

DEADLY. SET. VEGAS. BY Vanessa M. Knight EXCERPT

Kennedy knocked on the door. No answer. She need answers and Chuck's brother was the only one who might have them. She knocked again.

"Hold up," a graveled voice called through the door. A lock tumbled with a scrape and the door flew open. "What?"

Craig stood in the doorway wearing a faded Van Halen T-shirt and sweatpants with air-conditioning holes at the knees and hip. Eyes half-closed. Scruff lining his face. If she didn't know better, she'd swear he was homeless. He took one look at Kennedy and the door flew toward her.

Kennedy's arm blocked it from hitting her in the face. "Can we talk?"

"Why?"

"Your brother was murdered."

Craig's normally stoic face morphed into sadness. This was a man in mourning. "Can I come in?"

He looked behind him and shook his head. "I don't think that's a good idea."

"Why? I just have a few questions." When he didn't budge, she kept going. "I want to find out who did this. Don't you want that?"

He squinted at her. "Of course, I do. He was my only family."

"You have Darcy and the kids."

"They don't like me very much."

"Maybe they just don't know you. If you want me to tell them the truth, I'll listen." And she would. She needed to get to the truth by any means necessary. Even listening to a jilted brother.

Craig opened the door a smidge, barely letting Kennedy in. She turned her body to squeak by. Inside, plastic covered every inch of, well, everything. Tinfoil lined the windows. This was not the residence of a playboy with hooker tendencies.

Craig twisted the lock closed and open, closed and open, closed and open. Then he stopped on closed. He motioned to a pleather couch covered by a plastic sofa cover. "Have a seat."

The seat crinkled and popped when she sat on the shiny material.

“I didn’t kill my brother.”

“I didn’t think you did.” She couldn’t say that with conviction. There was something not right here. But Craig seemed to buy it. He sat in a chair across the room and relaxed. Kennedy leaned forward. “If you didn’t kill him, who did?”

“You won’t believe me. No one does.” He ran a hand through the scruff on his chin.

“Try me.”

“The aliens have been watching me for years.”

Ummm... Kennedy wasn’t sure what she expected to happen. But she could honestly say aliens weren’t anywhere near the top of her list.