

BLOOD LUST

PORTRAIT OF A SERIAL SEX KILLER

Business Man
Family Man

SAVAGE MURDERER

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Prologue

March 1987

Spring had arrived in northwestern Oregon again, at least on the calendar. It would be at least another six weeks, however, before the rhododendrons revealed their short-lived blossoms of pink and white, about the same time that the abounding rosebuds began to swell. It would be even longer before the warm rays of sunshine broke through all the massive layers of gray, ultimately proving that blue skies do exist above the dismal inkish pall to which most northwesterners pay little notice. Until then, the chilly mists and frequent downpours would continue their atmospheric journey across the Coast Range Mountains, descending upon virtually every parcel of earth west of the volcanic Cascades.

Tracie Baxter,* barely sixteen, bowed her head and careened her body against the frequent blasts of cold, wind-driven March rain as she confidently claimed her usual position along a block of Portland's busy Southeast 82nd Avenue, between Foster Road and Flavel Street. Donning a short, tight denim skirt that exposed a lot of thigh, provocative passion-pink anklets, and black high-heel shoes, the blond, brown-eyed young street whore shivered from the chill, wishing that she had dressed in something less scanty. But she wanted to attract some business fast, and dressing that way was the most explicit means she knew of to entice a john to stop right away, short of publicly undressing. She was the only hooker in sight that evening, at least so far, all alone in the dark save for the late commuters who seemed to literally parachute off the buses at the nearby transit stop. Watching them as they impatiently filed off, she briefly wondered how long she would have to wait for a paying customer to stop and knew that, despite the wretched weather and the accompanying discomfort she was feeling, she would remain on the block as long as was necessary.

Southeast 82nd Avenue, one of the city's main north-south arteries, embodied insanely whizzing traffic and muted flashes of chrome at all hours of the day and night. It was a lot like Los Angeles' Sunset Boulevard, but without all of the famous landmarks and glitter of Hollywood. As with Sunset Boulevard, 82nd Avenue was a haven for prostitutes, pimps, johns, runaways, drug addicts, pushers—the dregs of society, the discarded remnants of human hope gone astray. Most went by street names such as Dee Dee, Mo, Gypsy, Noni, and so on, some so far gone that it took considerable effort for them to remember their names, streetwise or real. Many of the street "residents"

lived merely for their next fix of heroin or rock of crack.

Most didn't know where they would sleep from one night to the next, and the more desperate ones who ended up there because there was no place else for them to go often sold their bodies for a hamburger and a milk shake or a \$15 motel room. And the regular cruisers who had money to blow, the friendless pariahs from the outer circle, knew just where to go to find what they wanted. If it was illegal, they could easily acquire it on 82nd Avenue.

Streetwise and aged beyond her tender teenage years, Tracie knew 82nd Avenue well and in a normal workday—or evening, as the case may be—traversed much of it. But she preferred to work along the active strip in front of what then was known as Bob's Big Boy Restaurant, where, it seemed, she had the greatest success hooking johns. Over time, it became *her* block, well within the boundaries of what she considered *her* territory. Most of the other hookers, in an

unspoken code of ethics, stayed clear of it, at least as long as Tracie was there. Tracie, in turn, respected the other girls' territory most of the time.

Tracie, who had been coached by her boyfriend/pimp to treat the sale of her body as a business, came to value her spot along the busy avenue. They had chosen it carefully a few weeks earlier after deciding that the downtown core area of the city was not for her. There were too many cops downtown, and the streets there seemed to attract a greater cross-section of Portland's "weirdos" and "creeps," as she called them, the enema freaks, torture aficionados, bestiality enthusiasts, and other deviants with whom she didn't want to do business. Not only did the 82nd Avenue location hold greater potential for scoring a number of customers on any given night due to the volume of traffic, but most, she mistakenly believed, were of a more respectable nature. She also saw fewer young boys, the "punks," climb into lawyers' and businessmen's Mercedes and Jaguars there, and she seemed less at odds with others in the trade on 82nd. She also liked her location because she could easily duck inside Bob's Big Boy if she spotted police cruisers coming down the block, or she could simply slip inside, where she was becoming well known, to sip on a cup of hot coffee and warm up in the unlikely event that it turned out to be a tough night. She could also occasionally proposition a lone male customer, as long as the management wasn't watching. However, she knew it was best to keep her business outdoors. That way she could avoid running the risk of getting eighty-sixed from Bob's.

