



Lust Killer

Ann Rule

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When young women begin mysteriously disappearing in Oregon, Police Lieutenant James Stovall leads a relentless search for a killer. With little evidence available, and the public screaming for answers, he must find a remorseless, brutal killer whose identity will shock them all ...

One by one the young women vanished without a trace ...

Pretty Linda Slawson disappeared while trying to make a living selling encyclopedias door to door.

Lovely college girl Jan Whitney never completed her two-hour drive home on the freeway.

Beautiful pre-med honor student Karen Sprinker failed to show up for a lunch date with her mother.

Stunningly attractive Linda Salee dropped out of sight while her boyfriend waited and worried for hours.

By then the pattern was clear. Oregon's massive police search was under way. But not even Lt James Stovall, the brilliant investigator in charge, suspected how grisly the crimes were - or who the man who killed like a sadistic monster would turn out to be ...

"Rule springs surprises and revelations with a novelist's skill."

- Seattle Times

Lust Killer Details

Date : Published June 7th 1983 by Berkley Books (first published 1981)

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Author : Ann Rule

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Cynthia says

Ann Rule delivers another chilling, true-crime story with Lust Killer. Often reality can be more fearful than fiction.

Jerry Brudos was indeed a very sick individual with a hatred of women that started in early childhood. Some of the twisted things he did to his victims was nothing short of shocking. He felt no remorse for the young women he violated and killed.

There is also a lesson to be learned by reading this shocking story: be aware of your surroundings, and those around you; fight, scream, or do anything you can to draw attention to yourself if you are in a threatening situation; never believe your kidnapper when he says he won't hurt you if you come along quietly.

If you are a true crime fan, I would recommend this book!

Book Hollow

<http://myparanormalbookreviews.blogspot...>

Charles says

I very seldom read true crime accounts. I generally find them horribly banal, and I get irritated at the blurbage where every serial killer victim is "beautiful" or "all American." I read this one to get anecdotes for my psychology classes and for my own writing. I thought it was well told although I didn't find the case itself terribly compelling.

Cori says

Ann Rule's writing has really matured from her older books like this one. For one, she no longer writes what the murder victim was thinking and feeling before and during the murder, something that drives me nuts in true crime.

Kathy says

I have not read an Ann Rule book in a long time and I forgot how well she writes these stories. Interesting, holds your interest, easy to follow and not so much repetition. This was a super read and I enjoyed it very

much..

Ken says

Straightforward biographical sketch of Jerome Henry Brudos. Active in the late 1960's in the Portland/Corvallis/Salem areas of Oregon. Married with two children. Electrician. Shoe fetish. Stocky and incredibly strong. Strangled, raped, and mutilated victims. Weighed bodies with engine parts, and dumped in river. Pleaded guilty. Multiple life sentences. Became a computer expert in prison. Died of liver cancer 2006.

HFK says

EDIT 28/12: HFK's Best True Crime Read in 2016.

It has been years since I last set my foot (wakka wakka) on Rule's true crime books, and I had very little memories of her style other than remembering it to be quite captivating and easy going, which is usually a plus when entering inside the world of cheesy blood and guts. To refresh my memories, I randomly picked few of her books on my last shopping spree, and decided to start with one of her serial killer works without going the usual road of Ted Bundy.

I've realized during the years that I've spend studying criminology that most people have this quite typical view on serial killers. How they are created, what they are, and most importantly, what they do when they finally grow up to be the full blown blood machines that eventually makes them known around the globe. I thought Jerome "The Lust Killer - The Shoe Fetish Slayer" Brudos would make a perfect example of an stereotypical serial killer as his whole road from birth to life imprisonment was not only like a textbook case of "serial killer in the making" but also the kind that would appeal to a greater audience.

Brudos was born to a mother who was not interested on him, did not care for him at all unlike of Brudos older brother, all the while showing strong dominant features and making sure she would have preferred to have a daughter instead of another son. A strong, dominant mother figure combined with a submissive, although decently caring, father figure was the beginning of a long road of hatred towards women.

At a age of 5, Brudos discovered abandoned high heel shoes inside a trashcan of his neighborhood, and that was the starting point to his ever growing women's high heel and underwear fetish. He spend his time stealing underwear from his neighbors, sneaking inside the houses of random women and enjoying the thrill of touching and wearing their pieces. Brudos did not really understand what all that meant, but during the coming years he realized it simple was not enough to satisfy his need, albeit he was not really sure what exactly that need was.

