

DATE: 4/21

SUN SIGN: Sun in Taurus

MOON PHASE: Moon in Aries, Waning, Balsamic

TODAY'S WEATHER

Stormy. Gray clouds squat atop the Sierras and dull the lake to sullen mercury. Donovan's boat bumps and scrapes against the dock like Marley's ghost.

SIGNS AND OMENS

Did I mention the weather?

TAROT CARD OF THE DAY

5 of Coins.

Me, begging to get paid. Or someone's coming, and they want something. From me.

MORNING TO DO: ALIGNED ACTIONS

ACTION #1: Track down R. Holmes and get paid for the invoice I sent 2 months ago

WHEN? 7 AM. D's not a morning person
THIS ACTION WILL MOVE ME TOWARD MY GOAL OF: A profitable metaphysical detective agency. Donovan reminds me we don't need the money, but it's the principle of the thing.

ACTION #2: Practice door unlock spell
WHEN? Afternoon
THIS ACTION WILL MOVE ME TOWARD MY GOAL OF: Stop melting doorknobs. It's embarrassing.

NIGHT JOURNAL, AKA WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

My aunts. My aunts! How can such innocent looking old ladies be so dangerous? They turned up on my doorstep this morning (somehow getting past the guards) with a treasure map in the form of a periplus. I had to look that word up. Note: it means a description of coastline.

And since they're so frail (ha), they want me to follow it. What's at the X, you ask? The Armor of Achilles!

Even if it did exist (and it can't - can it?) what do they need with impenetrable armor? Are they planning on knocking over a bank?

I need to get rid of them before Donovan comes home. He's been wary of my aunts since that body switching incident that played havoc with our wedding. But I don't think he could resist a treasure map...

DATE: 4/22

SUN SIGN: Sun in Taurus

MOON PHASE: Moon in Aries, Waning, Balsamic

TODAY'S WEATHER

Clear and sunny. If all goes well, I can use the charms of Lake Tahoe to distract my aunts. Or I'll just take them to the Pancake Shack.

SIGNS AND OMENS

An eagle chased a hawk from his perch atop our tallest pine. He seemed quite proud of himself, until several minutes later, the hawk circled back, bulleting from out of nowhere, and drove off the larger bird.

Who's the eagle? Who's the hawk? Was it just one of nature's shows or something more?

TAROT CARD OF THE DAY

8 of Wands.

A message.
Or something coming at me fast.

MORNING TO DO: ALIGNED ACTIONS

ACTION #1: Keep aunts out of Donovan's hair.

WHEN? All day.
THIS ACTION WILL MOVE ME TOWARD MY GOAL OF: A restful life

ACTION #2: See Action #1
WHEN?
THIS ACTION WILL MOVE ME TOWARD MY GOAL OF:

NIGHT JOURNAL, AKA WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

My aunts were on their best behavior. That should have tipped me off.

At midnight, 12 men attacked by water, splashing onto our beach. A 13th watched from the boat. Brigitte saved us — woke us, warned us.

They disabled our security system and blocked our cell signals. I hustled the aunts into the safe room, and Donovan got to the gun safe.

He managed to shoot two. I got one. But Brigitte won the day. No one really expects a gargoyle in a fight, and Brigitte's stone is impervious to bullets (I suspect magical enhancement). Together we drove them back to their Zodiacs.

The sheriff didn't find a single drop of blood. The only shell casings were our own. My protective wards were never triggered, but magic was afoot.



DATE: 4/23

SUN SIGN: Sun in Taurus

MOON PHASE: Witch's Moon in Taurus

TODAY'S WEATHER

Clear. Still.

MORNING TO DO: ALIGNED ACTIONS

ACTION #1: Find out what else my aunts are hiding.

WHEN? ASAP

THIS ACTION WILL MOVE ME TOWARD MY GOAL OF: Keeping us safe

ACTION #2: Discover the starting point of the periplus

WHEN? Start this morning

THIS ACTION WILL MOVE ME TOWARD MY GOAL OF: Ending whatever my aunts have started.

NIGHT JOURNAL, AKA WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

Our competitor for th

SIGNS AND OMENS

The morning seems a little too quiet. Like something's waiting. There's an oppression in the air, but maybe that's just a hangover from last night's dream. I dreamed I was being smothered, something was pressing down on me, squeezing the air from my lungs. I woke up, gasping. I imagined I could still feel that pressure over breakfast.

TAROT CARD OF THE DAY

The Tower.
Upset. Disaster.

