

Prologue

Secrets have plagued my entire life. Only recently, I no longer had to hide my clairvoyant abilities, but one concealed truth still remained. One secret buried deep inside, never to be shared—until now.

My fingers clenched against my chest while I squeezed my eyes shut. What did I just hear? I tried slowing my erratic breathing to maintain some type of calmness, but the blood pulsating through my veins succeeded in raising, not lowering, my anxiety. Was it a dream? I shook my head. I didn't think so, it seemed too real.

Dominated by fear, I was too afraid to open my eyes. I feared whoever voiced those words would be standing in front of me. What if she was? I winced. This could not be happening again.

A few moments passed and I remained completely still, anticipating what would come. The eerie quietness that surrounded me amplified the light hum of the aquarium air pump. I welcomed the sound and visualized the curtain of air bubbles rising to the top. The endless imagination of bursting air helped soothe my nerves as my breathing evened.

I slowly opened my eyes and let out a huff of air. The scant amount of moonlight filtered through the top arched window, highlighting the lead singer's eyes from the pop band poster hung on the wall. He stared at me with his smoldering dark eyes; a reminder this wasn't my bedroom.

But I'm safe. It was a dream.

My gaze scanned the entire space until it landed back on poster-boy. "Yeah, yeah, yeah," I said to the hunky singer. "I know, I'm going crazy."

My shoulders dropped and my arms relaxed as I smoothed out the blanket lying across me. I lay back and closed my eyes in a worthless attempt to sleep.

"Heather," the same raspy voice whispered against my ear.

My eyes opened to the urgency of my name being called. The shakiness in the tone sounded desperate—a cry for help. That was no dream.

I quickly rose and scooted out of bed, but nobody was there. The room was still dark, and poster-boy still stared. I hurried toward the window and scanned the outside area, only to be faced with more frustration. Heavy fog made visibility impossible.

"Who are you?" I whispered.