

**A MODEL
FOR MURDER**

A Novel

Roy A. Teel Jr.

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Roy A. Teel Jr.

The Iron Eagle Series: Book Five



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“This novel is dedicated to those who have been victims of the ruthless, the heartless, and the vile. For those with little hope, hope is out there, and sometimes it’s in the last place you would expect!”

Roy A. Teel Jr.

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“The sexual abuse and exploitation of children is one of the most vicious crimes conceivable, a violation of mankind’s most basic duty to protect the innocent.”

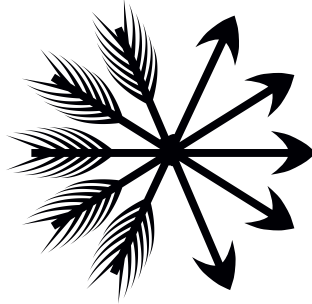
—James T. Walsh



SEAL OF THE IRON EAGLE. ®

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CHAPTER ONE

“This is a game changer...this sicko killed one of our own. Hell is about to be unleashed.”

It was just past midnight, and Terry Brady and her lover, Hillary Sums, had taken off for a late night run to clear their heads. They decided to run around the Hollywood reservoir and were just crossing onto the reservoir dam while chatting. Terry had slowed her pace, so Hillary slowed with her, and they stopped in the middle of the dam for a rest. The lights of Los Angeles looked like stars far below them, and they took in the romantic scene holding each other’s hands. Terry got her breath back, and the two started walking, admiring the view, and talking about the argument that had brought them out of their home and into the darkness. They were just crossing to the other end of the dam when Terry spotted something in the water near the edge. They both wore running lights on sweatbands on their heads, and they shined the light into the watery edges between the concrete dam and the lakeside and saw a human arm floating in the water. Hillary let out a scream, and Terry pulled her cell phone to call for help.



Jim O'Brian was fast asleep with Barbara wrapped around him when his cell phone rang. He moved to untangle himself from his wife while searching through the darkness for the flashing light and loud ringtone. "What?" He was lying in bed with the phone to his ear listening. Barbara got up and went into the bathroom, slamming the door behind her. Jim told the caller to wait, and he yelled, "I'm on the GODDAMNED PHONE HERE!" Barbara yelled back, "NO FUCKING SHIT...AND I HAVE TO PISS!" He shook his head and told the caller to continue. He hung up the phone and was out of bed rummaging for his clothes on the floor when the bathroom door opened, flooding the room with light. Barbara was standing nude in the bathroom doorway with her hands on her hips. "So, what is it tonight, Jimmy?" He was pulling on his underwear as he responded. "A body in the LA reservoir. They need me on scene." He had gotten his pants on and was slipping into his t-shirt when Barbara walked to the closet and grabbed him a fresh sheriff's shirt and t-shirt. "The pants are okay, but put these on. They're freshly pressed. I want my husband looking like a sheriff not a bum." He laughed and took the clothing from her and finished dressing.

"I thought when you became sheriff these late night calls would stop," Barbara said, sitting down on her side of the bed with her back to Jim. "When they call me, Barb, you know it's a big ass deal. I have to go out there. I'm sorry." She rolled back into bed and pulled the covers over her head. "I have to work in the morning." "I know, Barb. I know." She threw the covers down revealing her bare breasts and asked, "We have more money than God! John and Sara have more money than God. Why the FUCK are we still doing this shit? I want to retire!" Jim leaned in and kissed each breast and then her lips and said, "You are one sexy woman, Barb. One hell of a sexy woman. We will retire as soon as my term as Sheriff of Los Angeles County is up. We already agreed to that. I have announced that I will not run for a second term, but I do have two more years to go, my dear." "Fuck the politics of it. Let's just roll it up and move away from this shit before one of us gets killed." Jim looked on and said, "We can talk about this later, Barb. I have to get going." He was walking out the bedroom door when she said, "I hope to FUCK they woke John. I know he will end up out there, too." She threw a pillow at Jim's back as he left the room and the house.

Jim wasted no time calling John's cell phone before he was even in his car. "Swenson." "You're not asleep?" "Um...no. I'm in my truck headed to the Hollywood dam. Where are you?" Jim was starting his car and said with disdain, "In my fuckin' car headed to the same fuckin' place you are. Who called you?" "LAPD." Jim pulled out onto the freeway headed for the dam. "Why the fuck would LAPD call the FBI directly? This is my jurisdiction." John laughed. "I don't know. Meet you on the dam?" "Yea." Jim hung up the phone, turned on his sirens and lights, and headed for the dam.



Jim pulled up to the scene and not only was John already there so was the coroner. He got out of his car and headed for the well-lit area where a yellow tarp was half in the water. Jade Morgan was yelling out instructions to her team, and John was standing near her when Jim approached. “Let me fuckin’ guess. Teen female victim, breasts gnawed to shit?” Jade nodded. “Where’s the media? They are usually all over this shit.” John pointed to the two women that found the body. Jim recognized them right away. “You’ve got to be fuckin’ kidding me...they found the body?” John nodded, and Jim said, “Oh, I have to interview them!” John followed behind him saying, “I thought you might!” Jim walked up and said, “Well, if it isn’t the two biggest pain in my ass reporters in Los Angeles. What’s the deal, Hill? You and Terry found this victim?” They nodded saying nothing. “What’s the problem, ladies? You two are never short on words when you’re reporting bullshit on the news. Where’s the investigative reporter team now?” John put his hand on Jim’s shoulder and said, “Please...let’s not start this now.” “Start what, John? You know as well as I do that these two are going to sensationalize this situation, and by the time the news airs, they will have this plastered over all the major networks with some god awful bunch of lying bullshit. Fuck...of all the people to find this poor kid.” John pulled him back and said, “Let me talk to them.”

