

TWO FER  
MURDER

A MYSTERY NOVEL

BY  
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# PROLOGUE

## Four Years Ago

The sun rose high above the landscape to bake the desert floor. Stumbling across the rocky ground, she became aware of the temperature going up with every passing minute. Her body, which had been freezing, dripped with perspiration. A drop of sweat rolled through her eyebrow to trickle onto her jaw. She brought her hand up to wipe her face.

Upon seeing the filthy condition of her hand, she stopped.

Squinting, she studied her hands. They were covered in an equal mixture of dirt and blood.

*Where did that come from? Am I bleeding?*

She inspected her clothes to find her jeans and button-down shirt torn and discovered they were also covered with dirt and blood. Her personal inventory ended with her patting her head. Her long hair was glued to her scalp with dried blood.

*What happened? How could they do this to me?*

Her teeth chattered. Her breath quickened. Turning around, she surveyed the dead landscape around her. Steam rose from the sand and rocks.

She fought to remember from where in the desert she had started her journey. Possibly, if she could find her starting point, she could uncover what had happened to her.

The roar of a truck engine from far off in the distance jolted her back to remember what she had been searching for in the first place.

Help.

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When she stumbled forward to make her way toward the sound, she collapsed onto her hands and knees. The sharp edge of a rock sliced through one of her bare feet.

Pushing through the pain, she ran until she reached the road. Through the fiery haze, the form of a truck and trailer came into view. In the middle of the road, she planted her bare feet onto the hot pavement. If the driver didn't care enough to stop, then she would be fine with him running her over to put her out of her misery.

She breathed a sigh of relief when he rolled to a stop.

Shocked to discover a woman covered from head to toe in dried blood and dirt in the middle of the desert, the driver hit his brakes. For a long moment he wondered if she was a zombie. Reminding himself that zombies were not real, or so he hoped, he put the truck into park and climbed out of the cab.

"Lady, what happened to you?"

Not knowing the answer to his question, she stared at him.

"What's your name?"

"LeClair." The sound of her own voice surprised her. She swallowed before repeating her name. "LeClair Weathersby."

## CHAPTER ONE

### **Present Day - Spencer Manor, Deep Creek Lake, Maryland**

“Just twenty minutes more.” Mac Faraday followed up his request with a kiss to the back of his wife’s neck.

The soft touch of his breath feathering across her ear and cheek made Archie Monday giggle. She tightened her grip on his arms, pressing her body in close to his chest. She loved nothing more than their time alone together in bed, enjoying the quiet of the morning after releasing Gnarly, their German shepherd, to patrol the estate.

Her ultra-short blond hair inadvertently tickled his nose when she shook her head. “Twenty minutes will turn into thirty and then forty-five. Next thing you know, it’ll be mid-morning and you guys will decide to leave after lunch. Then, it’ll be after dark by the time you get to the creek.”

“At which point we might as well cancel the whole fishing trip.” Hope oozed into Mac’s tone.

“And David won’t get his deposit back on the fishing cabin. Do you really want to do that to your brother?” Seeing that someone had to make a move, Archie threw back the covers and climbed out of their king-sized bed.

Mac frowned to see her cover up her luscious nude body. Even after more than a year of marriage, the petite emerald-eyed blonde never failed to excite him. Oh how he wished he were spending the long spring weekend with her instead of with five men fishing in the deep woods of the Appalachian Mountains.

Placing her soft manicured hands on her slender hips, Archie seemed to have read his mind. “You made your bed, now lie in it.”

“I am and right now it’s awfully lonely.” With a grin, he pulled back the covers to invite her to rejoin him.

Her lips curled while she took in his naked body. This would be their last chance to be alone together. From here on out, they were going to go their separate ways.

While Mac was fishing, Archie would take off for a ladies’ weekend at a luxurious resort in Farmington, Pennsylvania. She, her stepdaughter, and friends were the guests of honor at the Sherlock Holmes Mystery Writers Guild Awards. Mac’s daughter, Jessica Faraday, would accept the lifetime achievement award being posthumously awarded to Mac’s late mother, Robin Spencer.

One of them had to take responsibility before they ended up barricading themselves in the master suite. Deciding it had to be her, Archie picked up her silk bathrobe from where she had draped it across the foot of the bed and shrugged into it.

