

Words We Never Speak

A SOUND FROM the living room jolted Kit awake. She sat up in bed, straining her ears against the pounding of her heart. That thud sounded like something had fallen. Cringing, she gripped the covers. Dear lord, surely it couldn't be that blasted yearbook again. Since her weekend date with Dwight, five days ago, this would be the second time the book had fallen. The first time it happened, she tried to ignore it as mere coincidence, that she'd replaced the book without pushing it all the way back. She'd gone about her business of working, shopping, hanging out with Irene and Dwight.

Kit listened a few seconds longer, praying hard that it was nothing more than the cracking sounds of her old apartment building, but the growing uneasiness suggested this wasn't so. Only one way to find out. Throwing off the covers, she sprang out of bed and headed toward the living room. Glancing at the front door and the door leading out from her tiny kitchen, she saw nothing out of the ordinary. To her relief, the apartment was locked up tight, deadbolt in place just as she'd left it when she'd gone to bed. Kit still didn't rest too easy as it only confirmed her worst suspicions. With dread, she turned and viewed the living room, eyes widening with horror and dismay.

A book lay on the floor in front of her bookcase, where it had fallen, from a shelf wide enough to hold all the books without any of them toppling over the edge. Cautiously, she tiptoed over, groaning when she saw her senior high school yearbook. The pages lay open, exposing the neat row of faces and comical, fake smiles. But this was not a coincidence. Not this time. She had shoved the book back until it hit the back solidly. No way could it fall off. The most disturbing issue, it kept landing with certain pages open—pages showcasing pictures of Austin.