As John leaned in to speak to the women, he heard a familiar voice call to him from the distance. “Special Agent John Swenson FBI?” John turned to see LAPD Detective Randy Strom walking toward the scene. Jim saw Strom coming and said, “Oh, this ain’t gonna be fuckin’ good.” “What’s the FBI doing here, John? This is my crime scene,” Strom said. “I was called in by Rampart. I don’t know the reasons yet. I just arrived and was preparing to question the witnesses who found the body.” Strom looked over at Jim and asked, “And what the fuck are you doing here, O’Brian? You doing some late night slumming?” “Fuck you, Randy. I was home in bed with my wife when I got a call from one of your people so cut the shit. You’re standing in a multijurisdictional crime scene, and the overriding power is that of the FBI.” Strom flipped Jim off and stood next to John as he questioned the women.

“Okay, so that we all get off on the right foot here, you two aren’t reporters right now. Right now, you are witnesses to a homicide. Are we clear?” John’s towering figure was clearly intimidating Hillary and Terry. They nodded. “So... what brings you ladies onto the dam at this hour of the morning?” The women explained their situation. John looked on and asked, “Did you see anyone other than the victim?” They both shook their heads. “Did either of you go down to the water and get near the victim?” Once again, both woman shook their heads. Jim

couldn't help himself, "Who was eating out who when the fight started, or who refused to munch the other's carpet?" John slugged him in the arm while Randy just rolled his eyes as the two women stood doe-eyed.

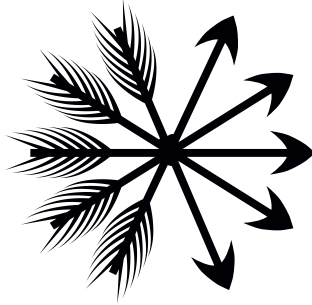
Jade called out to John, and he walked over to her, leaving Randy and Jim with the women. "This one is brutal, John." Jade said with a sense of sadness in her voice. "They're all brutal, Jade." She shook her head and said, "No, the killer is increasing his brutality. I won't know more until I can get her on the table, but based on my preliminary crime scene observations this little girl was killed with some type of acid." John looked over to the yellow tarp and said, "Show me." The girl was lying on her back, ready to be placed in a body bag. Her eyes were wide open, her skin a pale blue. Her lips were parted, and there was a hole in her throat from the bottom of her lower jaw down to the beginning of the sternum. John grabbed a flashlight and a pair of latex gloves and asked Jade for a cotton swab. She handed it to him, and he ran it across the opening in her throat then lifted it to his nose. He pulled it away instantly. "Ammonia!" He handed the swab to Jade, who sniffed it as well then put it in a bag to go to the lab. "Drain cleaner?" she asked, looking at the girl's solemn expression. "Hard to say. It's not the only compound that she drank, but someone went to great lengths to kill this kid," John said as he stood up. Jade motioned to David Markham, her deputy medical examiner, to zip up the bag.

John walked back over to Randy and Jim who were still arguing back and forth over jurisdiction. "HEY!" John yelled, "It's my jurisdiction, so you two can knock it off." Randy stormed off in the direction of Jade, and Jim laughed. "So what did Jade want?" "Me to look at the body before she bagged it for the morgue." "Why?" John took a deep breath and looked out over the city lights from the top of the dam. "This is a new manner of killing." "A different killer?" Jim asked, and John shook his head. "New manner of execution. He still ground off her breasts, but it looks like he killed her by forcing her to drink some type of acid. It ate a hole right through her esophagus and neck." Jim was just about to say something when they heard a loud blood curdling scream coming from the scene.

The two men went running to see Randy on his knees in front of the body screaming and calling out a name. "Suzy...Suzy...oh God...oh my God!" Jim and John looked at each other then at Randy on his knees over the corpse now in a body bag with just the face exposed. John knelt down next to Randy and asked, "Do you know her?" Randy was hyperventilating, and John grabbed a vomit bag from Jade and handed it to him. He put the bag to his face, and he started to breath into it then started to vomit. Jade had ordered the body placed on a gurney to take back to the lab, but Randy grabbed the bag and wouldn't let go. "My baby...oh dear God, not my baby!" John and Jim pulled him back away from Jade, so the body could be

moved, and Jim looked at Randy and asked, “Please don’t tell me that she’s your child.” Randy couldn’t speak. He was all over the scene, and John and Jim had to restrain him from contaminating the area and requested a medic to sedate him. They got him into an ambulance that had been called to the scene and gave him an injection. When he started to get his composure, John put his hand on Randy’s shoulder and asked, “Is that your child?” He nodded slowly and deliberately.

