

*The Island* excerpt

“Haley, this is Brent Walker.”

Brent stood. His face paled as he stared at her. But no one could be more shocked than she.

Giff went on. “He’s looking for a boy named Justin Mikkelson.”

She shifted her gaze to the floor. *Justin Mikkelson?* That’s why Brent had asked her about him several days ago. He was here on a mission, and it had nothing to do with her—except to use her. She balled her hands into fists until her nails dug into her palms. She couldn’t believe what she was hearing.

Unaware of her discomfort, Giff continued. “We looked in the database and have called all the big companies, but there’s no record so far of a Justin Mikkelson.”

“So what has this boy done that people are after him?” She kept her eyes as well as her question directed toward Giff.

“He got a girl pregnant, and the family of the girl needs to talk to him.”

“I don’t know any Justin.” She struggled to keep her voice level. “I don’t think I can help.” She clenched her teeth.

“Mr. Walker has a picture.” He pointed toward Brent, whom she was glad had not said anything. “We were thinking he might be going by an alias. Maybe you’ll come up with an idea.”

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Brent’s hand holding something. She glanced at it. She needed to get out of there. “I’ll see what I can do.” Which would likely be nothing.

“Thank you.”

She nodded to Giff, then said to Brent without looking at him. “Mr. Walker.” She stepped out of the office and the building without waiting for him. She paced by the curb. How could he do this to her? She’d had such a good time with him yesterday, but apparently it had all been a lie.