

KILLER BETTY

ANTHONY GENUALDI



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Killer Betty is a novel about a female serial killer. She works a regular secretarial job during the week, and does her killing on weekends. She finds her victims, male and female, on the street and in bars. She makes friends at work with a young woman who could be her new partner or her downfall...

Killer Betty

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KILLER BETTY

Second Edition

Anthony Genualdi

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CHAPTER ONE

It was the weekend again. Time for Betty Nussberger to engage in her hobby. She stepped out of the apartment she kept for her weekends, dressed in her sluttiest outfit. She had on three-inch stiletto heels, fishnet stockings, a black bustier with white polka dots, denim cutoff shorts, and a leopard jacket. She made sure the old jacket never got dirty. As for the rest of the outfit, she figured a little blood always came right out in the wash.

Betty was in her mid-thirties, about five-feet-six, with brown eyes and shoulder-length bleached blonde hair, with the roots showing here and there. She had a bit of a tan, but not much. She had dark, arching eyebrows, high cheekbones, and a long, fine nose, with ruby red painted lips. She was a secretary by profession, but she also worked out with weights, and she rode a bike or swam three times a week. The result was magnificent. Her arms had good definition, but were still feminine. She wore a natural C-cup but her breasts still held up. Her stomach was flat, and she had a pierced navel. Her butt was firm and tight, and her legs were very shapely, further accentuated by the fishnet stockings. No one could help but look at her as she went down the steps to the courtyard and on to the street.

She also had some tattoos. The ones on her arms were covered by the sleeves of the jacket, but there were visible on her legs a cross on one ankle and a heart on the other. Betty held her head up as she always had, even in the slight chill of the winter day. She blew off the catcalls as she stepped out of the gate and walked down a few yards to her spot. When she got there, she leaned against the wall, and put her right foot up, with her knee bent. Betty reached into her pocket and got out her smokes. She put one in her mouth, then put the pack away and got her lighter out. She lit up and, putting the lighter away, took a long drag and blew out the smoke slowly.

After a moment, a car pulled up. Betty didn't move towards it. The guy driving it rolled down the window and leaned over, calling to her, "Hey baby. How about some action? I need a date. Can you help?"

Betty didn't get the feeling she needed. For her to practice her hobby, she needed to get a certain feeling, a glimmer. If she felt it, she'd take the man up to her place. But, not him, she thought.

"Go blow yourself," Betty replied as she took another puff.

The man looked wounded. Hookers don't do this, he thought. After a moment, he started pulling away, yelling, "Whore!" back at Betty as he rolled up the window.

"That's what you think," Betty muttered.

Betty stood for another minute before something else happened. She heard footsteps coming from her right and looked to see a man dressed in black walking towards her. This was the man people called Preacher. He had the appearance of an old Biblical figure, though he couldn't have been older than thirty, as far as having long, dark hair and a beard and moustache. He also had glasses, and carried a Bible with him. He told everyone he saw how they should repent, and give themselves to God. This was what he did every day, Betty thought. Must have a trust fund or something. She usually just nodded when he would talk to her, because after a minute of not responding, he would move along.

Preacher came up to Betty, and said, "Repent, my sister. You don't know how the good news will change you unless you open up to His love."

This time, Betty got an idea, "Tell me more," she replied.

Preacher smiled. "At last, you'll listen?"

She nodded. He went on for another minute, and she pretended to pay attention. But, the spirit she was feeling didn't come from above. She was getting what she called the glimmer. Her right eyebrow would rise when she felt it. It was the feeling that this was her victim. I will take his life, she thought.

"Brother," she asked, "I'm cold. Can we talk inside? I could go for some coffee."

"Yes, sister. I think we can --" he looked up and down the street "-- I think I saw a coffee shop --"

"No, I mean my apartment is right here." She motioned to the building down the street. "We can have coffee in there, where I'm comfortable."

"Very well, sister. Lead on."

Betty led the way to her building, then up the steps to her second floor apartment. She got her keys out of her pocket, and opened up. She motioned for Preacher to go in. She locked up behind herself and turned on a light.

After going through a short hallway, they went past her kitchen, which had a counter on the living room side. There was a chair, facing the window, and a small end table to its right. On the wall to the left was a bigger chair, plush and cozy. Opposite that chair was the TV set and the door to the bedroom.

