

#1 BESTSELLING AUTHORS  
JERRY B. JENKINS & CHRIS FABRY

# RED ROCK MYSTERIES

7: DOUBLE FAULT



***DOUBLE FAULT***



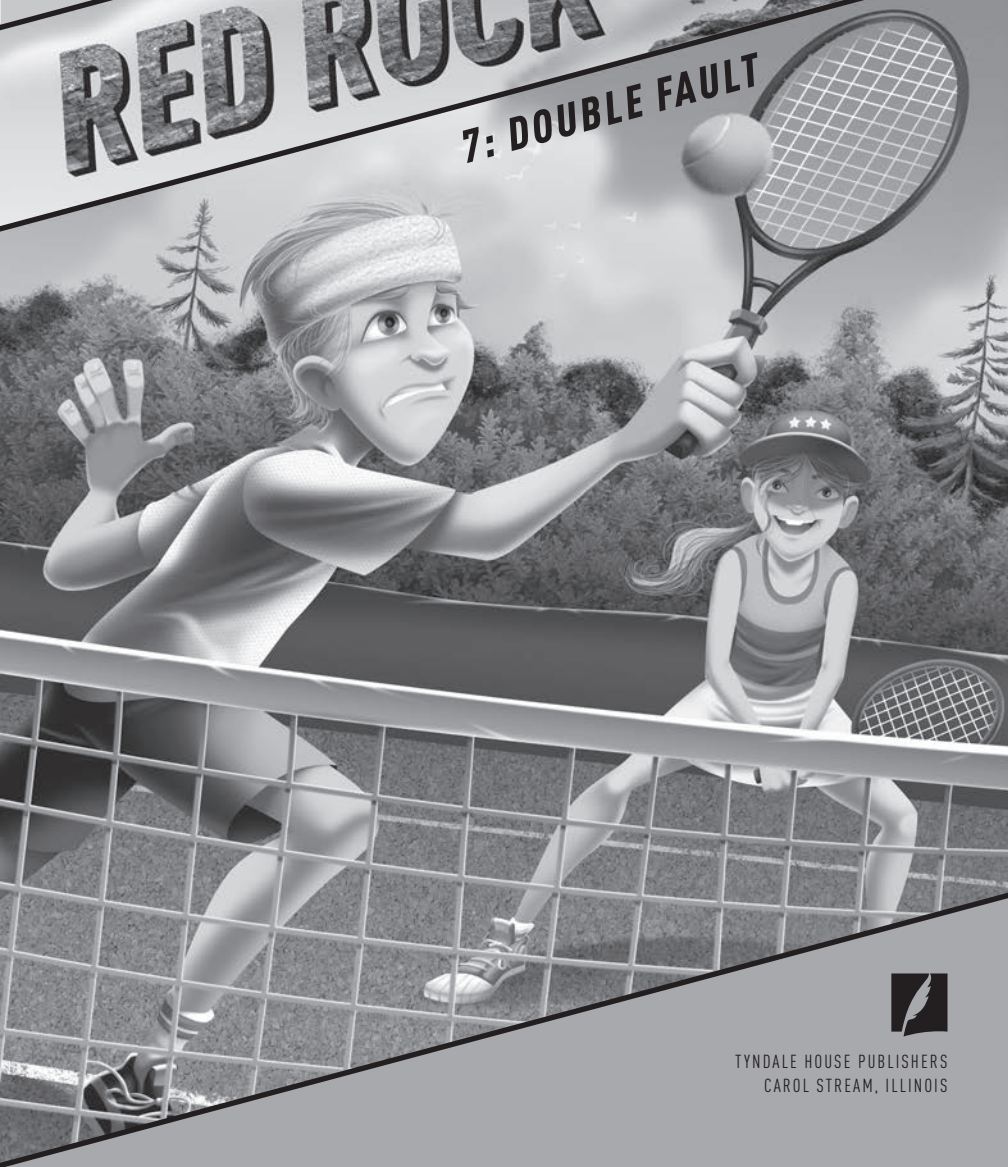
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Thanks to Joey Johnson for his tennis expertise.

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“We never discuss **LOVE**  
with tennis players;  
it means **NOTHING**  
to them.”

ANONYMOUS

“The **DEPRESSING** thing  
about tennis is that no matter  
how good I get, I’ll never be  
as good as a **WALL.**”

MITCH HEDBERG





## CHAPTER 1



ASHLEY

**I heard Bryce through my headset.** “Stay to the right. Car coming fast.” He’s my twin brother and thinks he has to watch out for me.

We were riding our ATVs on Top of the Crest, a narrow road that leads to the Red Rock Country Club. We hardly ever drive on regular roads, but Bryce and I had figured a way to get from our house to the country club through farmland and over Red Rock Mountain. In a car it takes 10 minutes—but 25 by ATV.

Before you think we’re rich or something, you have to know that we don’t belong to the country club. Too expensive. But it was a few weeks until our family vacation, and Bryce had spotted a tennis



camp in the local paper. Our mom was happy to get us out of the house and have us stop moaning, “There’s nothing to do.”

The road had no yellow line and was barely wide enough for two small cars. Pine trees lined either side of the blacktop. My brother kept barking orders to me.

Finally I said, “Bryce, I know how to drive!”

Bryce followed me around a corner, where the mountains came into view. In the winter, Pikes Peak is all white, and the Front Range wears a furry coat. But now, in the middle of summer, the peak is brown and everything else is green. It gets so hot that forest fires can start with a lightning strike.

Wearing a helmet, you don’t hear much but the wind, the ATV, and your heart, but I heard the car behind me.

“Ashley, look out!”