It was a Friday, payday for many, she knew, as she walked and danced up and down the block, twirling her now-opened umbrella and feigning happiness, waving and smiling at the passing motorists, each a potential john. Tracie made no pretense, particularly to herself, of her simple objective: she needed to earn enough money to keep her and her boyfriend supplied with a motel room, a little food, crack cocaine, and liquor for at least a couple of days, or risk having the shit beat out of her at the end of the night. But her slim figure and petite build had helped make her a hot, profitable item, so she never worried too much about encountering a sudden downturn in business or meeting her objective.

It was a few minutes past 7 P.M. when she first noticed the light-colored silver-blue Nissan pickup pass slowly in front of the restaurant. The driver turned his head toward her and peered out of the passenger window as he drove by, and Tracie thought she detected a smile through the darkness. As

her gaze followed the pickup's taillights, she momentarily recalled conversations with other hookers in which she had been warned of a man driving just such a vehicle. The other girls had said that he liked kinky sex and bondage and was especially attracted to women's feet. But he sometimes became violent, even savage. He liked knives, they said, and often cut his victims. The girls who had unwittingly accepted his offers said he was sexually aroused at the sight of their blood, and many came away from their encounters with him scarred for life, both emotionally and physically. Although he was known to pay as much as \$150 for a "date," they advised Tracie to stay away from him. Even for that kind of money, they said, a girl would have to be desperate, crazy, or both to take a chance on him. Paying little heed to their warnings and concluding that such a thing could never happen to her, Tracie tried to put the guy out of her mind.

The pickup turned off the busy thoroughfare at the next block and stopped. Leaning over onto the passenger side, the driver opened the door, beckoning Tracie through the downpour to come over to his truck. Eager to earn whatever money she could and thinking that he was looking for

what she was offering, Tracie went to him without hesitation. This was looking better than she had expected. It had taken less than ten minutes for her to get picked up.

"Hi! Wanna go for a ride and have some drinks with me?" He spoke slowly, as if feeling his way. He flashed her a wide smile as he gawked at her young body with puppy dog eyes that seemed to droop ever so slightly on his durably boyish face, and motioned for her to get inside. Pale and soft-spoken, he could have passed for the actor John Ritter from a distance, and close up he somewhat resembled a popular local television news reporter. Outwardly he looked innocuous enough, and Tracie settled quickly into the seat beside him.

Tracie noticed that he seemed easygoing, cool, and relaxed as he put the truck in motion. But the traits that she believed she observed were deceiving, and she would realize only too late that she had misinterpreted them. His apparent congeniality was, in reality, calculating cold-bloodedness, and even though considerably streetwise at sixteen, Tracie was still too naive to see the evil that lurked behind his mask. Although flashes of the tales she had heard about the bondage and dominance freak kept returning, she really didn't want to worry that he might be the same man that the other girls had warned her about. So what if his pickup was similar to the bondage freak's? Hell, there must be hundreds, maybe even thousands of small blue trucks in the Portland area. Why worry that this one was *his*? Besides, he seemed like a nice enough guy, and she was desperate for the money.

"My name's Steve," said the man quietly, biting the nails of his left hand as he steered the pickup with his right. As they turned around in the parking lot of Bob's Big Boy, Tracie noticed that he not only chewed on his fingernails, he bit them to the quick. Aware that she was watching him, he quickly took his hand away from his mouth. He pulled back onto the side street, but remained silent. Aside from the cars that zoomed in front of them while they waited at the stop sign, the only sound that came from inside the pickup's cab was the windshield wipers slapping back and forth at the ever-blowing Oregon rain. At the first break in the seemingly never-ending stream of traffic, he turned right onto 82nd Avenue and headed south toward Oregon City, a Portland suburb.