“The Sherlockians invited you to accept the award for Robin,” Archie said while tying the belt to her robe, “but you chose to go fishing with David instead. It was your choice—spending the weekend in the presidential suite at the Nemacolin Woodlands Resort or impaling worms on hooks while standing up to your thighs in a creek.” With a broad shrug of her shoulders, she trotted to the dressing room. “We gave you a choice and you chose the latter.”

“Why couldn’t anyone have given me a third choice?”

She returned with an armload of semi-formal dresses. “I hope you don’t ruin this weekend for David. He’s been so looking forward to it. He has really good memories of fishing there when he was growing up. Those trips helped him and his father bond. It will be a good bonding experience for you and Tristan, too.”

“I don’t even know what that means.” Mac climbed out of the bed. “This whole male bonding thing.”

“It’s growing closer to each other. Letting your defenses down—baring your soul.” She opened up her jewelry armoire and took out necklaces to compare to the dresses she had spread out across the foot of the bed.

“I’m a retired homicide detective,” Mac said. “David is a police chief and special ops in the Marine reserves, Murphy is a naval officer, Josh is a lawyer, and Tristan is a computer geek. Frankly, I can’t see *any* of us baring anything to anyone.”

“These men are your best friends and family—”

“And why can’t we leave it at that? Who decided that men aren’t really close unless we go off into the wilderness, strip naked, and weep?”

“I never said you had to weep.”

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“You didn’t have to,” Mac said. “I read. All those touchy feely bromance websites say the same thing. The only true sign that men have successfully bonded with each other is a cry-fest—and I swear if I see anyone in this group sobbing I’m dumping him at the first truck stop and coming home.”

“So noted.” Archie let out a deep sigh. “I still can’t believe your adoptive father never took you fishing and you never took Tristan. I thought it was something all fathers and sons did. My dad used to take my brothers fishing and my brothers take their sons.” Holding up a sapphire necklace in one hand and a ruby one in the other, she contemplated which one to take while muttering under her breath, “Maybe it’s something that’s lost on city folks.”

“You make it sound like I threw Tristan out into the streets and made him catch his own food,” Mac said, “which is what we are really doing this weekend—being made to catch our own food.”

Seeing his point, she giggled. “To tell you the truth, I think things have worked out. Jessica is the perfect choice to accept Robin’s lifetime achievement award. She’s the spitting image of Robin Spencer and she has a master’s in forensic psychiatry. She’s worked as an intern in forensics and she’s been accepted to Georgetown University’s doctorate program. She’s also talked about maybe wanting to follow in Robin’s footsteps and do some writing.”

“She has?” Mac asked while stepping into his lounging pants.

“This conference is sort of like her coming out party.” Deciding to take all of her jewelry, Archie tossed them onto the bed and went to the closet to fetch a suitcase. “I do wish the Sherlockian board hadn’t picked Corey Daniels to interview Jessica on Saturday night.” She tossed the suitcase onto the bed and unzipped it. “Though, I shouldn’t be surprised. At the last Sherlockian conference Robin attended before she passed away, she interviewed Corey. This year, he’s the featured author and his latest novel was nominated for the book of the year award.” She proceeded to trot back and forth between the closet and the bed to pack the suitcase.

“What is that murderer doing interviewing my daughter?”

“His trial ended in a hung jury,” she said. “There’s no middle ground. Either you’re convinced he’s guilty—”

“He is.”

“—or you believe his story that he was framed by the crooked police and prosecutors. And, because he’s spun such a juicy conspiracy theory, his fans are buying it, which is why he’s one of the top-selling crime writers today.”

“If his alibi witness hadn’t mysteriously disappeared off the face of the earth after the prosecution flipped her, then Daniels would be in jail instead of accepting book awards.”

“Obviously, some members of the jury bought his story that his assistant was a psychopath who had murdered his estranged wife so that she could be sure to have him for herself,” she said. “But, in spite of the evidence proving she’d done it, the crooked police and prosecutors used this opportunity to railroad Daniels into jail because he’s the last true honest cop.”

“That’s a bunch of bull,” Mac said. “That’s why Corey Daniels was such a successful novelist. He knows how to spin a good story. But if the jury had considered his history of violence, not just against his wife, but the sick things he put in his books—”

“Hey,” Archie said with a laugh, “your mother could be pretty gruesome in her murder mysteries.”

“She was different.”

