

# LETHAL LEGACIES by Colleen J. Shogan

## EXCERPT

A moment later, the large, empty room was illuminated by the glass chandelier overhead. Trevor appeared right next to me. “Why are you sneaking around inside this building?”

A fair question, but I didn’t feel like explaining that in addition to the fact that I was a natural-born snoop, I also wanted to snap photos for Doug.

Instead, I kept it simple. “Just curious, I guess. The reception was wrapping up and you weren’t around. Neither was your boss.”

At that moment, Trevor’s face drained itself of color. For someone with a pale complexion in the middle of summer, it was alarming.

“What’s wrong? You look like you’ve seen a ghost,” I said.

Trevor pushed past me and made a beeline for the piano in the corner of the room. With Trevor showing up, I’d temporarily forgotten I’d spotted something underneath it. Now with the lights on, I looked down at my shoes. They were black flats, but some sort of colored substance covered the sides of them. I reached down and touched my finger lightly to my right shoe.

My heart skipped a beat. Unfortunately, from previous experience, I knew exactly what it was, and it wasn’t water. It was blood.