

A BRUSH WITH MURDER by Bailee Abbott

EXCERPT

I scowled, waving the light across the alley pavement until it rested directly in front of me. My eyes widened, and the phone slipped from my hand as the floodlight flickered. A scream built in my throat, and I couldn't stop the sound. A body lay at my feet with arms and legs spread out in a disturbing, awkward pose.

I back shuffled but couldn't pull my gaze from the horrible sight. A knife protruded from the neck while blood tinged the mop of white hair with red. The curved handle of the weapon looked familiar. So did the body. I cringed and clamped one hand over my mouth to keep from screaming again.

Fiona was dead, and she'd been stabbed with what looked to me like a painting knife.