I really hate this card.

DATE: 4/24

SUN SIGN:

MOON PHASE:

TODAY'S WEATHER

SIGNS AND OMENS

TAROT CARD OF THE DAY

MORNING TO DO: ALIGNED ACTIONS

ACTION #1:
WHEN?

THIS ACTION WILL MOVE ME TOWARD MY GOAL OF:

ACTION #2:
WHEN?

THIS ACTION WILL MOVE ME TOWARD MY GOAL OF:

NIGHT JOURNAL, AKA WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

They attacked again last night by air.

A guard, Sam, is dead. I liked Sam.

I don't know how I can live with this. If I'd been quicker, if I'd moved us sooner... I feel sick. And angry.

It's the first time Donovan's lost a guard. He's beside himself, though he's trying not to console me rather than show it. That makes me ill too.

I saw the 13th man again during the latest attack. He must be their leader, because I sensed magic on him. And death. It clings to him like a cloak.

I tell myself we were lucky we didn't lose more. It's poor comfort.

We can't stay where we are any longer. We can't afford to wait for a third attack. I won't lose any more people.



DATE: 4/25

SUN SIGN: Sun in Taurus

MOON PHASE: Waxing crescent in Gemini

TODAY'S WEATHER

Mediterranean storm

SIGNS AND OMENS

Sighted a water spout off the coast of Rhodes. The only one who believed me was Brigitte.

TAROT CARD OF THE DAY

♠ of Swords.

Passage from rough waters to smooth.

Tarot gets literal— the universe being a smartass

MORNING TO DO: ALIGNED ACTIONS

ACTION #1: Unpuzzle the periplus

WHEN? Now

THIS ACTION WILL MOVE ME TOWARD

MY GOAL OF: Finding the armor. If the people who killed Sam want it so bad, they can come and get it. Sam deserves justice. He'll get that if it kills me.

ACTION #2: Raid aunts' baggage

WHEN? Whenever I get the chance

THIS ACTION WILL MOVE ME TOWARD

MY GOAL OF: Figuring out what they're not telling me.

NIGHT JOURNAL, AKA WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

Donovan was the one who urged us onward, but I see vengeance in his eyes. Turkey, the location of Troy and spot of Achilles's death, was our logical starting point.

Following a written rather than a drawn map of a coastline is... a challenge. Villages have become cities, and cities have crumbled into the sands. Fortunately, the map itself was written during the late medieval period, so we only have six centuries of past to work our way through.

We creep along in our rental yacht (yes, they're a thing) and debate the shape of rocks. Could that formation be the griffin? Is this cliff shaped like a nose?

Brigitte is seasick. The aunts are enjoying themselves too much. Still haven't gotten a chance to rummage through their bags.

DATE: 4/26

SUN SIGN: Taurus

MOON PHASE: Waxing crescent in Gemini

TODAY'S WEATHER

Clear and blue, making it easy for our pursuers to spot us. We dart from cove to cove and anxiously scan the horizon.

SIGNS AND OMENS

A falcon plucked a wriggling fish out of the Mediterranean. Somehow, it escaped its talons and landed, stunned, on our boat. I threw it back but don't have much hope for the poor thing. Donovan complained we could have had it for breakfast.

TAROT CARD OF THE DAY

♠ of Wands, reversed.

Travel challenges.

MORNING TO DO: ALIGNED ACTIONS

ACTION #1: Journey to the Akashic library

WHEN? Moonrise

THIS ACTION WILL MOVE ME TOWARD

MY GOAL OF: Same same

ACTION #2: Let's see where action #1 takes us, shall we?

WHEN?

THIS ACTION WILL MOVE ME TOWARD MY GOAL OF:

NIGHT JOURNAL, AKA WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

As Brigitte pointed out, our quest was hopeless. We were trying to read the periplus through its author's eyes, but it was impossible. We didn't know our author. He died centuries ago. Our problem wasn't just that the coast had changed. Even if it hadn't, even if we were looking at the exact coast our long-dead author had viewed, we couldn't see it as he did, because sight, like our other senses, is subjective.

But, as Brigitte also pointed out, one of us *could* see through his eyes. All I had to do was journey to the astral plane and the Akashic Library, find the book with our author's life story, and read it.

I've been there before to check out my own book, but never another's. Brigitte, however, assured me it was doable and not at all unethical.





