

Not only is this novel about a FEMALE serial killer, but she's very likeable! Read what's on her mind! Suzanne, a young lady with a chip on her shoulders. She killed and will kill again! After all she is a serial killer.

Run Along Now

by Jackie Adams

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JACKIE ADAMS

**RUN
ALONG
NOW**



Two detectives chase a likeable female serial killer...



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Chapter 1

He's running as fast as he possibly can. He turns his head to look back through the night air, while his feet still gallop at a speedy pace on the hard pavement. He can't see her. Did he lose her? He rounds the corner of the now-vacant business building and smacks right into her. She falls to the ground with a hard thud. As he starts to run again, she grabs his legs pulling him down with her. How's she so skinny and yet so strong? He's a hefty man. It takes a lot of strength to get him to the ground. He shuts his eyes questioning if this is the last time he'll close them. The last thing he feels is a stinging poke on the back of his neck.

When he opens his eyes and jerks his head around to see where he is he realizes he's home. His head is full of sweat as he shakes it, he sees the sweat fling in the air. Next, he sees her. This woman he thought he fell in love with. The woman he would have done anything for, Suzanne. He lets out a mortified moan for help and then screams, "What the hell did I ever do to you?"

She takes the star she had named after him and gifted to him off of his hall wall. She opens the frame and folds the certificate up and puts it in the back pocket of her denim jeans. She doesn't say a word. She only stares at him studying his features during this horrific calamity.

He cries of the love he stills feels for her. Her eyes seem to burn right through him, though. "Suzanne, I don't understand.

I thought you loved me. You don't do this to somebody you care for." He seems to think he's giving her a life lesson.

She feels beads of sweat gather on her forehead, her cheeks feel flush. She's not sure how much longer she can take the suspense of doing away with number three. She bites her tongue, then licks her lips. She tries to find her voice in the extremity of what she considers foreplay.

"Suzanne, if you let me go right now. I'll walk away. No words ever repeated."

She thinks, here we go again. This is nothing new. Same babble, same scenario. Maybe she's not doing something right. Maybe she should change her technique. Why do they still talk? She traces his lips with her finger. He's still and quiet now. Not even a budge. Maybe he's finally in shock. She's sure the smell of his blood filling the room has reached the tip of her tongue leaving a salty taste.

His eyes flutter as they begin to roll back. She puts her gloved finger on his Adam's apple and presses with a tormented pressure trying to bring him back to her. When she fails, she decides she has had enough and snaps his neck. She walks three feet away from him, turns around, and takes in what it's like to be on the other side of pain. She collects her jacket, steps over his pile of clothes, blows him a kiss, and walks out of his house never looking back.

She goes home to the basement apartment she's been renting from an elderly couple upstairs. Having them half-deaf helps her to find comfort in living within the same vicinity as

them. She likes her music loud. Besides that, the rent is cheap. She's able to save for her extravagant travels.

She takes the certificate out of her back pocket and unfolds it. She tilts her head as she studies it. She plays name games with Detective Malone. She traces her finger over her latest victim's name, Gerard Dudley. She's very choosy about who she picks. These men have their special purpose.

She sets the certificate on the counter as she opens the lower cabinet pulling out her scrapbook. She smiles as she opens it to page six. She dedicates two pages a piece per person. She picks the certificate back up and takes it along with the album to the coffee table where her glue, scissors, and photos are scattered.

She's getting ready to cut the background scene when Mrs. Headrick calls down, "Suzanne? Are you hungry, dear? We have plenty if you want to come upstairs and join us. We'll wait for ten minutes, and if you're not up here by then we'll eat without you."

She respects Mrs. Headrick. She never comes downstairs, ever. Suzanne has complete privacy. She has resided there for more than seven years. Suzanne calls back up, "I'll be there in a minute, Mrs. Headrick." She looks down at her scrapbook tracing back over Gerard Dudley's name again.

She doesn't mind wearing his scent as she eats. The Headricks are so old they can never tell the difference. She puts the certificate in the scrapbook and shuts it. She stands,

stretches, and walks up the stairs barefoot. Just the way she left Gerard and the other two “loves” of her life.

She thought for sure she’d be caught by now. Detective Malone has been investigating the other two murders for five years. Every time he gets too close for her comfort, she lays low. She looks at her wall above the desk where Detective Malone’s photos are hanging. She has no interest in killing him. She does crave for him to get a little closer to her, though. Just close enough. He’s boring her. Maybe the hints she’s leaving behind aren’t flamboyant enough for the press to pay attention. The two could have a media dance together. She laughs as she makes her way into the kitchen.