It was a nice pickup. It had a stick shift, and the interior was a vinyl grayish blue color. Tracie noticed that it didn't have a sliding back window, like

many pickups have. It appeared very clean, at least on the surface, and it seemed to her that the owner was very particular. As they drove along, Trade's attention was momentarily drawn to the ignition switch, where she was mesmerized by the swinging of a black plastic swivel hook that dangled from his key chain. For some strange reason, it was a minor detail that she would not forget.

Tracie brought herself out of the trance and introduced herself to make idle conversation, making a spurious attempt at returning Steve's smile, if that was his name. Instinct told her it wasn't, but it didn't really matter. Unless her johns impressed her in some way, she nearly always forgot their names anyway. Tracie peered straight ahead, waiting for the man to say something, anything. But he never uttered a sound.

Not wanting to make her date feel like he was being unduly scrutinized, Tracie tried not to look directly at him while he drove. But she could feel his eyes alternating between her and the road, moving up and down her sleek body as he studied her. Normally she wouldn't have found that annoying. Guys did it all the time. But in this instance, because of what she'd heard about the

bondage and dominance freak in the blue pickup, a coldness consumed her entire body from the inside out. She shivered involuntarily and knew that sudden fear had inserted its icy finger inside her chest. Could it be him?

The man suddenly seemed detached and aloof to her and was all-consumed by the deep mental state he was in. Although she had no way of knowing it, her temporary companion was planning and mentally rehearsing a violent scenario he would eventually force her to play out with him.

Sensing her apparent unease, the man seemed to emerge from the depths of his mind. He casually reached into a small box he kept on the floor and brought out a cassette tape, which he popped into the stereo. Tracie was glad to hear the music, even if it was an old album of the Rolling Stones from the seventies. It brought forth a sense of calm in the young trollop, temporarily allaying her apprehension, and served to help break the ice between them as they drove on. A few miles later the man wheeled the pickup into the parking lot of a Denny's restaurant across the street from Clackamas Town Center, a mega-shopping mall on 82nd Avenue, and cut the engine as he brought it to an abrupt halt.

"I could use a drink," he said, his voice empty and seemingly directed only at himself. Reaching behind the long bench seat, he brought out a paper bag. Next he took out a plastic container of orange juice, the individual one-serving size, and a small bottle of vodka like those served on airlines. It seemed to Tracie that he came prepared, but for what, she did not know.

He drank some of the orange juice, apparently to make room in the container for the vodka. After pouring the liquor into the juice, he replaced the plastic lid and shook it vigorously. When it was mixed to his satisfaction, he took a long, steady draw, consuming half of the inebriating liquid before coming up for air.

"Want some?" He handed the drink to Tracie without waiting for her to respond. As she sipped the crudely made screwdriver, he mixed another one for himself, this time pouring in two bottles of the vodka. He drank it quickly and didn't have to wait very long for the alcohol's warming and exhilarating influence to overwhelm him. Alcohol somehow always made him feel sharp and well defined. Even though it was a falsity, it placed him a cut above the rest in his own mind.

"Let me see your feet," he bluntly demanded.

"What?" His demand struck Tracie as strange. This must be the guy, she thought, her body growing numb with fear again.

"Take off your shoes. I want to see your feet."

Nervously Tracie did as he asked, and she noticed that the man's breathing increased considerably. He seemed to be getting excited, aroused. She decided there was no need for her to worry too much, at least not yet. After all, they were in a busy public parking lot. The guy would have to be crazy to try anything there.

"Put your feet in my lap," he said. When she complied, he began massaging them. She could feel the stiffening inside his pants, and she knew that he was turned on by her feet. At one point he made another demand, telling her to put the bottoms of her feet together. He continued

massaging them, breathing heavier as Tracie wondered what he had in mind. He suddenly stopped the foot massage and mixed another drink.