Jim walked back away from Randy and John with his hands in his pockets. The women stood off in the distance. Hillary had her cell phone out and was talking on it. Jim rushed her and grabbed the phone from her hand. “This is not just any other GODDAMN CRIME SCENE, YOU BITCH!” He threw the phone on the ground, smashing it to pieces. “Show some goddamn respect...” He sat down on the edge of a railing overlooking the dam and LA in the distance. He looked over at John with his arm on Randy’s shoulder. He said while facing the women, “This is a game changer...this sicko killed one of our own. Hell is about to be unleashed.” John motioned to Jim to come back over. He looked at the two women and said, “Don’t move. Don’t budge. Don’t so much as sneeze until I clear you to leave this scene.” He walked slowly over to Randy and John mumbling to himself, “I’m walking into a father’s worst nightmare.”



CHAPTER TWO

“We’ve got a psychopath on our hands, and I don’t know how we’re going to catch him.”

Alan Holden held a Nikon camera while giving instructions to his young model near the pier in Santa Monica. It was seven fifteen a.m., and he wanted to take advantage of the morning sunlight before it was too intrusive. “Holly, honey, I want you to be more carefree. Move with the wind and the music of the sea.” Holly Bachman had just turned sixteen and had been modeling for Alan for over two years. He discovered her at a mall beauty pageant and turned her into one of the most recognizable faces in Hollywood and the world. “I know what you want, Alan...I’m just tired. I have to be back in New York tonight for a late night talk show about my new movie.” Alan nodded and said sweetly, “I know honey; I know. Just give me ten minutes. I know we can get the right shots. Remember, this is for *Sixteen* magazine and is going to be your cover shot for your new movie.” She smiled a faint smile then turned on her charisma, and he was able to get the shots he wanted. Alan let the camera hang down after the last shot and said, “Perfect, angel. You did perfect. I will get these over to the magazine after breakfast. Are you hungry?” She nodded emphatically, and he took her to a little breakfast spot in Santa Monica for a nice meal.

They snuck in under the radar and sat with two huge breakfasts. “How can you eat all of that food and still keep that amazing figure?” “I don’t have an eating disorder, Alan. Believe it or not, I have a fast metabolism. That’s what running from

boys and the paparazzi will do for you.” He laughed and said, “No one believes you’re only sixteen. They swear that you are in your mid-twenties.” She laughed with a mouth full of pancakes. “That’s partly genetics and partly your fault, Alan. Working with you has aged me.” Holly was mature for her age; she had the build of an adult and the intellect to match it. “Yea, well, someone had to nurture you. You weren’t getting it at home. I have made it my pet project to love and protect you no matter how much fame you have.” She laughed again, and the two finished their breakfast then fought off the throngs of onlookers who spotted her. The cameras were clicking at Holly as she smiled and signed autographs all the way to Alan’s car. She dove in the front seat and said, “Sleep. Please, Alan. I will give you anything you want. Just let me get a few hours sleep before I leave for New York.” He smiled at her as he sped down PCH to the 10 Freeway and the 405 to his home off 5th Avenue on an access road below the Getty Museum.

He pulled into the gated home and got Holly into bed in the guest house that she lived in when she was not on the road. Back in the main house, he uploaded the pictures from the morning shoot and sent them to the magazine in an email. Alan had noticed when he came into the house that one of his weapons was missing from its wall display in the living room, but he had a good idea where it was. He walked out past the swimming pool and tennis court to a small green building, unlocked the doors, turned on the lights, and rummaged around in an old metal container looking for the weapon. There was a steel table in the middle of the room with two holes in the top and leather straps. Under the table were three separate motors. One was a weed eater that a gardener would use, but it had steel wire instead of the usual plastic string. The other motor was mounted to an industrial food processor under the table with a rack of interchangeable blades; and, finally, the third motor connected to a meat grinder. All three were mounted onto a round steel disc.

He found the weapon nestled between the motors and pressed a button that made the steel circle turn, so he could get to it. He grabbed it and took it out of the shed with him. It glistened in the late morning sunlight: a stainless steel machete with a long black leather wrapped handle. Alan looked at the sleek steel and said, “Why the hell isn’t this hanging with my collection?” He walked back into the house and re-hung it, then undressed, showered, and began preparing to shave and get ready for the day. He had no sooner lathered up when Holly came walking into the bathroom nude and rubbing her eyes. “I can’t sleep, Alan...I’m so tired, but I can’t sleep. Can I lie in your bed?” He nodded as he shaved his face, and she disappeared into the bedroom. She returned with the machete in her hand, waving it wildly. He grabbed her wrist and said, “It’s not a toy, Holly. One wrong move and

you could cut yourself really, really badly. Why did you pull it off the wall?” “I was wandering around and saw that you put it back up, and I wanted to hold it.” Alan slowly took the blade away and carried it back and put it in its wall holder. Holly skulked off to the bedroom while he finished cleaning himself up.

Alan walked back into the bedroom to find Holly lying on her stomach on the bed. Her nude white skin glistened from the glitter powder she used all over. She was pretending to sleep, and he reached his hand out and touched her on the ass. “You know you want to fuck me, Alan. When are we going to do it?” She rolled over; his penis was erect, and she reached out and caressed it. She slid over to the side of the bed and went down on him. He didn’t resist, and they spent the rest of the day in bed.