NOTES

I stood on the marble steps of a vast building guarded by stone sphinxes. Columns topped by lotus blossoms bracketed its tall, double doors. The skin prickled between my shoulder blades, and I glanced behind me at a wall of fog. Iridescent shimmer blinked in seemingly random patterns in the roiling mist. It looked innocent.

Delightful, even. Except for that prickling feeling. I jogged up the steps, my footsteps echoing hollowly. The cool, stone doors were locked, and that was the first sign things were about to go wrong. The Akashic library is never locked. I knocked. No one came. Finally, I used my door unlock spell. It turns out it doesn't work right on the astral plane either, and molten metal dripped down the stone. But the doors opened, and I hurried inside. The sensation of being watched ceased as soon as the doors shut behind me. Bookshelves soared toward the vaulted ceiling, lost in clouds. I knew it wouldn't matter which book I chose. As long as my intention was to find the book of life of the author of our periplus, that would be the book I'd found. But I was curious about my pursuer. He or she obviously had a magical practitioner working for them. Was the magician the leader of their expedition or a hired gun? I darted left and rounded the corner of one of the impossibly tall bookshelves, and I waited. After a few minutes (though time is difficult to parse here), the doors creaked open. A man walked in. I clamped my mouth shut to smother a gasp. For what a man. He had the head of a jackal and the bronzed, half-naked body of a man. He was clad only in a skirt of fine, Egyptian linen. Royal bracelets decorated his wrists and collars of lapis lazuli and jasper, malachite and gold his throat. Anubis. I pressed myself flat against the bookshelf and swallowed. I was not, was absolutely not, being pursued by the ancient Egyptian god of the dead. The magician had somehow managed to clothe himself in this illusion, which either meant I was dealing with an illusionist, and/or he had a colossal ego. I mean... Anubis?

I listened to his receding footsteps, then moved in the opposite direction and deeper into the library. Finally, I stopped and cocked my head, listening. Hearing nothing, I reached for a book, and hesitated. Once I opened the book, I'd be vulnerable, lost in the vision. But I'd come here for answers, and I knew "Anubis" would be opening his own book. Hopefully, he'd be too busy visioning to search for me.

I slid the book from the shelf. A breeze sighed through the library, rustling my hair. I froze. I swallowed and opened the book.

The ship swayed violently beneath me. Pressing a rough cloth to my mouth, I staggered up the steps and into the bitter air, my hair whipping into my eyes. White, chalk cliffs streaked with black rose before me and a series of crenelated gray stone towers atop lush green. This wasn't the Mediterranean. I knew this place. I'd been here. And then the vision shuddered, splintered and I was back in the library.

Hands gripped my throat. I kicked helplessly, gasping for air. Anubis slammed me against the bookshelves. I clawed at his eyes, and my fingertips slid off his golden mask. My head swam. I punched him in the throat with the flat of my hand, and he released me. The brief thought that he was man, not god, swam through my brain, when I shouldn't have been thinking at all. "Home!" I shouted, and the shelves, the library, the fog, flew away from me and I was back on our yacht.



DATE: 4/27

SUN SIGN: Sun in Taurus

MOON PHASE: Waxing crescent in Cancer

TODAY'S WEATHER

Cloudy.

SIGNS AND OMENS

A massive scarab landed on my shoulder this morning. I quickly brushed it off. The thing was beautiful, but reminded me too much of the ancient Egyptian gods and the man disguised as Anubis at the Akashic library.

He's close. I can feel it.

TAROT CARD OF THE DAY

King of Cups, reversed.

An unstable man, obsessive and dangerous—the man pretending to be Anubis in the library? The 13th man?

MORNING TO DO: ALIGNED ACTIONS

ACTION #1: Get to Dover, England

WHEN? ASAP

THIS ACTION WILL MOVE ME TOWARD

MY GOAL OF: Finding the armor

ACTION #2: Ransack aunt's bags

WHEN? Breakfast

THIS ACTION WILL MOVE ME TOWARD

MY GOAL OF: Getting clear on their real motives. A man is dead. No more games.

NIGHT JOURNAL, AKA WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

Since my aunts never miss a breakfast, I took that opportunity to finally explore their bags and found an inyx — a magical wheel to evoke a Greek god. The stone wheel hummed with power. It had been used recently. I have little doubt which god they've been chatting with—they're necromancers, after all. But why? What does Hekate want with Achilles's armor?

The white cliffs of my vision were unmistakably Dover, and hence we flew, abandoning the yacht and our geographic map for a mystical map.

Brigitte took her own transport.