"Here, have another one." He pushed the drink toward Tracie.

"No. I don't usually drink these." Her voice was light and trivial and trailed off into silence. "Come on. Just drink it. One more," he insisted.

"No," she firmly refused, her tone heavier now. She promptly followed up her rejection with a faked smile. Hadn't the other girls said that the bondage freak had a thing about feet? The thought frightened her again, but she somehow managed to shake off the fear almost as quickly as it had come. Like most people, she convinced herself that bad things only happened to others. It could never happen to her.

"Okay, then. Let's carry on with the business. You know, I've only got forty dollars and some more vodka," he stated matter-of-factly. "That's all I can offer you for tonight."

Tracie was disappointed, but she tried hard not to show it. Forty dollars was quite a bit shy of the type of money she had been hoping for. Her standard fee was more than that just for straight sex; she charged even more for extras such as fetishes or anal entry but often less for fellatio. She might have turned his offer down if they had talked business before she got inside his truck. But she decided that \$40 was better than nothing, and she was out of the wind and the rain. She reluctantly decided to carry on with the "date" and secretly hoped for the best.

"What do you have in mind for forty dollars?" she asked, somewhat smugly. "Straight sex? A blow job?"

"I don't know," he lied, smiling at her like a shark. "I really hadn't thought about it. I'm just looking for some company, someone to spend a little time with." He confidently placed his hand on the inner thigh of her left leg and gently stroked it back and forth with the tips of his fingers. It made Tracie's flesh crawl. "We could drive around for a while and just drink. I know of a perfect place where we can go and do it. It's out in Molalla, a very private place."

Desperate to turn a buck, Tracie voiced no objections, despite the fact that she didn't have any idea where Molalla was located. Besides, he seemed to have lost interest in her feet, relieving her anxiety that he might be the

violent foot fetishist she had heard so much about. The man who called himself Steve pulled out of the Denny's parking lot and began driving up Sunny side Road to the on ramp of Interstate 205. From there they headed south for a few miles, exiting the freeway at the Park Place/Molalla off ramp, where they left the bright lights and the perceived safety of the city far behind.

Little was said during the drive, and at one point Tracie found herself wondering where she was after becoming disoriented on the dark highway. She saw a few road signs as they passed, one of which read Clackamas Community College, but none of them really meant anything to her. Passing the college seemed to be the point where they left civilization behind, and she suddenly found herself wishing that she hadn't gone out with this guy. She was completely lost by now.

Tracie tried to push the fear out of her mind again, but the darkness and unfamiliar territory caused it to keep creeping back in. She soon began wondering how long the date would last, knowing that her boyfriend would be really pissed off if she came home with only \$40. She was beyond the point of backing out now and, not wanting to be dropped off in the middle of nowhere, she decided she'd just have to make the best of it and hope that she would get back to the city in time to turn a few more tricks before calling it a night. In her youthful naivete, she hardly even considered that she might not make it back at all. Nobody kills another person without a strong reason or without being provoked, she decided.

Some forty-five minutes after picking Tracie off the busy Portland avenue, the man made a right turn off the Molalla Forest Road onto a narrow gravel logging spur road. They were surrounded by heavy forest, making the night pitch-black on both sides of the road.

"We're almost there," he said as they wound along the sometimes nearly impassable road that took them farther and farther up into the hills. True to his word, he soon stopped the pickup along a gravel turnaround near a Y in the road. It felt like they had gone to the top of a mountain. Tracie, noticing a clearing surrounded by trees, momentarily wondered if they were at a remote campsite.

"Why don't you get completely undressed now," he said, his voice not asking, but commanding again. Tracie agreed, but asked for the money first. When he handed her the \$40, she pulled off her shirt. Her date glared at her youthful breasts, shimmering beneath the dim illumination of the cab's dome light. In a hurry to get it over with, she quickly wriggled out of her skirt and panties and bent her legs beneath her as she turned to face her date.

"Do you like to be tied up?" he asked. The abruptness of the question caught Tracie off guard, but she tried not to let it show even though it scared her. This was the guy, all right. She no longer had any doubt.

