, it was like crushed ice being placed on the butter to cool it quickly, so that the diced butter was in cubes but still standing firm in it's place. Heated smoke came from all four of the mens faces, with hissing noises at the same time as the skin melted together. Basicaly, they ended their lives as objects that looked like they had been sliced and diced!! Cubes of slightly melted brains and skin fused together as the after cold light had turned everything solid again! Two of the bikers had both of their eyes cut into cubes, and resembled something out of a horror movie! Not one drop of

blood could be seen running from the mens heads as the three others watched with shocked faces.

Snow flakes still falling, the night was silenced now. Then it came like always! ” Master instrument of justice 0006 punishment complete!!! ”

” Can i have a cigarette now please!?” Came the voice of Bernadette. That to all of them seemed like a good idea, as every one of them needed something to calm them as to what they witnessed! Justin asked Maximus ” what he felt now!?” Drawing on the cigarette he looked slightly more at peace with himself, but then answered Justin. ” Seeing them bastards fry was good, i feel some relief, but that is ’nt going to bring her back, is it!?” Shaking his head slowly Justin took hold his hand and shook it hard and firmly. ” Thank you Inspektör for everything. I guess if you had been another cop, all kinds of different shit could have taken place, so from my heart and Bernadette’s, Thank you! ” The inspektör fumbled in his jacket pocket, then sparkling in the night, he was dangling a pair of handcuffs swaying left to right, then right to left! Justin and Bernadette shocked their faces as they gazed at the handcuffs!

A smile came over his face as he said. ” Won’t be needing these anymore then? ” He watched their faces as the breath and sigh of relief came over them. Justin play punched the polisman, then the three of them walked towards the SUV, then drove from the crime scene!!

... ..

14

(S-P-P) SVERIGE PATRIOT PARTI !

3 years had passed since the inspektör got his revenge, the same for Justin. Many things had happened in this time, and the strange world they lived in, was still strange!

It seemed like the good guys were being pushed into the minority, and vice versa. The bad guys always on the media looked like they were edging forward faster than the world had ever seen.

Murders, rapes, slave trade in humans, which we thought went out with the 1800's. And the biggest happening of all. " Terrorism! " An evil thread in the world that was spreading like a cancer.

After clearing through a mountain of paperwork three years ago, the now Chief Kriminalinspektör Lindström was becoming a iconic polis man as he was preventing crimes by the dozens every month. His colleagues could 'nt believe the amount of potential rapes and murders he stoped. How the hell did he do it? We have to go back to the day after the biker gang were taken out when their bodies were discovered.

The snow lay heavy on the ground in most of the area of Göteborg. The call came in about mid-day as the inspektör was just about to go to lunch. Acting surprised, he grabed his winter coat and headed out to the polis staff room. Pointing to three of the polismen sitting at their lunch table. " You! - You and you with me now! and bring some lunch for me. " Trying to look like he had no idea what he was going to find, he put on a face of looking concerned as he told the three men he was thinking this might be another vigilante killing.

" Difficulty " was an under statement as the polis 4x4 drove along the the snow filled farm road, and managed to get to within about 50 meters

from the edge of the field. He knew what he was doing when he told the officers to stand about 5 meters away from him in a line, then when he was ready, he would give the signal to move slowly forward. Surveying the area with his eyes, he knew where to look as his eyes headed to the spot he had opened fire on the biker. Telling the officer on his right to start walking slowly, he looked to the two on his left, then asked them to move forward too. The depth of the snow was about 1 meter, so treading through it was hard going. As they walked forward, he glanced over at the officer on the right from the corner of his eye, as he knew exactly the point where the first biker lay, he waited, and waited, until.. ” Sir! Sir! i have found something! ” The officer slightly tripped then bent down and started to brush the snow away where he nearly fell, and within seconds he uncovered the ass in jeans of the dead biker. Inspektör Lindström ran as fast as he could over to him and looked down. Kneeling down with the officer they both started digging through the cold powdery snow and saw the white snow was ’nt white any more. The powder snow around

the immediate body area was crimson in colour. ” Get some crime scene tape and cordon off the body about 5 meters around him, then get your ass back to me where ever we are! ” The two other officers and Maximus continued to walk forward trudging through the deep snow.

As they approached the farm house, they walked slower as the view they were looking at was strange and creepy. ” Hello officers! ” One of the polis men drew his gun and pointed straight at an old man. ” Stay where you are, and put your hands up now!! ” ” Officer! Put your weapon down, i believe this to be the neighbor who reported the incident! ” Yes sir! I’m Mr Everton, i found them 10 minuets before i called you, as i had to go back to my farm to use the phone as signals on cell are difficult to get around here. I was walking my dogs along the field when as i looked over here, i noticed what i thought was snow-men but, the dogs ran straight to them and started barking. My dogs have never liked the bikers who have lived here, and i try to stay away best i can. When i tried to brush my hand along the head of this guy, when the snow came off, i

saw this! ” He was pointing to the biker on the far right. Just a few feet away was the other three, and the old farmer had not touched anything else and called the polis! ” His face is strange and twisted, it scared the shit out of me! ” ” Crime scene tape now boys, and make it 10 meters around, i don ´t want any one in here with out my permission! ”

The act he was puting on seemed so convincing, but then it had to be to pull it off. Blue lights flashing at the edge of the field, several more polis vehicles surrounded the area and seconds after, a forensic team walked to where the four were standing. Three forensic officers started to take pictures of the bikers, then got small brushes and began dustin the snow from the heads downwards. ” What the fuck!?! ” One forensic officer shouted with shock as he was looking at something so weird, he nearly shit his pants! It was the bike gang leader, and staring back at him was the face that looked like it had gone through an industrial French fries machine, the kind that has square holes. ” If only they knew, ” the inspektör thought.

” Keep me informed men! I can be contacted on my cell if any thing else turns up, oh! and don’t forget the fat assed one down there! As he went to leave, the forensic doctor stoped him. ” Sir! I have no clue as to this, but maybe these are connected to the so called vigilante we were investigating! The strange wounds are similar in dimensional scortch marks, so what ever happened here, could be connected to the same weapon. ” ” Ok! Once everthing is cleaned up here, get them back for autopsies then let me know what you find! ” The doctor nodded and went to walk away, then shook his head as he stared at the gruesome heads before him.

