

# *And So It Goes*



**Evelyn Allen Harper**



*When the search for a four-leaf clover turns deadly, the scene is set for an exciting new adventure in the fifth book of the Accidental Mystery Series. Finding two bodies in a ditch begins a mystery that involves our friends at Allen Real Estate. Medical fraud, secret witness protection, lost dogs, and a Michigan black bear share the story that will delight you when Lucky, our special dog, again steals the spotlight.*

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**Welcome to the fifth book of  
The Accidental Mystery Series.**

**Books in the series:**

And So To Sleep  
And So To Dream  
The Wrath of Grapes  
And So To Love  
And So It Goes

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## CHAPTER 1



IT WAS THE first summer in her memory that she hadn't found a four-leaf clover. It wasn't as if she had actively looked for them. Well, sometimes she did, but it often appeared as if they were looking for her. A casual stroll across the lawn, a glance down at the ground and, in the middle of a patch of three-leaved clovers, one would jump out at her. As a child, she'd stop in the middle of running when a four-leaf clover seemed to pop up, just for her.

If she hadn't thought about it, not finding one wouldn't have bothered her. But once she had, it became an obsession. Did not finding one mean something? Good luck had followed her all her life, but then she had been finding four-leaf clovers all those summers.

Fearful that there was a deeper, darker meaning in her failed quest, she found herself inventing excuses to walk in unexplored areas, going further and further away from the house, her eyes not on the beautiful countryside, but on the grassy areas beside the road.

And there, with its head poking higher than any of the weeds and clover surrounding it, was the biggest, most beautiful four-leaf clover that she had ever seen.

Letting out a big sigh, she was surprised that finding the clover was such a relief. If you'd have asked her before this four-leaf cloverless summer, she would have assured you that she didn't have a superstitious bone in her body.

With her arms outstretched, she worked her way into the ditch, separating the weeds as she went. Within reach of the clover, her foot

caught on something. Concentrating on picking her prize while maintaining her balance, she waited until the clover was safely in her possession before she glanced down to see what had caused her to stumble.

Half concealed by the weeds lay a man dressed in formal attire. Stifling a scream, she staggered out of the ditch. Too shocked to think clearly, she stood on quivering legs in the middle of the logging road, still clutching her good-luck clover in a shaky hand.

The scene, the makings of a very bad dream, quickly turned into a nightmare when the man raised his head and looked at her. Stunned, her mouth went dry and her heart lurched; shaking her head, she backed away. When his mouth began to move and his pleading eyes begged her to listen, she fought the urge to flee, but could she really run away from someone who so desperately needed help?

Stepping closer, her eyes found the source of the heavy flow of blood that was forming a puddle in the ditch; the man had been shot in the chest. Now, realizing that he was in no condition to harm her, she pushed aside the weeds to kneel by his side, her ear close to his mouth.

In the bushes across the two-track road, another man, also dressed in formal attire, was seething at the intrusion. In his rush to hide from the unexpected nosy walker, his only choice had been a slender tree. Trying to make himself fit behind it, he was standing sideways, watching. Where had she come from? The last thing he needed was a witness.

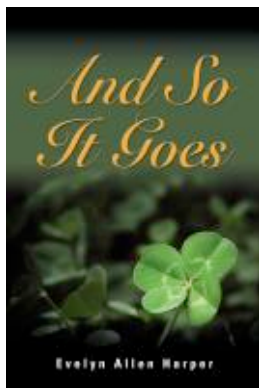
He held his breath as he watched her put her head down, looking as if she were listening. Reality hit when the woman removed a cell phone from her pocket while raising her eyes to scan the area.

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Damn! His well-aimed first bullet hadn't finished the job! The woman probably had been told his name and she was about to share it.

Stepping out from behind the tree, he took aim and fired.

The woman, with a phone in one hand and the prized four-leaf clover in the other, gasped. With wild eyes looking directly at her killer, she tumbled backward, landing on the man in the ditch. Since she wasn't alive when a second bullet whizzed past her, she never felt the body under her give one last shudder.



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