"I really don't get into that," she said nervously, her voice quavering. Cold dread gripped her insides again.

"Well, that's the only way I like to do it. I'll just tie you up and play with your feet, jack off, and that'll be it."

"Okay, I guess I can handle that," she stammered. Although bizarre, his fetish seemed simple and harmless enough. Nonetheless, she shivered when the

man reached past her to get something from inside the glove box. He brought out two nylon straps, one red and one blue, and a leather strap, all of which resembled dog collars. Each strap had a silver buckle. Tracie reluctantly allowed the man to bind her hands, thinking that would be the extent of the bondage.

"It's too tight," she complained. "I don't want to do this."

"You agreed to do it, bitch, and that's the only way you're going to get out of it," he said angrily, his voice rising. It seemed to Tracie that he had suddenly turned against her despite her cooperation, much like a pit bull would turn on a playful child.

Before she fully realized what was happening, the man pushed Tracie's head down into the seat and climbed over her, straddling her backside. Utilizing another of the straps, he swiftly bound her feet at the ankles, cinching the strap so tight that it felt like it was cutting into her flesh.

She squirmed and tried to kick, wondering what the hell she had gotten herself into. But her struggling was of no use. The bindings made it nearly impossible for her to move, and there was so little room inside the pickup's small cab that she couldn't even rotate her body a significant distance in any direction. Tracie was now under his complete control. The man had executed the act of bondage with exactness and ease due to much practice, having literally been down that road before. Satisfied that she was nearly immobilized, he hog-tied Tracie's hands to her ankles using the third strap.

"Go ahead and scream if you like," he said quietly. "Nobody will hear you up here." Her heart pounding against her rib cage, Tracie remained silent. For the moment.

The man unbuttoned his shirt and slipped his pants down but did not remove them. The sight of the bound and hog-tied naked girl brought forth a prompt erection as he moved across her body, still face down on the seat. Tracie craned her neck to see what he was doing, but she couldn't turn her head far enough around. But when he moved into a different position, she could see that he was well endowed, larger than most men she had seen. Tracie nervously wondered if she would be able to accommodate his largeness.

He ran his hands down her back, across her buttocks, and along the inside of her upwardly extended thighs. He slowly worked his way over her legs to her feet, showing little interest in engaging in intercourse. At one point, however, he lubricated himself with saliva, freed one of her legs, and entered her forcefully. His largeness and the awkward way that her body was situated caused her some discomfort, and she cried out. But he withdrew seconds later and bound her legs together again. He was clearly fascinated with Tracie's feet, and little else. He seemed to begin slipping in and out of a fantasy state, and often referred to Tracie as "Maureen," even though he knew that wasn't her name.

"Maureen, your toes are so pretty, so sexy," he said. "They really turn me on, Maureen."

He forced her to put the bottoms of her feet together again, her toes pointing

upward. After lubricating himself with Vaseline that he kept in the glove compartment, he held her feet together with his hands and began pushing his penis between them, rhythmically pulling himself in and out. This went on for some time until he apparently became tired or bored. But he wasn't finished. Far from it.

He began nibbling at "Maureen's" toes, and for a moment Tracie relaxed a bit and wondered if the woman he kept talking about was the same Maureen that she knew. As he continued to nibble, she put the thought out of her mind. It actually felt kind of good, at first. Being tied up in such a fashion was scary, but it was possible she could come out unscathed if she just played along. She pretended, for the moment, that she was enjoying it.

He ran his lips and tongue across her right foot, and in short gradual motions moved toward the bottom until he reached the arch, laying silent wet kisses along the path. Suddenly, without warning, he began gnawing viciously at her tender arch. As his excitement grew, he put more

and more pressure into each bite. Each time he closed his mouth, he bit harder. Tracie withstood the pain as long as she could, but it soon became too much for her to endure.