Maximus headed for Göteborg center where Justins apartment was. Pressing the buzzer, momentarily the door swung open. ” Hey!! How are you to-day Maximus? ” Justin waved him in, then started walking towards the kitchen. ” Coffee? ” - Ya! Black and strong Justin please. ” Something happened? ” - A farmer found the bodies this morning with his dogs, and i think he literaly shit him self from what he saw. You could smell his pants. When i saw the bodies myself, they looked

more of a horror story than last night! Maximus took the mug of coffee from Justin, took some of the hot beverage then placed it on the coffee table. " I have been thinking! " said Justin as he walked over to the fish tank. He stepped up on to the small indoor step ladder and slid the tank lid over to reveal the top of the coral insert. Reaching into it, he grabbed hold of the chest and proceeded to fetch it to the table.

Before them both was the original small chest. " I was asking the master instrument of justice questions last night, and i got some very interesting answers. " Justin leaned over to Maximus and took hold of his hand. " Trust me! " Justin said. Maximus looked puzzled as he allowed Justin to take his hand, then pushed his thumb outwards and slowly placed it on the shiny metal plate on the chest! Maximus was intrigued but skeptical as to why he was doing this, then he got his answer. As his thumb touched the plate, a small sting shot through Maximus' s hand along his nerve endings. " You go up against machine guns and crazy bikers, and you are afraid of a little prick!?" Justin laughed with the inspektör then said. - You leave

my penis out of this!! In light of all the sadness and pain, it was good to laugh, it mends so many scars, even if Maximus felt guilty for it only being a short time, since everything had gone wrong for him and his daughter. - So remind me why we are doing this? Justin smiled at him. " Wait a few seconds. " They did! Then! " DNA analyzed!! You are Maximus Lindström! I am now Master Instrument Of Justice Mark 2!! Standing by!!!! " "

" You are fucking kidding me on right!? " The inspektör continued with his strange expression on his face, still puzzled! Justin started to tell him about the conversation with his master justice instrument. " I discovered that we could up grade all justice instrument's, and Bernadette's is also up graded, and i also thought you might like to have your very own! You deserve it Maximus, but this is your choice, however, this could help your career or ruin it and get you into a lot of trouble! " " Trouble!? Trouble!?" he repeated. Laughing then, " I can't get into any more trouble than i am all ready in! Shit!!! They would lock me up and throw the key away if only they knew about what went on with these things! And you!! You! Mr Webber would be in the cell next to me, and Bernadette in a womens prison " Smiles came to them again as they continued their conversation and drank their coffee!

Maximus drove once again to Justins apartment. Thinking to him self, he wondered if Justin would get on board with his latest criminal case? As the elevator

accended to justins floor, he stepped out and on to the corridor floor. The buzzer went into action as it made the inspektör jump with a little fright!

The voice that greeted him was a joy to his ears as he heard. " Luncle Axmousee!! Me hug preeeze! There holding on to his right knee and would not let go was Bernadette 's and Justins 2 and a half year old son! "Frankie! " Said Bernadette. " Let uncle Maximus come in first, then laughed loudly!

Frankie was a blond haired blue eyed boy that any parents would have been glad and proud to have. What was known is that Frankie had a powerful bond with Maximus, and Maximus vowed to watch over him untill the end of time!

Bernadette took Frankie in her arms and gently carried him into his bedroom. " Say night night to uncle Maximus Frankie! " - Igt Igt Axmousee. " Frankie smiled and giggled as his Mom continued into the bedroom.

" So! What can i do for you Chief Inspektör? " justin laughed as he asked, then looked at Maximus for the reply. " Over the last couple of years Justin, we have come through some cazy shit! Preventing some murders, and finding and punishing others. Rapists behind bars with partial memory losses, and some with wiped brains in mental asylums! And some patches of long gone dust that were murderers remains, but as we know, most of them were put on the missing person lists, and they will always be on it! I have been contacted by the Swedish Intelegence Agency! (S.I.A) They have a potential job that needs to be done, and the government wants me to gather

a special team and help with national security! With my crime clean up rate, they think i'm some kind of super cop!! ” Both started to laugh again. Listening intently, Justin thought the time was right to pour some whisky out. Passing a glass half full he sat again and gazed at Maximus to hear the rest of his talk.” I can only tell you if you are in! But this is classified and top secret, and i have thought of a way to allow you to be involved. ” Justin did 'nt hesitate as he said. Count me in Maximus!! ”

” In front of you is a Swedish secret document, it's basically the official secrets act that was passed through Swedish parliament, once you sign it, you will be subjected to the crime of treason if you break this contract, so don't break it! ” Smiles all round as Justin said. ” Oh excuse me sir! I am giving you all this information about a machine that turns peoples brains into chop suey and murderers into dust, i thought you should know that !!! Then i will end up in the same asylum as some we have put there! Roars of laughter came from them as Bernadette pokes her head around the bedroom door. “AaHemm! Little quieter please, you drunks! ” Silencers seemed like they were put on their laughs as they held their hands to each mouth.

Justin handed the pen back to Maximus after signing the document. ” Ok! Now i can tell you about the assignment. ” The chief continued. ” In front of you is an envelope containing a official id card authorized by the S.I.A ! You are now a special intelligence agent, and you are on full salary as of now! The agency has already been in touch with your boss and given him a cover story, which is as fol-

lows. You have witnessed an event that intelligence is needed more, and there for, you have been drafted to under cover work to help, which is true in a way, but it will stop him from mentioning anything about it, he also had to sign the secrets act!! ” Justin looked at Maximus. ” Don ’t tell me he’s a secret agent too!?” Boy’s! Keep your laughing to a minimum please!! ” - Sorry honey! And with that, Justin winked at her.

