



DESPERATELY

CRAZY

FOR

YOU!



BY

IVANA G. MOORE



Desperately CRAZY for You!

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A DEAD AS A DOORNAIL MYSTERY BOOK 1

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David J. Soto, Publisher  
Tucson

[beeflowerpower@gmail.com](mailto:beeflowerpower@gmail.com)

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## Desperately CRAZY for You!

### DEDICATION

I would like to dedicate this book to all of those folks who know they are different, but in a way that everyone will eventually acknowledge as being true to one self.

Desperately CRAZY for You!

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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## CHAPTER 1

“Are you ever going to get a job, Gary?” Bertie asks me as he rolls into the party at Hillary's. He resembles a cannon ball of sorts. Large belly, balding, fat legs and arms that dangle like attachments waiting to fall off.

I look at him in disbelief. I mean really? I just lost my 18 year detective job.

“I hope the whore was worth it, my friend? Can you believe it has already been two years since that fateful day. My, my, how time flies, huh Gary? In fact, you're starting to resemble a simian creature of some kind, or is that hairy ape man?”

I leave a ton of hair in the shower drain.

“You're such a prick, turkey boy. And she's no longer a whore. Got that!”

I punch him in the arm.

“Ouch! Christ sake's, I was only kidding. Gee-whiz.”

Rubbing his shoulder, he rolls into the party and I shut the door.

That was a day I will never forget. Has it been two years already? You bet, dumb ass.

It was an ordinary day at work until I went on a murder investigation at the Looki Here Boutique over on Fifth Avenue. The red light district, if you know what I mean.

I entered the boutique around 8:30 pm on a sub-freezing blustery day here in Chicago. But hey, that's quite a typical day in the winter where your nuts disappear, I mean literally. Poor things, but can you blame them?

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The body of a Caucasian woman around 20 dangles from a sling. Black eyeless sockets with a barbed wire neck chain, sleek black knee-high stilettos, a ripped bra and a bloody gag. The blood drips from various holes in the body as I feel nauseous and almost faint.

“Are you okay?” Hillary exclaims as I falter and she grabs my shoulder.

A voluptuous red head stares at me with dazzling hazel eyes and I melt.

“Aah. . . aah.”

The other hooker, Darlene, is a tall gazelle like woman with sullen dark eyes and black hair. She just stares at me puffing away on her smoke.

“Hey you, gorgeous hunk of man! Come over to my place later and we'll eat each other out,” she blurts out in a huff.

I fake a smile and ignore her.

Darlene's eyes are livid with hatred as my arm hair stands erect. I shudder as the goosebumps wash over me.

“Yeah, yeah. I think I'm okay . . . at least I think so.”

“Detective, I'm Hillary Carabello. Nice to meet you.”

“I'm Gary Killdar,” as I shake her hand.

“This is Darlene McIntosh. A good friend of mine.”

Darlene grins as the butt falls to the ground.

“Detective Killdar, where are you?” Superintendent Audrey Wilson, a whale of a matron, comes around the corner belching like a locomotive.

“Oh, crap!”

I immediately straighten up.

Superintendent Wilson sneers at me as I move away from Hillary and Darlene.

“You realize these women you are fraternizing with are murder suspects, right? Hookers, unless you didn't think of that. Or do I need to make it absolutely clear to stay away from these women while you are professionally involved with this investigation. Do I make myself clear detective?”

“Who's going to interview them. . . If I can't?” I say meekly.

“WHAT?”

“Yes, ma'am. Please forgive my stupidity.”

## Desperately CRAZY for You!

“Stupidity? That seems to be the norm with you. Isn't that right, detective?”

Darlene starts laughing uncontrollably.

“No, ma'am. I mean, yes ma'am. Sorry sir.”

The laugh is contagious as everyone starts to chuckle under their breath. Her mustache doesn't look it's been bleached in a while.

“Ha! Ha! Ha! Well, done. That'll earn you extra bonus points.”

“It just slipped out, Superintendent. I didn't mean it, really!”

“Get back to work before I change my mind about you detective. Disappear! ... And shut that woman up, for Christ Sake.”

I wink at Hillary as Wilson struts back and forth looking over the victim's body. I dash out for a quick smoke inhaling deeply as I relish that tender, yet sweet flavor. I exhale a large puff of smoke as several other police cars arrive. Then the forensic van pulls up as the window slides down.

“It's good ole Gary. I see Willie's car. Has she run you over yet cuz you gonna wish you was dead. You look beat up, poor guy.” Forensic Specialist Harry Reams yells.

I wave, but Harry is an asshole, so I try to avoid him as much as possible. At all times.

“Hey. Just getting grilled, as usual.”

“That's not the word around the office. She's gonna take you down, my friend.”

I walk back inside as Hillary and Darlene are hand-cuffed and taken away.

“You take care of yourself, okay?” I rub Hillary's shoulder as Wilson looks at me in disbelief.

Hillary leans over to whisper in my ear. “Call me, sometime, okay?”