“Yes, she was,” she said. “Robin Spencer had a gift for dissecting and analyzing people. That’s what made her the master, which she is still considered even five years after her death. You inherited her gift, which made—and makes—you an exceptional homicide detective. And Jessica has the same gift, which is going to make her a brilliant forensic psychiatrist.”

“If she can survive a weekend with Corey Daniels.”

“As warped as Daniels is, I wouldn’t be surprised if he isn’t out to draw blood in his interview with Jessica,” she said. “Robin’s last Sherlockian conference was only a few weeks after the Coast Guard happened onto his wife’s yacht that had been torched with her body inside the cabin. Everyone was speculating about him killing her because a divorce would have cost him a boatload of money. Before they went out on stage for their interview, Daniels had specifically ordered Robin not to mention his wife’s murder. Robin just smiled sweetly while he huffed and puffed like a big gorilla. Then, halfway into the interview, this wicked grin crossed Robin’s lips and she flipped the interview on its head and turned it into an interrogation. She did a much better job of making him look guilty than the prosecutor at his trial. As a matter of fact, the homicide detectives actually used recorded sections of that interview against Daniels to charge him with the murder. Unfortunately, Daniels’s lawyers got Robin’s interview suppressed, so the jury never got to see it.”

“From what I’ve seen of Daniels, he’s one to hold a grudge,” Mac said.

“Oh, yeah! I know for a fact that Daniels strong-armed the guild into allowing him a ‘rematch’ so that he can interview Jessica.”

“Are you sure Jessica is ready to go up against the likes of Corey Daniels?”

Archie spun around on her heels. Her eyes flashed when they met his blue eyes. Unable to resist touching him one more time, she reached up to stroke his dark brown hair with just a touch of gray at the temples. She brushed

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her fingers down across his square jaw. “Are you forgetting that she’s your daughter?”



“If you slow down any more we’re going to be walking,” Murphy Thornton told Mac’s son, Tristan Faraday, as they crossed the single-lane bridge across the lake’s inlet.

There was a fork in the road on the opposite end of the bridge. The road to the right traveled the length of Spencer Point, which ended at two stone pillars marking the entrance to the estate that had been home of the late Robin Spencer.

Upon the famous author’s death five years earlier, it had been discovered that as an unwed teenager, Robin Spencer had given birth to a baby boy who had been put up for adoption. That baby had grown up to become underpaid homicide detective Mac Faraday, who inherited her entire estate. She had also left multi-million-dollar trust funds to her two college-aged grandchildren, Tristan and Jessica.

More importantly, the estate became home to Gnarly, the hundred-pound German shepherd tethered at the end of the leash Murphy was holding. Upon crossing the bridge, Gnarly dug in his heels and pulled Murphy along with all his might.

Tristan was in the middle of pushing his eyeglasses up onto his nose when Spencer, Jessica and Murphy’s blue merle Shetland sheepdog, sped up to catch up with the German shepherd. Even though she was only twenty-five pounds, the sudden jerk on her leash was enough to make Tristan trip over his own feet. The lanky young man’s fancy footwork to prevent himself from falling face first in the middle of the road reminded Murphy of some dance he had seen Fred Astaire do in an old movie.

The early morning chill in the air and the moisture from the incoming rain sent a shiver down Tristan’s spine. With a wave of his hand at the young naval officer itching to sprint ahead, he slowed to a walk while pulling the sheltie back. “I told you when we started out, I don’t like to sweat.”

Murphy jogged sideways with Gnarly intent on dragging him to their destination. “Listen, right now you’re enjoying your sleek build because your metabolism is running high. But I guarantee, one day your metabolism is going to slow down and then between all that junk you put into your body and you sitting in front of your laptop all day, it’s going to turn right into fat. Better to be proactive—”

“You do know you’re crazy?”

“That’s what made your sister fall in love with me.” Murphy flashed a broad grin, which displayed deep dimples in both cheeks.

A shiny black truck crossed the bridge behind Tristan and turned onto Spencer Point. It slowed down as it approached them. The passenger window lowered and a man with silver hair and an ultra-short auburn beard stuck his head out the window. “What’d you think you’re doing, sailor? Out for a morning stroll?” He hung his arm outside the window to pound the door with his open palm. “Pick up your feet! Double time!”

Murphy broke into a loud laugh as the truck sped up to pass them by. Gnarly almost pulled his arm out of its socket in an effort to follow.

