

Black Magic Murder by Polly Holmes

EXCERPT

A vibration jumped my phone across the dresser followed by a chorus of Dance Monkey. I picked it up to see Jordi's smile plastered on the screen.

Now what?

"Hello, Jordi. Did you forget something?" I asked, prepared for a quick talking answer.

"Um, no not really."

The awkward tone in her voice put me on edge. My free hand gripped the edge of the dresser.

"Jordi, what's wrong?"

"I think we have a problem," she said, an urgency in her tone that sent my blood cold.

"What are you talking about?"

"I was on my way home and drove past Salty Snips. There were police cars with sirens and flashing lights, and they'd cordoned off the entrance with tape."

Please don't say it. Please don't say it.

"Being the sticky beak that I am, I pulled over to check it out. Although they won't confirm it, I think you better get over here and fast. I believe we have a murderer loose in Saltwater Cove."

She said it.

Jordi wasn't wrong. As I turned down the road toward Salty Snips, blue and red police lights flashed while sirens pierced the air. A pile of cars had blocked off different parts of the street and the entrance to the hairdresser. That didn't stop the nosy onlookers from planting themselves at any available advantage point, mobile phones ready to take a photo or recording of what or who was the main attraction.

I pulled to the curb in the first available parking spot and grabbed my phone to call Jordi. I needn't have bothered; she was on a beeline for my car. My stomach tensed as I got out to greet her.

Three days out from my birthday and we have a new dead body in town. And I didn't even need a party!