



From the MixCache.com library

SAMPLE COPY

Shadow on the Glass

MixCache.com

SAMPLE COPY

Table of Contents

- **Introduction**
- **Chapter 1** The Window at Dawn
- **Chapter 2** Perfect Suburbia
- **Chapter 3** The First Whisper
- **Chapter 4** Among Neighbors
- **Chapter 5** Fractures in Glass
- **Chapter 6** Seeds of Doubt
- **Chapter 7** Under Watchful Eyes
- **Chapter 8** Unsolved Echoes
- **Chapter 9** The Phone Calls
- **Chapter 10** Growing Shadows
- **Chapter 11** Relics of the Past
- **Chapter 12** The Old Friends
- **Chapter 13** Fault Lines
- **Chapter 14** Crossed Wires
- **Chapter 15** A Face in the Crowd
- **Chapter 16** Closing In
- **Chapter 17** Smoke and Mirrors
- **Chapter 18** Into the Attic
- **Chapter 19** The Uninvited
- **Chapter 20** Broken Sanctuary
- **Chapter 21** Riddles and Revelations
- **Chapter 22** The Trap
- **Chapter 23** At the Edge of Night
- **Chapter 24** The Final Shadow
- **Chapter 25** Reflections

SAMPLE COPY

Introduction

From the outside, Eve Halden's life gleamed with all the gloss of a well-polished surface. Her home curled around her like an embrace, brick and glass glowing in the sunlight. She shared laughter with her children in the mornings, clasped her husband's hand over evening wine, and filled her days with work she loved. Their house sat on a quiet cul-de-sac where neighbors waved and asked about the weather, dogs barked playfully, and flowerbeds bloomed in careful symmetry. This was the neighborhood everyone wanted, where trouble never seemed to visit and secrets, if they existed, stayed politely sealed behind closed doors.

But Eve understood better than anyone that perfection was often a veneer, and glass—no matter how clean—could hold a shadow. She had spent years perfecting her role: attentive wife, devoted mother, accomplished architect, reliable friend. She hosted book clubs, dropped off casseroles, remembered birthdays. Yet beneath the domestic rhythms, she guarded a secret as fragile as spun sugar, a secret that once threatened to swallow her whole. She had built walls within walls, hiding her true self even from those closest to her.

The illusion of normalcy shattered one ordinary morning when Eve found a message traced on her bedroom window in delicate dew: one word, wrapped in meaning only she could understand. Her pulse hammered with dread, chasing away sleep's last grip. The world outside seemed unchanged—birds singing, children laughing—but the line of condensation on the glass was a ripple in her perfect pond, the first crack in her carefully constructed life.

As days slipped by, the messages continued, each appearing in places more impossible than the last. A single phrase etched into a steamed mirror, a chalk mark beneath her daughter's favorite swing. Unsettling coincidences grew frequent; the familiar faces of her neighbors blurred into a collage of doubt. Eve began to question every sidelong glance, every unscheduled visit, every sudden silence in the night. Old memories—ones she never dared revisit—rose to the surface, sharper than broken crystal.

At first, Eve's husband brushed off her unease, offering logical explanations and gentle reassurances. Her friends told her she looked tired, overworked. But as unease curdled into fear, taut threads of tension began weaving through her family and friendships. Paranoia, once a foreign sensation, became her closest companion. Eve felt the sensation of being watched, as if the very houses of the neighborhood pressed closer, eyes behind every curtain. She sensed the presence of something—or someone—long forgotten and now unwilling to stay buried.

This was how it began: with a single message on glass and the slow unraveling of certainty. In the pages that follow, Eve's journey spirals through the shadows of memory and menace, testing the limits of trust, truth, and self-preservation. For beneath even the clearest glass, darkness may linger—and every reflection holds the possibility of deception.

SAMPLE COPY

CHAPTER ONE: The Window at Dawn

The first light of dawn always painted Eve Halden's bedroom in a gentle wash of rose and gold, a perfect start to what promised to be another perfectly ordinary Tuesday. The digital clock on her bedside table glowed 5:47 AM. Her husband, Mark, breathed a steady, contented rhythm beside her, a symphony of peaceful slumber. Down the hall, she knew, their two children, ten-year-old Leo and seven-year-old Chloe, were still lost in the deep, untroubled sleep of childhood. Outside, the world was just beginning to stir - a lone bird's tentative chirp, the distant rumble of a delivery truck, the soft rustle of leaves as a phantom breeze danced through the oak trees.

