



Thread of Fear (The Glass Sisters Series Book 1)

By Laura Griffin

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Jack never intended for Fiona to become so deeply involved in the case -- or in his life. But every instinct tells him she's his best hope for finding a psychopath who's lurking in plain sight, growing more ruthless with each passing day. And now that Fiona is right in the killer's crosshairs, the only way to keep her safe is to unravel a small town's darkest secrets, one terrifying thread at a time....

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Editorial Review

About the Author

New York Times bestselling author Laura Griffin is the author of the Tracers series, the Alpha Crew series, the Moreno & Hart series and several other novels. A two time RITA Award winner and the recipient of the Daphne du Maurier Award, she lives in Austin, where she is working on her next book. Visit her website at LauraGriffin.com and on Facebook at [Facebook.com/LauraGriffinAuthor](https://www.facebook.com/LauraGriffinAuthor).

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Chapter 1

Hartsfield-Jackson Atlanta International Airport

Wednesday, 4:05 p.m.

Fiona Glass was trained to notice faces, but even if she hadn't been, she would have noticed this one.

The man watching her from across the crowded concourse was a study in contrasts, from his receding hairline to his youthful, ruddy cheeks. His hair was strawberry blond -- the same color as Fiona's -- and a smattering of freckles covered the bridge of his once-broken nose.

But it was his eyes that really captured her attention. They were brown and serious and fixed squarely on her.

Fiona halted outside the arrival gate, creating a pileup of deplaning passengers.

"Sorry," she muttered, tugging her black roll-on bag out of the flow of traffic.

"Miss Glass?"

She glanced into the eyes that had been boring a hole in her just moments before.

"Garrett Sullivan, FBI," he said.

A special agent. His charcoal suit and forgettable tie should have been her tip-off. Fiona draped her coat over her arm and hitched the strap of her attaché case onto her shoulder so she could shake the hand he'd offered.

"I didn't know someone was coming to meet me," she said, pulling her hand back. "I was planning to take a cab."

The side of his mouth ticked up. "Didn't want you to get lost."

"Aren't we going to the police station?"

"Change of plan." He commandeered her suitcase and led her into the river of people, creating a path for her in his wake. He wasn't tall -- probably five-nine -- but he was bulky in the way of an athlete who had let things slide.

"Any checked bags?" he asked over his shoulder.

"No."

He obviously wasn't going to fill her in yet, so Fiona simply followed him through the concourse. Glancing around at all the harried business travelers, she smoothed her French braid and adjusted her lapels. She didn't like suits, but she wouldn't dream of wearing anything else to a meeting with police and FBI agents, most of whom would be men. Those occasions called for drab, wrinkle-resistant clothes, which she kept in the carry-on bag that lived in her car. Today's gray suit was double-breasted and had the added advantage of concealing her figure. She looked tailored. Conservative. Professional.

She looked like Sullivan.

"We're going to the house," the agent finally explained. "The media wanted fresh sound bites for five o'clock, so there's a press conference scheduled at police headquarters in twenty minutes. Things are quiet at the residence now, and we thought it'd be a good time to get you out there."

"Okay." Fiona blew out a breath and mentally adjusted her expectations for the evening. She'd hoped to be thoroughly briefed on the case before she met with the child. She didn't want to go in unprepared. All she knew about this kid was that he was "highly traumatized," which could mean anything.

They passed the escalator leading down to ground transportation, and Fiona stopped. "Don't we -- ?"

"We're out here."

He led her to a roped-off area near a bank of metal detectors and X-ray machines. A line of passengers snaked back and forth, their boarding passes and IDs held out for inspection. A security guard gave Sullivan a crisp nod, then unclipped the nylon strap from the stand and waved them through. Less than a minute later, Fiona stood on the curb beside a white Ford Taurus that had been illegally parked in the passenger-drop-off lane. Sullivan waved at the orange-vested guard patrolling the sidewalk as he opened Fiona's door.

She slid into the car, discombobulated by the change of plan but grateful to be whisked away from the airport so efficiently. Fiona hated airports. They were inevitably bipolar -- filled with people either frantically stressed out or morbidly bored.

She fastened her seat belt and stowed her attaché and coat at her feet. The interior of the Taurus felt warm, meaning Sullivan couldn't have been waiting long inside the terminal. For some reason that came as a relief. Sullivan slammed her suitcase into the trunk and then opened the driver's-side door to admit a gust of chilly air. Georgia wasn't known for its bitter winters, but the entire South was in the midst of a cold snap. Even Austin was expecting snow tonight.

Fiona watched the agent settle in behind the wheel. She placed him at thirty-eight, maybe forty years old.

"Tell me about the case," she said.

He turned up the heater and pulled out into traffic.

"Shelby Sherwood. Age ten. Last seen by her brother Monday afternoon."

"And she was taken from her home?"

"Yep. Man came to the front door. Rang the bell, we think."

So far he was only repeating what Fiona already knew from CNN this morning. She typically avoided news

broadcasts, but she'd been surfing for weather updates, and the story had caught her attention. At the time, she hadn't imagined that a few hours later she'd be abandoning her Survey of Western Art class to rush to the airport.

"Tell me about the witness," she said.

Sullivan twisted his body around to retrieve something from the backseat, all the while steering the car onto Interstate 85.