Tristan felt the blood drain from his face. “Was that—”

“Dad and J.J.” Murphy started to pick up his pace only to find Tristan holding him back.

“Are they going fishing with us?”

“Of course,” Murphy said. “Why else would they’ve come?”

“Does my dad know you invited them?”

Nodding his head, Murphy smiled. “But I told him to keep it a secret because I wanted to surprise Sarah.”

“You also kept it a secret from me.”

“Because I knew you’d back out of going.”

“Murphy, your dad scares the crap out of me.”

Murphy clasped Tristan’s shoulders with both hands. “That’s a good thing when you’re dating my sister.”



“They have wall climbing!” Sarah Thornton practically bounced down the stairs to land in the foyer at Spencer Manor. From there, the second-year naval academy midshipman raced across the emerald green granite floor and jumped from the top step into the drop down dining room.

Mac’s daughter, Jessica Faraday, had laid out a row of semi-formal dresses across the length of the table. Like judges surveying a beauty contest, she and Archie studied them to determine which ones were worthy of Jessica wearing at the conference.

Bubbling with enthusiasm, Sarah inserted herself between them. She was dressed in a blue t-shirt with “Navy” emblazoned in gold across her chest, desert camouflage pants, and bare feet. “I’m going to play paintball every day. We should put a team together. Dallas said she’d do it. What do you say?”

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“Jessica and I are both scheduled for panels and interviews the whole weekend.” Archie hoped Sarah didn’t hear the relief in her tone.

“What do you say, sis?” Sarah turned to Jessica so fast that her long dark ponytail slapped Archie across the face. “Maybe we can do it after the conference is over—before we leave.”

Jessica’s mouth dropped open. Her violet eyes grew wide while she sought help from Archie, who opted to change the topic.

“Which dress do you think Jessica should wear at the banquet on Saturday when she accepts Robin’s award?”

“The purple one,” Sarah said without hesitation. “That’s Murphy’s favorite. He says it brings out her eyes.”

“Murphy likes the purple one because it shows off my boobs.” The sequined backless dress boasted a plunging V-neckline that dipped far down between Jessica’s abundant breasts.

“Does it?” Archie picked up the gown and admired the cut that would serve to show off Jessica’s flawless figure. She held the dress up to Jessica’s shoulders. “That being the case, I think you should definitely wear it.” The brilliant royal purple color did bring out Jessica’s violet eyes against her lush dark hair that fell to her shoulders. Once again, Archie was struck by how much of her looks she had inherited from her grandmother.

“You want me to wear this sexy little number to accept a lifetime achievement award for my grandmother?”

“You’ve read Robin Spencer’s journal,” Archie reminded her. “Don’t tell me that you didn’t see she wasn’t just any grandmother.”

“That’s for sure,” Sarah said. “She made her fortune coming up with ways to kill people.”

“And she was very proud of her girls,” Archie said.

“What girls?” Sarah and Jessica asked in unison.

Archie pointed at Jessica’s generous cleavage. “She even had names for them.”

Sarah giggled. “Do you mean Jessica inherited her breasts from her *father’s* side of the family?”

The door in the foyer flew open.

“Where’s my little girl?” Joshua Thornton called out upon entering.

With a squeal, Sarah flew up the steps and across the living room to jump into her father’s arms. He picked her up off the floor and whirled her around.

“What are you doing here?” Sarah asked upon Joshua setting her down, before taking note of the khaki sports vest that he was wearing. “You’re going fishing, too!”

Looking ill, Tristan followed Murphy into the foyer.

“Tristan, did you see? Dad’s going fishing with you guys.”

Upon seeing another member of her family, Sarah jumped up and down before rushing to where Joshua Thornton Junior, Murphy's identical twin, had crossed the threshold. "J.J, I'm so glad to see you!"

Clad in jeans and a light jacket, J.J. was a mirror image of his twin, right down to his dark hair, blue eyes, and dimples in both cheeks. They did have telling differences. A naval academy graduate, Murphy possessed the formal bearing and nature of a military officer stationed at the Pentagon. J.J. had chosen the more casual lifestyle of a small-town lawyer, which was reflected by his hair that was long enough to touch the top of his shirt collar. Instead of pursuing the bustling city-life of his twin, J.J. preferred his quiet life on a large farm in West Virginia's northern panhandle.

"Are Cameron and Izzy going, too?" Sarah looked out of the living-room's bay window for any sign of her stepmother and sister.