Eve stretched, the lingering tendrils of a dream she couldn't quite grasp slipping away. She loved these quiet moments before the chaos of breakfast and school runs, a brief oasis of calm in her meticulously orchestrated life. As an architect, she appreciated order, structure, and the subtle beauty of lines converging in harmony. Her home, a testament to her craft, was a sanctuary of clean angles and warm, natural light. Every object had its place, every schedule its purpose. It was a life she had built with painstaking care, brick by brick, moment by moment.

She turned onto her side, her gaze drifting towards the large picture window that overlooked their sprawling backyard, a verdant expanse of manicured lawn, vibrant flowerbeds, and a sturdy swing set that often hosted impromptu neighborhood playdates. The glass, usually a pristine portal to her perfectly manicured world, held something new this morning. A faint, almost imperceptible film of condensation, typical for an early autumn morning.

But it wasn't just the condensation that caught her eye. Etched into the foggy surface, as if drawn by an invisible finger, was a single, stark word.

LIES.

Eve's breath hitched. For a moment, she wondered if she was still dreaming, if the word was a trick of the light, a figment of her overactive imagination. She blinked, rubbed her eyes, then stared again. No. It was undeniably there, the cursive loops of the 'L' and 'S' distinct, the dot of the 'I' a tiny, ominous period. It was small, no more than six inches across, nestled in the lower right corner of the pane, a private message meant only for her.

A cold dread seeped into her bones, chasing away the last vestiges of morning peace. Her mind, usually so sharp and analytical, spun in a dizzying circle. Who could have done this? How? Their bedroom was on the second floor. The window was a good

fifteen feet off the ground, overlooking a sloping garden bed, then a fence. No one could have reached it from the outside without a ladder, and she would have heard a ladder being placed against the house, wouldn't she? Mark was a heavy sleeper, but Eve was a light one, ever vigilant.

She pushed herself up, the duvet falling away with a soft rustle. Her bare feet met the cool polished hardwood. She approached the window slowly, as if the message might vanish if she moved too quickly. As she drew closer, the letters seemed to sharpen, to accuse. The word itself wasn't particularly threatening in isolation, but combined with the impossible location and the intimate nature of the gesture, it felt like a direct assault. A violation.

Her gaze swept across the lawn, the dew-kissed grass untouched, no footprints or disturbed foliage visible. The swing set stood silent, its chains glinting faintly in the nascent light. Everything was as it should be, yet everything felt terribly, irrevocably wrong. It was like a perfectly composed photograph with one glaring, inexplicable flaw.

Mark stirred, a low grunt escaping his lips. Eve froze, her heart hammering against her ribs. Should she wake him? Tell him? The thought of explaining this bizarre, impossible occurrence made her stomach clench. He would undoubtedly look for a rational explanation, a logical cause. A prank, perhaps, from one of Leo's friends, though the height of the window immediately ruled that out. Or maybe, he'd suggest, she was just imagining things, a symptom of stress from a recent big project at work. He meant well, always. But sometimes, his practical nature felt like a dismissive wave.

And then there was the word itself. *Lies*. It felt too personal, too pointed, for a random act of vandalism. It hinted at something deeper, something she had buried so thoroughly she sometimes forgot it existed herself. But how could anyone else know? She had spent decades constructing this flawless life, cementing over every crack, every imperfection from her past.

She reached out, her fingers trembling slightly, and touched the glass. The condensation felt cool, damp. As her fingertip brushed against the letter 'E', the fragile moisture smudged, distorting the pristine line. In seconds, the word began to blur, dissolving into an innocuous smear. It was as if it had never been there at all.

Eve pulled her hand back, a shiver running down her spine. The impermanence of the message was almost more disturbing than its presence. It left no tangible evidence, nothing to show Mark, nothing to prove that she wasn't just losing her mind. A whisper on the glass, fading with the morning sun.

She turned away from the window, her mind racing. This couldn't be random. The specificity of the word, the impossible access point – it felt meticulously planned,

designed to unsettle her. But who would want to unsettle *her*? She had no enemies, not that she knew of. Her life was an open book, or so she presented it to the world.

A soft groan from Mark. He was shifting, his breathing pattern altering. The first stirrings of the day. Soon the house would fill with the usual cacophony: the smell of coffee, the clatter of cereal bowls, Chloe's incessant chatter, Leo's morning grumbles. She needed to compose herself, to push this unsettling discovery back into the dark corners of her mind before it tainted the perfect morning.

But as she walked back to the bed, the image of the word, stark and accusatory, was burned into her mind. *LIES*. It was a direct challenge to the carefully crafted reality she inhabited. And as the morning light fully embraced their room, revealing nothing but the ordinary, Eve couldn't shake the terrifying realization: someone out there knew her secret. And they were finally ready to expose it. The question was, who was it, and how long had they been watching her?

SAMPLE COPY

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

Visit MixCache.com to purchase the complete book.

SAMPLE COPY