”Right! When we are any where in the polis station, you are working for me on special operations if any one asks, and if they start to quiz you on anything, refer them to me!. ” Justin nodded and put his thumb up to say ” He understood. ”

” Now to the heart of the matter. Have you heard of a Swedish man called Timmy Alekvist? ” Justin did ’nt have to think too long as his memory cells kicked in. ” Is ’nt he the guy that runs that Political parti? SPP? Or SVP? ” - You were right the first time Justin, Sverige Patriot Parti! The chief reached into the envelope and pulled out a photograph of the ” SPP ” leader. ” He is our mission! ” Justin sat back in his chair as Maximus began to brief him on their task, and intelligence reports they had recieved from operatives in Arpangistan. ” We believe that in the next three weeks, an attempt is going to be made on his life in Sweden, Göteborg to be precise. The biggest plot to hit the world since 09/11. Here’s what we know! Twenty suicide terrorists with 60 pounds of semtex each will be gathered in Göteborg 8 days from now, 7 of them are going to attack the the main station in Stockholm and try to hit 4 trains and the terminal, this how ever is just a

bonus target for them, as the true motive is to take out Timmy Alekvist! ” Justins eyes got wider as the information started to sink in. ” Has he pissed them off for some reason!? ” Justin had not heard much about the guy, but knew that a lot of people called him a racist! Maximus continued and began again to answer justins question. ” He is definatly not a racist, and is probably one of the nicest men in politics! He even has close friends who are Arabs, Africans, people with many different religions, he just wants what is good for swedish people, and to take the blind folds off which many have been wearing for years. Some have opened their minds more recently to the possibility of no true Swedish citizens in 30 years time! Ridiculous!? Many people do ’nt think so. He is starting to win a lot of seats in parliment, and they are shit scared of him. If they take him out, then the road is left open for terrorists from any where to come over the borders! Sweden needs to wake up, because like the great William Wallace of Scotland, he will get his ass blown off! So to speak. ” Right! Said justin. ” Starting tomorrow, you will be with me at a secret training site for special forces training, and i know we both have a justice machine, but you need to learn very quickly to shoot different guns. Rifle, small pistol, to a heavy hitting caliber machine gun. It ’s always good to be able to shoot straight Justin! ” Too true Maximus! ” Justin replied. - Ok then, i will meet you out side your apartment at 0700 hours, and i will bring some of your equiptment you will be needing! ” Be careful my darling, and call or text when you can! ” Bernadette held him and kissed a slightly nervous Justin as

he turned to walk out the door. " Give Frankie a kiss and hug for me when he wakes up honey! " - Sure i will! She replied.

It was spot on 0700hours as Justin stood smoking a cigarette at the front of the apartment building. As he smoked, he glanced to his left, and coming towards him was Maximus along the side walk. " Did you forget to bring your vehicle with you getting out of bed too early!?" Smiling, he kept looking at the chief inspektör, but the smile left his face as he saw walking directly behind him, another man wearing a red bandana around his forehead, and what looked like to be an automatic rifle machine gun barrel pointing at the ground. The inspektörs face looked cold as he watched Justin in front of him as he got closer. Justin waited just that little longer until the men were close enough to take action! Suddenly!! " Restrain man behind Maximus now!!! " Justin waited for the master instrument to take the action, but! Nothing!! Justin dived over Maximuse 's shoulder and struck the man with a heavy blow to his head, and while falling towards the ground held on to the man to take him down!!

" Stop!! Stop Justin! " Just as Justin was bringing his fist down to the mans jaw! " He was your first test Justin! He 's one of the good guy's! We had to know what kind of response you have to these situations that might present it self! " " Fuck sake Maximus!!!! I nearly needed to go back and change my underwear! " Maximus smiled and then spoke to justin again. " Why do you think the justice machine did 'nt work!?" Thinking for a moment, Justin answered. " Should we be talking about this in front of

him? ” ” Show him David! ” Looking to the man beside him. David rolled his sleeve up slightly, then revealed another justice machine on his arm. ” For shits sake! Have they been giving these out at a super market chain store!? David pushed his hand towards Justin, then spoke. ” Nice to meet you Justin, ” Smiling back at him, Justin took hold the mans hand and apologised for the take down, and shaking his head, David replied. ” No man!! You did excellent, and i ’ m glad to be able to work with you. ”

At an unknown location, the three of them walked into a canteen where breakfast was being served, and picking up a plate each, helped them selves to the hot steaming food before them.

Wiping his mouth with the napkin, Justin turned to Maximus, then enquireing, started to ask him about the fourth justice machine. ” When did you know about this one? ” Finishing his mouth full of food, he placed the knife and fork back on the plate. ” It was about 7 months ago when i came across a potential crime scene yet to happen, but the machine had projected another man hiding waiting to see what was going to take place, so to cut a long story short, we discovered we both had the same quest at the same time. ” ” Wow! ” ” Now you come to mention it, i have been picking up little blips of light on days when i go out past crime or potential crime scenes, so i guess it was you all along then David!? ” ” Yep! ” David smiled as he replied. ” I have watched the two of you on many occasions, so it was really good when Maximus and i started to see we had the same master justice machine ’ s,

but we waited until just recently to tell you as i was already recruited for special opp 's! ”

” Right boys! We are due on the firing range in 30 minutes, so best get moving! ”

Standing behind tables on the gun range, before them was several weapons of all shapes and sizes. ” The first gun i want you to use is one of the latest models out! The Gloc 42S The .380 caliber up date from the G19R This one has been reduced down in size, but is very light and compact, and this weapon is our primary must carry, remember you only have to squeeze gently! ” Targets were placed at 50meters and one hundred meters, and were now ready for them to train on. ” Each one of you has two magazines with 12 rounds in each, make them count lads, and take your time, one magazine for 50meters and one for one hundred! In your own steady time, Shoot!! ”

” On many news reports over the years you have heard mention the well known Karashnikov AK (AK-47) 7.62mm caliber, this has been one of the terrorists favourite weapons, so again! Two magazines of 20 rounds in each, same as before, 50 mtrs and one hundred mtrs! ”

Both Justin and David were pleased with their shooting skills, and David was just ahead on points for scoring perfect bullseye 's. 97% of all their rounds hit the targets, so Maximus was well impressed. The last to be tested was the .50 caliber, this weapon was a real body killer, it could cut a man in half with one bullet on impact with the body!

The smell of cordite hung around the firing range as other agents were trying their skills and expertise. ” Last excer-

cise for the day is grenade and claymore practice, ” and this was going to be interesting.

After learning a crash course in explosives, they retired to the main building for dinner and showers, and then Maximus wanted to see them in one of the study rooms.

” For the first day, you have both exceeded my expectation’s, if we keep this up, you will both be reasonably ready in a few days, but remember the time is ticking down and we need to be ready as much as possible! ”

Justin retired to his room and started to clean his new weapon. ” I would rather have the instrument of justice any day of the week, but i guess i had better get a little more familiar with this pistol! ” He thought.