The author of the Periplus wrote about following the lines north. We agreed he hadn't been writing of latitude and longitudinal lines, but ley lines—energetic lines drawn between sacred and meaningful structures. Our starting point had to be Dover Castle. Founded in the 11th century and above the white cliffs, it existed during the time period of our Periplus author.

DATE: 4/28

SUN SIGN: Sun in Taurus

MOON PHASE: Waxing crescent in Cancer

TODAY'S WEATHER

Fog and a chill wind.

SIGNS AND OMENS

The wind howls through the hills, as if we're pursued by a wolf pack.

TAROT CARD OF THE DAY

The Moon, reversed.

Confusion. Illusion.

MORNING TO DO: ALIGNED ACTIONS

ACTION #1: Follow the trail

WHEN? Start early A.M.

THIS ACTION WILL MOVE ME TOWARD

MY GOAL OF: Getting to the armor before our pursuers. And we are being pursued

ACTION #2: Send Brigitte to track our pursuers

WHEN? Nightfall

THIS ACTION WILL MOVE ME TOWARD

MY GOAL OF: Staying ahead of them

NIGHT JOURNAL, AKA WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

My aunts claim they didn't call Hekate with that inyx. SHE visited them. SHE said the idea of the armor is for humans, but the actual armor is not. Since it makes the wearer invulnerable, I guess I kind of take Her point. If our adversary gets it, I doubt he'll use it for good. He's already killed one man.

I haven't forgotten Sam.

The ley line led us to Dragon Hill, in Uffington. Its etymology dates from well after the Trojan War, but it would have been Dragon Hill when our map maker saw it.

I really thought this might be it.

Under a cloaking spell bolstered by my aunts, we tramped up and down the small natural mound but found no sign of any burial or entry. And what are the odds we would? This site has been thoroughly explored.

We're at a dead end.



DATE: 4/29

SUN SIGN: Sun in Taurus

MOON PHASE: Waxing crescent in Cancer

TODAY'S WEATHER

The sun shines oddly, flattening out the bowl of a sky empty of clouds.

SIGNS AND OMENS

A black dog burst from the bushes, raced around me three times, and bolted behind a standing stone. When I recovered from my surprise, I walked around the stone to say "hello." The dog had vanished as if swallowed by the stones.

TAROT CARD OF THE DAY

Three of Wands.
Waiting for my ship/treasure to come in.

How much longer???

MORNING TO DO: ALIGNED ACTIONS

ACTION #1: Find the treasure.

WHEN? It had better be today. I'm certain we're still being followed.

THIS ACTION WILL MOVE ME TOWARD MY GOAL OF: Keeping us safe

ACTION #2: Watch my aunts. I trust them less and less.

WHEN? Catch them before breakfast

THIS ACTION WILL MOVE ME TOWARD MY GOAL OF: Keeping us safe.

NIGHT JOURNAL, AKA WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

Brigitte couldn't find our pursuers. I don't understand it. I can feel they're watching. Remotely, perhaps?

The white dragon we were looking for isn't a flaming dragon. It's the White Horse of Uffington... which only looks like a horse from the air, a view the people who hid the armor would not have been able to enjoy. From the ground, the horse looks more like a dragon, with two streams of flame jetting from its mouth.

Hidden once again behind our cloaking spell, we explored the site, looking for another clue (because the armor could not possibly be in such a thoroughly excavated site). We got our clue from a more modern marker, an aerial photo of the horse.

The horse itself points the way...

DATE: 4/30

SUN SIGN:

MOON PHASE: Waxing crescent moon in Leo.

TODAY'S WEATHER

We awoke to a murk of thick fog. It doesn't feel natural. It coils and eddies, and as I stopped to catch my breath, it seemed to form an almost human shape. Then the phantom vanished, merging into the mist.

The fog will hide us, but it also hides our adversaries.

SIGNS AND OMENS

I feel a constant, creeping sensation. The false Anubis (as I've taken to thinking of him) is near.

TAROT CARD OF THE DAY

Seven of Pentacles.
Harvest time, for better or worse.

MORNING TO DO: ALIGNED ACTIONS

ACTION #1: Find the treasure before our pursuers.

WHEN? Today, I hope. We can't evade them much longer.

THIS ACTION WILL MOVE ME TOWARD MY GOAL OF: Ending this safely.

ACTION #2: Prepare for battle.

WHEN? This morning

THIS ACTION WILL MOVE ME TOWARD MY GOAL OF: Being ready for the worst. I hope the worst doesn't come, but hope and denial are never good strategies.