Betty motioned to the chair closest to them. "Sit down here, please." Betty kicked off her shoes while Preacher sat down. She went into the kitchen and poured coffee from the decanter into two cups that were sitting there. She went into the living room and smiled as she handed a cup to Preacher.

"Thank you, sister." He took a sip. "Good," he said.

Betty took a sip, and made a face. "It's a little strong for me. I'll be back with some sugar." She set the cup down on the end table, and went back to the kitchen.

Preacher took a drink from the cup and smiled. He set the cup next to hers.

Betty had kicked off her shoes so she wouldn't be heard as she walked across the tiles in the kitchen. She wasn't going for the sugar. She opened a drawer in which she kept a garrote she had made from a guitar string and a couple of wooden dowels. Betty's breathing picked up as she slowly walked back into the living room behind Preacher's chair.

He was about to go for his cup again when he felt the garrote wrap around his neck. His eyes bulged and he let out a gasp as the wire dug into his throat. His hands went for the wire, as Betty slowly pulled tighter on the weapon.

Her eyes grew bigger and her breaths got sharper as she strangled the Preacher. He started to thrash and kick his feet as he struggled. Betty gritted her teeth at one point. Then she grinned a little bit as her victim squirmed in his seat.

Preacher's head thrashed back and forth a couple of times, and he grunted as he tried to say something. He tilted his head back and, for a moment, looked into the wide eyes of his killer. Betty's beautiful brown

eyes burned with a terrible fire. The thrill she felt as she stole his life from him would be that last thing Preacher would see as the light slowly faded. He slid down in the chair and Betty had to lean forward to keep the pressure on his throat.

Preacher let out a gurgling sound. His grip loosened on Betty's garrote. Betty started taking longer breaths as the man tried to breathe his last. He convulsed, let go of Betty's hands, his eyes rolled, and he let out a sigh.

He wouldn't preach anymore.

Betty let go of the garrote. Her victim slumped and sprawled out on the floor. Betty took several deep breaths, smiled and stood up straight. Glorious thrill, she thought. Nothing like taking a life was all she could think.

She stepped around the chair and pondered her work. She stepped over him and sat where he had. Oh, yeah, Betty thought. My hobby. It kind of looked like it did on TV, she thought, as if she were the director and had told him to lie out like this. His long hair was spread out like the bloom of a flower. She looked to his throat to see the red line where she had dug the guitar string into his flesh. She looked slowly down his body to his pants.

What's that, she wondered. There was a bulge, but she couldn't figure it out. Then, she remembered reading about how when a man died by strangulation, he got an erection.

Betty smirked for a moment, then thought about how she'd dispose of the body. It would have to wait 'til midnight or so. She'd wrap him in a sheet, then toss him in the dumpster when she got back home. When the weekend was over, usually about six in the evening on Sunday, she'd lock up and drive back to her house, but if she had something that couldn't wait, she figured she'd wait for the coast to be clear and toss the body in a dumpster close by.

She would love to hear about a body being found in one of the dumpsters of this building, she thought. That would be excellent. They'd surely never suspect a mere wisp of a girl, would they?

Betty thought it over. She could wait 'til Sunday on this, but the body had to be out of sight 'til then. She got up and opened her bedroom door, then came back and stepped around Preacher's body. She put her hands

under his shoulders, then lifted him up and dragged him into her bedroom, kicking the door shut behind her.

CHAPTER TWO

Betty had relaxed most of Saturday. She didn't go back out during the day, and went for drinks that evening. Her "play" outfit stayed folded up until morning. She slept off her partying until about noon, then got up and ate before going onto the street again. She didn't need the jacket today, owing to the warmer temperatures. She went to her usual spot. Again, she only had to wait about a minute.

She heard footsteps to her left, and looked to see a teenage girl, who couldn't have been sixteen, maybe seventeen. The girl had long blonde hair, dark eyes, and was probably five-feet-four. She had on short shorts, a t-shirt, sneakers, and carried a purse around her shoulder. She had muscular legs, and full young breasts. She looked both perturbed and scared at the same time.

As the girl started to pass in front of her, Betty said, "Hey, you lost?"
"Shut up," the girl replied.

Betty touched her arm, "No, wait." The girl stopped, and looked into Betty's eyes. She looked more lost now, and afraid. "I'm not gonna hurt you. You just look lost."

The girl replied, "Yeah."

Betty took her arm off the girl, and took a step towards her. "Are you lost?"

"No."

"Then, what?"

