

TESS GERRITSEN JOHN DOE

THE NEW RIZZOLI & ISLES
SHORT STORY



ABOUT THE BOOK

It should have been a night to remember, but Maura Isles can't recall a thing.

Maura is at a party. A handsome man approaches. He's charming and sophisticated. She flirts and drinks champagne. And then nothing. Total blackness. Nothing, that is, apart from these two facts: a man is dead and her address is found in his pocket ...

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JOHN DOE
A Rizzoli & Isles Short Story

Tess Gerritsen

CHAPTER ONE

DR. MAURA ISLES did not enjoy cocktail parties. Circulating in a room filled with strangers was her idea of an excruciating evening, yet here she was, glass of champagne in hand, standing beneath *Tyrannosaurus rex*. Dinosaur bones did not expect her to smile and come up with small talk, something Maura was singularly bad at. Sheltered in the undemanding company of *T. rex*, she read the informational plaque for the tenth time, glad that for once she wasn't competing with the hordes of children who always gathered at the feet of dinosaurs. Tonight was an adults-only affair, a formal reception to thank the donors to Boston's Museum of Science, and as a member of the benefit committee, Maura could hardly slip away before the speeches started. She smiled stoically and sipped champagne as men in tuxedos and women in evening gowns glided past, chatting and crowd-hopping with an ease that Maura had never acquired.

'You and *T. rex* seem awfully chummy,' a male voice said.

Maura turned to see an attractive dark-haired man smiling at her. Although she was wearing four-inch high heels, he was taller than her, fit and trim in a well-tailored tuxedo. She glanced at his name tag and saw his name was Eli Kilgour. The gold dot pasted above his name told her Mr. Kilgour was a high-level donor to the museum.

'I see you're on the benefit committee,' he said, reading her name tag, just as she had read his. 'Excellent event tonight, Dr. Isles.'