



From the MixCache.com library

SAMPLE COPY

The Memory Thief's Game

MixCache.com

SAMPLE COPY

Table of Contents

- **Introduction**
- **Chapter 1:** Blood Awakening
- **Chapter 2:** No Answers, Only Questions
- **Chapter 3:** Missing Hours
- **Chapter 4:** The Detective's Doubt
- **Chapter 5:** In Her Own Mind
- **Chapter 6:** Unfamiliar Faces
- **Chapter 7:** The Patient File
- **Chapter 8:** Traces and Trespasses
- **Chapter 9:** Messages in the Dark
- **Chapter 10:** Connections Frayed
- **Chapter 11:** Old Wounds
- **Chapter 12:** A Stranger's Voice
- **Chapter 13:** Trust No One
- **Chapter 14:** The Unremembered Night
- **Chapter 15:** Closing In
- **Chapter 16:** Memory Games
- **Chapter 17:** Breaking the Pattern
- **Chapter 18:** False Alibis
- **Chapter 19:** The Silent Witness
- **Chapter 20:** Shattered Reflection
- **Chapter 21:** The Final Move
- **Chapter 22:** Unveiled Shadows
- **Chapter 23:** The Edge of Sanity
- **Chapter 24:** The Mastermind's Mask
- **Chapter 25:** The Truth Buried

Introduction

What is the truth worth, when your own mind is the one hiding it? My name is Jamie Mercer, and I live my life in the gray spaces between memory and forgetting. By profession, I am a trauma therapist—celebrated, perhaps even notorious, for guiding patients back to what they have lost or forced away into shadow. Each day, I ask others to trust me with the secrets they have hidden from themselves. I have made a career out of finding the most elusive parts of the truth.

No one ever taught me what to do when those shadows turned inward, when my own narrative became too fragile to hold. Most therapists will tell you: never believe you're immune. Trauma has a way of finding the cracks. Still, I couldn't have guessed that my carefully constructed life would topple so suddenly, reduced to a trembling gasp in a hotel room I didn't remember booking—my clothes soaked in blood that was not my own, my own hands shaking, and the pounding at the door announcing that nothing would be the same again.

This, then, is not only the story of a crime, but of a mind at war with itself. The evidence is damning, the memories fractured, and the faces around me—family, friends, lovers—are made suspect by my own inability to thread together the past. I am trained to recognize the unreliable narrator, the distortions that creep in when truth is too painful to face. Never did I expect to become the subject of my own scrutiny, questioning if I might be guilty not only of murder, but of rewriting my own reality.

From the moment the police arrived, I have battled to reconstruct the missing week, to cling to whatever scraps of memory surface despite the terror they bring. In their gaps and silences, fear breeds. My patients often ask: can our memories deceive us? My life—my freedom—now depends on that answer. Because alongside the evidence against me, I found a single warning ringing from my own phone: Trust no one. Especially yourself.

Now I must decipher who is playing the memory thief's game with me, who is rewriting my story—one that may end not just with the unmasking of a killer, but with the unraveling of my own mind. As I grasp for clarity, I know that every ally may be a traitor, every recollection a falsity, every confession a possible confession of my own hidden guilt. The only way out is through the darkness of what I cannot face.

The game is on, and the stakes are higher than life or death: they touch the very heart of identity itself. All I have is my determination—to uncover the memories stolen from me, to solve a murder, and above all, to remember who I truly am before it's too late.

CHAPTER ONE: Blood Awakening

The first sensation was the chill of air conditioning against clammy skin, a stark contrast to the oppressive heat that seemed to cling to the back of my eyelids. My head throbbed, a dull, insistent rhythm that felt like a tiny drum solo behind my temples. My mouth was a desert, each swallow a sandpaper rasp. I cracked an eye open, then the other, and the world swam into focus, pixel by agonizing pixel.

A hotel room. Not my apartment, with its familiar scent of old books and chamomile tea. This room smelled of stale air, cheap disinfectant, and something coppery. My gaze drifted. White sheets, rumpled, tangled around my legs. A generic painting of a seaside village on the wall, skewed slightly. A television, muted, flickering with some infomercial about a miracle cleaner. Nothing. Nothing remotely familiar.

A jolt. My clothes. I was still dressed, though my white silk blouse was rumpled and clinging, and my dark skirt was hiked up at an odd angle. A knot of dread began to tighten in my stomach. Where was I? More importantly, *how* did I get here? The last thing I remembered... a client session? No, that felt too far back. A dinner? With whom? My mind was a blank slate, scrubbed clean.

