

The phone is dead, the lights go out ...

By Holly Lisle

... the killer is on his way, and the heroine is in a bad place that just keeps getting worse.

Done for the day. Reached 66,518 words, and I hit the end of the scene, and got the creepy stuff in there. And the first hint of how the killer, who is supposed to be in a coma back in Ohio, or locked up in a jail in Fort Lauderdale with a positive ID on his fingerprint, is still coming after her. And worked in a little bit of psychic stuff, too.

I had a LOT of fun with this scene.

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