I look at her and can't believe she's mixed up in this murder.

I pretend to cough.

“Okay,” as I clear my throat.

Two weeks go by and I'm still obsessed with her ever since I met her. I dial the phone, my finger shaking badly. The phone rings and I hang up. I wait a few minutes trying to muster up the nerve to dial again. After I catch my breath and relax do I dial again.

Ring. Ring. Ring.

## Desperately CRAZY for You!

“Looki See Boutique, this is Hillary.”

“Hillary, this is Detective Killdar. How are you today?”

“Oh, hey. I'm fine detective, just a bit tired working two jobs, ya know.”

“Yeah, I know what you mean. Hey ... I know this is inappropriate ... but would you like to meet for coffee ... sometime?”

“I'm off at 8pm tonight. Let's meet at the Krave on Broadway around 9pm. Is that okay?”

“Sounds great. I'll see you then.”

Superintendent Wilson's car pulls into the parking lot. She takes a camera out of the glove box as starts snapping pictures as we converse. The next day was my last day.

As I walked to my desk, Lt. Jones tells me Wilson wants to see me right away.

I knock on her door as she waves me in.

“Detective Killdar, please shut the door.”

“Yes, ma'am.”

“Please take a seat.”

“Thank you. What's this about Superintendent?”

“You know very well what this is about, detective. Think about it for a moment, if you like. In fact, take all the time you want.”

“I, ugh. ...Ugh. ... (cough) ... I'm not sure I do?”

“Let me refresh your memory, if I may, Gary.”

That's the first time she ever called me by my Christian name.

My heart sinks as she tosses several photos of Hillary and I making out in front of the coffee shop. They slide all over her desk. I pick them up and realize I'm doomed.

I look at her in disbelief.

“Please sign this paperwork and take it to Personnel along with the belongings from your desk. Your fired, detective. Fraternizing with suspects involved in a murder investigation, it's against police policy ... policy ... policy ...”

I drift off.

“Gary? Are you okay, ... my darling?” Hillary wonders as she tickles me.

“Hey you ... quit that, you! ... Yeah, I'm okay.”

Hillary tries to hide her frown.



## Desperately CRAZY for You!

There was a school chum from England that she was very fond of. No, that's not right, she was in love with. Yes, Wendy thrilled her to no end. They were the best of friends doing everything together like they were a married couple. It was the happiest time of her life.

Wendy was so very generous when money was short. Everything was going along fine until he entered the scene and took her away to Rome. She became an heiress living in a castle on the coast. His car plunged off a cliff during a rally race. Wendy never wrote back perhaps because she wanted to forget how poor they were back then.

I mumble to myself, "I guess I've been in denial this whole time."

"What was that?"

"Oh, nothing ... let's get back to the party, huh?"

Hillary drags me back into the party skipping like a school girl trying not to think about being dumped. Sometimes it's unavoidable. This time, though, she is not going to force this one to marry her. No matter what. He's perfect and somehow different.

Bertie rolls up as Hillary departs.

"Here. Take this."

He hands me an envelop.

"What's this?" I look at him quizzically.

"It's a dream job if ever there was one. Can you image that?"

I frown at Bertie as I scratch my head in disbelief as my head throbs. I feel defeated and insecure as I tremble trying to open the envelop. In desperation, I rip it open like I'm possessed.

I pull out a photo of someone I knew long ago. There is a black marker X scrawled across the photo of Joey, a petite girly man.

Our naked bodies meshed together frolicking on the white sandy beach. A yin and yang of sorts took us over as we became one. We were young, gorgeous and everybody wanted to be our friends.

"Joey ... spank me, okay?"

I lay on the bed waiting for him to get undressed. He snorts some crystal and offers me some. I decline but beg for him to strike me. He picks up the paddle and wacks me a good one.

"Hit me again! Harder!"

"WHACK!"

I'm instantly hard as he beats me again and again I almost pass out. He starts licking me from head to toe as I shiver with anticipation.

## Desperately CRAZY for You!

“Ooooo ... that's right ... right there! ... Oh, God.”

It was a long, long time ago and it left me broken.

I shake my head at Bertie.

“I can't do it. I'm sorry.”

Bertie's face contorts as he turns red and looks frustrated.

“Did you see what else is inside? It might give you some piece of mind.”

I look inside to see \$1 million dollars, in \$100,000s, behind a flap.

“You can't pay me enough. He's a dear friend.”

“Yeah, a dear friend, huh? He causing too much trouble back in Rome and I need him gone!”

Bertie can get riled up easily. He's a spoiled brat and has to get his way. A tear falls down my face as I tear the photo up and toss it in the trash.

I thrust the envelop back into Bertie's face.

He grabs both my hands, squeezing gently until the pain starts and I hear my knuckles crack. I squirm realizing this man might look frail and he might be family, but hurting them on purpose brings another dimension to the relationship.

“Please, Gary, keep the money, just in case you change your mind. I know Hillary would appreciate it. It's just a tiny job anyhow. It'll take two seconds and you're done.”