She screamed in agony. Her tormentor seemed to revel at her pain, and his breathing became faster and heavier as he bit the teenager even harder. She screamed again and again, each time bringing a more severe response from the sadist. The more she begged him to stop, the more brutal he became. He had worked himself into a frenzy, and it became clear that there was no stopping him until he had satisfied his lust for blood.

"Please! This wasn't part of the deal," cried Tracie. She continued to struggle frantically, and at one point her hands broke free and she managed to shift her body around. But he immediately grabbed on to one of her breasts with his mouth and bit down hard, mumbling that he wasn't going to let go until she allowed him to tie her hands again. Fearing that she would lose her nipple, she yielded once again to his command.

His victim again in bondage, the man moved toward her buttocks, biting and leaving deep impressions everywhere his mouth touched her body. When he tasted her blood, he moved back up to her breasts, biting each nipple so ferociously that Tracie feared he would tear them off with his teeth.

"You know, there's only one way out of this for you," he shrieked, his voice resounding off the walls of the cab in a high pitch as he neared the apex of his frenzy.

"Yeah? How's that?" Tracie sobbed.

"Either you let me cut your tits off," he said, his voice growing higher and more unnatural with each word, "or I'm going to strangle you."

He opened the glove compartment and took out a kitchen paring knife. When he closed his hand around the knife and stared at its brilliance beneath the dome light, it perversely completed him and made him whole. He was holding it close to her breasts, and Tracie's whole body tightened as she anticipated the worst. He gently ran the blade around each nipple, occasionally breaking the skin. Tracie took a breath, wincing sharply at the cutting of her flesh. At one point she thought she would faint.

Tracie, horrified at his words and actions, had had enough. She wasn't about to willingly let him carve her up, but being bound as she was, she couldn't

fend him off. All she could do was attack him verbally. She knew she had little to lose. He was probably going to kill her anyway.

"You're not going to cut my tits off, you sonofabitch! Who the hell do you think you are? I'm not going to walk around scarred for life because of you. You're going to have to kill me!" she said, determined that she wasn't simply going to succumb to this maniac without saying or doing something, anything. Her bladder full from the vodka and orange juice she drank earlier, Tracie relieved herself by urinating in the cab of the man's pickup, as much from fear and discomfort as from revenge. Although he was aware of what she had done, he didn't seem to care. He made no attempt to clean up her urine.

"Have it your way," he said, his voice no longer shrieking but now back to its normal soft tone. "I'm going to strangle you."

But he didn't. He just sat there, looking vacant and spent, and feeling defeated. Tracie didn't realize it yet, but her boldness had taken away the power and control her captor had held over her, and that had meant everything to him. She had killed his thrill, and by doing so had saved her own life.

Angry that he had failed to have his way with Tracie, he took the knife and in one swift move sliced her across the heel of her left foot. It was a deep cut, and she flinched and cursed at him again as she felt her own blood trickling down her foot. As her hope for survival began to fade again, her date did the unexpected. He undid her bindings and allowed her to dress, and they drove quietly back to Portland. He stopped near 92nd and Powell, about ten blocks from where he had picked her up hours earlier.

Tracie let out a sigh of relief as she stepped out of the blue pickup and limped in pain down the street, her shoe full of blood. She watched as he passed by, and considered calling the police. But she didn't. They would ask a lot of questions, and she didn't relish the thought of having to relive her terrible ordeal so soon. She was just grateful to be alive. Not only that, she had several outstanding warrants for her arrest on a variety of charges, and after what she had just been through she didn't want to spend the night in jail. Tracie, and numerous other women, would not begin telling the police about their terrifying encounters with the man who called himself Steve for another six months.

The ordeal had been devastating to the man in the blue pickup truck as well, but in a different way. Even though he had felt and tasted the young girl's blood, he had been let down, disappointed, and was far from being satisfied. Driven by the sight of blood and the sounds of his victims' cries, he knew, in the future, that he would have to do things differently, go much farther to achieve the intense climax, the ultimate fulfillment he was seeking.

