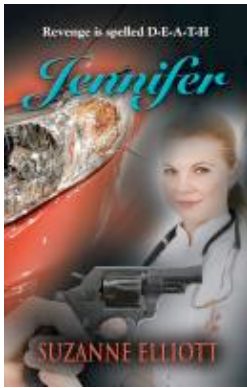


Revenge is spelled D-E-A-T-H

# *Tennifer*

A movie poster for the film 'Tennifer'. The background is a dark, moody scene featuring a woman in a white lab coat, identified as Suzanne Elliott, who is holding a large black revolver. She has a slight, enigmatic smile. To her left is a close-up of a red car's headlight, which is illuminated and shows intricate details of the lens and reflector. The overall color palette is dark with highlights from the car's light and the woman's white coat.

SUZANNE ELLIOTT



*Medical school never prepared Doctor Jennifer Green for this: A patient made indecent advances. She slapped him. Threats began. Her car is forced off course and demolished. Her house is deliberately torched. He kidnaps her. When she tries to escape, she is shot in the arm. She grabs a fork from a table and stabs him in the gut. Out of the chaos came love. After all that's happened, will that love be tainted?*

# Jennifer

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# **Jennifer**

Suzanne Elliott

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2013

First Edition

## **Dedication**

In loving memory of my parents  
Mr. and Mrs. John G. Bowman



## Chapter I

“Doctor Green...Doctor Green. Please Report to the ER stat!”

Doctor Jennifer Green doused her computer and rubbed her eyes, bone-tired as she'd just put in a fourteen hour day. She looked the part too, judging by the image she caught of herself in the mirror behind her desk. Her lipstick had worn-off and hair escaped the chignon that was once neat and tidy. When she glanced down, her lab coat looked like she'd just butchered a cow. Blood splatters decorated the front of the garment. She let out a sigh and brushed at the dried blood and wrinkled lab coat to try to give some semblance of order.

Her face paled. *What was she doing? Had she lost her senses?* She jerked her hand away and ran to the small bathroom in her office to sanitize her hands.

She shook her head in disbelief. Usually she changed to a fresh lab coat the minute she left the emergency room but this evening she had been angry and unduly upset. *And she was still upset!*

*Suzanne Elliott*

*The patient waiting had better not be the pervert she'd tangled with earlier! If that nutcase was back she'd slug him silly regardless of hospital policy. She wrinkled her brow. Surely he wouldn't come back. Or would he?* She shivered at the thought. *Hurt hand? My eye! His hand couldn't have been hurt too badly if he could cop a feel of her backside.* She clenched her fists. The act got him a hard slap to the jaw. To avoid a scene she'd immediately asked a male doctor to take over and stalked out of the ER!

She hurried towards the elevator. Her fingers started to tingle. A sense of uneasiness came over her. She didn't dismiss the feeling. Her intuition was usually right on. She stopped mid-stride and listened... *Could that be footsteps?* Her breathing quickened. Thankfully, the nurses' station was just up ahead.

Nurse Brown looked up from her desk. "Anything wrong, Doctor Green?"

"No I guess not," she said with some hesitation. Nervously she looked back the way she'd come. "I thought I heard footsteps behind me when I was coming down the hallway. It's 3:00 a.m. No one should be up here now except the doctors and nurses and they wear rubber soles."



*Jennifer*

The nurse frowned. The doctor bit her lip and shrugged.

“It’s probably my imagination working overtime. I’m just a little anxious right now.” She checked her watch.... “If they call from the ER, tell them I'm on my way.”

“Yes, Doctor.” Nurse Brown detected fear in the doctor's eyes. One eyebrow rose as she watched the young physician hurry down the hall. *Strange, she thought.*

A door squeaked somewhere on the floor. Footsteps echoed in the hallway. Startled, the nurse realized the doctor was right. The patients on this floor were not ambulatory, so it couldn't be a patient walking around, and the cleaning crew had left hours ago. She called Security and with shaky hands she grabbed a letter opener. She would defend herself if need be.

He crept up to the door to the ER, his heart racing. He'd almost been caught twice. The first time was by the good doctor. If he hadn't hid inside a doorway, she would have seen him. Unfortunately he'd also had to play cat and mouse with Security. He rested his back against the wall and took out a handkerchief and wiped the sweat from his brow.

*Suzanne Elliott*

He lingered, eavesdropping to the hubbub coming from the other side of the door. He acquiesce the patients very existence was in the hands of capable doctors, with the exception of one who refused to treat him. *Hell! Who did she think she was blowing him off?* It wasn't just the fact his hand needed tending. It was his personal need that warranted fulfillment!

