

Bit of a teaser from today's work

By Holly Lisle

This is from **Midnight Rain**

The killer has reached the heroine, the hero is trying to get to her in time to save her. Beyond that, you're on your own.

The wall to his left ran all the way out to the edge of the water. Alan had hoped to be able to run along one dock and jump to the other, but the neighbors had their dock on the opposite side of the property, with their little yacht tied up and waiting. No go. And he couldn't just hang onto the wall and shimmy around it from one side to the other – there was a sailboat blocking his path.

It took just a second for that fact to register, and Alan's gut spasmed. There was a sailboat tied up to their dock. Big, fancy, expensive. A gigantic fucking white whale of a yacht with a single mast soaring heavenward, its sails furled. They hadn't even considered the possibility of danger coming from that direction.

The only way past the yacht was through the water. He was going to have to swim for it.

This close to the ocean, sharks sometimes swam in the canals.

He was bleeding.

Phoebe and the killer were on the other side.

"Fuck it," he muttered, and dove in.

The salty water hurt like hell on his chest and forearm. He arrowed through the water, turning left just a little, because he didn't want to hit the boat, kicked hard, trying to get as much distance as he could before he had to surface, and finally came up about even with the front of the boat.

Something bumped his leg, hard, and swam on. Alan dug into the water, swimming hard, praying that he didn't get eaten before he could save Phoebe, and something hit him again. It was smooth, not sandpapery – so it wasn't a shark. But that didn't mean it didn't bite. And he smelled like food. He swam harder, grabbed the ladder that led up to the dock, felt something grab his ankle.

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