Jim made it back to his office, which had been relocated back to the state building in downtown LA. He walked in to see Belinda Ferguson typing away on her computer. “Are you doing my dictation?” Jim asked. “As always...I have your midi recorder if you need it.” He shook his head and walked into his office. He closed the door and opened the window next to his desk, took a cigarette out of the pack, lit it, and flipped his Zippo closed. He took a few hits off the smoke before he heard Belinda yell, “No smoking in the building, Sheriff. You know what happened the last time.” He took a few more deep hits before putting it out. Belinda was referring to a surprise visit by members of the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors who caught him smoking in his spot. He caught the wrath of hell for it.

Jim walked over to his desk and opened the case file on Suzy Strom. The autopsy reports were in it, and he read through them as he waited for his midi recorder to be returned. His office phone rang, and it was John. “Yea!” “Did you get the reports on Strom’s daughter?” “Yea, John. I just started to look them over.” “The killer has raised the bar. He used a sulfuric acid drain cleaner on the kid.” Jim was reading the report and asked, “Does the Eagle have any leads on this guy?” There was silence on the other end of the line. Jim frowned and asked, “Do YOU have any leads on this guy?” “Nothing. This one is a real ghost. He’s getting more brazen in his killings, and he’s definitely killing in some remote location. But the M.O. is all over the place. I have been profiling this guy since the third killing, and just when I think I have him figured out, he changes tactics.” Jim laughed. “Well, he might change the method of execution for his victims, but he still mutilates their breasts and pussies.” “Jesus, Jim! Vagina. Vagina or vaginal area. These are kids.

Why do you have to be so damn vulgar?” John was pissed. “Yea, yea. Old enough to bleed, old enough to butcher, John. Ever heard that before? This guy grabs them young, rapes them, and then mutilates them. He doesn’t want them too old, and he doesn’t want them too young. We’ve got a psychopath on our hands, and I don’t know how we’re going to catch him.” There were a few moments of silence then John said, “I’m going out to interview the Stroms this afternoon. You want to tag along?” Jim checked to see if his calendar was clear. “Yea...what time?” “One p.m.” Jim looked over at the clock on the wall; it was half past twelve. “Where do they live?” “Santa Monica. I spoke to Randy about an hour ago. He and his wife, Amy, will be there.” “Okay. What’s the address?” John gave him the information, and Jim said, “I will meet you at the house.” There was a pause then Jim continued, “Did you see the news this morning?” “Yea!” John said angrily. Jim said, “I told you those bitches would turn this into a sensationalized story. Fuckin’ cunts...I hate those two, John. I really, really hate those two. They prey on the weak, the feeble, and the dying. They go out of their way to make the lives of victims more of a hell than they already are.” John cleared his throat, “I agree that they go over the top, and they did with this story, but it’s a First Amendment issue, Jim.” “Oh yea? What if these two were around when Amber was murdered and did what they are doing to Randy and Amy and the other victims of the Hollywood Killer? Wouldn’t you feel like you were victimized by their shit stories?” John paused before saying, “I see your point...but there’s nothing we can do about it. They have protection under the First Amendment.” “Until that fucker gets one or both of them,” Jim said in a sadistic way. “They’re not his type plus they’re too old. Plus...they’re the ones who made this killer famous. It’s been the biggest news story since the fires and the president’s abduction last year.” “I’ll see you at Randy’s.” Jim hung up the phone.

“Belinda, I need my midi recorder,” he bellowed through the closed door. She walked in and handed it to him with the dictated reports. “What would I do without you?” “I would say ‘get fired for not doing your reports,’ but you’re an elected official, so I would just say ‘be lost.’” She smiled as she handed him the recorder then walked out. “You know, I had my eye on you before Barbara and I got back together.” She walked back into his doorway and said, “Well, if you did you never did anything about it, did you?” He shook his head. “Knowing Barbara as well as I do, and knowing your temper, you would never have had a shot with me!” He laughed as she walked out the door and went back to her desk.



John's truck was parked in front of the Strom residence when Jim pulled up. The house was immaculate and directly across the street from the ocean. He parked and walked up to the front door, and the door opened before he could ring the bell, and Randy was standing there staring at him. "What are you doing here?" Randy asked with a seething anger in his voice. "John asked me to come down and work with him on the case. Look, Randy, I know we have had our differences, but I'm here as the Sheriff of LA County. I'm here to try and find the animal that did this to your daughter." He let Jim in and led him into the living room where John and Amy were sitting. "Mrs. Strom, I would like to introduce you to Sheriff Jim O'Brian." She looked half heartedly at him and said, "I know Jim." She invited him to sit, and he pulled out his midi recorder and sat down on a chair next to the couch. John was on the other side of her, and Randy came over and sat between Amy and Jim. John had his tablet out and asked, "You mentioned that you had an unusual encounter with a man at Zuma Beach a few weeks ago?"

"Yes...um...Suzy and I had gone to the beach, so she could do some body surfing. I was approached by a man who said he was a modeling agent and wanted to know if I or Suzy had ever done any modeling." "How did the conversation evolve?" "I really don't remember. I just recall that Suzy had brought me some stuff from the car, and then he was behind me." Jim asked, "Can you give us a description of the man? Did he give you a name?" Amy looked over at Jim and said, "He gave me a business card. I gave it to Agent Swenson. He was a handsome young man, probably mid-thirties, well-dressed, dark hair and eyes. I went to his website after our meeting on the beach. There is a photograph of him on the site as well as all the models he represents. He is well-respected in modeling from what I understand. He even represents Holly Bachman." Jim had a blank look on his face. John told him she was a famous teenage model, singer, and actress.

