

THE FAIRY DETECTIVE

The First Disappearance

A Sir Arthur Conan Doyle Adventure

by Hiran Abadi

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THE FAIRY DETECTIVE

Book One:

The Fairy Detective: The
First Disappearance
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PROLOGUE

Thomas Bell took the step he had always taken, at the hour he had always taken it.

The path was soft with last night's rain. The mud received his weight without complaint. Heel. Toe. Full stop.

He shifted his basket, thinking of nothing in particular. The day was already decided. Breakfast waited. The gate would creak. The kettle would hiss.

When he lifted his foot, he did

not put it down.

The basket slid from his arm and struck the ground. Eggs broke. The sound was small, final. A single footprint remained in the mud—clean, complete—facing a second step that never arrived.

There was no shout. No stumble. No sudden violence of air or earth. The space where Thomas Bell should have been held nothing at all, as if the world had simply neglected to continue him.

A lark rose from the hedge, startled by the silence.

Somewhere beyond the field,
water moved as it always had.

By the time his wife reached the
path, the sun had climbed higher.
She saw the basket first. Then the
broken eggs. Then the footprint,
perfect and alone.

She waited for him to step back
into it.

He did not.

THE FAIRY

DETECTIVE

CHAPTER ONE

THE CLEARING

A Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
Adventure

Moonlight washed the woods in
silver and shadow.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle stood at the edge of the clearing, a lantern in one hand and a magnifying glass in the other, staring down at the perfect impression in the mud.

The footprint beneath him was wrong.

Too clean.

Heel. Toe. Full weight.

Pressed into damp soil with absolute confidence—and then nothing.

No drag.

No stumble.

No second step.

A man had stood here.

And then, for reasons the earth
refused to explain, he had stopped
existing.

“This cannot be real,” Doyle
murmured.

“Neither are you.”

The laughter came a heartbeat

later—bright, chiming, amused.

“You write fiction for a living,”
the voice added, “and cling to
facts like a drowning man to
driftwood.”

The sound came from above.

Doyle froze. Then—very slowly
—he raised his head.

She was flying.

Not drifting. Not wavering.
Flying in lazy, effortless loops
beneath the canopy, golden wings

beating the air with a soft,
musical hum. Moonlight caught
in her hair—blonde as harvest
wheat—and shimmered across a
dress that shifted between green
and blue, like leaves arguing with
sky.

For a long, stunned moment,
Doyle simply stared.

Then his legs decided this
situation was unacceptable.

He ran.

“No, no, no—this is fatigue—this

is shock—this is—” he muttered, boots tearing through moss and bracken. The lantern swung wildly, flinging light and shadow into chaos.

“You’re going the wrong way!” her voice called cheerfully.

He skidded to a halt.

She hovered directly in front of him, hands clasped behind her back.

He swerved left.

“Still wrong!”

Every frantic dash returned him to the same place—the footprint at the clearing’s heart, the trees bending inward to form a perfect ring. The forest seemed to watch. Above, the fairy looped easily, entertained.

“This is impossible!” Doyle cried.

She slowed, wings settling into a patient rhythm, and sighed.

“Well,” she said, lifting a slender