

PROLOGUE

Saturday night, March 3rd

A sobbing and trembling Myra Taylor lies on the cold Nevada desert floor. Her hands are tied behind her back, and her ankles are cruelly bound. Though she cannot see the passing clouds high in the night sky, she can hear the unmistakable sounds of a shovel digging into the sand, with the earth tossed rudely to the side.

Two months ago, a chance encounter at Sprout's Farmers Market had changed everything. The agent's offer seemed like a lifeline amidst her struggles. Her infant son's medical bills had piled up, and the financial burden was overwhelming. Her job as an exotic dancer didn't pay enough. The substantial amount of money the agent promised felt like a divine intervention, a means to alleviate her worries and give her son a fighting chance. But now, the single mother wishes she'd never agreed to snitch her boss, Sonny Holman, off to the FBI.

"Don't kill me. Please don't kill me." The terror in her voice is unmistakable, even though the canvas hood dulls her frantic cries.

There is no response.

"Please, I'll do anything you want. Anything at all."

Still no response.

The twenty-seven year old brunette twists her wrists in a vain attempt to free herself. If only she could work the cord off one wrist, she could free her legs and run for it.

Then she hears a thump. Footsteps crunch in the sand, getting closer.

Her thoughts go back to her son and to the man she was in love with.

A pair of strong hands jerks her off the ground like she's a ragdoll. "Please don't. I have a baby boy. He's very sick. Please let me go. I'll be good. I'll do anything Sonny wants. I swear."

"You shoulda done that 'steada rattin us out to the fuckin feds," the man growled.

Myra finds herself thrown to the ground face-first. The impact knocks the breath out of her. She inhales, gasping in the canvas hood. The last two sounds she hears are the slam and slide of a semi-automatic handgun and the mournful howl of a lone coyote.