NIGHT JOURNAL, AKA WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

I found the cave by the simple expedient of falling into it. I'm glad it was me and not one of my aunts, who would have surely broken a hip.

Donovan dropped a rope down and followed me. Brigitte stayed with the aunts. She's a creature of air, even if she is made of stone.

A sense of urgency drove us through the cave, the beams of our flashlights bouncing along the rough floor. But we both knew there was something here. The cave ceiling had been carved by human hands, and buckling Roman-style wooden pillars lined the walls at regular intervals. The cave was unstable. The sooner we got out, the better.

And then we reached the end, and a man-sized carved and empty niche with three words carved above it: "Ne plus ultra." No more to come.





NOTES

We stared, aghast. We'd come so far, and the armor—for clearly this niche was meant for armor—was gone. Had our adversaries beaten us here? Or had the niche stood empty for centuries? A man had been killed for this snipe hunt. I couldn't speak. Donovan's expression was granite.

"Ah, a man said behind us. "Bad luck."

Two men stood in the cave. Both pointed guns. My pulse accelerated. My aunts. The others outside... "A cloaking spell," the closest man—obviously their leader—said. His nose was long, his eyes deep set. There was something canine about him. And magical. His aura pulsed with dark magic, warm and seductive. He was the Anubis I'd seen at the Akashic library. "Your friends aboveground our safe," he continued. "For now."

"You killed a man," A muscle pulsed in Donovan's jaw.

"That was regrettable," the false Anubis said. He studied the empty niche. "Ne plus ultra. That sounds like a taunt."

I said nothing. It had sounded that way to me as well. Why take the armor and then take the time to carve the equivalent of "sorry, Charlie" in stone? Someone had taken time with the carving. "You have five minutes to find the armor, and then your aunts will die."

I turned smartly to the niche and ran my hands along its sides. Perhaps there was something behind it, or a hidden lever. Or perhaps we were in the wrong place entirely. "What's the armor to you?" Donovan asked. "The Armor of Achilles makes the wearer invulnerable," the false Anubis's brows rose, as if surprised. "Surely you know this."

"I'm guessing it's also not the sort of thing one wears around town," Donovan said dryly. "No," the man said. "I have... specific plans for the armor." I shuddered. We couldn't let him have the armor. SHE was right; it wasn't meant for mankind. My finger slid into a rough indentation. I hesitated, and Donovan and I shared one of those looks that communicates everything. I'd found it, and under no circumstances could we let our adversaries keep it.

Donovan nodded slightly. I pressed. Nothing happened. I pulled a small knife from the holster at my hip and jammed it in the depression. It seemed to shift, and I worked the blade. The stone beneath my knife gave way. The wall before us crumbled, and the cave rumbled alarmingly in response. Dust drifted from its uneven ceiling and billowed up from the floor where the wall had crumbled. We drew away, sleeves pressed to our faces and coughing. I raised my phone's light. The dust settled, revealing a set of bronze armor hanging on an iron cross. A breastplate, helmet, and greaves to protect the lower legs. "The armor," the false Anubis breathed. "It's real." To us, he commanded, "Get it. Set it down before me." Donovan unhooked the armor from its stand and walked slowly to the false Anubis. My heart felt like it might pound out through my ears. I was certain the false Anubis would shoot him. Donovan set down the armor and walked backward to me. The false Anubis handed his guard his gun. "Invulnerability. Now." He lifted the breastplate over his head and strapped it to his chest. The helmet went on next, and then he strapped on the greaves. The false Anubis sighed, his eyes closing. "I can feel it. It's working. Shoot me." His guard blinked. "Shoot me, I say. Shoot!" The guard stepped back and shot him point blank in the face. The shot echoed, and more earth drifted down from the ceiling. Donovan gripped my arm. The false Anubis opened his eyes and laughed.

I told the false Anubis the armor wasn't meant for men, and that he wouldn't keep it long. Of course, he ignored that. "Kill them," the false Anubis told his guard. Donovan lunged for the guard. Another shot echoed, sending dust drifting downward, and it was all I could do not to fling myself at the two struggling men. But I dove for the false Anubis's heel. He hadn't paid much attention to my little knife. It was small, after all, its blade no more than an inch long. I hit the ground harder than I'd intended, and slashed low. The false Anubis howled and leapt backward. "You fool. You can't..."