Caught within his thoughts, a particular voice broke through. Doctor Green was speaking to a patient. He pressed closer to the door and peeked through a small opening.

The doctor lifted the patient's legs from the stirrups and covered her with a sheet. "You can relax now, Mrs. Scott. I've completed the exam. However, your doctor may want to do his own examination." Doctor Green pulled off her latex gloves and dropped them in the bio hazard container.

"You're having premature labor, Mrs. Scott. Doctor Burns is en route. Meanwhile, we'll give you something to stop the contractions and try to make you comfortable. So far the baby is fine."

He watched the doctor reach over and pat the patient's hand in a consoling manner.

*Jennifer*

“Would you like your husband to come sit with you?” The doctor saw a smile form as tears escaped down the side of the patient's face.

“Thank you, I would,” she responded weakly.

*Good! The doctor will most likely leave soon, the stalker decided.* He'd get his car and wait by the ER entrance until she came out, then follow her.

He tapped his fingers on the steering wheel. He lit a fourth cigarette and took a huge draw. An hour had passed. *So where was she? Could she have gone out another door?* His blood boiled. Ten minutes later, she emerged. He could tell by her stride, her defenses were up. There was little doubt she was on guard. Her right hand was wrapped securely around her car keys... the keys pointed outward as though to ward off an attack. *For God's sake, it was 6:30 a.m. It wasn't like it was still dark out!* Squinting in the rising sun, she stopped to scan the area.

*So I got to her, he thought and smiled.*

She hurried to her car...a shiny Ford convertible. He pulled into a space close by. Her top was up. She unlocked the door and climbed in, quickly turning to hit the locks again.

*Suzanne Elliott*

Relief flashed across her face. She sat for a few minutes, taking several deep breaths. She backed out and pulled onto the main thoroughfare. He followed at a safe distance. She drove approximately six miles, and then turned right onto Park Drive. The street was hilly and winding. A mile or two down the road, she slowed. Spanish villas that sat back in a frame of lush greenery peaked through a hedge. Her turn signal blinked.

He pulled to the curb. She stopped at the gate house and talked to the Security guard.

The guard turned and looked in all directions. The stalker had parked away from the entrance. He hoped his tinted windows kept him from being discovered. Sweat broke on his brow. He pulled his cap lower on his forehead. Fifteen minutes passed. *What was she doing? Giving him her whole life history?*

*Damn woman!* When the guard turned his attention back to the good doctor, the stalker decided to come back another time. Now he knew where she lived....

Two days later, he called the ER and explained he had a delivery for Doctor Green. He was told the doctor was about to leave. Ten minutes passed. She still hadn't shown! He'd

*Jennifer*

stopped in a NO PARKING ZONE. He looked around nervously. With a shaky hand he snuffed out his cigarette. He was about to pull away and find a parking spot when he saw her coming out the entrance. She hesitated, looked around then hurried on to her car. She unlocked the vehicle, got in, hit the locks again and pulled away. He kept his distance behind her. Not far from the villas, he pulled over, opened his trunk and pulled out a bike. He grabbed a jacket, a helmet and his sunglasses and pedaled the bike closer to the entrance with the intention of sneaking inside. He rolled up behind a bush and peaked through the branches. She waved to the guard and pulled on up to the gate. Her driver's side window slid down and she punched in her code. He watched the massive gate swing open.

The day was windy and cool. The beautiful auburn haired doctor brushed hair back from her face and drove through the gate opening. She followed a road partially hidden by dense foliage and trees.

*Damn! He lost sight of her.* He pulled the bike up along side the gate to try to get a better look. The guard came out of the gatehouse. He gave him a stern look and stood with his

*Suzanne Elliott*

arms folded across his chest as if daring him to try to dart through the open gate.

Through gritted teeth the stalker lied. "I just wanted to get a better look at the villas," he explained.

"Call the office and set up an appointment," the guard answered gruffly. The gate closed with a bang.

*No way could he squeeze through that gate behind a vehicle with that guard on duty, he thought.*

His mind strained to find another solution. Maybe if he waited until the wee hours he could follow a resident coming in late....

He swung the bike around and headed back towards his car. His hands started to tremble. He needed a drink. He stopped and pulled a silver flask from his jacket and took several swigs of the amber liquid. With his eyes closed, he savored the liquor. He felt the burn all the way down his esophagus. His hands seemed to steady. Or was it just his imagination? *Forget it, his conscience urged.* Besides, he had other things on his mind. *Hell, it damn well grated on him that she'd spurned him! No one rejected him or they paid dearly.* He let out an irritated huff and breathed in deeply as he fought for control. His whole body started to tremor. He reached for

*Jennifer*

the flask and took another swig. He gazed off into the distance almost completely unaware.