I pushed myself up, groaning as a fresh wave of nausea hit. My hand brushed against something wet, sticky. I looked down. My hands. They were caked, not just a smudge, but a dark, terrifying, crimson stain. My breath hitched. It was blood.

Not my blood. My skin was pale beneath it, unnervingly so. My gaze shot to my blouse again, then to the sheets. Smeared, splattered. The coppery smell in the air suddenly intensified, pressing in on me. This wasn't a nosebleed. This wasn't a kitchen accident. This was... too much.

Panic, cold and sharp, began to prick at my skin. I scrambled off the bed, my legs wobbly, landing on the plush carpet with a soft thud. I looked around wildly, desperate for a clue, any clue. My purse? My phone?

There, on the bedside table. My phone. Its screen was dark. I fumbled for it, my bloody fingers leaving smears on the cool glass. I pressed the power button. Nothing. Dead.

I tried the lamp. It flickered on, casting a jaundiced glow over the scene. That's when I saw it. On the floor, near the foot of the bed, a dark, irregular shape. A shadow. No. It was a person.

My blood ran cold. The shape was still, unnervingly so. A man. Lying face down, a dark

stain blossoming on the back of his shirt. A sickening thud echoed in my memory, a sound I hadn't realized I'd heard until this very second.

A scream built in my throat, but it died before it could escape. My mind reeled, trying to reconcile the image before me with the blankness inside my head. The blood on my hands. The dead man. The missing memories. It couldn't be. Could it?

My training kicked in, a cold, clinical voice cutting through the rising hysteria. *Assess. Observe. Don't panic.* But the voice was shaky, unfamiliar, like it belonged to someone else.

I forced myself to move, to take a step closer to the man. Every instinct screamed at me to run, to deny, to close my eyes and pretend it wasn't real. But the therapist in me, the one who pulled people back from the brink of denial, refused to let me.

His hair was dark, a little long. He wore a dark suit jacket, rumpled like mine. I couldn't see his face. A part of me didn't want to. I knelt, my stomach churning. I reached out a trembling hand, then hesitated. What if I disturbed something? What if...?

A sudden, sharp rapping at the door shattered the terrifying silence. Three hard knocks, insistent, demanding. My head snapped up. My heart hammered against my ribs, a frantic bird trapped in a cage.

"Hotel security! Open up!" a voice boomed from the other side, muffled but clear.

Security? Why security? Unless... they knew. They knew what was inside. They knew *I* was inside.

My eyes darted around the room, frantic, searching for an escape, a hiding place. There was none. Just the hotel room, the dead man, and me, covered in blood, with a mind as empty as a forgotten tomb.

The knocks came again, louder this time, followed by another voice, more authoritative. "Police! Open the door, Ms. Mercer!"

Ms. Mercer. They knew my name.

My blood-stained hands flew to my mouth, stifling a choked sob. The truth, ugly and undeniable, began to solidify in the churning chaos of my mind. They weren't here to help. They were here for me.

The lock clicked. A card key. They had their own.

Every muscle in my body seized. This wasn't a nightmare. This was real. The pounding

at the door intensified, rattling the frame. The dead man lay silent, a stark, unmoving accusation. And the blood on my hands... it felt impossibly heavy, staining not just my skin, but my very soul.

The door burst open, revealing two uniformed officers, their faces grim, their hands already on their holsters. The metallic tang of fear filled my mouth.

"Jamie Mercer?" one of them asked, his voice low, his eyes fixed on my bloodied hands.

I could only nod, my throat closed, my voice gone.

He took a step into the room, his gaze sweeping over the scene, landing on the prone figure on the floor. His eyes widened almost imperceptibly.

"Hands where I can see them, Ms. Mercer," he ordered, his voice sharper now, leaving no room for argument. "You're under arrest."

The words hit me like a physical blow, stealing the last breath from my lungs. Arrest. For what? My mind screamed the question, but no sound escaped. I could only stare at the blood, at the dead man, at the faces of the officers, their expressions shifting from cautious suspicion to grim certainty.

My hands, still stained, trembled as I slowly raised them. They cuffed me, the cold metal biting into my wrists, clicking shut with a finality that echoed in the silent room. As they led me out, past the gaping doorway, past the hushed hotel staff gathered in the hallway, I caught a glimpse of my reflection in a decorative mirror. My face was pale, my eyes wide with a terror I didn't yet fully comprehend. And behind the terror, a deeper, more chilling question began to form: Could I have done this?

This is a sample preview. Purchase the book to read the full content.

Visit MixCache.com to purchase the complete book.

SAMPLE COPY