A few days after her horrifying encounter with the man in the blue pickup truck, Tracie Baxter, now hobbling around on crutches because of the injuries to her foot, ran into a friend, Maureen Ann Hodges, twenty-six, a fellow prostitute known as "Mo" on the streets. It was in the early afternoon when Tracie met up with her on 82nd Avenue, not far from Bob's Big Boy. Mo was working, but she told Tracie that she was having a tough time. She needed a fix fast, but had no money to pay her drug dealer for the heroin. She already owed him money, and he had put her on a strictly cash basis until she could

clear up her debt to him.

Mo was known around town as a hooker with a heart of gold, but she was also a heroin addict with an \$80-a-day habit. Described by other street people as a "really mixed-up" woman, she was far more desperate than Tracie and was known to "do anything and go anywhere with anyone" if it meant getting money to buy her drugs. Tracie was sympathetic to her needs and was sorry that she couldn't help her out with a loan. But she had enough problems of her own without taking on any additional burdens.

As Tracie limped along with her for a couple of blocks she told Mo, in between listening to Mo's hard luck stories, how she had been hog-tied and cut on the foot by a man who called himself Steve. When Mo heard the man's name and Tracie's description of his truck, she became visibly alarmed, clearly unnerved. Without hesitation, she warned Tracie to stay away from him. Mo had dated him on three or four occasions, and his name wasn't Steve. It was Dayton Leroy Rogers, and he liked to tie up his dates. He had a foot fetish, and while he hadn't cut her on her prior

dates with him, he had caused her a great deal of pain, particularly when he had bitten her feet. She said that he had never asked her to get undressed for him, that he only wanted to "screw" her feet.

"He must really have a thing for you," offered Tracie. "He kept calling out your name when he was with me."

"Christ," Maureen said under her breath, disgusted and even more troubled. "Listen, if he tries to pick you up again, get the hell away from him. Call the police if you have to, but don't ever get in that truck with him again." Mo added that he was strange, and that she was terrified of him. She didn't want any more to do with him.

As they parted company, Tracie assured her that she would be careful. When Tracie looked back and waved goodbye from down the block, Mo had slung the long-strapped dark blue canvas bag that she always carried with her over her shoulder and was propositioning the passing motorists from her spot on the sidewalk. When a car pulled over to the curb, Tracie knew that Mo would soon have the money she needed to get her through the night.

Tracie would see Mo infrequently over the next few months, always on 82nd Avenue. Despite the fact that Mo had told Tracie that she didn't want anything further to do with Dayton Leroy Rogers, Mo would go on one more date with him three and a half months later, out of a desperate need for more of her drug. Tracie, and a number of other people, would be left wondering what had become of her. Unknown to Tracie, at least six other women would mysteriously vanish without a trace between July 8 and August 2, 1987.

Monday, July 13, 1987

Clackamas County Sheriff's Department

Oregon City, Oregon

The first clue to the horror that was already well under way came to Clackamas County Sheriff's Department Detective John T. Turner, a tall, distinguished-looking man of Anglo-Saxon descent, then forty-four, in the form of a routinely filed crime report. The veteran detective had no way of knowing it yet, but the evil outrage that was taking its toll on Portland's streetwalkers would virtually consume his life for much of the next two years. The report concerned an alleged second-degree kidnapping that had been reported the week before, on Tuesday, July 7. It would eventually lead him to the most vicious and remorseless killer with whom he had ever dealt or would likely ever face again.

Case number 87-20998 was near the top of the pile in his in-basket when he settled into his chair at his workstation that summer morning, a cup of coffee in hand. As he studied the various reports, unconsciously arranging them according to seriousness of offense, he lit up a Marlboro Light from the packet he always kept tucked in his left shirt pocket. Occasionally rubbing a hand over his closely cropped graying hair, he saw that there were the usual barroom assault and battery cases from Friday and Saturday night, a robbery, and a couple of domestic disputes. As it turned out, case number 87-20998 ended up on top.