"Oh, no," Joshua said with mock seriousness in his tone. "This is a guys' weekend." He went on to explain that his wife, Cameron Gates, was on duty in her job as a homicide detective with the Pennsylvania State police.

"And Izzy?" Sarah asked about her thirteen-year-old sister, Isadora, who insisted on being called Izzy. "Don't tell me she's home alone."

"Hardly," J.J. said. "She's immersed in horseback riding lessons at the farm. My trainer's babysitting—"

"Shhh! We're not allowed to use the word 'babysitting.'" Joshua nodded a greeting to Mac who came down the stairs. "While Cameron is at work, Izzy's hanging out at J.J.'s farm, helping out with the chores and getting in some extra lessons."

Joshua offered Mac his hand for a firm clasp. "Thank you so much, Mac, for allowing J.J. and me to crash your fishing trip."

In the dining room, Jessica flashed a grin in Archie's direction. "Actually, it was Murphy who invited them so *his* father could act as a buffer between him and Dad."

Tristan led Sarah by the hand out onto the front porch. "Sarah, I don't like this. I don't like this at all."

"Don't worry," she said. "Dad is a great fisherman. He'll teach you all you need to know to catch lots of fish this weekend."

"Teach me to fish? If he had his way, he'd feed me to the fishes!" Tristan's voice went up an octave.

Sarah's eyes narrowed. The corner of her mouth curled up as she cocked her head at him.

"Your father hates me," Tristan said.

"Really?" Sarah peered through the front bay window to where her father was engaged in a conversation with Mac. "Why? What'd you do?"

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“Seriously? I’m having sex with his daughter. How’s that for a reason?”

“Oh, Dad wouldn’t hate you for that. Despise maybe. Yes, he would definitely despise you. But hate? That’s such a strong word.”

A large white van pulled in between the stone pillars and made its way around the circular drive. The van was followed by the Spencer police chief’s cruiser, which pulled into a space in the seven-car garage. In response to Gnarly’s and Spencer’s barking, Mac stepped out onto the porch to watch the van come to a halt.

“If he doesn’t hate me, why does he keep giving me that look?” Tristan asked.

“What look?”

Behind Sarah, Joshua Thornton stepped out onto the porch. Upon seeing Tristan, his eyes narrowed to blue slits. His eye brows knitted together.

“That look,” Tristan whispered to her.

Sarah turned around. Upon seeing her father, she stood up straight. Tristan tried to duck down behind her. Slowly, Joshua made his way down the steps to the driveway.

“Take my advice,” Sarah said in a low voice, “if he offers you anything to eat or drink, don’t take it.” She clutched his hand to her chest. “And don’t stand too close to him at the edge of any cliffs.” She looked him up and down. “Do you have a bullet proof vest you can wear under that shirt?”

Tristan’s eyes were wide.

“I love you.” She pulled him in to kiss him deeply on the lips. After he pulled away, a wide smile crossed her face. “Have fun and send me lots of pictures!” With that, she skipped down the steps to join the others in the driveway.

Murphy and J.J. hurried out onto the porch. With a flourish, J.J. pointed at the shiny, black truck that he and Joshua had arrived in. The full-size pickup sported dually wheels in the back and a trailer hitch.

“Sweet!” Murphy followed J.J. down the steps to check out the vehicle that still had temporary dealer tags on the back.

“I can tow a four-stall horse trailer with this baby.” J.J. turned around and shot his brother a wicked grin. “Mine is bigger than yours.”

“Hey, Jessica! Come check out J.J.’s new truck!” Murphy trotted around to admire it from the front. “You really are getting into this Farmer Jones lifestyle. You aren’t thinking of giving up law, are you?”

“With all the money I owe in student loans?” J.J. asked as he opened the driver’s door for his brother to climb inside. “No way!”

“Murphy, don’t you tell me you’re thinking of buying a truck.” Jessica ran down the porch steps.

David’s girlfriend, Dallas Walker, had climbed out of the van’s driver’s seat. Gnarly and Spencer were joined in the driveway by Dallas’s sable Belgian

shepherd Storm. After the three dogs sniffed each other, they took off in pursuit of a chubby squirrel who had insulted the pack in some manner.

A leggy brunette from Texas, Dallas Walker was ten years younger than David O'Callaghan, Spencer's police chief. Her long legs appeared even longer clad in skinny jeans and above the knee black suede boots decorated with row upon row of fringe from the knees to the ankles. Her thick mane of dark locks fell loosely to the middle of her back.