A car honked. He jumped from the bike and skedaddled to the grass beside the road. *He felt like a sick puppy whose bitch had denied him.* His anger rose. Hate bubbled through his veins. He grabbed the flask and downed the remainder of the contents. After a few minutes, his hazy thoughts returned to the problem at hand. He smiled at the pun and glanced at his bandaged hand. He'd get inside that gate and she'd learn he was a man to be reckoned with. He got up and stumbled over to the bike lying in the road and dragged it to the curb. He staggered the rest of the way to his car. One night soon he vowed, he'd find her, take what he wanted and leave her breathless....

He stopped and tilted his head back and let out a roaring laugh.

*The Police report would read: Death due to Suffocation!*

## Chapter II

Brad opened the door into the entry hall and rushed to turn off the security alarm. Some days he wondered why he made the effort to retain a residence. Except for the cat, he was coming home to an empty house. All he really needed was a bed, a hot plate, and a bathroom. *No, his brain responded... he was kidding himself.* He let out a sigh and realized tiredness was responsible for his emoted feelings.

He threw his keys in a bowl on the console and shrugged off his suit jacket, too tired to go to his bedroom to change. He loosened his tie and walked into the kitchen and grabbed a bottle of frosty water from the fridge. He took a healthy swallow and reached into the freezer and pulled out a steak. A baked potato sounded good too. Add a salad and he had dinner covered. Then he could relax with a glass of wine and watch a movie. *Perfect!* The thought brought his spirits up. He looked around. Where was Boo? She normally met him at the door. He opened the door leading into the garage and there she was.



*Jennifer*

“Boo! My goodness did you sneak out when I left this morning? I bet you're thirsty.” He picked her up and brought her inside. He got her bowl and added fresh water. Then he filled her food dish. He petted her and put her down to eat. It was good to be home, he thought.

He looked around. He loved this room. The realtor said it was a Gourmet kitchen. At least that's how he'd put it when he showed the pricey villa to him. *Pamela would have loved it, he thought.* His eyes filled. *He wondered if he would ever function normally again.*

He crossed to the family room and stood looking out the French doors. Daffodils showed their plumage. A red bud tree was in full bloom. Colorful blades of tender grass accented the scene. A pond glistened in the sun. Tulips vied for approval and the overall affect caught the eye of the causal observer. It was a beautiful sight....

He brought his hands to his face and rubbed his eyes. *It had been four years since his wife was murdered.* His jaw clenched. He sat down hard in his favorite easy chair. It was time he moved on but darn, his heart kept reminding him of his loss. He'd moved from his large home on the outskirts of Dallas to this villa. Pam had always maintained they'd fill the

*Suzanne Elliott*

big house with lots of children. Regretfully it didn't work out that way.

In his mind, he could see her sewing basket sitting by her chair in the den. He visualized the table by the bedside where she always placed a favorite book to read when she couldn't sleep. Every room had a memory. One would have thought that would have been a comfort, but it wasn't. He couldn't seem to come to grips with his loss. Maybe if it hadn't happened so suddenly... they'd had the perfect marriage and a madman had taken that life away. Perhaps he'd learn to cope with those memories someday, but until then...he squatted down. "It's you and me, Boo." He ruffled her fur. Not wanting to be bothered, she hissed. He laughed in spite of his mood.

He'd given up his profitable law practice, retaining ownership, just in case he might want to return. He obtained a PHD in criminology and joined the Dallas Police Department. He wanted to save others from experiencing a trauma similar to his. Too late, he'd come to realize no one could prevent that. The human race was simply unpredictable. He clenched his lips together....

He finished the remainder of his water and lay back in his easy chair, ready to kick his shoes off when his cell rang.

*Jennifer*

Glancing at the phone display he saw it was the Department. Instinctively he knew rest time was over. The news brought him to his feet. His energy suddenly renewed, tension built in his muscles. He reset the house alarm and headed for the station.

The new Headquarters building stood proud. A drastic improvement from the drab Grey cement block building it replaced. Brad entered the parking lot and headed for the front door, his curiosity aroused.

“Hey, Brad. What's going on?” Steve a fellow detective joined him as they walked to the entrance.

“I don't know. It must be something big to call us in. I was hoping to have a nice quiet evening. I have a juicy steak thawing and a movie I want to see. I'm not scheduled to report in until noon tomorrow. I bet that's going to change.”

“My wife and I had plans for this evening, too. Darn! She's going to be disappointed unless he dismisses us early,” Steve remarked. He stuffed his sunglasses into his pocket and held the door for Brad.

They entered the conference room and headed straight for the coffee urn set-up on a table in one corner.

*Suzanne Elliott*

A hush came over the room as the Chief entered. Thirty heads turned towards the podium.