"I ran away."

"And you want to go back?"

"No. Well ... maybe."

"Why'd you run?"

"I was stuck in a little town, and I wanted to go somewhere."

"Where?"

"Well, you're gonna think it's silly."

"Try me."

The girl looked down for a moment, then looked up and said, "Hollywood."

Betty smiled, "Is that all? Everyone wants to go there."

“Yeah,” the girl smiled, “I want to go there too.”

“Well, you need to get some rest. It’s a long way, isn’t it?”

“Yeah,” the girl laughed.

“Come on,” Betty said as she touched the girl’s shoulder, “you can rest with me for a while. Maybe have some coffee. Would you like that?”

“Yeah,” the girl replied.

As they walked to the gate, Betty asked, “What’s your name?”

“Jean.”

“Nice to meet you, Jean. I’m Betty.” She offered her hand, and Jean shook it. Betty watched as Jean went up the steps ahead of her to get to the apartment. Jean’s butt was firm and tight, and Betty couldn’t help but be jealous, even though, as a workout girl herself, Betty’s butt had nothing wrong with it. Also, Jean’s legs were so toned and shapely, and had such a nice tan to them. Betty looked upon the turn of Jean’s ankles coming up from her socks, as well as the graceful arc of the calf muscles. From there, past her smooth knees, which Betty got to see at the landings, were the taper of Jean’s thighs, as they headed up to the hem of her shorts. Again, Betty felt a tinge of jealousy at the teenage hottie, even though Betty had great legs herself.

As they entered the apartment, Betty said, “Take off your shoes and socks. Your feet must be tired.”

“Thanks,” Jean replied, as she squatted down and started to untie her shoes. “Where can I put them?”

“Doesn’t matter.”

“This is nice of you,” Jean said, “I haven’t had someone offer me a place to sit a spell for some time.”

“Where you from,” Betty asked as she took off her shoes.

“Louisiana.”

“I thought I heard something Southern in your voice.”

Jean laughed a little, then asked, “Can I sit anywhere?”

Betty went into the kitchen and started to pour the coffee. “Sit in the little chair facing the window,” she answered.

“Okay.” Jean sat down

As Betty poured the coffee, she paused for a moment. She felt the glimmer. Somehow, she let go of what was going to be a little kindness, and was going to indulge in the hobby. She thought about the garrote in

the drawer, then decided not to. She'd been a little jealous of the pretty young runaway from the first moment she saw her. Something in her said, how dare she bring that firm, young body around me. Her boobs are standing nice and straight, and mine need a wire under them. She must have been taking some dance training to get *those* legs, and what I have to go through to keep what I have.

Betty stared at the young woman sitting in her living room, and knew what she wanted to do. She brought the coffee in and stood in front of her, offering a cup to Jean.

"Thank you."

"Sure," Betty replied.

"Mmmm," Jean said as she took a sip. Then she set down the cup and rubbed her shoulder, tilting her head to her right, with her eyes closed and her lips slightly curled.

"Neck hurt?"

"Yeah," Jean nodded.

Betty set her cup down next to Jean's and walked around the back of the chair. "Let me rub that."

"Thanks."

Betty put her hands on Jean's shoulders and started to massage them. Jean smiled and let out a little hum of relief. Betty thought about grabbing the girl's throat right away. But she just kept on rubbing instead. She thought for a moment, then said, "Let me come around front."

She stepped around and got on her knees. She looked Jean right in the eye and started rubbing her shoulders again. Jean closed her eyes and smiled as she tilted her head again.

Open your eyes, Betty thought, I want to look you in the eye when I do this. She hadn't looked someone in the eye when she did it. Yet.

Slowly, Betty stopped rubbing Jean's shoulders. Jean opened her eyes and straightened up. She looked into the older woman's eyes. Vaguely she began to sense something was very wrong.

As Betty and Jean looked into each other's brown eyes, they sensed what was in the other person. Betty sensed fear. Jean sensed death.

"You're going to kill me," Jean trembled.

Betty smirked. "Relax, honey, you wouldn't want to die all tense, would you?" With that, she squeezed Jean's throat.

Jean gasped, and started to recoil, grabbing Betty's wrists. As she shook her head, Jean asked, "Why?" After a moment she repeated more slowly, "Whhhyyyy?"

Betty grabbed tightly as Jean tried to wiggle loose. After a moment, Jean saw the two cups sitting to her right, and quickly grabbed one, tossing the hot coffee into Betty's face.

