

Somebody stepped into the apartment.

“Pammy?”

A male voice. Deep and powerful. A reflexive shiver coursed up Diana’s spine ... but wavered when she caught something she couldn’t explain in the tone. She scanned her body for sensations of expected discomfort but found none. Instinct told her there was no threat. She felt her brow furrow as she tried to make sense of her out-of-character response to the male stranger.

Pam called out, “In here, honey.”

Diana stared as a young man, dressed in casual tan pants and an untucked black shirt, joined them. Dark sunglasses covered his eyes and a navy-blue cap masked his hair, though Diana could see honey-blond strands poking out at the sides.

Something tingled in her at the sight of him. She couldn’t pry her eyes away.

The man flashed Pam a grin before leaning in to give her a hug, “Hey Pammy.”

“Hey, you finished early.”

“Yeah, wasn’t very busy today.”

The stranger pulled himself from Pam’s embrace and looked at Diana and Chris. He nodded at them.

Pam’s voice broke Diana’s scrutiny of the stranger, “Why don’t I do the introductions?” The woman gestured at Chris as she spoke, “Christopher Johnson,” then Diana, “and Diana King, I’m pleased to introduce you to my foster son, Jonathan Smith, Jon for short.”

*What?*

Diana’s heart shot to her mouth. In vain, she tried to study his face, but his glasses still covered half of it. She watched him exchange a polite greeting and handshake with Chris. As he turned to her, he removed his hat and sunglasses. His entire face was exposed.

It felt like it happened in slow motion. She sensed every muscle within her freeze as understanding swept over her, like a tidal wave clearing everything in its path. She felt the blood drain from her face. Her pulse and legs weakened. Seconds later, her world went black.