

I thought I knew the dirt about an old Hollywood crime, a murder that was covered up by crooked cops and the studio. I decided to write a tell-all about the murder, hoping to flush out the killer who was responsible for the assault of a dear friend.

I'm not stupid, though. I used a pen name. Micki Bradford. Nobody would think that Mike Braddock, Hollywood's ex-leading man, was Micki Bradford, the Queen of Suspense.

Right?

I didn't count on the book taking off like a rocket. I didn't count on the cops coming to my door, demanding to know how I knew the details about that old murder. I didn't count on being in demand as a conference speaker--well, not me, Mike, but me, Micki, being in demand.

And I sure didn't count on going to a writer's conference in drag, to help find the killer and right an old wrong. I wasn't too worried. I was an actor, after all. I could pull off a couple of days, pretending to be a woman...

Right?

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