“Good evening. I'm sorry to take you away from your families and homes, but something important has come up. I realize you all have put in a long day.” He paused and cleared his throat.

“Another female victim has turned up. A fisherman found her nude body in the shallows of White Rock Lake as he maneuvered his boat back to shore. He immediately called the Police on his cell. It appears to be the same MO as the other two victims. The night shift is scouring the area for evidence while there's still some light available. We'll continue with the search in the morning. We don't have a lot to go on since there were no clothes or ID with the body. A man's ring with the initial R was clutched in the victim's hand. I believe that will turn out to be of importance. The victim was a redhead like the other two. We judge her age in the mid- twenties.”

“Primary examination showed there was bruising on her upper arms, throat, shoulders, thighs, and around her eyes. We'll know more when the medical examiner completes the autopsy and we hear from the forensics team.”

*Jennifer*

The Chief looked around the room. “I’ll expect you all to report in by 6:00 a.m. I can’t emphasize enough the importance of solving these cases. Other lives are in jeopardy as long as this person or persons remain on the streets. I’m afraid we may have a serial killer in our midst. That is all for now. Enjoy the rest of your evening.”

Brad pulled into his garage and lowered the overhead door. Boo was waiting inside by the kitchen door. He turned off the house alarm and leaned down to eye the meowing cat.

“Boo, do you want a treat?” He rubbed her long lustrous black and white fur. She was beautiful. He stood and reached into the cabinet for the treats. Boo twisted all around his ankles, mewling happily. He poured the treats into her dish. Brad’s stomach growled. *That steak sounded real good about now.*

He removed the meat from the refrigerator and set about seasoning it. He washed a large potato, sprayed it with Pam and sprinkled the potato with garlic salt. He wrapped it in foil and put it in the oven. Hands on his hips, he looked around the kitchen. *Oh yes, the salad fixings.* He washed lettuce, celery, carrots, and tomatoes. When he was done he cut the vegetables and put the concoction in the fridge to crisp. He looked at his

*Suzanne Elliott*

watch. The potato would take at least an hour. He sat down and turned on the TV. Boo crawled onto his lap. He scratched her neck and she began to purr loudly. Shortly, she jumped down to chase her tail. The news came on and reported that a body had washed up in the shallows of the lake. No other details were given. It made him sick to think what the victims family would go through when she was identified let alone what the victim herself had suffered.

He walked into the living room and glanced out the window. He noticed a jogger as she passed. Her auburn hair flying in the wind caught his attention. Damn! She was beautiful. He hadn't been this attracted to anyone since meeting his late wife.

He wondered who she was. *No, he wasn't going there, he told himself.* He reluctantly turned and walked back to the den. His brain switched the TV image back and forth with that of the jogger. He was intrigued, but blamed it on fatigue. Before he knew it, the aroma of the baked potato accosted his senses. Damn! He'd become so absorbed within his thoughts, he'd forgotten the time! He walked out to the patio and turned on the gas grill. All was well... He laughed. Saved by his nose! He grabbed a large pronged fork from a drawer and placed the

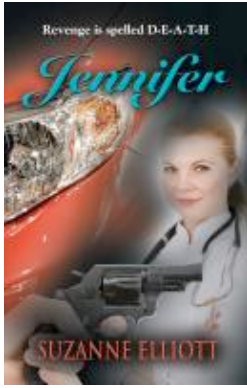
*Jennifer*

steak on the grill. He watched it sizzle as it hit the hot grate. *Two minutes on each side. That was the secret.* He liked his steak rare. He kept an eye on his watch. At the prescribed time he cut off a small piece. It practically melted in his mouth. He savored the flavor. Definitely worth waiting for...*a dinner that should be shared, he thought.* A lump formed in his throat. *Pam had loved steak.*

He placed the meat on a platter and brought it inside. He immediately walked to the security box and reset the alarm for the night. He popped the cork on the wine and poured himself a glass and prepared to devour the feast.

The jogger's image appeared before his eyes. *Excitement sped through his veins. Had he begun to feel again? Torn, he was almost afraid to think in that respect. "Pamela, I'm sorry, but I need to move on," he whispered. Sadness overcame him. He'd thought he and Pam would grow old together, but life had dealt him a blow.*

Suddenly, the steak lost its appeal....



*Medical school never prepared Doctor Jennifer Green for this: A patient made indecent advances. She slapped him. Threats began. Her car is forced off course and demolished. Her house is deliberately torched. He kidnaps her. When she tries to escape, she is shot in the arm. She grabs a fork from a table and stabs him in the gut. Out of the chaos came love. After all that's happened, will that love be tainted?*

# Jennifer

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