When reaching teenager years, Brudos took another step towards killing by forcing his neighbor, a girl aged 18 whose underwear he had stolen, to pose him nude while taking photographs of her in various seductive positions. He very quickly realized that his sexual pleasure was much more higher when he was able to connect the stolen items to their naked owner. He started to fantasize of kidnapping and imprisoning women, being the dominant one who could do everything and anything with the woman of his choice. Perhaps these

fantasies were the thriving behind the violent beating he later on aimed toward a young girl who refused to pose nude for his pleasure.

This time, however, Brudos got caught. His stash of shoes and underwear was found, and he was sent to mental institution where he confessed his earlier deed with the neighbor girl, too. Times were different during the year of 56', but it still astonishes me how this fellow was eventually seen only as a young man with a fetish that took roads less desirable, yet he was considered to be harmless like a teddy bear, someone who should grow out of his childish desires and move on with life, which he eventually did by joining the army, only to be discharged after developing "weird obsessions" that manifested themselves in a form of violent dreams.

To follow the textbook example, Brudos soon found himself following women on the streets that had high heels on, something that seemed to be the greatest trigger to him. At first, he simply attacked the women and stole their shoes to his private collection, but it eventually escalated to a rape that only further fueled his destiny to come.

During this time, Brudos met his future wife, Darcie Metzler. Darcie was a young girl, naive and submissive, a dream girl for Brudos. It seems as he was completely in love with Darcie, after all, she did obey him, took his possessive behavior as a sign of a true love. They had two kids, a girl and a boy, but Brudos did not develop much of an relationship with his daughter. This might be the only blessing in this sad story. Brudos and Metzler's marriage worked enough good for awhile, Darcie kept his husband satisfied by dressing nicely, wearing high heels and posing for his nude photographs.

Naturally, this period would not last long because Brudos needs were not the kinds that any living woman could satisfy. Not in physical, but not in the emotional levels either. Brudos way of dealing with marital problems was to steal more high heels, and more underwear. This calmed down his emotions, and also eased his ever growing headaches from which he had suffered starting at a young age.

This was fairly easy for him to do as the family moved around a lot due to Brudos incapacity to keep any jobs in his field of electricity. Brudos was not a dumb man, his IQ was average or above, but he was never able to keep a job for very long time nor was he capable of reaching his professional goals, even he was often described as genius in his work field.

Brudos was invisible, he did not arouse much interest, hardly anyone remembered him after his secret life came to surface. He was enough easy going, but he was often described as strange, yet again, harmless. Brudos tried to show his cross-dressing side to Darcie, but never got response out of her, and Darcie herself was good at ignoring the times she thought there is something wrong or suspicious looming inside her husband. Very good, as signs there was, a lot of signs to alert the whole county if not a wife.

After careful planning, it was finally time for Brudos to rumble.

In 68' to 69' Brudos kidnapped 4 young women, made them pose for nude photographs before strangling them to death. Brudos liked to dress his victims (and himself while at it) into the pieces he had stolen during

the years, he sexually assaulted their dead bodies, and took trophies such as foot and breasts. The foot was for fitting his shoe collection, and the breasts worked as a paper weight. Because, you know, Brudos was very classy, eh.

During Brudos killing spree, 12 women went missing in the near area. Two of his intended victims got away from a "transvestite" by fighting for their lives. Brudos was a sexual sadist without remorse, victims either fought and survived or obeyed and died, Brudos was not a man to let you go. He stalked and kidnapped women in shopping malls, parking lots, and lured them in by making phone calls for possible dates.

Brudos was smart, but did let his inner desires to take the better of him, which led to his capture, combined to an extremely effective (for once!) investigation group, and him confessing 4 murders. Brudos was eventually convicted of only three, because one of the bodies was never found. Brudos wife, Darcie, was accused of being Brudos accomplice, but was later on found not guilty to these charges.

Yet, one has to really, really wonder after reading the whole story, getting all the tiny details, how is that possible not to know. Of course, by self-deception. And some women want to do just that, and nothing else.

Ann Rule did a great job by researching Jerome Brudos story at length, writing it down like an smoothly going fiction, a thriller and a mystery that happened to be a true story. *Lust Killer* is everything a true crime should be. There is facts, there is speculation, all tied together with a simple yet satisfying writing.