"You forgot the Achilles' heel," I said. His face paled. I didn't wait. I whirled to Donovan, but he'd disarmed his opponent and stood over him with both guns. I turned back to the false Anubis. Black veins rippled from his heel. They covered his body like an inky road map. He stared, unmoving, dead. The cave rumbled. Donovan's prisoner darted for the exit, and we ran after him. I don't know how we escaped the collapse, but when we emerged, coughing, the only others in the farmer's field were my aunts. And Brigitte, of course.



DATE: 5/20

SUN SIGN: Taurus

MOON PHASE: Balsamic Moon in Taurus

TODAY'S WEATHER

Another gorgeous spring day in the Sierras. The sun sparkles off Lake Tahoe.

SIGNS AND OMENS

None. That kind of worries me.

TAROT CARD OF THE DAY

10 of Cups.
Good stuff.

MORNING TO DO: ALIGNED ACTIONS

ACTION #1: Meet new client.
WHEN? 13:00
THIS ACTION WILL MOVE ME TOWARD MY GOAL OF: Building my business

ACTION #2: Call archaeologist in London
WHEN? 6 AM my time.
THIS ACTION WILL MOVE ME TOWARD MY GOAL OF: Learning what happened to the armor.

NIGHT JOURNAL, AKA WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

I contacted James Witherton-Smythe, lead archaeologist at the dig in that farmers field. Poor man.

He told me they found a body, still to be identified but quite fresh. But the armor wasn't on it. Perhaps Hecate needed a dead man to bring it to her? Death gods are funny that way.

My aunts can't tell me—they left and I don't know where to find them. But I have my suspicions.

Witherton-Smythe's team continues to search, but they won't find anything. SHE has the armor now.

DATE: 5/21

SUN SIGN: Gemini

MOON PHASE: Balsamic moon in Taurus

TODAY'S WEATHER

Sunny and warm.

SIGNS AND OMENS

The crows hanging out on a row of power wires looked like an I-Ching design. Next time I'll take a photo and see what the I-Ching tells me.

TAROT CARD OF THE DAY

9 of Cups.
Enjoy the journey.

MORNING TO DO: ALIGNED ACTIONS

ACTION #1: Investigate client's story
WHEN? Morning
THIS ACTION WILL MOVE ME TOWARD MY GOAL OF: Solving another puzzle

ACTION #2: Track down D. Holmes and get paid for invoice submitted 3 months ago
WHEN? Afternoon
THIS ACTION WILL MOVE ME TOWARD MY GOAL OF: Making this agency profitable. This may be my Achilles' heel.

NIGHT JOURNAL, AKA WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

New client has an intriguing project. I'm not sure she's giving me all the facts though.

My aunts called. I told them the about the dig and the missing armor. They seemed... satisfied with the outcome. Now I'm sure they summoned Hecate with that inyx to let HER know the whereabouts of the armor. Where did my aunts get the juice to call Hecate for a chat? This is possibly the most disturbing part of the entire affair.



Note from the Author:

Witchy journals like Riga's really are becoming a "thing," so I thought I'd have fun with this short story and write it in journal form. The Riga Hayworth novels are all "normal" narrative structures, but sometimes it's fun to play, and short stories give me that opportunity.

If you'd like to read more Riga, start with book 1, [*The Alchemical Detective*](#).

A psychic's been murdered...

And the police think Riga's tied to the crime.

They're right.

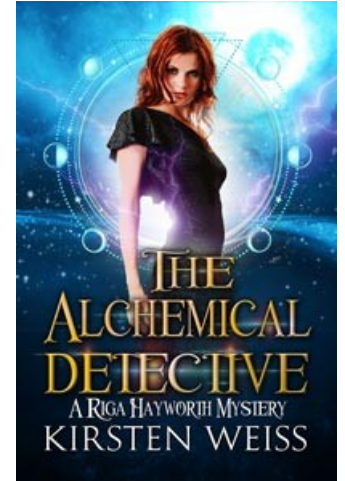
As a metaphysical detective, Riga's used to being a consultant on occult cases, not a suspect. And the timing couldn't be worse.

Her boyfriend's drafted her to host a TV show about a local lake monster. Her gargoyle's got an attitude. And her magic's on the blink. Alchemy might be the cure, if she can survive long enough to puzzle out its mysteries.

Juggling demons, daimons, and a devilish casino owner, can Riga catch a killer before she becomes the next target?

You'll love this twisty paranormal mystery, because this complicated, 40-something heroine isn't like the others...

[Start reading now!](#)



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