Turner carefully began reading about the incident, originally investigated by Deputy Bill Strosser. He was oblivious to the steady buzz of his colleagues and the near-constant ringing of the telephones around him as he studied the handwritten document with much interest. He had become accustomed to the noise and frequent interruptions that go with police work, somehow

able to shut out everything but that which interested him or pertained to a case he was working on.

According to the report the victim, Heather Brown,* thirty-one, had been picked up by an unknown white male in Portland at approximately noon on July 7. She had just left her two young children with a friend and began walking to a nearby 7-Eleven store to buy cigarettes when a man in a blue pickup stopped and offered her a ride. She accepted and got inside, and was driven to a wooded area somewhere near Oregon City and Molalla.

Heather reportedly had told the man that she only needed to go to the 7-Eleven, located only a few blocks away, but he said that he needed to go to Oregon City. He said he would like to have her along for company, and that he would bring her back later, if she didn't mind. Heather told Deputy Strosser that she had consented to go with him.

As the man drove south on McLoughlin Boulevard toward Oregon City, he introduced himself as Steve. He said that he was from Reno and had been in the Portland area for about a week. He described himself as a professional gambler.

At one point they stopped at a 7-Eleven, and the suspect purchased a six-pack of beer and two cans of Coke while Heather bought her cigarettes. Afterward he offered Heather a drink, and she chose a Coke over a beer. When they approached Oregon City a few minutes later, the man calling himself Steve, guzzling the beer, turned off at a location which Heather could not adequately describe to the deputy. Although she felt like she had become lost, she said that they appeared to be on a logging road somewhere past Oregon City. Turner guessed that he had taken her on one of the logging roads just off the Molalla Forest Road.

When the man continued to drive on and on, Heather finally asked him where they were going. He responded that he was going to drive into the hills and said that he wanted to "tie someone up and fuck them." The statement had frightened Heather, and when he moved to touch her thigh, she pushed his hand away. She insisted that he take her back to Portland, but he refused and sped up to about forty miles per hour on the unpaved logging road.

Heather grabbed her shoes off the floor, ready to make a break for it when the time was right. But the man caught her eyeing the door handle, and he reacted instantly. He swerved the pickup recklessly, so she would lose her

sense of balance, and reached toward her, placing his hand over her chest to prevent her from jumping out of the truck. He then stepped on the accelerator and was soon speeding to more than sixty miles per hour.

Although she had been terrified that she would be raped or killed, Heather never gave up. She continued to struggle violently and when they approached a curve she managed to break free of the man's hold. As soon as she spotted a log truck behind them, she opened the door and jumped from his speeding pickup. The suspect slowed his vehicle a little but, apparently aware of the truck following him, kept on going.

When the logger rounded the curve, he saw Heather lying in the road and slammed on his brakes. Seeing that she was injured and grateful that he hadn't hit her, he helped her into the cab of his rig. One of her eyes was bleeding, which he helped her to cover, and she had other scrapes and cuts. She told the logger that she had to jump out of the man's pickup because he was going to kill her. Since she was obviously very shook up, the logger didn't probe her with questions.

Instead, he arranged to have her driven to a medical clinic in Molalla, where it was determined that she had suffered a concussion and multiple abrasions to her left temple area, right forearm, and hand.

When Turner finished reading Deputy Strosser's report, he found himself wondering if Heather might have been a prostitute but had deliberately avoided revealing that fact to Strosser. The incident had begun in a high vice area of Portland known for prostitution, and the circumstances under which she was picked up naturally prompted him to consider whether or not she had been soliciting. Instinct told him it was more likely than not that she had been, but from the details contained in the report there was just no way he could tell for certain.

Nonetheless, Turner dutifully telephoned Heather and explained that he needed to meet with her in person to construct a composite of the suspect using an Identikit. She agreed to meet him at a Sheri's restaurant in the Oregon City Shopping Center later that day, but she didn't show up at the mutually agreed upon time. Turner waited patiently for half an hour, then returned to headquarters. With little else to go on except Heather's sketchy statement, Turner filed the report of the incident and pushed it into the back of his mind. For the time being.