

The Adventures of Kate Tru

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When a hurendous murder occurs, it's up to Katie Tru and her partner Kris Stevens to solve the case before it's to late. Please Read and Review! Comment or suggest. Just don't steal. More Chapters coming!

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Chapter 1 - A Happy Marriage

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1 - A Happy Marriage

A woman's chilling scream broke through the calm winter night and in my hotel room the ringing phone woke me from a interrupted sleep...I already know what had happened.

Twenty minutes later, I was getting out of my car at the crime scene, a five star hotel, what a surprise. The victim was a famous movie star; one of those handsome fellows that made the gals swoon. On an ambulance near the entrance was one of the cleaning ladies among tears, a deep grey blanket over her shoulders.

"She found the body." Said the police chief as he made his way towards me, the night's smoke now present between his lips. "But...I suppose you already knew that." Was added with a slight smile. A small nod was his answer, what can I say? I'm just not a talkative person.

Upon entering the room I faced a ghastly scene. On the bathroom floor, with a gunshot wound to the head, lay the still body of Norman Conner, and...just like a flash of light, the visions came to me.

I saw him with his wife and child, they had a house in the suburbs, they seemed like the perfect couple.

"We have two suspects." Cut in the police chief.

"Who are they?" I asked while putting on some latex gloves.

"One of them is Michael Scott , another actor, he and Norman here have a history together; friends since middle school, torn apart by greed."

"And the other?" I asked as I knelt to inspect the body.

"...One of his fans...her name is Kate Renald, she's president of his fan club, Norman had already put in a complaint about her because he found her prying around his property. It seems she was deeply obsessed with Mr. Conner."

"...So it seems..." I said as I went to inspect the room. After several minutes of searching I could only come up with three clues: the first, a letter to Mr. Conner from Miss Renald (let's just say that its content was somewhat threatening), the second, the bullet cap of a 9mm handgun, the murder weapon, and the last and most particular, was the broken off piece of a press on nail. After finishing with my inspection I continued with my questioning. "Have the suspects been interrogated?"

"...Yes...they both deny any and all relation with the crime, but...their alibis aren't so convincing."

"They never are." I murmured taking off my gloves. "Call his wife."

"She has already been informed...she's on her way."

“Where the hell are you!?” Screamed a voice from the hallway.

My partner and I gave each other a confused look before heading out to see what had happened. There, was a young man wrestling with the agents that were standing guard, he was of medium stature, blond hair, green eyes...he seemed no older than twenty.

“What the hell is going on here?” I yelled and silence took over the hallway

“Sir, this young man wants to enter the crime scene but he does not wish to reveal his connection to the victim.”

“I just want to know what happened to Norman.”

“...We’re sorry but...Mr. Conner is dead.”

“No...” Sobbed the man. “NO! It’s not possible! Norman can’t be dead...please...no....not my Norman.” He sobbed vacantly.

“Your Norman?” Asked my partner.

“Yes! Norman Conner was my lover!”

“You liar! How dare you shame the name of my husband!” Yelled Samantha Conner, the actor’s wife, as she made her way toward us aided by other detectives.

“You! You must have something to do with this!”

“How dare you, I would never be capable of doing something to my husband. We had a child for Goodness sake! We had a happy marriage.”

“That’s bullshoo and you know it! Norman told me how you treated him, you were getting a divorce!”

Samantha saw red and when she went to slap him across the face I intercepted the blow, and that was when I noticed it...her hand was lacking one of the press on nails that adorned it. Coincidentally on the index finger, the one commonly used to pull the trigger...

The End