

UNBOUND by Kirsten Weiss

EXCERPT

When the Devil appeared to Riga, she laughed.

Not bravely. Not sardonically. Hysterically.

His skin had a parboiled look. He was naked, and looked like something out of an old horror film, his horns curving backward like a mountain goat's. She learned later that laughter is a normal reaction to the Devil. But at the time, she just figured things had gone very wrong.

Exactly what had gone wrong... Well, there were several options available.

Three days earlier, she'd received a letter from an elderly magician requesting her appearance in Doyle.

Riga had ignored the letter.

She was no longer a metaphysical detective and couldn't leave her children, only seventeen months old and already bursting with magic.

The next night, the magician, Mrs. Steinberg, called.

Riga had said no again. Bafflingly, a year ago her familiar had turned into a human. And you don't leave an ex-gargoyle running amuck in human form without supervision.

Last night, Mrs. Steinberg called again. Riga had again said... no. Thanks. Really. Still retired from detecting. And her husband was having some tricky dealings with the government. She couldn't possibly leave.

And then the Devil appeared.