Admittedly, Ann Rule's style is not something I prefer in a long run, I do need the feel of nonfiction in my hands, and in my mind. It keeps me focused on the reality, it doesn't speculate nor does it write victims down as characters but real persons. But for now, and here and there, Rule is a safe bet to make when wanting the treat of always cheap, always fulfilling true blood.

Katherine Addison says

Long form suits Ann Rule a good deal better, as does having an agenda. There's a *reason* she's writing about Jerry Brudos, and that reason informs her story-telling.

Her reason, of course, is the same reason that makes *The Stranger Beside Me*: Ted Bundy The Shocking Inside Story compelling: educating her readers, specifically her young female readers, on the existence of men like Brudos, on the fact that you can't protect yourself from them by being "good" (or "bad," for that matter), and that if one targets you, cooperation almost certainly means your death. Good girls who cooperate are exactly what a man like Brudos wants; it makes them easy prey.

The most horrifying thing about Jerry Brudos is that I'd never heard of him, that there are *so many* serial killers like him that his name doesn't hold a charge. (The dubious upside to this observation is that it would have infuriated him, Brudos, like others of his ilk, having had a poisonously swollen ego.) If you are interested in serial killers, this is a good case study, clearly written and compelling and, as she quoted from Ted Bundy's letters, she quotes from Brudos' petitions and appeals written in prison--that kind of primary evidence, when available, is certainly the quickest way to get a visceral understanding of how someone like this thinks.

I'm interested in true crime as a genre. This is a good example of how to tell a no-frills story cleanly and concisely. It would be a good choice for representing Ann Rule in a class on twentieth-century American true crime writing.

Taylor Metcalfe says

I found the writing to be fantastic. Rule's *Stranger Beside Me* had me bored throughout but in *Lust Killer* I was found myself unable to put it down. I definitely see why people enjoy her writing and plan to check out more of her works now.

Paige says

Due to lack of reading material, I was forced to read *Lust Killer*. I wasn't too thrilled about this. I had never heard of Ann Rule, and I underestimated her because, honestly, the book just looked mediocre (I guess that goes with the saying "Don't judge a book by its cover"). I'm sorry for this, Ann. This book exceeded my expectations dramatically! This book had me hooked from almost the beginning. This was a very gruesome book, and I almost feel guilty for admitting my liking for it. It's interesting to be able to be in the mind of a sexual psychopath killer, though. Ann Rule did an excellent job.

AC says

Written in 1983 -- just after her Bundy book -- and published under her pulp pseudonym of "Andy Stack" -- this is essentially a pulp true-crime book, and so a work of inferior quality. I gave it up halfway.

Jerry Brudos was a creep, not even intelligent or in the least interesting.

One note: We tend still to think of serial murderers as a product of their environment -- but that is not true. While abusive upbringing can exasperate psychopathy, and love (perhaps) moderate it, it does not cause it. Brudos did not have such a terrible childhood. His mother was cold and disinterested and preferred his older brother. But that's about it. Yet when Brudos was just 3-years old, his aunt woke-up from a nap and found herself surrounded by a ring of sharpened kitchen knives pointing at her in the center -- and little Jerry sitting there and smirking.

It is hard to read about these types and still maintain a principled opposition to the death penalty --unless one has some theological basis for it.

Gerry says

Jerome Brudos did not like his mother, who doted on his elder brother, and this life style more than likely influenced his later behaviour thought the psychiatrists once he had been captured.

But by that time he had killed, most gruesomely, four ladies, all of whom happened to be in the wrong place

at the wrong time. He had transgressed with ladies before he started his killing spree but in a more minor way and he had been fortunate enough not to have been caught. Had he been caught perhaps the disasters that followed might not have happened.

Oregon's Salem and Portland districts were terrorised once the spree began and Lieutenant James Stovall, one of the best detectives on the force, was at a loss to uncover the killer.

He worked diligently and once he got a break he honed in on Brudos, whose insignificant manner, made him appear the least likely of killers. But he was and when Stovall skilfully draws a confession from him the full story unfolds as Brudos told it all quite dispassionately.

Meanwhile his somewhat meek and mild wife, who was completely unaware of his activities, could not believe that her husband had committed such crimes. But when she too is suspected of being an accomplice she is devastated. Fortunately the jury at her trial believed in her innocence and she was set free to start a new life under an assumed name.

On the other hand, Brudos initially pleaded not guilty but eventually changed his plea thus saving not only the expense of a trial but also preventing the damaging effect such a trial would have had on the families of the victims.