As he cleaned and oiled the working parts of the Gloc, there was a light knock on the door. ” Justin my dear friend, i wanted to get you by your self for a moment to discuss a delicate matter. ” Continuing, Maximus sat on a chair against the wall, then looked him straight in the eye’s! ” I was putting questions to the justice machine earlier, and basically the answers concerned me a little! If we are in a situation where we need the restraint beams, we can only get a maximum of 4 from each machine, then it will use too much energy in a short time period, so! We need to be sharp witted to use the potential future unfolding crime scenes to best defend our subject and our selves! We could all go out with a big bang in this one Justin, but, maybe with some quick thinking, we can make it!! ” Justin turned to Maximus. ” Each one of us my friend is going to die one day, when that’s going to be? I don’t know! But with a lot of good planning here, we can get to our next

birthday and still have saved the day! ” One last thing Justin. There is a chance that there is a security leak within the special forces section, so as an extra measure, keep your justice machine on at all times, and unless you have to use voice commands to it, use your thought process to give it instructions, in some way this might prevent big ears listening in! ”

A few days passed, then packing all their equipment, they were going to head back into Göteborg to meet their new assignment!

Arriving at the mansion where the conference was to be held, they were met by Timmy Alekvist himself! ” Hello gentlemen, and welcome! I am getting the paperwork ready for tomorrow, so go down to the end room on your left, and help your self to coffee! I also believe someone has set up a white board in the room with the plan layout for this location! For give me for dashing away, but duty calls!! ” As quick as he came in on the scene, he dashed away to take care of his business.

Straight away all three got down to studying the plan on the board, and making notes, they tried to come up with a working plan for the ministers meeting. After a few hours, Maximus opened up with a rough idea, and opened the discussion up for changes if they needed.

” I think the West wall with the main building is most likely to be the weakest link, as there is only one arched entrance to drive through at the north wall, so in case with a 15 meter brick wall, i don´t believe they will make a frontal attack! If i was them, i would breach the West wall first and then enter through the back of the conference

room, that gives them an advantage instead of coming in the front door! Tomorrow morning we will set up in three locations, so if it happens, we should be well covered!”

Maximus and Justin had come along way since the discovery of the justice machines, and this type of operation was completely different from the rapes and murders they have been accustomed to! But! This was potentially planned murder, so the machines will do their job to help them. Maximus continued. ” The meeting will go ahead at 10am, and they will take coffee in the dining room next to the conference room, then 5 meters back into the meeting, then lunch at mid -day precisely! We will scan the three areas we are going to be positioned at, and each one of the justice machines will warn of any future breach in the defenses, but as we know, it can only give us an hours heads up! I want you both to go and get familiar with this building and the inside and out side walls, check to see if any one is observing any of this mansion, remember to send thoughts to the machines so we don ’t draw attention to them! ”

Laying on his bed, Justin took his cell phone and called his beautiful Bernadette. ” Can ’t tell you much honey! But everything going well, this should be over by tomorrow night, so fingers crossed! ” - Frankie keeps asking where you are in his cute way, but you can see he looks for you at the front door! ” Hugs and kisses to him, and you cute lady!! ” - Take care my handsome man! Talk soon!

” **Potential future crime scene detected!!** ” On Justins dial on the justice machine was the possible crime playing, no hologram, just projections on the screen in

front of him. " Something was wrong!! " It was only 8am and he had just walked past the kitchen. Sure enough, as the screen continued, a man dressed in black suit and bow tie came from the kitchen, he started to look both ways, obviously checking to see no one was around, then placed his cell phone to his ear. In the next moment, Justin heard something in the one sided conversation he could hear! " Meeting on for 10am, coffee before at 09.30 in dinning room ! " Then nothing! " Justin casually stroled into the kitchen as if to do a security check, then noticed the suited man getting trays ready for the meeting. Three other kitchen staff went about their food preperations, slowly walking over to him saying. " Who are you sir!? " Justin waited for an answer. - Paul Jenkings, i am the butler for Mr Alekvist! Justin smiled inside him self as the thoughts came quickly. " Geeeez! I don 'believe i 'm going to say this! The butler did it! " Being very serious with his next thoughts, he sent the justice machine a message from his now more active mind. " Send messgae to Maximus to get his ass over to out side of the kitchen, and i will rendezvous there!! " The justice machine replied. " **Message sent to Maximus Lindström, and 52 minuets to potential crime scene!!** "

Showing the inspektör the play back on the screen, they both looked at each other. Then Maximus opened his mouth. " The butler did it!?!? " " Thought that was just in books and movie!?" - Get him out here, and i 'l get David to come lock him up safe. David ran all the way from the North gate which he was surveying, arriving at the kitchen entrance. " Maximus!?!? " " This guy in the penguin suit is

probably our leak and not a minister, he is Mr Alekvist's butler! And don't say it!!! " David looked at Justin then Maximus. " As if i would do such a thing!!? His smile gave it away at that point.

" What is the meaning of this gentlemen!? I have 'nt done anything wrong!! " Let us be the judge of that sir!! Now go with this agent and we will talk in a few minuets! "

Maximus played the scene back one more time, then both walking into the dinning room, they looked hard to see anything out of place. Nothing! Everything looked in order. If these terrorists were coming here, they must have some kind of sensor telling them where the dinning room was, and that meant a electronic homing device, but where!?" Right Justin, let's get to that temporary office and talk some sense into this guy!

" No! no! no! " Maximus shouted as Justin and he ran to the table at the front of the white board. Laying on his stomach in a pool of blood was David, he had a kitchen knife pertruding from his back. His eyes were wide open and drips of blood still running from the wound. " David!!! Stay with us! " The inspektör felt for his pulse, but, nothing, no heart beat left in his lifeless body. A surprised look came over Justin as he looked at his arm. "Holy Shit!!! His justice machine is gone!! " Go to dinning room now, and stand guard, because for what ever reason, this is going down very shortly, and heres what i believe, something tells me we are going to get all 20 of the bastards here, Stockholm was false information!! I'm calling for back up !! They are 'nt here to assasinate him, they are here to abduct him!! SHIT!!! "

Trying to calm down a little, Justin tried to rationally think of what to do next?

” Master instrument of justice, where is Davids justice machine? ” A row of flashing amber lights scrolled along the screen searching! ” **His justice unit is in short grass by the fountain in the main garden!!** ” - Can you control his unit from this unit!? Justin asked with slight concern now. ” **Yes Justin i can, and can also implement restraint and punishment sequences if necessary. I will alert you to any potential danger as and when it happens!!** “ ” Thank you you beautiful piece of metal you! ” It was a relief for Justin to hear the unit was safe, and might be to Maximuse ´s and Justins advantage when and if hell broke lose!

