

SPRING UPON A CRIME by ML Erdahl

Excerpt

Behind them, the rumble of the truck's diesel engine grew. Not focusing on the treacherous path in front of her, she risked a quick glance backward. The truck halted next to the job trailer. The door creaked open and Crystal stumbled over a blackberry vine, the beastly bush sliding up her leg and raking her shin with thorns. Seizing her arm, Conner steadied her. The sound of the truck door slamming urged them on.

“Hey! What the hell are you doing on my property?” The furious, raspy bellow startled them into redoubling their pace.

Another ill-advised glance showed Crystal they were almost to the tree line. “Keep going. We're almost there.”

An ominous metallic click caught her attention, followed by another. A gunshot blasted through the serene wilderness and Conner fell, gasping and swearing.