John asked both Amy and Randy, "Do you know if Suzy ever contacted..." He looked down at the business card that Amy had handed him, "Mr. Holden?" She shook her head. "She didn't even know who he was. He handed me the card. I never gave it to Suzy." "Did she know he was a modeling agent and photographer?" She looked around half dazed, "Um...he said something about it as we were driving away, but I put the brakes on that right away, and I'm the only one who had his card." Jim and John looked over at Randy, and before either one could ask he stood up and said, "Come on. I will show you to Suzy's room." The three men walked back to the front foyer and up the stairs. Randy opened a door and entered with John and Jim behind him. Jim looked around and asked, "Has anyone searched the room?" "Yea...I had my detectives do a search, but it came up empty. They didn't find anything." John was putting on a pair of latex gloves and said, "Randy,

you know that you can't be involved in this investigation. You have a conflict of interest." He nodded slowly. "If you or your people contaminated this room, you could compromise the whole investigation."

"God damn you, Swenson...my fuckin' kid is on the coroner's slab right now, and you want me to give a shit about rules?" John looked him square in the eye and said, "Yes, Randy, I do. I've been where you and Amy are right now. I know what you're going through. You can't run on adrenaline and a hunger for revenge. If you do, you will mess up the whole case, and Suzy might end up a cold case file in all of our offices." Randy stepped back into the doorway. John looked at him and said, "You might want to wait outside. I'm going to tear this room apart looking for clues." Randy looked up at John towering over him. "Word around the department is you have been hunting for the Iron Eagle." John nodded. "There's also a rumor that you or Jim knows who the Eagle is!" John slowly shook his head, staring at Randy. "You do what you must to find this bastard, but you better hope that you find him before I or the Iron Eagle does because I won't turn this sick bastard over to police. I will take care of him myself." Jim said calmly, "I understand your desire for justice, Randy. John and I are going to forget that you ever said that. Let us do our job. No one is going to do anything to this guy until we find and nail him." Randy turned and walked out of the room.

Jim and John spent two hours tearing the room apart. They were about to give up when John noticed a small slip of paper between the box spring and mattress of Suzy's bed. He reached down and pulled it out to find that it was Holden's business card. "Well," John said, holding the card between his fingers. "Holden did get to her." He flipped the card over, and there was some writing on the back. John handed the card to Jim and asked, "Her writing or Holden's?" "Definitely Suzy's writing. Looks like we have an address to follow up on." Jim handed John back the card and asked, "Are you going to tell Randy and Amy?" He shook his head. "Not yet. Let's check this guy out and check out this address. I don't want to give Randy a reason to do something crazy. I know what grief can do to you." Jim nodded and said, "Yea...so does Walter Cruthers!" John didn't respond. He worked with Jim to put the room back together as best they could and went back downstairs to join Amy and Randy.

"Did you find anything?" Amy asked. John looked into her red teary eyes and said, "Maybe...we are going to follow up on the guy who gave you his card and check him out." Randy stood up quickly and asked, "Do you think there's a connection between him and Suzy?" John motioned to Randy to calm down. "No...Randy. We don't know that there is any link. It's nothing more than a lead and possibly a person of interest. The last thing anyone wants to do is jump to conclusions, that's how innocent people get hurt." Randy sat back down as Jim and

John showed themselves out. They got to the street, and Jim walked over to John at his truck and asked, “What’s your gut telling you?” John looked across the street to the sea while answering. “It’s telling me we need to look at this guy, that’s all. If he is as reputable as Amy claims, it might be a dead end or maybe he knows something about Suzy that will lead us to her killer.” Jim took a cigarette out of his top left pocket, stuck it in his mouth, and lit it. “Well, work your magic, John, then let me know when we are going to pay Mr. Holden a visit.” Jim turned and walked back to his car and drove off. John punched Holden’s information into his computer in his truck and waited for the results as he drove down PCH headed back to his office.



Alan Holden was sitting up in bed with Holly lying next to him. She was teary eyed and got up and walked to the bathroom. There was a small amount of blood running down her thighs. Alan got up and walked into the bathroom behind her and said, “I didn’t know you were a virgin, Holly. I thought you were kidding about me being your first.” She was wiping the tears from her face with a wash cloth as she responded, “It’s not your fault, Alan. I never told you. I have wanted you to be my first since we met. I just didn’t know it would hurt so much. You’re my first lover. No one has ever done the things you did to me. I have heard of anal sex, but I had no idea it would hurt so much.” He walked up behind her and wrapped his arms around her. “I didn’t mean to hurt you. All you had to do was say stop.” She nodded and kissed his arm and smiled a teary smile and said, “Well, I’m not a virgin anymore. In any of my holes, I’m a woman.” She turned to him and kissed his face and asked if she could use his shower. He nodded, and she got in and took a long hot one.

