

Sneak Peak of The Wraith's Return

August 2024

The first time Kyra heard it, it didn't quite register, but the second time she heard the name, her eyes traveled to the television almost without volition.

She squinted at the screen. A broadcaster dressed in an appalling Hawaiian shirt stood in front of grayed-out weather-beaten buildings. Cormorants stood on seaweed covered pilings along a long dock. *Menemsha*.

"The two victims have been identified as employees of Rose Marine Salvage. The police have detained two men for questioning: Terry Rose of San Jose, California and owner of Rose Marine Salvage and local businessman Andre Gould, III, proprietor of the Wraith & Bone restaurant in Edgartown here on Martha's Vineyard. Investigators have declined to provide a cause of death but have released the images from the illegal night dive. Please use discretion in watching the video. It contains graphic material."

Kyra stood. The blanket she'd wrapped around her legs fell to the floor. She stepped closer to the TV. The footage was grainy. In the beam of the camera's spotlight, Kyra made out seaweed swaying in the current, a sandy seabed. She sucked in a sharp breath, dreading what she knew was coming.

The diver controlling the camera panned up and over. Another diver swam into the beam of light, strands of hair floating around her goggles. Delicate hands made motions, communicating something to her partner. Kyra had little doubt who those hands belonged to. Her own hands fisted the bottom of her shirt.

Jaycee dug around in the sand, shining a light on the ocean floor. She brushed the sand aside, revealing what looked like a rough wooden beam. Kyra's mouth fell open. She stepped closer to the screen. Despite the poor video quality, she could see a woman's face emerge from the sand. Her carved hair was swept back from her forehead, her mouth agape in a frozen scream.

“The *Keres*.”