Justin was now secure in the dinning room, he was watching everything, but everything was still for the moment. He remembered his Gloc! Getting it out from the holster was too easy, it slid from the leather holding it, then gripping it with a firm grip, he crouched down by the dinning room table, and waited!

Thoughts of David ran through his mind as he rested there, where was Maximus!? Justin forgot that his mind was tuned into the justice machine, and it answered him in a second. ” **Maximus is on the first floor briefing Timmy Alekvist! Also the ariving ministers have been diverted to another location for safty,back up has been alerted, but a slight delay on the highway has slowed their progress to reach here! Justin! Multiple possible future scenes available, evasive action needed!** “ Justin flinched as he heard that, then thought. ” Fuck it!!! I can ´t

live forever, but would have been nice to live 30 or 40 more years!”

” Davids unit is picking up multiple scenes for future events, Maximuse’s also multiple scenes, take evasive action! 1 minuet to first future attack!!! ”

Then Justin heard the final few seconds of the count down! **” 5 4 3 2 1 0 Crime scene happening now!!! ”**

A huge blinding light followed directly by an explosion that felt to Justin that his ear drums had burst, in that frightful few seconds, debris and wood from the flying splinters of the dinning table and chairs blew across the room showering dust and rubble in all four corners of the room. Splinters struck any objects in their path as they dug deep into anything they could find like darts to a dart board. Laying on the floor under debris, Justin tried to move, but the force of the explosion stunned all of his body, he was powerless to do anything at that point! He managed to gain focus in his eyes as the dark and dust cloud spiraled around him!

In the dinning room, or the remains of the dinning room, light started to pierce it’s way into the room. Justin could see high powered torches with their beams moving from side to side as 4 terrorists walked and climbed over the rubble before them.

Regaining most of his senses, Justin took aim, then realized he had the instrument of justice! ” Restrain the 4 of them now!!” Four beams of light fired quickly from the Master instrument, each of the men with masks over their heads shouting in a language Justin did’nt understand! Frozen within the beams, every one of them shouting

warnings and trying to break free. ” Bangbangbangbangbang!!! ” 5 shots from an automatic weapon rang out and started hitting the floor and wood all around Justin. With out thinking, Justin moved with the speed of an arrow, as he lined up the shot to the new terrorist head. ” BANG!! ” The Gloc jumped into action as Justin pulled the trigger once, as the bullet indented into the mans skull splattering blood from the back of his mask. Then Justin saw it! As the man started to fall lifelessly towards the ground, a line of explosives around the mans chest in full view to the world ” Fuck No!!! Justin was like a hair sprinting out of a dog track as he sprinted to the corridor outside the dining room. ” BOOOOOOMMMMMmmmm!! ” Yet another horrendous explosion rocked and shook the whole building as a flash and gust of the blast knocked Justin along the corridor floor. ” **Justin! Fugitives have dead man switches that are wired to their pulse, if their heart stops, the explosives will detonate!** ” Again shaken with that second blast, Justin started to look at the four men in the beams, it was still working well, and the beams had protected the terrorists shielding them so they still lived. ” Justice machine, if you activate punishment inside the beams, will the explosives be exploding!? Or Imploding!? ” **Implode Justin!!** ” Got you you bastards! ”

” Activate Implosion punishment now!!! ” Four bright flashes with a sound of air traveling at 100km ph rushed around Justins head and ears and watched as the men looked like they were being drawn into a vacuum. Inside the beams, Justin could see the tangled mess of blood and guts clinging to the air surrounding them all.

As he leaned forward, Justin bent slightly to rest his hands on his knees, he breathed heavily as he tried to regain his strength. ” **Evasive action now!!** “ ” Now what!?! ” As he asked the question, several shots rang out from the center of the dining room in Justin's direction. He dived for cover under a corridor table against the wall, as he slid to a stop, he was pointing his gun back into the room and staring straight into the eyes of a third wave of terrorists! ” Restrain terrorists now!! ” Four beams again shot from the machine, and Justin was so glad for the justice machine to exist! Eyes widened, as Justin saw the beams capture the men, but, there was five of them side by side! ” Fuck!!! ” Split second timing was essential as Justin gave the command for the Implosion punishment again. Repeating the scene as before, more imploded blood and guts erupted in side the beam, then immediately commanding to release the terrorists and restrain fifth fugitive! His command was too late, the terrorist didn't understand what just happened, but in his moment of glory, he pushed a red button on his wrist!!!

Darkness! Justin could hear slight faint sounds, but didn't understand them. A feeling of being drunk, but had no pain. He felt at peace within his mind, and every few seconds started to see white light flashes. It wasn't his eyes that could see them, but his mind. Colour specs of light followed the white light, then soft angelic voices in his ears very softly spoken. ” I must be dead! ” he thought to himself, as the colours started to grow stronger and brighter. As quick as a blink, his eyes shot open!! ” Don't you die on me you son of a bitch!!! ” Maximuses words was the

angelic voice, but he was 'nt No angel!! " Justin became more aware of his surroundings, and saw he was in the main front grounds next to the small garden plot. Looking up at Maximus, he asked him " If every part of his body was still in one piece or in pieces!?" - Oh you are all there, but! you have cuts and splinters embedded in parts! " You!! Justin Webber are one lucky guy! " Justin looked around the grounds, it looked like a world war battle field! " Did we win!?" Maximus looked down at Justin with a small smile with a hint of sadness through out his face. " The minister is safe! He has been taken to another location by the back up teams. The four polis officers guarding the front gate lost their lives in the assault, the terrorists did a multiple strike all at the same time. Davids old justice machine took out another four of them. " " What happened with the penguin suited guy!?" Maximus turned around and pointed to a dumb looking man sitting on a garden wall near the mansion steps. " The machine got him with the mushy beam then!?" " Yep!! I was quickly briefing the minister when the asshole tried to get me from behind, but the justice machine gave me 30 second heads up as to what could happen! " More back up units arrived as he looked for a para medic to dress his wounds.

