

# NOVEMBER KNIGHT



JUSTICE, MONTANA SERIES  
- BOOK THREE -

## DEBBI MIGIT



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Published by Scrivenings Press LLC

15 Lucky Lane

Morrilton, Arkansas 72110

<https://ScriveningsPress.com>

Printed in the United States of America

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Editors: Elena Hill and Susan Page Davis

Paperback ISBN 978-1-64917-345-4

eBook ISBN 978-1-64917-346-1

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*For my children, Alex, Ethan, and Kate. You are my very best blessings!*



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Thank you to my cousin, Krista, for being my partner in (fictional) crime.

Thank you to Linda Fulkerson, Elena Hill, Susan Davis, and all of my friends in the Scrivenings Press family



## PROLOGUE



*Sierra*

I pull my car into a parking spot at Selway Park on the outskirts of Dillon, Montana. The leaves of the aspen trees rustle in the November wind, reminding me that autumn is almost over, and winter is coming. But today is sunny, even if it's chilly, and I'm glad I agreed to meet Sophie here instead of on campus.

I was hesitant at first to join the Montana Mentors program, but just a few weeks with Sophie has settled my fears. At age twelve, she is bright and funny, with just a little bit of attitude. I understand. I've been developing my own attitude since beginning college two months ago. Nothing serious, just a restless urge for freedom.

On cue, my phone rings, and I see *Mom* on the caller ID. My fingers hover over the button. Should I answer? I love my mom—I really do. We've been alone since my dad was killed in Afghanistan eleven years ago. But I'm nearly twenty now, and it's time I get to make my own adventures.

I slide the phone into my pocket and climb out of the car, scanning the park for Sophie. She's sitting on a bench, her

slender shoulders hunched against the breeze. Before I can call out to her, an SUV pulls up to the curb near her, and two women climb out. One is tall, wearing skin-tight black leggings with a leopard print jacket, red heels, and bright red lipstick. The other is younger and seems reluctant to follow.

My heart races as they approach Sophie, and I run flat out toward them. I'm on the varsity volleyball team at the University of Montana, and I'm suddenly thankful for those dreaded wind sprints Coach uses for torture. She calls it training, but hey, potato, potahto.

"Sophie!" My voice carries to the trio, and Sophie jumps up, only to be pushed onto the bench by the older woman.

I put on a burst of speed and nearly overshoot them. Grabbing the back of the bench, I stop my race and gasp, "Sophie, come with me. Right now."

Sophie tries to stand again, but the younger woman sits next to Sophie, holding her in place.

"Who are you? What do you want?" I demand.

A man approaches, and even at a distance, I can smell the acrid scent of garlic on his breath. At least he's safe from vampires.

"We just want Sophie, but since you crashed our party you're comin', too." Garlic Breath grabs Sophie's arm and hauls her up. "C'mon, Sophie Girl, you're gonna take a little ride with us," he says. Sophie swings around, her hand reaching for me, terror in her eyes.

"No, she is not." I say firmly. Well, as firmly as I can with whole-body tremors. I scan the park, looking for anyone to help us, but no one is around.

"Why?" Sophie's voice is steady, and I'm proud of her. "Who are you?"

"Well, ain't that the forty-six-thousand-dollar question," Garlic Breath cackles.

"Sixty-four," the first woman and I say at the same time.

"Huh?" Garlic Breath looks between the two of us.



“Never mind.” She sighs.

“Anywho, my name ain’t none of your business, little girl. Just know that your Uncle Travis has something that belongs to me. Something I want really bad. So, I figure I’ll take something of his. Something to encourage him to give it back.” While his tone seems almost friendly, I quickly look at his eyes, and a shudder passes down my spine. This man is dangerous.

“You’ll have to find another way to negotiate with Travis,” I say. “Sophie’s not part of the deal.”

“Now, I agree I have to change my plans just a little bit, seein’ as you showed up unexpected like.” Garlic Breath glares at the women. “Get ’em in the car.”

“No!” Sophie and I struggle as the women grab us.

“Well, ain’t it fortunate I remembered to bring my persuader along.” All affability is gone as Garlic Breath pulls a gun and herds us toward the SUV. Sophie and I are shoved onto the filthy floor in the back while the older woman climbs into the driver’s seat.

“Keys,” Garlic Breath snaps.

“What?” I stare up at him, my heart racing.

“Give me your car keys.” He speaks slowly like he’s talking to a toddler.

I glare at him but toss my keys in his direction. He catches them in midair then passes them to the younger woman, who stands outside the SUV.

“Follow us,” he commands tersely.

Garlic Breath settles into the front passenger seat and turns to point the gun in our direction. “Okay, girlies, here we go,” he sings out. “Consider yourselves kidnapped.”