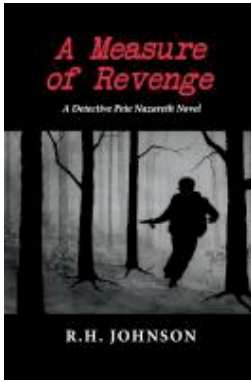


# *A Measure of Revenge*

*A Detective Pete Nazareth Novel*



**R.H. JOHNSON**



*A madman is murdering New York City's immigrants, and it's up to NYPD Detectives Pete Nazareth and Tara Gimble to take him down in this deadly game of kill or be killed. The investigation is complicated by a terrorist who successfully turns the recent slayings to his advantage as he plots a major attack outside One Police Plaza. This is the second novel in the Detective Pete Nazareth series.*

# The Measure of Revenge: A Detective Pete Nazareth

Order the complete book from

**[Booklocker.com](http://www.booklocker.com)**

**<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/8492.html?s=pdf>**

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**

**Enjoy your free excerpt below!**

# **A Measure of Revenge**

*A Detective Pete Nazareth Novel*

Copyright © 2016 R.H. Johnson

ISBN: 978-1-4951-8876-3

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Printed on acid-free paper.

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.

Hampton, Westbrook Publishing  
2016

First Edition

Hampton, Westbrook Publishing  
Princeton Junction, New Jersey

## 1.

At 4:23 a.m. on a chilly late-September morning, Ruthie Carlson walked alone on 44th Street in Times Square. She had spent the last ten hours tending bar at Otis B's, a hot after-hours club where the drinks were always top-shelf and the tips generous. A long but satisfying night in every way. She had cleared over \$500, all of it off the books, and had set the hook in Bobby Timmons, the young stud who visited at least three times each week. Timmons had finally deciphered the message in her eyes, and they now planned to spend next weekend at his place in the Hamptons. But at the moment all she cared about was catching the 3 train at 42nd Street and collapsing in bed at her Brooklyn apartment.

She passed the old Paramount Building, a 33-story landmark built in 1927, and turned onto 7th Avenue. Ruthie hated the darkness and the lonely walk. In this city, she knew, the question was when, not whether, you confronted a really bad dude. When that happened, would someone come to her rescue . . . or just cut and run? Count on no help, she advised herself. Keep your eyes open, girl, and your thumb on the pepper spray canister.

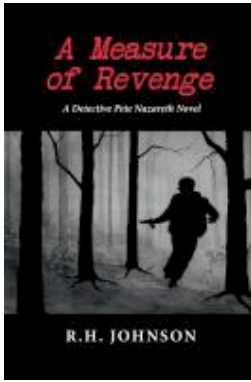
After taking a dozen steps on 7th Avenue she spotted the homeless guy lying half on and half off the curb 20 feet ahead. A loud brain alarm sounded. She couldn't see exactly what he was up to in the dark, but he definitely wasn't sleeping. Maybe he was crouching, waiting for her to come within striking distance. She edged closer to the building, gripping the pepper spray in her right hand.

The guy was motionless, but something was off about his body position. Was he getting ready to lunge at her? Or was he throwing up in the gutter after a hard night with his Thunderbird wine? Either way, Ruthie wanted no part of him. She picked up her pace and prayed for a cop to come along. But, no, it was just the two of them -- a skittish, overtired bartender and a street guy up to no good.

She held her breath as she passed him and looked over her left shoulder to make sure he kept his distance. That's when she noticed the traffic light's bright red glow reflecting over the entire length of the guy's body. What the hell? She stopped at what she considered a safe distance and turned for a better view. At that moment a taxi drove past, and in its headlights she saw the figure for what it really was: a misshapen, lifeless heap that had been tossed against the curb. As she dialed 911 on her cell Ruthie realized that the entire body had been bound tightly in clear stretch wrap, a shining mummy. Whoever did this had added one final, brutal touch: a heavy plastic bag taped securely over the man's head.

Ten minutes later Officers John Donaghue and Mike D'Antoni took an even closer look at the victim. Olive skin. Twenty-five years or thirty years old. About six feet tall and rather thin. But two things stood out from the rest. With a red marker the killer had scrawled the letters DR on the dead man's forehead before suffocating him, then with a rubber stamp had applied the words RETURN TO SENDER all over the stretch wrap covering the body.

The two officers had no way of knowing that by the end of the year the RTS Killer would become one of the most feared criminals in New York City history.



*A madman is murdering New York City's immigrants, and it's up to NYPD Detectives Pete Nazareth and Tara Gimble to take him down in this deadly game of kill or be killed. The investigation is complicated by a terrorist who successfully turns the recent slayings to his advantage as he plots a major attack outside One Police Plaza. This is the second novel in the Detective Pete Nazareth series.*

## **The Measure of Revenge: A Detective Pete Nazareth**

**Order the complete book from**

**[Booklocker.com](http://www.booklocker.com)**

**<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/8492.html?s=pdf>**

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**