Justin drew on a cigarette as he looked at the black body bags laying on the grass before him, at least Maximus and himself were still alive! Glancing at the ground he caught sight of the justice machine that belonged to David. His machine took out some of the frontal assault on the mansion, so even though David had gone, his machine took

the revenge for him. Justin bent down in pain holding his back, picked up the machine. Unzipping the body bag, he placed the unit on the chest of the dead body, zipping it up afterwards. " With his head bowing a little, he spoke to Davids lifeless body. " You did good young David! I have only known you a few days, but i know we would have been great buddies given time, but now it's time for you to have fun somewhere in this vast space! Take care David!! " " Time to get you to hospital Justin! " Paramedics helped Justin into a ambulance, and Maximus started to shut the vehicles doors , saying. " Good job to-day buddy! I'l come see you later when you're patched up! " Raising his right thumb in the air, he managed a smile as the ambulance pulled out of the bomb damaged grounds!!!

" I managed to re-schedule my meetings Justin, i wanted to come and thank you personally for my life! " Timmy Alekvist stood at the end of Justins hospital bed staring at all the wires and drips connected to Justin. Sitting beside him was Bernadette and on her lap sat little Frankie! " You have a great family here Justin, and i am envious of you! " Justin looked at her and Frankie, then at Timmy. " Mr Alekvist! You can make a difference in Sweden for the good, but remember children like my Frankie. This next generation will be looking back in 20 years and asking how things developed!?! So please help them now as then they will look after Sweden in the future! I am no politician, i will leave that up to you. Just make a difference for the better! " Timmy smiled at him. " Sounds like you could be a politician Justin!! " Smiles all

round as he turned and walked through the hospital room door.

Bernadette leaned over Justin and kissed him gently on the lips. " I love you very much Justin! After you get better, no more playing undercover spy for you!!! If you do! My master machine will turn your brain to mushy goo!!! " You got it sweetheart! I'm too old for this shit!!
"

15

A GOOD MAN DEPARTS

Chapter 15

A GOOD MAN DEPARTS!!

Justin sat on his grave digging machine. It was another grave for another soul leaving this world! Justin had asked to personally dig this one as to pay his respect's to a well liked man. 6 Years it had been now since the terrorists attack in Göteborg! After leaving hospital and trying to get back to a normal life, (Whatever Normal was!!) he got well enough to return to his job two months later, that was good going for him, as some of his injuries were serious enough to have some concerns by the doctors. One of the

bombs splinters had penetrated his heart, and it was too dangerous for them to remove it, so surgeons decided it would be in his best interests to just monitor it over time! He could do most things on a daily basis, but an odd time he had burning sensations in his chest when the splinter moved slightly around the artery!

The grave had reached it's depth, and Justin placed the newly carved grave stone at the head of the grave, then stood back to read the inscription!

**IN LOVING MEMORY OF A MAN WHO WOULD
HELP ANY-ONE!
HE WATCHED OVER PEOPLE AT A DISTANCE
BUT ALWAYS HELD HIS HAND OUT TO HELP
WHEN NEEDED
LARS SVENSSON
WILL BE SADLY MISSED BY ALL!!**

Justin and Lars did'nt spend a lot of time with each other over these last few years, that was due to Justin always hooking up with Maximus and doing Master instrument of justice work.

Lars did like his beers in the local bar by the cemetary, and Justin caught up with him occasionally. Lars never got told the true story of the injuries Justin sustained, as he was still sworn to the official secrets act!

Answering his cell phone, Justin listened as Maximus started to tell him of a problem that had come up. After agreeing to meet up at Justins apartment, they hung up. After a very emotional service, Justin waited for all the mourners to depart, then changed back into his working clothes to cover up the coffin that had now been lowered

into the grave. " Good bye old friend!! Have fun where ever you are! "

On the highway back to his apartment, Justin was curious as to what the next assignment was going to be!? Parking the SUV, he stepped into the elevator and walked over to his apartment door. Closing it quietly, he walked to the kitchen and began brewing some coffee. " Buzzzzing!!! " The door bell came alive as he walked to open it.

" Your face is telling me something not good is about to happen Maximus! So what 's wrong old man!? " Maximus went over to the cabinet where the whisky was kept, then poured him self a very large one. " I have Bowl cancer Justin!!! " Justin put his coffee mug on the coffee table, then poured him self a large whisky and sat down next to him.

Maximus as best as he could, started to tell Justin about the diagnosis he had just learned about. " They say that i 'm in the last stages, and they are not able to operate, so they have given me a ball park time of about 5 weeks! To go through many years of facing knives! Guns! Bullits! Facing murderers and rapist scum, and yet my fear is there as i think about dark cells that are out to kill me! " Justin held on to his arm. " SHIT!! Maximus! I 'm so sorry my friend. " The front door opened and walking in with shopping bags was Bernadette followed by Justins son Frankie! " Uncle Maximus!! Yaaayy!! " Maximus smiled and went to hug Frankie. " Hello my handsome boy! " Maximus held on to him like he was never going to let go. Bernadette looked at Justin, then Maximus. " Ok my secretive men, please tell me what 's going on!? You ar 'nt

going on another terrorist hunt are you!?” Justin shook his head, then put Maximus’s letter from the hospital in her hands. She stood there and started to shake, then as tears rolled from her eyes, she walked into the bedroom and shut the door. You could hear the cries through the shut door, heavy sobbing. Frankie spoke to his father. ” What’s wrong with Mom Dad!?” Frankie was ’nt a stupid boy, and waited to hear is Dads answer. ” Mom has had some bad news Frankie! But, she will be ok shortly! ”

” Walk with me Justin! ” Maximus and Justin walked slowly along the park river path, it was one of the beauty spots that young lovers had visited when they were dating! ” If i only have a few days left now Justin, i just wanted to thank you and say goodbye before lights out! I am not being morbid, i just want to put a few things in order for peace of mind! You and i have come along way since we stood in the cemetery, and some times it puts the fear of God into me when i go over in my mind the things we have come through! I have made out my will Justin, and i’m leaving everything to you!! ” ” No you are not Maximus! Quickly replying, Maximus continued. ” I have made the will so there is nothing you can do my dear friend. I have no family now, and i know you, Bernadette and frankie will make good use of it. I want you to think carefully about maybe going back to the States, and put him through Universaty. I have come to terms today about my coming death, but somewhere in time and space, i will meet you again young man ” Most people walking by them at that point would have taken them for a

gay couple, but this friendship ran deeper than a river that ran along beside them.

Both smiling, they started to walk back to Justin's apartment to get a pot roast that Bernadette was making for them.