"Are we ready to go fishing?" David shouted while crossing the driveway toward the van. "I want everyone to hit the little boys' room before we leave because the van is not stopping until lunch."

With that announcement, many in the group hurried into the stone and cedar mansion. Before Mac had a chance to slip away, David gestured for him to meet him at the back of the van where he had already packed his fishing equipment and canvas bag. "Hey, Mac, I want to show you something."

David extracted a worn rod and reel from the canvas bag and held it out to him. "It was Dad's. I want you to have it."

Mac paused in the midst of reaching for it. Slowly, he raised his eyes to meet David's, which were identical to his own. The genes they had both inherited from their father were visibly apparent. They resembled full brothers more than half-brothers, the main exception being that David had blond hair which was a contrast to Mac's dark coloring. "But—"

"I have my own fishing equipment," David rushed on to say while shoving the rod and reel into Mac's hands. "All broken in and everything. This hasn't been used since Dad ..." His voice trailed off, then he cleared his throat before saying in a strong tone, "He'd want you to have it."

The two brothers stared at each other until David broke his gaze to announce in a loud voice that they were leaving in fifteen minutes.

J.J. parked his truck in one of the empty stalls in the garage and they transferred their fishing equipment and bags into the rental van.

The long drawn out rumble of thunder called everyone's attention to the thick dark clouds overhead.

"Has anyone checked the weather for this weekend?" Mac asked.

"It's raining down south today," David said, "but it'll clear up by morning and then we'll have gorgeous weather the rest of the weekend."

"Do you fish in the rain?" Tristan asked.

"Why wouldn't you?" Joshua replied. "You're going to get wet anyway."

"We are?" Tristan asked. "How—" Seeing Murphy smirk while shaking his head, he allowed his voice to trail off.

"Unfortunately," David said, "our bad weather down south is heading up north to Pennsylvania where it is going to meet another storm system coming

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in from the west.” He turned to where Archie was hugging Mac good-bye. “Looks like you ladies are going to get hit by a perfect storm.”

“Good thing we ain’t campin’ out,” Dallas said.

Archie smiled at Jessica who had both arms wrapped around Murphy—holding him tight. “A dark and stormy night at a grand hotel crowded with hundreds of murder mystery writers—sounds like a perfect weekend to me.”

“What’d make it perfect would be a real murder mystery to solve,” Dallas said.

“You would say that, Dallas,” Jessica said.

After several farewell hugs and kisses between the couples, the men and the two larger dogs, Gnarly and Storm, piled into the van. The dogs were happy to climb into the back to make beds on top of the pile of bags and fishing equipment.

Jessica had to pick up Spencer, who was very disappointed not to spend the weekend with the big dogs. “Sorry, Spencer,” Jessica cooed into the sheltie’s ear, “you’re not going camping. You’re spending the weekend getting pampered with us ladies.”

Murphy and his brother took the seats in the very back. David and Mac took the pilot and co-pilot seats. To Tristan’s dismay, he found himself sitting next to his girlfriend’s father, a position that was not missed by anyone. Anxious, Tristan darted his eyes around the van as if he were considering switching positions with Gnarly in the luggage compartment.

“Everybody got everything?” David turned the key in the ignition. “We’re going to launch.”

In the driveway, Jessica pressed her hand against the window next to where Murphy was sitting. “Love you,” she said.

He placed his hand flat against her. “Love you more.”

In the front passenger seat, Mac waved at Archie who blew him a kiss. She shot him a reassuring grin.

As the van turned off of Spencer Point and made its way to the bridge to take them to the freeway, David said, “We’re on our way! Prepare yourselves, men, for a weekend of fishing and mayhem.”

“Are we there yet?” Murphy called out from the back seat, which caused laughter throughout the vehicle.

“Am I going to be hearing that every five minutes for the next four hours?” Mac asked.

“Yep,” J.J. said.

“Four hours will give us plenty of time to talk and get to know each other better.” Joshua opened a can of peanuts and offered one to Tristan, who stared into the depths of the can before shaking his head. To this, Joshua shook out

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a few and ate them before passing the can back to J.J. He then draped his arm across the back of his seat. “Why don’t we start with you, Tristan? When do you and Sarah plan to get married and how many children do you two intend to have?”