Mrs. Headrick looks up and smiles at her. “Suzanne, I’m so glad you could join us, dear.”

Mr. Headrick never talks. He has always been seated since Suzanne moved in. He just sits there and gawks. When Suzanne first moved in, she found him rather creepy, but now that she’s adjusted it’s just another routine afternoon.

She watches Mrs. Headrick feed her husband of more than fifty years. She literally spoons the food and brings it to his mouth. Mr. Headrick wears a bib catching the drool dripping to his chin. Suzanne tries not to stare and takes a bite of her chicken leg. “Mmm, this is really good. Thank you.”

After dinner, Suzanne takes the dishes to the sink and begins washing them. Mrs. Headrick gets busy putting Mr. Headrick on his recliner in front of the very loud television broadcasting a football game. Suzanne has never been into

sports, so she tunes it out clashing the dishes together as she washes them. Suzanne could never be like Mrs. Headrick. Married fifty years, taking care of her ailed husband she loves more than life itself, and renting out a basement to a serial killer. Suzanne envisions herself being alone until Detective Malone catches wind of her and locks her up. She's sure there will be a day, but sadly for her last victim, it's not today! She dries her hands.

Suzanne practically shouts, "Mrs. Headrick, I'm going back downstairs. I have some things there I need to finish. Enjoy the rest of your afternoon." She closes the basement door locking it from the inside. As she makes her way down, she passes by Detective Malone's photos again. He's single. If he realized how much they were actually alike he would have caught her by now! The press calls her The Kellogg's Killer because she snaps the necks of her victims. They often use one-liners like snap, crackle, and pop.

She takes a seat in front of her scrapbook smiling at all she has accomplished through the morning. Feeling achieved she glues the star certificate to the left side. She then glues a photograph of Gerard Dudley on the other side. He was a handsome man. It's a shame such a waste of "beauty".

She turns her country music station up loud enough to drown out Mr. Headrick's football game. She starts singing along with it feeling the high of her last escapade. As she yells the lyrics, she dances around her living room.

She's looking forward to tomorrow. She's getting a manicure. She better soak in the tub tonight. Make sure there's no trace of the blood, his blood, in her fingernails. Though she was wearing gloves you can never be too careful. She thinks back reliving pressing into his skin. She runs herself a bath adding some spring bloom bubbles.

Once she's in the hot water, she traces over her arms. It's been a long time since she last murdered a "love". She's not going to lie. She will miss Gerard more than any of the others. He was gentle with her. Slow, steady, and calm. She needed that more than she realized. She closes her eyes reliving Gerard and all his promises that she knows all too well would eventually be broken. Broken, like, everyone had in her past. All the broken promises, all the deceits, it all equalates to the exact reason she distrusts mankind as she knows it.

Once she's done bathing, she forces herself out of the tub before her skin gets all wrinkly from the hot water she soaked in. She finds Gerard's white cotton t-shirt, slips into it, and slides on her favorite silk, laced black panties. She lies in bed cuddled into the pillow next to her.

She's still reliving every moment of the time they spent together bonding. It's easier than she had realized. Bonding with the opposite sex.... She thought there would be more to it than the effort she put forth. She doesn't realize how beautiful she truly is. She's tall, slender, and has legs to her tits. Her long blonde hair flows to her waist. Hair, she likes to keep in a tight bun.

When she works, she wears her hair down. She's a waitress at a bar and grill, The Pink Flamingo. They get super busy through the week, and on the weekends, they're packed shoulder to shoulder. Hardly any room to maneuver through the customers. By the end of the night, they're out of food. They have to stop taking orders. By then, she's dead on her feet.

When she wakes up the next morning, she feels like something is off. She's starting to notice this after a killing. She feels great the night of, but the next day she is drained and paranoid. She bends to her nightstand picking up her watch. She sees it's ten o'clock in the morning. She drags herself out of bed and finds her way to the closet where she fishes out something to wear to work. Today she has to pull a double. She just hoped she was able to get enough sleep to do it without zoning out.

She wears her plaid skirt, hunter-green leggings, and a sweater that matches her leggings to a tee. Feeling more confident after a cup of coffee she goes into the bathroom to brush through her hair. It's thicker than any blonde head she's ever seen. She's not sure where she gets that from, because she never knew her parents. Growing up in several different orphanages, she was never able to track down her mom or dad. It's a shame really, but she doesn't tread on it often. Her philosophy is to look ahead not back.

