FORGOTTEN FEARS

 A TRASK BROTHERS MURDER MYSTERY

 By

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Cover by Dusan Arsenic

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Forgotten Fears is the eighth installment of the Trask Brothers Murder Mystery Series. If you wish to see the other books in the series you can visit my website at [www.cenelsonbooks.com](http://www.cenelsonbooks.com) or my author page on Amazon. I hope you enjoy it.

C.E. Nelson

Forgotten Fears

Prologue

“She was always afraid of you. Even today. Even on the day she could die.”

Don Trask had no idea how to respond.

Melanie Jenkins, his on-again, off-again, and currently on-again girlfriend for over the last year and moving to something more serious, stood staring at him, hugging herself so tightly that he was certain she couldn’t take a breath. Her short, naturally curly, strawberry blonde hair was nearly flat against the right side of her head, the result of infrequent napping in the recliner inside the room to her right. Her blue eyes were rimmed in red, her perky nose the same red, her face looking years older than when Don had kissed her only a day ago. Or had it been two? Time seemed to be suspended.

He made a move to hold her, but her eyes stopped him.

“Don’t. You need to go.”

“I’m sorry, Mel.”

Jenkins stared at Don a long second before turning to walk back into the room, leaving him standing in the hall.

He watched her disappear, the door closing with a *click* that sounded like a gunshot that only he noticed. Trask felt lost, alone, and guilt rose up to the point that it consumed him, like it had done only one other time—when his parents had died. Because of him. That was years ago, but now it seemed like only yesterday.

A nurse hurried down the hall then disappeared into a room three doors down. Another *click* then silence. Farther down the hall, a sudden beeping. Another nurse hustled across the hall and into a different room. Another *click*. And then silence.

Don breathed in and knew it was there. Masked by disinfectant, but he had smelled it too often. It was somewhere close—the smell of death.

Trask looked at the door that Mel had disappeared behind. His eyes drifted to the door handle. It would take him a herculean effort to reach the door then turn the handle.

He closed his eyes and sucked in a breath. Then Don took a step toward the door, the Stillwater cop stationed there watching him. Reaching for the handle, he then stopped. Trask froze. No, he couldn’t go in.

Don dropped his head, sighed, and then walked toward the exit.