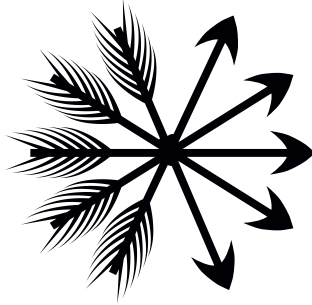
When she got out, he handed her a towel and asked, “What time is your flight?” “Five.” He looked at the clock in the bathroom; it was three. “Well, my dear, you need to get dressed and make sure you are all packed. I will drop you off at LAX, and I will fly out to be with you in a few days. I have some shoots to finish up here.” She nodded and smiled. The tears had left her eyes. She hugged him and said, “Thank you for being my first lover. I learned a lot. Can we do it again in New York?” He hugged her back and said, “Yes...but you are under age. You can’t tell anyone about this, or I will get in a lot of trouble. I could go to jail.” Holly got a horrified look on her face. “Oh my God! Just for making love to me?” He nodded. “You have to be eighteen, honey. You are two years shy of that, so it is very, very important that this remains our secret forever.” She nodded and said, “It will remain our secret, but when I’m eighteen I’m going to tell the world that you

are my lover!” He smiled and said, “You can do that then, but you can still never tell anyone we had sex for the first time when you were sixteen.” She kissed him and ran off to her house to get her things.

Alan stood looking in the mirror at himself naked. He wiped the fog off the mirror from Holly’s shower, and a huge smile broke across his face. “I’ve been wanting to fuck you since I met you...it was a nice rush, Holly, a nice rush, but nothing compared to the others.” He jumped in the shower, dressed, then got Holly and her bags and took her to LAX. She said, “I will see you in New York.” “You bet you will.” She looked him in the eye and said, “I love you, Alan.” “I love you, too, Holly.” She held his arm tight and said, “No...I LOVE YOU, ALAN!” He kissed her cheek and said, “I know, sweetheart. Now get through security. Your private jet flights cost me a fortune.” He laughed as did she, and he watched as she disappeared into the private terminal at LAX, a paparazzi-free zone where celebrities could travel in peace if they had the money to do it. He looked at his watch, and his eyes got huge. “I have a date...” He took off and headed to the 405 Freeway.



Ally Morrison was standing at the corner of Sunset and Vine where the photographer told her to be. She was dressed in a short skirt and low cut top. Her breasts were on parade, and the catcalls from passing motorists and others on the street were scaring her. She was just getting ready to leave when her cell phone rang. “Hello? Oh, hi, it’s you. Where are you? I’m waiting where you told me to wait.” There were a few moments of silence, and she started to walk down Hollywood Boulevard with the phone to her ear. She was listening as she walked until she came to an alley where she turned and disappeared into the darkness.



CHAPTER THREE

“If he’s a killer, he has one hell of a front going. His modeling and talent agency is real, and it’s impressive.”

John got the report on Holden, and he was clean, not even a traffic ticket. He drove to the address on his business card in Los Angeles, 2121 Avenue of the Stars. He parked his truck in the circular parking area outside the building’s main parking structure and showed his ID to the security guard. He walked into the building and looked at the electronic building directory. He typed Alan Holden’s name into the computer and found his suite number, 2100. He showed his ID at the security desk, and they opened an express elevator for him to the twenty-first floor. When the elevator doors opened on twenty-one, John knew he was dealing with a real pro. The marble lobby was sleek; fantastic portraits of celebrities and models covered the walls. Some he recognized, and others he didn’t. He walked up to the receptionist and asked to speak to Alan Holden. She asked if he had an appointment. John took out his FBI credentials and said, “I just made one!” While the receptionist was making a call, he looked down at his PDA. It was five fifteen. She hung up the phone and said, “Mr. Holden is in a meeting. He wanted to know if you could make an appointment to see him next week.” “Tell Mr. Holden that he is a person of interest in a homicide case, and I want to see him now.” The receptionist relayed the message and told him to take a seat. John walked through the lobby looking at the photographs and magazines on the tables. John took off

his jacket, and the receptionist couldn't help but notice his sheer size, the muscles bulging through his dress shirt, and the weapon in its holster on his left hip. She was just about to say something when Brenda Adams appeared and addressed him. "I take it from the gun you are carrying, you are Special Agent John Swenson." He nodded, "I am Mr. Holden's personal assistant. Will you follow me, please?" He nodded and followed the buxom blond bombshell down the hall to a corner office. "How much of this floor does Mr. Holden's company take up?" John asked. "The whole floor and the one above it." She walked him into the office and invited him to sit down. He did, and as he did, Alan Holden came walking in.

"What in God's name are you doing telling my receptionist that I am a person of interest in a homicide?" John turned in his seat then stood up. Holden stopped and jumped back as John's hulking frame cast a shadow over him. "Jesus Christ! Is the FBI breeding a new super race?" John didn't smile; he just looked Holden in the eyes and asked, "Mr. Holden, I presume?" He nodded and walked around his desk and sat down. He asked Brenda to stay, and she sat down next to John. "What can I do for you, Agent..." He looked at Brenda. "Swenson, sir. I'm sorry this is Special Agent John Swenson with the FBI." "Ah...thank you. Special Agent Swenson, on what grounds do you dare barge into my office and make such accusations?"

