

TACTICAL RESPONSE TEAM  BOOK THREE

SURVIVOR

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All characters are fictional, and any resemblance to real people, either factual or historical, is purely coincidental.

To my dad, Michael Rapp. Whose perseverance in life taught me to work hard and never give up. You will be greatly missed.

PROLOGUE



“What exactly are you accusing me of?” Shelby Durning stared at the pharmacist, face heating at the accusation.

“I’m sorry, but I’m going to have to report this to the police. You can’t continue to issue these types of drugs to the same patient.”

“But I’m not. This isn’t my signature and I’ve never heard of any of these patients.”

“Then why are you here?”

“Someone called my cell asking about refills and I had no idea who the patient was. They told me I could come down and take a look at the script.” Shelby picked up the five scripts sitting in front of her. Three were for the same person.

“It’s my prescription pad, but I didn’t write them. Here, look at my signature.” Pulling her license from her purse, she handed it to the pharmacist. “See? It’s different.”

“Pretty close,” the man mumbled. “I still have to call the police.”

Shelby nodded. “Thanks for the heads up. I’ll put in a complaint. I just don’t understand how they got those forms.”

“No one has stolen any of your prescription pads?”

“Of course not. I keep them locked up.” Her face heated. “Unless ...” Turning on a heel, she rushed from the pharmacy. “It can’t be, it just can’t be,” she whispered.

Once inside her house, she hurried to her office and pulled the keys from her purse. Sliding the chair from the desk, she unlocked the drawer and pulled out the box of prescription pads she’d ordered last week.

“No, no, no, no ...”

Her heart pounded as she stared at the blank pads in the box. The pads were perfect when she accepted the parcel; she had made sure her name was spelled correctly and her med numbers were right. After checking, she stored them here just like she always did, locked up tight.

The only other person that had access to her home was the one person she trusted most.

Standing at the shrill ring of her phone, she rummaged through the bag, wrapping her fingers around the case, and answered.

“Hello?”

“Hey, babe. What’re you up to?”

Bile filled her throat as her hand shook. “I’m at home going through some emails.”

“You all right?”

“Yeah, just saw an email about a patient,” she mumbled, collapsing in the chair and swallowing hard at the reflux.

“Bad news, huh?”

“Very bad.”

“I’ll be headed home tomorrow. Call me back tonight when you’re free and we can talk about my trip. Dallas was awesome.”

“Sounds good. I’ll call later.”

“Love you, Shelby.”

She loosened her clenched jaw. “Love you, too.”

The call ended and she dropped the phone on the desk. She

stared down at the cushion diamond on her left hand, stomach churning.

“It just can’t be,” she whispered. “It can’t be him.”