Betty let out a yell, and let go of Jean as she covered her face for a moment. Jean got up and stumbled past her attacker, but Betty regained her senses and lunged after Jean, grabbing her ankle and knocking her to the floor.

Jean turned around and tried to kick Betty, but Betty pushed her leg aside and jumped onto Jean's chest, pinning the girls' arms down with her knees. Betty really wanted to kill now. You don't get away from me, she thought. I'll teach you, you little bitch.

Betty grabbed Jean's throat harder this time. Jean couldn't reach up to fight. She pounded her hands on the floor and stomped her feet, shaking her head and mouthing out, "No, no." She tried to scream, but Betty had too tight a grip. All Jean could manage was some groaning, and that would slowly grow less and less as Betty kept squeezing.

Jean flailed a bit more, and slowly, but surely, Betty was winning. Jean's eyes started to get glassy. She flailed less and less. Her pounding on the floor and stomping of feet slowed down. Betty picked the girl's head up and shook it, producing a faint sound for her victim. Jean's tongue stuck out a little and dipped down to the side as her head tilted to her right. Her eyes started to slowly close. She stopped moving altogether. She twitched a little, then convulsed. A groan, then a sigh. It was over.

Betty didn't let go for a moment. She shook the dead girl a little more, just to be sure. Then she let go of the girls neck and put her hands on the floor. She took in a few deep breaths.

After a moment, Betty got up and looked at her young victim. Jean's eyes were not closed all the way, but were ever so slightly open, as if she were giving a come hither look to some guy. The tip of her pink tongue stuck out a bit from her lips. Her arms were out a bit from her sides where Betty had pinned them with her legs. Jean's legs were spread out a bit also, and Betty looked them over, from the hem of her shorts, down to her polished toenails.

Betty smiled as she thought, that'll teach her to bring that young body around me. Betty then stepped around, took the dead girl's wrists and dragged her body to the bedroom. Two bits of trash to take out, she thought.

CHAPTER THREE

Betty was behind her desk on Monday morning. The release of her weekends always made Monday somehow bearable. Never mind about her sexist pig boss. She could come to work relaxed after her hobby on the weekend.

Her desk radiated order. The pens and pencils were in their container, to the right of Betty's computer terminal, which faced the door of the boss' office. In the center of the outer edge was her nameplate, which said in large, gold letters, "Elizabeth R. Nussberger." Her "in" and "out" baskets were to the right of her nameplate, near the corner. No pictures were on the desk. What good were they, she thought. They only reminded her of things past, or of people she had idolized, but couldn't be with. She would put her newspaper in the big drawer of the desk for lunchtime, along with her usual cold food, her fork, and her handbag.

She dressed simply and conservatively, and, in her way, a bit old-fashioned. Betty dressed at work as if it were the 1940's. She had on black high heels, knee-length stockings, a black skirt with the hem just below her knees, a white long-sleeved blouse, and a string of pearls. Her hair was bobbed and had a wave to it. Her lips were that ruby red shade she loved, and her makeup was perfect, from the eyebrows, to the mascara, the eyeliner, and the blush. She looked so out of time. But, it suited her, and most men and women seemed to appreciate it.

There was a new girl in the office that worked for one of her boss' men. She had to deliver reports for Betty to bring to her boss each morning and afternoon. She had dark hair and blue eyes. She dressed more like the current style, verging on party dress. Her hem was two inches above her knees, and her blue dress fit like a glove. She came up and put her report in the "in" basket. Betty looked up and smiled as she always did and said, "Thanks."

"Excuse me," the girl asked.

"Yes."

"Um, what do you do at lunch?"

Betty looked back at her for a moment. "What?"

“I mean, I’m new, and I hardly know anyone. I wonder -- could I sit with you, if you eat here?”

Betty looked away while she thought about it. Usually she sat alone and read her paper. Company would be nice, for a change. “Sure,” Betty smiled, “when do you eat?”

“Noon.”

“Me too.”

“Great.”

“I usually sit --”

“Oh,” the girl said, raising a hand, “I know where you sit. See you then.” She smiled and backed up for a moment before turning to walk away.

Betty sat down in the break room and unfolded her paper. Unlike most women, Betty read the sports section first. She liked to know the soccer scores before she went on to the lies in the rest of the paper. She had set her container of cold chicken salad next to the paper, and had taken off the lid, when she heard a voice to her left.