Maximus took some powerful pain killers just before he started eating the wonderful food Bernadette had prepared. "I am going to eat this even if it kills me!!" Maximus said it with a straight face, then burst out laughing with Bernadette doing the same a few seconds later. For a few seconds, Justin had this fear come over him, the fear was of being alone, and he didn't like that. The strange way that Maximus and himself met, then all the crazy stuff that went hand in glove with the Master justice machines, left an ache in his heart, he was going to lose someone to death that befriended him, and loved like a brother.

It was 10.45pm a few days later when Justin got a call from the hospital. "Mr Webber!?! This is Doctor Stone. I need to tell you that Chief Inspektör Maximus Lindström was brought into hospital 30 minutes ago, and has been asking for you! I recommend that you get here as soon as possible, as his vital signs are decaying fast, and" Justin interrupted the doctor. "I'm on my way now!!!" He went into the bedroom and kissed his beautiful Bernadette, she was crying again, as she knew this was the beginning of the end for Maximus. "Tell him I love him Justin, and tell him Thank you for his love towards Frankie!" Justin nodded, snatched his car keys from the desk and left. Maximus lay there in the hospital bed. His chest and arm was wired to the ECG machine that was monitored at the

intensive care nurse station. " You in a lot of pain Maximus? " Justin asked with a anguished look on his face. Slow then fast breathing was coming from him, and his colour was an ashened grey! " Not so bad now Justin, they gave me a pain relieving drug that should be called I DON'T GIVE A SHIT DRUG!! It's sending me higher than the statue of liberty! " Forcing a weak smile on his face, he reached for Justins hand and squeezed tightly. " Listen carefully Justin. I want you to put my justice machine into my coffin, so when you bury me, it goes with me. One day, you will need to dig it up, and just make sure you give it to some one good. I drifted off to sleep earlier to-day, and had a fantastic dream. I dreamt i was in a mass of colour in space, and drifted into some Greek looking place with tall pillars, it was so peaceful and gave me a sense of belonging. You had anything like that before? " Justin smiled at him. You are no longer alone Maximus, you will see your dream space again very soon, and even if you don't believe what i say, i am going to look for you in the weeks or years ahead! So listen out for my voice you old copper, and don't go upsetting the beautiful ladies when you come across them!! " Looking at Maximuse's face, his eyes were smiling like his face, and as Justin looked, the ECG monitor peeped a long tone, followed by a doctor entering the room, then after a few moments, he switched the machine to the off position, and placed the sheet over Maximuse's body. " I am so sorry for your loss. We will get in touch within 36 hours for the funeral directors to collect him!

Numb in his head, Justin walked out of the hospital and sat on a bench. Blowing the smoke from his mouth, Justin drew hard on a cigarette, savouring every breath of the inhaled aroma. The night sky was sparkling with stars as he gazed up wards. " I will find you one day my dear Maximus! Just you be there, or i'l kick your ass!! "

Bernadette was reacting bad to Maximuse's death, and young Frankie got upset quite often when he thought that his uncle Maximus was no longer there!

Yet again Justin asked to dig his friends grave, and his boss had no problems with that request. An honour guard from the Göteborg polis department presented a 21 gun salute to a man that was more popular than " Santa Claus ! "

Justin once again started to fill in the grave with the machine. Emotions ran high that day, and the last thing Justin needed was the voice behind him hitting his ear drums!

" So you are the Vigilante!?! Justin heard in the tone of the voice that he just had to be a cop! He was right! Standing there with a straight face was none other than " **Inspektör Patrick Jönsson!!** "

" You and Maximus had become quite close friends Justin!?! I have been keeping my eye on you over the year's, and some really strange coincidences started to appear in crimes in Göteborg and Borås!! So maybe to-day is a good day to come clean, and tell me how you managed to punish all the shitty assholes that were targetted by you!?" Justin like a long time ago sat down on the diggers foot-plate, just like he did with Maximus.

It must have been all of two hours going through all the details to the inspektör who sat next to him smoking most of the time. Just like before, they shared their smokes together. ” Ok!! That explains it clearly! But just one thing Justin! Where’s Maximuse’s master justice instrument!!? ” Going to the box on the digger, Justin took out a screw driver, then asked the inspektör to move for 10 minutes.

Reaching the coffin, Justin jumped into the grave, undid the screws to the coffin, and lifted the lid. Resting on the lifeless Maximuse’s chest was the jeweled box! ” Maximus wanted this to stay with him until someone good came along inspektör! Are you good!? ” - I was friends like you with him, and i knew the two of you had something going on, and i left everything alone. I knew there might come a time when he would tell me about what ever it was he hid, but never did. So what do i do with this thing now!? Justin looked at him. ” Keep an open mind Inspektör, and place your thumb on the square plate at the front, but if you do! Your world will change before your eyes, and no turning back! ” Smiles on their faces, they shook each others hands, then parted company. Justin covered the coffin again, and looked at the new grave for a good man. ” See you soon Maximus!!! “

16

A NEW START BEGINS

CHAPTER 16

A NEW START BEGINS!

Emotions were running high as Zac, Bernadette, Frankie and Justin did enough hugging to last for-ever! A new beginning for them all, and no one was more pleased than Justins uncle Zac. Several weeks earlier, a shipment came over from Sweden, and Zac got down to getting everything prepared for their arrival, including the very large aquarium that had got there a couple days previously. A Miami aquarium installer came specially to install the tank, and had recieved all of the sea horses and fishes to quarantine them before puting them back in the relo-

cated tank. It took pride of place as all of them gazed at the spectacular set up.

Zac still sat in Justins fathers chair, almost like it was glued to his butt! Sitting there was also a glass of Scotch, which Zac said " Was for madicinal purposes!! " That brought some smiles. The biggest smile was young Frankie 's as he met an uncle he had never seen before, and the two of them looked like they were twins! An instant bond like a super glue!

Justin surveyed all of the house that was now their home, and feelings of warmth and welcoming shon around the place, like an injection of love and closeness. Zac wispered in Bernadettes ear. " You three are a pleasure to see in these old mans eyes, and what a great job you have done with raising the two of them!! " He winked at her, and Bernadette immediately understood what he had meant. " I 'm going to take Frankie down to the main beach, so we will get a bite to eat for lunch when we are out. Make sure you keep the justice machine on your arm honey!! Catch you all later!