I shove the cash into my pocket, somewhat relieved. I rub my hands together as I try to revive them from near death. I give Bertie a look of complete disgust.

“Thanks for the loan. I'll pay you back as soon as I get a job.”

“Yeah, right, kiddo. Do you best to reconsider before I have to try another tactic to convince you otherwise. It could get very nasty and personal, I'm afraid, if you know what I mean?”

I grimace as a worried look over takes me.

As I consider his ultimatum, he continues.

“There's two plane tickets to Rome. Bring Hillary along, I'm sure she'd love to go.”

I scowl at him and storm away to the bathroom. I run into Darlene as she exits.

“You might want to wait a moment, if I were you.”

My face contorts from the putrid smell as I step back.

## Desperately CRAZY for You!

“Hey Darlene, how's it going?” ... (coughing) ... (coughing).

“You never accepted my invitation the last time I saw you.”

Darlene's eyes glaze over.

Look everyone, there's stupid Darlene. Hey stupid, Dar Dar Dumb Dumb, we don't like you! Cuz why? Just because! Ha! Ha!” The bell sounds as the screaming kids run to class leaving her all alone.

When teams were chosen, she was always the last one, being so tall, and that was in the third grade. Now in the eleventh grade, Ms. Kareeva, Ms. K as the kids called her, scolded her daily for not paying attention. She insisted Darlene stay back one year and her stupid parents agreed. The teasing became even more intense the next year.

It was Friday lunchtime as Darlene walked past the Teacher's Lounge. She stopped dead in her tracks when she heard Ms. Kareeva talk.

“Can you believe it. I'll have been here for almost 20 years. I can't believe it,” sipping her tea.

“What did you do about that gazelle of a girl, what's her name? ... Oh, yeah, Darlene or Dar Dar Dum Dum, as the kids call her.”

All the teachers chuckle because they all know this obnoxious teenager.

“Just the other day, I asked her to read aloud from Waugh's Brideshead Revisited and she just looked at me like a turnip. A dumb stare in her eye.”

Everyone laughs until they realize Darlene is standing there listening. Ms. Kareeva, though, remains behind as the room empties in seconds.

“Is that you ... Darlene?”

“Why ... yes ... it is ... my dear.”

Ms. Kareeva turns around.

“Shouldn't you be studying ... something?”

“Please don't under estimate me, Ms. K, it might hurt.”

“Child, are you threatening me?”

Darlene dances into the room as Ms. Kareeva gets a bit agitated by this boisterous girl.

“No. ... I wouldn't call it that, necessarily. ... but.”

“But what, child? You are such an obstreperous girl that I'm not sure you should be here in this public school anymore.”

## Desperately CRAZY for You!

Darlene stops dancing with a frown upon her face. Ms. Kareeva, who is now shaking in her chair, sheds a few tears as she's grilled .

“Funny thing I discovered Ms. K. ... I believe you've been against me since the day I got here ... Am I right?”

“Well, of course not, child. I respect you just like I do every child I teach.”

“Well the comment I just heard says that you like making fun of me, isn't that right, Ms. K?”

“I was just trying to be witty that's all.”

Darlene closes and locks all the windows, one by one as Ms. Kareeva tries to run for the door. She trips over Darlene's foot as she grabs her by the hair and flings her into the desk.

“Uuuggghhh! CHILD! LET ME GO THIS INSTANT!” she belches.

The door is closed and locked as the shade is pulled down.

“Oh, no. ... You can't leave. ... Not yet. ... There's a couple of more things I have to do before we're done, ... okay?”

“Child, you better let me leave this room right now or I'll have you suspended, this time ... forever!”

“Whoops! You shouldn't have said that. ... I'm afraid that was a poor choice of words.”

Darlene blasts the radio that sits on Ms. Kareeva's desk.

She breaks the glass to the room's extinguisher and throws it at her. It's a direct hit as Ms. Kareeva goes flying up against the window bookcases.

SNAP!

“God damn it!”

Ms. Kareeva holds her broken arm gingerly as she tries to get away once again. As she limp-runs to the door, Darlene whacks her knees with the janitor's broom handle as it splinters across the floor.

WHACK!

“Son-of-a-bitch, you mother fucker!” as she falls to the floor screaming.

“Aah! ... (sobbing) ... Oh my God (sniffing). ... Aah! ... (sobbing)”

Satisfied, Darlene pulls out a smoke and lights it. Ms K slithers across the floor.

*A Film Noir Comedy that delights in its ridiculousness.*

*An insecure former detective turned hit man who faints at the sight of blood. His bride to be, a thespian who's only goal is to have the wedding of a lifetime. Then there's the artist who excels at forgery unlike any other, but she let him go and now she wants him back. Did I forget to mention his former lover, a blatantly outrageous petite queen, out to get the one who got away. Or, what about the paranoid former terrorist, a detective's best friend, on the verge of disappearing before imminent discovery. Of course, did I forget to mention his cousin? A crime boss who kills indiscriminately, even if that means family!*