“Hi.”

She looked up to see the girl from the morning. “Hi.”

“Thanks for letting me sit here,” the girl said as she sat to Betty’s left at the circular table. She had a TV dinner she had nuked, and a set of plastic utensils.

“Sure,” Betty replied. She started to put her fork into her chicken salad when the girl held out her hand.

“I’m Lisa. Lisa Graziadeo.”

Betty looked back a little startled. “Lisa?”

“Graziadeo.”

“*Gesundheit*,” Betty replied with a laugh. Lisa laughed too as the women shook hands. Betty took hold of her fork again. “Is that Italian?”

“Yeah.”

“It’s pretty.”

“And your name, Nussberger. Jewish?”

“Well,” Betty said as she chewed on a forkful of food, “my grandfather was Jewish, but he married a Gentile, so now it’s just German.”

“Okay.”

“But your name is pretty.”

“Thanks, Elizabeth.”

“Betty. Not Elizabeth, Betty.”

“Oh,” Lisa exclaimed, “how different. Usually it’s ‘Liz’ or ‘Beth.’ Why ‘Betty?’”

After swallowing her next mouthful of food, Betty replied, “Well, my grandfather was in World War Two, from D-Day to the Battle of the Bulge. He lost his leg in a little town called St. Vith. His division held out there for a week before they had to pull out, but they delayed the German advance long enough for our guys to push them back.

“Anyway, my grandfather’s favorite girl, before he met my grandma, was an actress named Betty Grable. She was a dancer, and she had the sexiest legs. She did this cheesecake pinup pose with her back to the camera, and her hand on her hip. Very flirty. He swore when he had a daughter, he’d name her after Betty Grable.”

“And, your mom is Betty, too?”

Betty replied, “You didn’t let me finish.”

“Oh, sorry.”

“My grandpa got home to Milwaukee, met and married my grandma, and -- had five sons.”

They both laughed. “Wow,” Lisa said, “Five boys? That’s pretty good.”

“So, anyway,” Betty continued, as the women both kept eating, “he told each of his five boys the story, and my dad, the second son, had me, and named me Elizabeth Ruth, after Betty Grable, ’cause that was her real name.”

“Well,” Lisa replied, “how did your grandfather react to that?”

“He left my dad the hardware store.”

“All right.”

“Plus, it’s always made me special. There’d be other girls in school named Elizabeth, and they’d go by ‘Liz,’ or ‘Beth,’ or whatever, but I was special ’cause I was ‘Betty.’”

“How cool,” Lisa exclaimed.

“Yeah.”

“So, Milwaukee?”

“Yeah, and you?”

“Chicago.”

Betty blinked and after a moment said, “Let’s just agree to disagree about football teams, okay?”

They both laughed, and Lisa said, “Okay.”

“Is football your sport?”

“No, baseball. I’m from the north side, so I bleed blue.”

Betty nodded, “Cool.”

“And you? You into football.”

“Yeah, the round kind.”

“Soccer?”

“Yeah,” Betty smiled.

“Who’s your favorite team?”

“The U.S. women, of course.”

“Right on! How about pro teams?”

“Actually, your team in Chicago is the pro team I follow.”

Lisa smiled, “Me too.”

Betty smiled and replied, “We’ll get along all right.”

CHAPTER FOUR

Later that day, Betty was at her desk, and her new friend had dropped off the afternoon report. Her boss, John Hayes, would call for them when he was ready. About five minutes after Lisa had dropped it off, Betty's phone rang. The ring tone would be different for external and internal calls, and this was the internal ring. Betty pressed the speaker button.

"Betty Nussberger."

"Betty, bring the report from Peterson in here, please?" It was her boss.

"Yes, sir."

She retrieved the report from her "in" basket and went to Hayes' door. She opened it and went in. It closed behind her.

Hayes' office had wood paneling, with a light finish, and was carpeted. His desk was at the window, and Hayes was sitting there. He was about forty-five years old, with thick dark hair slicked back and kind of standing up on its own. He had dark eyes, a long nose, and thick lips. He looked up from his writing and smiled, "Just set it right here, Betty."

Betty dreaded having to be in here. Hayes was a lecherous, loathsome character, with two divorces behind him, and children who had to be prodded to visit him. His chair creaked when he moved, owing to his being overweight. His reputation and behavior made it difficult to keep secretaries, but Betty somehow had stuck it out. She thought of him when she would kill, and had fantasized about doing it to him in some special way.