She walks to the top of the stairs and unlocks the basement door. The closer she gets to the kitchen the more it smells like

bacon. She walks past and sees Mrs. Headrick once again feeding Mr. Headrick. She sticks her head in for a second and yells, "I can't stay. I'm running late for work. You have a good day, Mrs. Headrick."

Mr. Headrick's face slowly turns towards her with his beady eyes gawking at her. Mrs. Headrick stays staring at him and says, "You too dear. I'll have dinner made when you come home."

Suzanne raises her voice another notch, "There's no need to. I have to work a double."

"Oh, okay, dear." She scrapes out the yogurt cup with the spoon.

Suzanne looks to the floor as she makes her way to the door. When she opens it, she's greeted by the cold, spring air. It brings a chill up her arm. She looks both ways, up and down the street before she steps out on it and enters the driver's side of her Toyota.

When she walks inside the Pink Flamingo it's very dark, so dark, she has to adjust her sight by closing her eyes. She hears, "Good morning, Suzanne." She recognizes the voice. It's Tony their doorman. They all call him Fat Tony, but she finds the name offensive and even crude. He's about six three, muscular in a football player sense and a big teddy bear. Unless you piss him off. The first time she met Tony he was with his girlfriend Ashley. You talk about opposites. She's short and skinnier than a toothpick. Suzanne could probably lift her with one hand. She smiles thinking of the two of them as she reopens her eyes.

“Suzanne,” she looks over and sees her boss, Antonio, behind the bar. “Ready for a full day?”

It’s Saturday, and no she’s not ready for a “full day”, but she doesn’t tell her boss that. “Good day, Antonio.” She puts on her best smile. She’d love to strap him to a chair. He’s such a womanizer. She’s sure the only reason he owns a bar and grill is to get laid. “I suppose I’m as ready as I can be.” She shrugs and puts on her waist apron.

Katy walks in with her usual optimistic attitude. “Good Mooooorning, Antonio.” She loves pissing him off with her cheeriness. He pats Suzanne on the back, “Ms. Suzanne.”

Suzanne tries tying the apron in the back and fidgets with it. “Damn it.”

“I got you,” Katy takes the ties and strings them up for her.

Suzanne explains to her, “Lack of sleep and no patience today.”

Katy says, “Oh joy! You’re going to be some kind of fun to work with.” She lets out a nervous giggle.

The rest of the day goes by fast. Now it’s time for the night shift. Suzanne is not looking forward to that whatsoever. She’d rather serve food than booze. Her customers can sometimes get handsy and obnoxious. As she said earlier running on lack of patience.

She orders two pitchers of tap Bush for the boys in the back. She thinks the black-haired boy would make great sitting bait, but she knows it’s much too soon for another killing. She

just wishes he'd stop following her around with his stupid eyeballs. She's not one to need that kind of attention.

She brings them their two pitchers of beer. The black-haired boy smiles at her, while the redhead says, "Thanks, baby."

She rolls her eyes. No tip could justify him calling her baby. The name is a pet peeve of hers. She's heard it used much too often to too many women. She tilts her head and says through her teeth, "Don't call me baby."

"Oh look, you've pissed her off," says the brunette boy seated on the other side of the redhead.

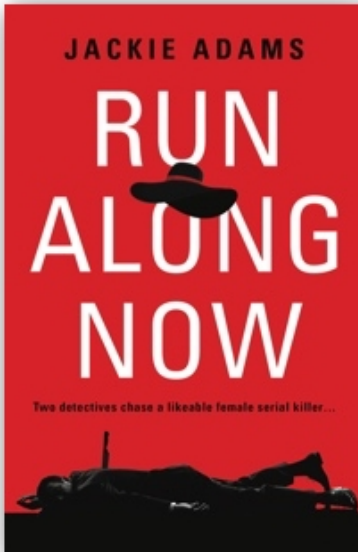
The redhead leans into her grabbing her ass, which royally pisses her off. She takes one of the pitchers of beer dumping it over his head.

He's standing there with his arms stretched out, soaked from head to shirt, with his mouth hanging open. The other boys are laughing at the situation.

Fat Tony comes and takes Suzanne by the arm and leads her to the bar where Antonio is standing. "You're fired. Give me your apron."

"But... but," she doesn't have time before Tony leads her out the door by the arm.

He apologizes to her once they're outside. "I'm sorry, kid, but what the boss says goes."



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