

Prologue

The fact that my aunt's front door was unlocked should've been a red flag. Just about every horror movie I'd ever seen featured a stupid, oblivious guy wandering through an open door that definitely should've been locked, only for said idiot to get slammed in the face with a surprise axe. But this was New York City. My aunt's building had a doorman. Wasn't that so she didn't have to lock her front door?

I collapsed on to the couch, sleep immediately creeping around the edges of my vision. Closing my eyes, I tried to remember the last time I'd slept normally. It was before this whole stupid weekend, before I ruined basically every relationship that ever meant anything to me. In fact, I'd probably never sleep again, plagued instead by memories of me attempting to dance like someone that didn't look high on hard drugs, or the way I almost *wanted* Olivia to make fun of me, to be on the other end of her sharp wit, because at least then I knew she cared about me.

At the thought of Olivia, my stomach dropped, cueing the memories of this weekend to start cycling through my

head on a never-ending loop.

Olivia, saying goodbye.

Olivia, disappearing through the iron gate of the shady Brooklyn music venue. Alone.

Me, trailing after her, always too late.

Clark and his stupid leather vest.

The way Olivia looked at me when—

A loud thump echoed from down the hall of my aunt's apartment, momentarily breaking me out of my head. It sounded like a towel slumping on to the tiled floor of the bathroom.

I flattened one of the fancy velvet pillows crowding the couch over my head, as if that could shield me from the oncoming sounds of concern and flurry of movement that were almost certainly on their way.

'I've basically had the worst night of my life and if you ask me about it, I'm gonna throw up,' I shouted to my aunt, Karen.

But when she didn't come sliding down the hallway on the balls of her slippery, socked feet, I dragged the pillow off my face and frowned.

'Aunt Karen?'

Only then did I realize how quiet the apartment was, the surrounding silence hard and cold. It was the quiet right before a grenade exploded, as the little metal canister arced through the air and you waited helplessly for the explosion. For the deafening boom. For the blackness.

My feet landed hard on the wooden floor, adrenaline surging up my throat. Somehow, I knew it wasn't my aunt

or even an axe murderer in the bathroom. I knew instantly that it could only be one person, that the night could only end one way.

My sprint down the hallway only lasted a half second, but by the time I slammed my shoulder into the bathroom door frame I was already breathless. As I took in the scene, my brain stuttered. The shrunken figure slumped underneath the sink, her trademark white-blond hair looking green in the bathroom's dingy light.

'Olivia?' I said, barely above a whisper.

At the sound of my voice, she didn't move. But just seeing her like that, I knew. I didn't need to touch her neck to feel for a pulse or see her glassy eyes rolled back in her head.

I knew. Olivia Moon was dead.