John handed him a piece of paper from his coat pocket. "Is this a copy of your business card, Mr. Holden?" He looked at the paper and said, "Yes, it is. How did you get it?" "It was in the bedroom of a young girl found murdered yesterday whose body was found at the Hollywood dam. Her name was Suzy Strom. Did you know her?" Holden looked closely at the business card. There was writing on what appeared to be a copy of the back of the card with an address. "I have no clients by that name, Special Agent Swenson." "I didn't ask you that, Mr. Holden. I asked if you know this young girl." "The name doesn't ring any bells with me." John reached into his jacket pocket again and took out a photograph and handed it to Alan. "Perhaps this will jog your memory." He handed him her most recent school picture. Alan took it from John's hand and looked at it very carefully. "She does look familiar, but I'm not sure from where." John sat up in the chair and asked, "Think hard, Mr. Holden. Think really hard."

He looked at the photo some more and said, "I recall seeing this little girl a few weeks ago at Zuma Beach. Yes, I remember. I saw her with her mother. She was a very cute girl, and I remember speaking to her mother about modeling. I gave her mother my card, but she had no interest. You said she has been found murdered?" John nodded. "Did you only give one card to the mother?" Alan got a thoughtful look on his face and said, "No. Her daughter was interested in modeling, and I gave her a card as well." John sat back and asked, "There's an address written in the dead girl's

handwriting. Does the address mean anything to you?” He shook his head. “May I ask where you were between ten p.m. and two a.m. two nights ago?” Alan got a thoughtful look on his face. “Brenda? Do you have my calendar?” She pulled it up and handed it to him on her tablet. “I was with Holly Bachman, Agent Swenson. She had flown in from New York for a photo shoot with me for a new movie she is getting ready to release. She was with me for the last three days.” “Where is she now?” “On a plane to New York. She has an engagement on the late night talk show circuit. Why do you ask?” “I would just like to verify your story with her.”

Alan looked at him indignantly. “Are you accusing me of lying, Agent Swenson?” “No, sir. Your business card was found in the possession of a young girl who is now dead, the victim of a brutal homicide. That makes you a person of interest, and it’s my job to investigate any leads that there might be in this case, and you are one of those leads. Have you seen this child since the time you first met her at Zuma Beach with her mother?” Alan shook his head. “Is there anyone other than Ms. Bachman who can verify your whereabouts for the last two days?” “Agent Swenson, Ms. Bachman will be back in LA in a few days. I am more than happy to make her available for you to speak with. However, I have a plane to catch in a few hours to be with my client in New York. Now unless you have some pressing information that proves that I have done something wrong, I must ask you to excuse me, so I can finish my business here and get to my client.” John stood up and put on his jacket. “When will Ms. Bachman be back in Los Angeles?” “Um... it’s Tuesday, so probably Friday.” “Morning, afternoon, or night?” “Brenda?” Alan pointed to her, and she took her tablet and looked at the schedule. “Ms. Bachman will be back in LA Friday afternoon after three p.m.” John thanked them for their time and asked Holden to make Ms. Bachman available for an interview at four p.m. on Friday. Alan looked on as John was leaving and asked, “Do I need my lawyer?” John never turned around as he answered, “Only if you have done something wrong, Mr. Holden, only if you have done something wrong.”

John walked out to the elevator and went down to his truck. He got in and called Jim and said, “Meet me at Santiago’s. I just had an interesting meeting with Alan Holden.” “What time?” “Geez, Jim. Aren’t you the one who always says it’s five o’clock somewhere?” John said with a laugh. “You’re goddamn right it is. I’m on my fuckin’ way!” Jim hung up the phone, and John pulled out onto the Avenue of the Stars and headed for Santiago’s.



“Ally...Ally...” The girl was out cold, and her kidnapper stood over her gently trying to wake her. She was stripped nude, and he was playing with her breasts as he called her name again. She began to rouse, and as she did she realized she was tied down. She started screaming, and her captor shoved her panties into her mouth. “Silence. You want to be a model? You are a gift to me from your to-be agent. He’s used your body for his pleasure; now it’s my turn. I’m here to help you realize my dream now, Ally...my dream.” He stepped back out of the light and started snapping pictures of the girl. She struggled a bit, but her captor was easily able to instill fear in her. He kept taking shots of her as he moved across the small room and sat down on the edge of a dark table. “Ally...you and I are going to have fun. You’re going to do everything I tell you to.” Ally shook her head violently. He reached over to the table, which was obscured by darkness, and grabbed a pair of needle-nose pliers. He walked slowly over to the child saying, “Oh, yes you will. I promise you will.”

He pulled her thighs apart and held her legs open with a steel rod with a block of wood on each end. He knelt down and began pinching the lips of her labia. She screamed through the gag. He ignored her cries but kept repeating to her, “You’re going to do everything I tell you to. You’re going to do everything I tell you to.” He stood up and asked, “Are you going to cooperate?” She was crying as she slowly nodded her head. “That’s great. We’re going to have some real fun.” He put the pliers down and stripped off his clothes. As he did, Ally watched with fear as he started to touch her all over. He released her hands and feet and took her panties out of her mouth. “There is no way you can please me with these in your mouth now is there?” She shook her head slowly. He pulled her head down and pushed himself forward toward her face.