Finding just the right spot to park, Justin and Frankie headed to the sand on the beautiful well kept beach. The sun was blazing and a great warmth was felt after so many years in the Swedish mainly cold climate. Frankie ran to the edge of the water, where small waves " whooooooshed " along the sand. The blue sky was probably one of the bluest skys Justin had seen for many many years, and remembering the day he was told about his parents, he smiled to him self. So many things had happened since that day. Many new and interesting people who had come

into his life. Thinking! He thought back to when he discovered the justice machine, and the journeys that it had shown him. All the punishments the machine had given out, and with a vague recollection from the astral traveling he had done. He watched the sea as each wave came along and soaked young Frankie's feet! Justin felt alive! A new sense of living, he so wished Maximus was here to stand beside him. Another smile appeared on his face.

"Dad!! Dad!! Look!!! " Justin looked to where Frankie was pointing. About 75meters away, stood a man in the sea with water just over his knees. He had his back to the shore, and with his hands stretched out to the left and right of him was three dolphins, each one of the heads looking at the man. The noises the dolphins were making were like all three were talking to him. "Frankie!! Come here! His son did exactly what he was asked, and Justin lifted him up in his arms as he continued to observe the man. Justin started to walk along the beach, closer to the shape in the water. "This was fascinating!" Justin thought At about 30meters Justin stared at the man in the water. As his eyes looked at the man and dolphins, Justins eyes widened as he saw the body of a native American, with long pleated pony tail. Then it came to him!!! "JOHN!!!! " At that precise moment, a police siren blasted the beach as a 4x4 with blue and red lights skidded onto the sand and sea edge before them.

"Hey you!! Get out of the water now!! You pervert!! " The policeman shouted at the man, as Justin noticed that he had been standing there nakid!!

Getting into the police car, Justin looked directly at John's face. His eyes and face were smiling as he lowered his head to avoid hurting himself. He said nothing as the police car drove away and heading for the police precinct.

Frankie looked at Justin. "Who was that dad!!? Justin smiled at Frankie.

"Son!!! The world is just about to find out!!!!!"

END!!

17

FROM THE AUTHOR

Look out for the third book from P J LJUNG

In the early part of 2016

When the story continues

WITH THE BOOK

“ JOHN DOE!!! ”

“ THE HANDS THAT COULD HEAL ”

“ THE WORLD!!! ”

18

FROM THE AUTHOR #2

” FROM THE AUTHOR ”

First of all. ” Thank you so much for reading my
book! ”

On the 10th December 2015, i finished this novel at the
grand time of 15.55 hours.

This is my second book to be completed within 8 months!

The Ultimate Instrument Of Justice was a great pleasure
for me to write, and i surprised my-self when i read it back.
I hope deep in my heart, that every one of you who reads
this book, get ’s enjoyment and satisfaction like i did in
writing it.

As a fairly new writer, i have developed a bug for writing
now, so in the near future, i hope to write many more
before my time ends here on this earth.

I would love to hear your feed-back on this book, or my
other books.

Constructive Criticism is always welcomed.

You can go to my website at... [www. http://peter-
jamesljung.webs.com](http://peter-jamesljung.webs.com)

YOU CAN EMAIL ME AT [peterjamesl-
jung@gmail.com](mailto:peterjamesljung@gmail.com)

P J Ljung

19

REVIEW BY BORÅS NYHETER

Review by Pierre Jönsson
Borås Nyheter
Sweden

Some times, my job writing articles for " Borås Nyheter " brings smiles to my face when i get the chance to meet people from all over the world. Then i bring that experience back to my desk, sit down, and write. Not so many months ago, i had the chance meeting with a nice older man from Scotland! Peter Ljung and i sat talking for hours about our countries, and it seemed we had similar interests in life matters! Peter married a Borås woman called Veronica, back in September 2013. He chose the 21st September which was his birthday, and the reason for that was, so he did not forget his yearly anniver-

sary! After many laughs and smiles, i was told by him that " He was nearly finished writing his first book. " When i recieved the manuscript, i was excited to sit down and read.

I am not usualy a great book reader, but, i read it, then said, " WOW! "

This is the review i gave to Peter for the book.

**REVIEW BY BORÅS NYHETER. (PIERRE
JÖNSSON)**

JUNGI AM THE BOOK

**REVIEW BY BORÅS NYHETER. (PIERRE
JÖNSSON)**

**FROM BEGINNING TO END, THIS BOOK
PACKS MORE PUNCHES THAN A CHAMPION
BOXER. THE JOURNEYS ARE PACKED WITH
TWISTS AND TURNS, THIS IS A
ROLLER COASTER RIDE THAT JUST KEEPS
GOING. PROBABLY GOING TO BE A BEST
SELLER FOR THIS FIRST TIME BORÅS
WRITER: WELL DONE TO PJ LJUNG.**

In September this year, (2015) Peter published his book! with our review on the back cover. I am pleased today to say that. " It is a pleasure for me to back this first book by him, and i have no reservations to do the same for any other books he publishes. "

Just recently, he sent me chapters of his second and third books. The second being:.. " The Ultimate Instrument Of

Justice! ” And the third: ” John Doe! ” ” The Hands That Could Heal The World ”

After reading some chapters from both, i was disappointed to not have the complete books!

This was a bad thing! I was excited so much, i called him up, and demanded the end chapters quickly!! Laughter could probably be heard over the whole of the Borås area during the phone conversation.

My heart also goes out to Peter and his wife Veronica, after discovering that between them, they have had.... 3 lots of cancer, 2 heart attacks, diabetes, ulcers, and as Peter is tempted to say. ” And a partridge in a pear tree (LOL)

When i see the smiles and laughter on their faces, i have no problems in my life, as to what they have been through!

In my honest opinion, i believe that the second book is going to sell like Mjölk, Many and fast!

Nearly all my posts i write, i write in Swedish! But, as i know Peter has followers in many English speaking countries,

I write it for him to-day in English.

Peter & Veronica Ljung, are very nice and good people. I wish them well in their lives, and i am so looking forward to the new releases soon!

WWW.boråsnyheter.se

20

COPYRIGHT & SWEDISH/ENGLISH WRITING STYLES

THE ULTIMATE INSTRUMENT OF JUSTICE

© Copyright P.J. Ljung 2015

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law. For permission requests, write to the publisher

EXPLANATIONS OF WRITING STYLES

In English style writing

” ” = Spoken words ” Yes sir i can do that for
you ”

In Swedish style writing

- = Spoken words - Yes sir i can do that for
you.

**THROUGH OUT THE BOOK
THERE IS A MIXTURE OF ENGLISH AND
SWEDISH STYLES**

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author’s imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.