"Colter Sherwood. Age six. Was home from school watching *Power Rangers* in the living room when Shelby answered the door." He flipped through the file in his lap, taking his eyes off the road and making Fiona's heart palpitate. "First-grader at Green Meadows Elementary. Same school as his sister."

Sullivan unclipped something from the manila folder and passed it to Fiona. It was a color copy of Shelby's school photo, the one that had been all over the television this morning. Shelby's straight brown hair hung past her shoulders, and she wore a purple and pink striped T-shirt. The photograph made Fiona uneasy. Shelby's expression wasn't the carefree smile of a typical ten-year-old girl. Neither was it the sullen look you might expect from a middle-schooler. It was a tense smile, very self-conscious. Fiona studied the girl's tightly closed lips.

"She has braces?"

Sullivan glanced at her, startled. "How'd you know that?"

"You can tell from the picture. She's trying to hide them. What's with the makeup?"

His gaze shifted back to the road. "I noticed that, too. Not exactly age appropriate, huh?"

"For a fifth-grader? I wouldn't think so. Especially if her fifth grade is part of an elementary school like you said. You guys need to get a photograph of Shelby in braces circulating, pronto."

"We're working on it. Apparently Shelby hasn't smiled for the camera since the braces went on."

"How old is this picture?"

"September, I think."

Four months probably wouldn't make much difference in the girl's appearance, assuming she hadn't cut or dyed her hair recently. Still, they needed a photo with the braces.

A horn blared as Sullivan skated across two lanes of traffic. Fiona glanced over her shoulder.

"Are we late for something?"

"I'm trying to get you to the house while the media's distracted," he said. "No one knows you're here, and we'd like to keep it that way."

"That's going to be tricky when we release a sketch of the subject tonight."

"That's *if* we release a sketch. We're not sure the brother saw anything."

Fiona looked up from the photograph, surprised. "Then why am I here?"

"His beanbag chair was parked in front of the television, not fifteen feet from the front door, but he says he didn't see the guy."

"And why don't you believe him?"

"Because when the mother came home from work, the kid was distraught. Shelby was missing, and all he kept saying was, 'I didn't see him.' That's pretty much all he's said for the past two days. No one can get anything else out of him -- not his mom, not the cops, not the shrink we brought in. He's freaked out, so we're pretty sure he saw *something*. That's why we called you."

Fiona stared down at the school portrait and shook her head.

"What? You don't think you're up to it?"

She lifted her gaze, and Sullivan was smiling at her.

"Aw, come on," he said. "You're supposed to be magic with traumatized kids. It's all in your file. You're the rising star in forensic art."

Fiona pressed her lips together and looked away. "This is my last case. I'm retiring."

The car filled with silence as he digested this. She hoped he wouldn't press her on it. She didn't want to explain. All she wanted right now was to do her job and get back on a plane.

She glanced over. Sullivan was eyeing her with amused disbelief.

"*You* want to retire. You're what, thirty?"

"Twenty-nine."

He tipped his head back and laughed, and Fiona's spine stiffened. She didn't expect him to understand. But she didn't owe him an explanation.

"Who's home with Colter?" she asked, changing the subject.

His smile disappeared. "The mother and grandmother."

"And the dad?"

"Deceased. Drunk-driving accident about a year ago."

"Okay."

"Mom hasn't left the house since Monday night," he continued. "Doesn't want to be gone in case there's a call. She's convinced Shelby has her cell phone with her, although we haven't confirmed that."

"And is Mom a suspect?"

He cast her a sidelong glance. "Mom's always a suspect."

"You know what I mean. Any weird behavior? Boyfriends who don't check out?"

"So far, no. Everything we've got indicates a stranger abduction."

So Sullivan had leads he wasn't sharing. Fiona wasn't surprised. Her job was to provide information, both visual and otherwise, to investigators, but the information tended to flow one way. Most detectives she'd worked with operated on a need-to-know basis, and the artist didn't need to know anything not directly related to the drawing.

A muffled snippet of Vivaldi emanated from the pile near Fiona's feet. She dragged her case out from beneath her coat and rummaged around until she found her phone. The caller ID showed a Texas area code, the same one that had popped up on the screen three times today. It would be that detective again. He'd lef...

Users Review

From reader reviews:

Donna Bauer:

This Thread of Fear (The Glass Sisters Series Book 1) book is absolutely not ordinary book, you have after that it the world is in your hands. The benefit you get by reading this book is actually information inside this book incredible fresh, you will get data which is getting deeper an individual read a lot of information you will get. This kind of Thread of Fear (The Glass Sisters Series Book 1) without we know teach the one who looking at it become critical in pondering and analyzing. Don't possibly be worry Thread of Fear (The Glass Sisters Series Book 1) can bring any time you are and not make your tote space or bookshelves' grow to be full because you can have it in your lovely laptop even mobile phone. This Thread of Fear (The Glass Sisters Series Book 1) having very good arrangement in word in addition to layout, so you will not really feel uninterested in reading.

Walter Gagne:

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Emmaline Jett:

The book untitled Thread of Fear (The Glass Sisters Series Book 1) contain a lot of information on that. The writer explains your ex idea with easy technique. The language is very simple to implement all the people, so do not necessarily worry, you can easy to read this. The book was authored by famous author. The author provides you in the new period of time of literary works. You can read this book because you can continue reading your smart phone, or model, so you can read the book inside anywhere and anytime. In a situation you wish to purchase the e-book, you can open their official web-site as well as order it. Have a nice study.

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