

# WILD SALVATION by Alfred Stifsim

## EXCERPT

The clouds began to break, allowing the white light of the thick crescent moon to shine down, lighting the road. As Johnson made his way back to the jail, he mulled over Rex's offer. His stay in Flatridge was his longest since fleeing Saint Andrews, and in that time, not a single traveler from out of town had showed any interest in him until Margret tried to get friendly. Then the next day, Cole Charles showed up, prodding around as if he were looking for more than just bandits. That didn't sit right with him. Could Margret's advances have been a ploy to catch him in a vulnerable state?

What if she's trying to trick me? he wondered. What if they're working together? Then he remembered. Cole Charles had been at the inn while he was drinking with Rex! What about Rex?

Johnson paused as he pulled up to the jail again and sat in silence for several minutes, staring out at the town before shaking his head. No, it's been a long day. You're letting it get to you.

The only reason Rex and Margret were still in town was because Cole Charles needed the stagecoach. Cole Charles was the only one worth worrying about. If it wasn't for his investigation, they'd have moved on by now. They'll both be gone by tomorrow. She'll be gone after tomorrow.