



WIFE, MOTHER,  
TEACHER, LIAR.

THE SHAPE  
OF  
LIES

Rachel Abbott

*The Shape of Lies*

Published in 2019 by Black Dot Publishing Ltd.

Copyright © Rachel Abbott 2019.

Rachel Abbott has asserted her right to be identified as the author of this work in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are a product of the author's imagination. Locales and public names are sometimes used for atmospheric purposes. Any resemblance to actual people, living or dead, or to businesses, companies, events, institutions or locales is completely coincidental.

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the prior permission in writing of the author.

Find out more about the author and her other books at

<http://www.rachel-abbott.com/>

## Prologue

He's watching her. He knows where she's going, what she's doing, but still he watches. She's inside now – out of his sight – but she'll be coming out soon. It's been thirty minutes, but he doesn't mind the wait. He leans his shoulder against the wall of a shadowed doorway, a spot he has stood in many times before, and thinks about who she is and what she's become.

Finally the glass doors of the apartment block swing open and she strides out, her head high, blonde hair gleaming in the overhead lights of the entrance. Even from here he can tell she is wearing deep red lipstick and dark eye make-up, and the skirt of her short dress swings around bare, tanned legs. He can't see the expression in her eyes, but he knows they will be burning bright with the thrill of the night ahead.

And he hates her for it.

He watches as people turn their heads to stare at this captivating woman who walks with such confidence in her strappy stilettos. They are probably wondering why someone so beautiful is on her own on the streets of Manchester.

She only has to cover a short distance to her destination, and he doesn't need to follow her, but he does anyway. He wonders if she can feel his eyes burning into her back, despising her for who she is, for the pain she has caused.

He hopes she can, because then she might be scared. And he needs that. He wants to see her fear – taste it. But not yet.

Soon.

**To find out more, click [here](#)**