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# Ghost

by Teah Hunter Knorr

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# *Ghost*

*Teah Hunter Knorr*

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ISBN: 978-1-64718-539-8

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Published by Abuzz Press, St. Petersburg, Florida.

Printed on acid-free paper.

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Abuzz Press  
2020

First Edition

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data  
Knorr, Teah Hunter  
Ghost by Teah Hunter Knorr  
Library of Congress Control Number: 2020938381

## 72 hours earlier

Skye sat silently at the dinner table, her fingers drummed on the wooden countertop as her eyes scanned the crowd around her.

She hated dating. It was tedious and pointless. It was a waste of money and time and she could honestly be doing anything else right now.

Never mind the fact that her date was **late**.

For the last thirty minutes she'd tried not looking at the clock every second. But whenever someone entered the restaurant her eyes involuntarily flicked to the hands ticking each second of her life away, every movement reminded her what a waste of time this was.

She suddenly perked up when a tall, dark haired man entered the restaurant and walked straight toward her table. She tried to make it subtle by looking around him but it was obvious she was staring. When he approached the table she was about to smile when he kept walking and didn't even glance in her direction.

"Alright. I'm done." She tried dating and realized too quickly how much she now despised it.

Walking up to the entrance she bumped into a cute guy who looked unnaturally sweaty. He did a double take at her and his eyes widened.

“A-are you Skye?”

She paused for a second. And then with a big smile she pushed open the door. “Nope.”

“W-wait but-“

“Sorry. Got the wrong girl pal.” She heard him sigh but she was too impatient to try and do it all over again, not including having to explain to him why she was on her way out, or how him being late made her feel. Ugh. She shivered at the thought of trying and opening herself up.

Walking out of the building she heard the door click behind her and she was finally able to relax.

Walking to her car she was about to pull out her keys when she heard a groan beside her. Turning she looked down a small, dark street hidden between apartment buildings.

Peering closer she saw a man stumbling and catch himself on a trash bin. Stepping away she was about to turn back when she saw his body suddenly jerk forward. He stepped towards her, his face finally coming into view.

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Skye froze at the blood soaking through the front of his shirt. Reaching into her back pocket, she pulled out her phone to dial 911 when he tripped and fell forward. Glancing down she gasped at the large knife sticking out of the man's back.

Instead of helping the man who was possibly dying before her, Skye's vision was locked on a dark figure twenty feet away.

As she watched the dark figure, it was turning to walk away. Peering closer she caught a glimpse of his face in the light.

Stepping back she jumped at the sound of people rushing over to her. Some woman was talking frantically as a man yelled for someone to call 911. Retreating towards her car she shook her head as her date walked up to her.

"Hey, uh, what happened?" Shaking her head again, Skye blocked everything out and got in her car.

\* \* \*

When she got to her apartment she walked in and her roommate was instantly off the couch.

"Well?"

She didn't look at Kenna as she took off her coat and hung it on the rack. "Well, what?"

"How did the date go? It was a little faster than I thought it would be but..."

Sighing Skye walked to the fridge to grab a water. When she turned her roommate stood in front of her.

"Skye. Why are you home?"

"Because I live here."

The water was snatched from her hands before she could even take a sip. Frowning she tried reaching for it when Kenna dodged her attempt.

"Don't give me that crap. I asked you to give the guy a chance. Did you even go?"

Now frustrated and tired she glared at her roommate. "Yes, actually I did. And it was fun while I waited by myself for a guy to stand me up. By the time I got up to go he had just arrived, and I'm sorry, but I didn't have the patience to stay and listen to his excuses."

Kenna was silent for a second. "He was late."

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It wasn't a question but Skye answered it anyways. "Yes. He was, and now I'm tired and thirsty, so can I please have my water back?"

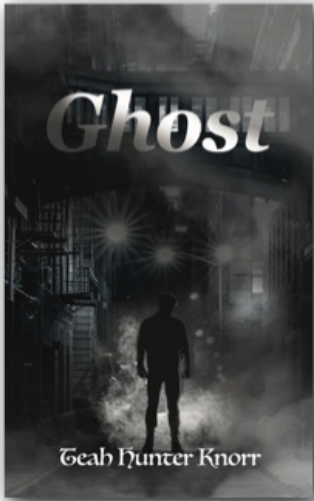
Kenna nodded and handed it back. Without another word Skye took a sip and then headed straight to her room. Before she could close the door a hand grabbed the edge.

"What if I set you up with—"

Flicking Kenna's hand away she glared at her roommate. "Not a chance."







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