'Lust Killer' reads like a thrilling novel but sadly it is all too true.

Becky says

This book is creepy. I learned that if I am ever attacked by a psycho I should fight and try to get away. The girls that fought in this book survived. The girls that tried to reason with him or did what he said because they thought he would let them go later were murdered. Jerry Brudos was one sick lunatic. Thank God he died in prison where he belonged.

Marie says

This was a classic true crime Ann Rule book! Very fast paced and very informative on a killer that murdered women in Oregon in the late 1960's. This book is not for the faint of heart as it describes in explicit detail what the killer did to the women. I could not put it down and it kept me glued to the page of what was going to happen next. The case of capturing the killer was also very interesting of how the law enforcement officers finally put it all together. Giving it 5* for keeping me glued to my seat.

Steph's Romance Book Talk says

Oh my, oh my, Oh Fing MY!! I did not go into this book knowing that it was a true crime mystery. This threw me for a loop and drug me into the story even more. This is the crazy, twisted, dark, chilling account of the serial killer Jerry Brudos aka The Lust Killer. Jerry killed women in the Portland/Salem, Oregon area in the late 1960's. It is crazy to think that such a disturbed person lived. I enjoyed that when I sped up the narration the story felt like a fiction story instead of a biography based in facts and evidence. This serial

killer's story is also featured in the Netflix's Show: Mindhunter and now can't wait to watch the show.

This specific review will be included in the February 2018 Wrap-up.

For other video book reviews check out my YouTube Channel: Steph's Rom Book Talk.

aPriL does feral sometimes says

'Lust Killer' is an excellent true-crime read about a married serial killer, Jerome Brudos, who kidnapped, strangled, and hung women from a hook in the ceiling in order to take pictures and have some necrophilic fun. He was also a fond husband and father of two children.

Once again Ann Rule does a stellar job in research, interviews and in including court records which help round out the story. However, it is her fantastic ability to pull it all together and write of it coherently which sets her books above the other true crime writers.

'Lust Killer' brings up some important points about relationships and being too stupid to live:

Rule number one: don't marry someone you've known only three months.

Rule number two: don't make babies with someone you've known only three months.

Rule number three: if someone has changed jobs multiple times in one year and moved just as often, the problem may be about the person, especially if the reason given for the moves is always because the boss had it in for them or the boss or job was stupid - and then refuses to provide any other details.

Rule number four: if your spouse or sex partner has rooms or building structures forbidden to you to enter, leave NOW. Try to think it through: is it about respecting your partner's privacy or is it being too stupid to live.

Rule number five: learn the difference between respecting your partner's sex fetishes, and being so naive, deaf, dumb and blind to odd behaviors that you are too stupid to live. For example: he says he needs naked pictures of you and you don't want to be nude in photos, but he makes you pose against your will; or he steals clothes; or he wears stolen high heels panties and bras way nicer than yours, and you are miserable.

Rule number six: a person who enjoys artwork that looks like female breasts that have been cut off and are placed around rooms of the house on tables should set off some concern if the fellow doesn't have any other art.

Rule number seven: He NEVER let's you see inside of home meat freezers. You must ALWAYS ask him to get the meat, ice cream or TV dinners. Leave NOW.

Rule number eight: a MAJOR HINT of terrible things to come - you are too scared to ask questions or express your disagreement. YOU ARE IN TROUBLE, friend!

I think a custom that women developed in the 1980's was fantastic. We used to go to work wearing running shoes and carry our high-heels in our purses. While at work, we wore the heels, and then when we left the office, we changed back into our Nikes or whatever. Just saying. I cannot think of a more vulnerable adult person than a young, small, petite woman who is wearing 6-inch heels walking about distractedly in lonely public places.

Brudos only picked short, petite women who were wearing high heels to kidnap. Weirdly, the women Brudos selected also all went meekly with him without a sound or struggle, even when he was not displaying a gun. Later, police found their cars, but NO evidence of struggle, damage or blood. In police interviews, Brudos mentioned it was as if they wanted to be with him because they all calmly left with him. Police had a difficult time ascertaining a crime even had been committed - until their bodies showed up floating in nearby rivers. Most of the bodies, anyway. Rule recommends screaming and fighting because if you get in the car or out of the public eye, the odds are you will never be seen alive again, so you literally have nothing to lose by fighting back. People are usually kidnapped for the purposes of, mostly, rape, torture or cutting parts of you off until you die.