John pulled into the lot at Santiago’s, and Jim was already there. He walked in to receive a warm greeting from Javier. Jim was drinking a beer with a cigarette between his teeth when John sat down. Javier hobbled over to the table and handed John a glass of tonic water with a lime. “Jesus Christ, John. You fuckin’ drink now, so put some gin or vodka in that.” “I don’t drink and drive, Jim. You know that.” Jim shook his head, finishing off one beer and opening another. “What’s the emergency?” John took a sip of his drink and said, “I just finished meeting with Mr. Holden.” Jim shrugged and asked, “And?” “If he’s a killer, he has one hell of a front going. His modeling and talent agency is real, and it’s impressive.” Jim coughed and started to laugh, “Simon Barstow was a legitimate businessman, too, John. Do you remember that fuckin’ guy?”

John nodded. Jim laughed again and asked, “Want some bread or coffee cake?” John scowled. “Not funny, Jim.” “It’s funny. Are you kidding? That fucker was feeding his victims to the general public. He was a legitimate businessman; he just happened to be a serial killer.” John frowned and took another drink of his beverage.

“Okay, you made your point. Holden is flying to New York tonight to meet up with one of his clients. I thought I would go visit his home.” Jim laughed as he finished off his second beer and reached for the third. “Hey, the fucker is out of town. Get a secret warrant and search until your heart’s content.” “No warrants. I want to keep this under the radar.” Jim got a serious look on his face and leaned in close to John and said, “The Eagle wants to take a look around.” John didn’t answer. “So ... what do you need from me?” Jim asked as he cracked open the beer. “I need you to check the flight schedule and make sure that Holden really is on a plane to New York.” Jim laughed and nodded saying, “That’s easy enough to do.” John got up, thanked Javier, and left the bar. Jim called out for another beer and Javier said, “No more ‘less you have driver.” Jim put his jacket on and headed for the door. “Just what I fuckin’ need, Javier. A responsible bar owner!” Nothing more was said as Jim walked out the door to his car. He radioed into HQ that he needed a trace on Holden’s flight status and gave the information to his team. “I’m heading for home. Call me with all the details when you verify that Mr. Holden is on a plane.” He hung up the phone and headed for the house he and Barbara had built in the Malibu hills.



Ally was breathing deeply and crying as her assailant got off her back. He walked back over to the table in the middle of the room and said, “Well, Ally, I have had a great time with you. I got some great shots. It’s time for you to go.” She was crying on the small twin bed in the room where she had just been raped and abused again. He grabbed her by the arm and dragged her over to the table and threw her face first onto it. He slid her around until her breasts fell through two holes in the top of the table, and he lashed her to the steel unit with leather belts. He took a whip and began whipping her back as she screamed uncontrollably. He flipped a switch on the table, and the motors came to life. “This is going to hurt.” He flipped a lever, and she felt her breasts as they were being beaten by something hard. She screamed in agony and tried to thrash on the table as, one by one, the units turned. And as they did, they turned Ally’s breasts into chopped meat. When the machine was done, he removed the restraints and flipped her onto her back. Blood and what had once been a beautiful young pair of breasts had been reduced to slivers of meaty flesh.

He tied her hands above her head with rope that was connected to the table, grabbed a funnel, and shoved it into Ally's mouth and down her throat. "Here is a little beverage for you before you go." He poured the contents from a bleach bottle into the funnel, and Ally gagged and strained, kicking her unrestrained feet in the air down onto the table until her legs went limp, and blood and liquid was running out an opening in her throat and side. "You did great!" the male voice said as he pulled the funnel from the young girl's throat. Her eyes were open as well as her mouth, neck, and throat. Ally was dead. He looked on at his prize and caressed her thighs before picking her up to take her to dump.



It was eight thirty p.m. when the Eagle arrived at Holden's home. He parked off the access road below the Getty Center, donned his mask and body armor, and moved through the darkness with night vision goggles. He approached the front of the home as a pair of headlights was coming up from behind him. He ducked into some foliage and watched as the vehicle passed. "There are no other homes on this street," he mumbled to himself then whispered, "probably kids making out." He worked his way to the front entrance and a wrought iron gate. He took out a tablet from his body armor, and in a matter of seconds, the gate was opening. There were no lights as he moved up the driveway. He had his countersurveillance gear on but was picking up no outside security. He looked around the premises. He saw a pool and tennis court off the main house and a couple of outbuildings. He moved his way to the front door of the home and was able to slip in after bypassing the simple home security system.

The Eagle moved from room to room in the house, but there was nothing out of the ordinary. He moved to the master bedroom. There was a double sliding glass door at the end of the room, and he saw that they opened into the back yard near the pool. He opened the slider and moved toward the outbuildings. The lights from the Getty Center were bright above him making it hard to see with his night vision on. He turned it off and put the glasses on top of his head. The furthest outbuilding was locked. It had an electronic lock. He pulled out his remote, and in a matter of seconds, the mechanism clicked, and the door opened. He moved inside the dark room and put his night vision goggles back on. As he started to look around, his nostrils were assaulted and his olfactory senses were overwhelmed by the smell of ammonia. He moved in the direction of the source of the odor. It took only seconds for him to see the remnants of human flesh and blood running down the sides of table. He moved around the room and saw the instruments of torture used.