Betty stepped up to the desk and set the report down. Hayes grabbed her hand, and said, "You, uh . . . look great today, Betty."

She jerked away her hand, and said, "Thanks, Mr. Hayes."

"Oh, honey," he said, as he got up and walked around the desk towards her, "I didn't make you upset, did I?"

"Actually, you did, Mr. Hayes." She turned and started toward the door. "Women don't care for that, and I'm not 'honey'. Okay?"

Hayes moved quickly around her and put his hand on the door. "I'm sorry," he said, "I know I shouldn't do that. But, I think you're so beautiful. With a body like yours, you can really . . . excite a guy."

Betty stared into his eyes, “I think you should get out of my way, Mr. Hayes.”

“What are you going to do, scream? Is that it?”

“No, but I can kick you in the nuts.”

Hayes smiled nervously. “Now, Betty, please. No need to be like that.”

“Mr. Hayes --”

“John!”

“Okay,” Betty replied, “John. You know you’re not the best liked in this office. I had other women tell me when I got here that they didn’t envy me having to work with you. They told me you were condescending, rude, patronizing, and how you groped your last secretary and propositioned her. And, you were still married to your last wife when you did it. I know she complained to Human Resources, and you were put on probation, and you’re still on it. If I say something, you’re out of here.”

Betty saw Hayes’ steely resolve fading from his eyes. “Now, please Betty. I...I don’t mean ... you know ... I don’t mean --”

“Yeah, I know you don’t. That’s what a guy says when a woman confronts him.”

Hayes tugged at his collar. “Betty, please. I apologize.”

Betty just looked back at him.

“Please, Betty, I’m really sorry. I’ll get on my knees if I have to. Please, I’m sorry, damn it. I’m sorry.”

“Yes,” Betty replied with a smirk, “get on your knees. That’s what I want. I want to really hear ‘I’m sorry’ from you. And sincerely.”

“Okay, Betty,” Hayes replied as he sank to his knees. He sounded on the verge of tears.

“And no crying!”

“No, Betty, no crying.”

“Take my hand and say ‘I’m sorry.’” Betty extended her right hand for him to take.

Hayes took Betty’s hand in his and said, “I’m sorry, Betty. I shouldn’t have done that to you. You’re a strong woman, and I should give you respect.”

Betty looked at him for a moment, looking as if she would kick him in the groin anyway. Then, slowly, a smile formed on Betty’s face. Her eyes lit up and she said, “I accept your apology, John.”

“Thanks.”

“Now, get up and open the door.”

Hayes stood and reached for the door handle.

“One other thing,” Betty said, as she lifted a hand to stop him.

“What is it?”

“Well,” she said as she leaned on the door, “I was thinking. You seem, I don’t know, you seem lonely. You have no wife now. Your kids, do they live with you?”

“No,” Hayes replied, “they live with their mother. I won’t see them for another week.”

“Aww, how sad. Poor, lonely Johnny.” Betty pouted her lips a little bit. “Would you . . . want to come to my house? Maybe . . . I don’t know, have a nice home-cooked dinner, some conversation?” Her pout gave way to a neutral expression, then a slight grin, ending up in a big smile, as she worked her charms to convince her boss she was safe.

Hayes smiled. This was more like it, he thought. “Well, sure! I’d love that. Only tonight’s not so good. I have a meeting --”

“Oh, that’s okay,” Betty replied, “tomorrow night works better for me, anyway. Just between us, right?”

“Sure, Betty. Just between us. You have your honor to protect, right?”

Betty smiled, “Yeah, I do.” After a moment, she said, “Give me, oh . . . about an hour or so after I leave before you come over. Let me make things nice and cozy.” She lowered her head and raised her eyebrows before asking, “Okay?”

“Okay, Betty.”

Betty lit up the room with her smile. “Just between us, remember?”

“Yeah.”

Betty opened the door and went out, returning to her desk. As she sat, she thought of what she’d do with her boss when she got him in her clutches. She’d thought about this before, and now she would have her chance.

She cracked a big grin, and giggled a little. Then it was back to work.



Killer Betty is a novel about a female serial killer. She works a regular secretarial job during the week, and does her killing on weekends. She finds her victims, male and female, on the street and in bars. She makes friends at work with a young woman who could be her new partner or her downfall...

Killer Betty

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