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— R. H Burkett, award-winning author

I highly recommend this book!

— Linda Apple, award-winning author and inductee into the Arkansas Writers Hall of Fame

I can't wait for the next book in this series to release.

— Susan Page Davis, bestselling author, Will Rogers Medallion recipient, and two-time Inspirational Readers' Choice Award winner

SHOW ME
DECEIT



SHOW ME MYSTERIES – BOOK TWO

ELLEN E. WITHERS



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All characters are fictional, and any resemblance to real people, either factual or historical, is purely coincidental.

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To the readers of the first book of the Show Me Mysteries series, Show Me Betrayal. Thank you for your enthusiasm and support.

To Kristi Ponder, who cried happy tears when reading Show Me Betrayal because she was holding my dream in her hands. I pray every writer is blessed with friends and family who understand the importance of having a dream come true.

Chapter One



An Unrepentant Thief

The aroma of bacon and pancakes underscored my hunger. I scanned the crowd as casually as possible while making my way to the far end of the hole-in-the-wall diner. Thankfully no faces were recognizable.

I eased into the back corner booth—the best observation point, and no one could approach unnoticed. It also allowed me to spot anyone showing more than a passing interest in what was to transpire tonight.

Two hours later, I'd consumed a gallon of coffee and the breakfast special. Big T never showed, leaving me to fidget on a sticky table. The longer I waited, the more my fury grew. No one makes me wait. Highly disrespectful. The audacity. Big T had never been that brave before. Why now?

Fifteen minutes later, the bulge in the front pocket of my raincoat reminded me that something wasn't right. An envelope stuffed with that much cash wouldn't get away from Big T under normal circumstances. He'd always made it to our

meetings, even if late, to claim his payment. We traded the goods he would steal for cash or drugs. Big T wouldn't have given up the opportunity for this money. His addiction wouldn't allow it.

I scanned the diner one last time and accepted that he wasn't going to show. My stomach twisted. Something had gone wrong. Bad wrong.

Did he accidentally set off the alarm? Had someone seen him enter? Did he get arrested? A million different disasters could have prevented his appearance. Which one could it be?

He'd better not rat me out. I'll kill him.

Time to go. No use giving these strangers a chance to notice my presence. I threw down a twenty-dollar bill and walked out the door. The overstuffed envelope, still in my pocket, hit rhythmically against my thigh as I made my way through the parking lot and into my car.

The radio blasted rock and roll when my car started. The music that accompanied my earlier enthusiasm morphed into annoying noise. I punched it off and drummed my fingers on the dashboard.

Something bad kept Big T from showing.

The challenge was waiting for gossip or news reporting to unveil the reason.