

Medium Crossing by Lorelei Buckley

Excerpt:

Scarlett dropped the phone in her purse and scurried out of her room. She paused in the hall and watched HottieHolt on his feet with his hands in his pockets, staring pensively at the potted plants. Seemed his inner demons rumbled. She understood.

“Are you ready?” she said softly.

He proceeded to the front door weighted by whatever preoccupied him.

They stepped outside of her apartment in the communal hallway where the wood had absorbed decades of cigarette smoke. The stench burned her nostrils. She’d meant to smudge the hall with sage to tidy up the energy, an intention that slipped from her memory as quickly as a new name.

Downstairs, at the building’s entrance, Scarlett yanked open the door. Summer heat fleeced her body, and she inhaled a warrior’s breath. Something she did every time she left her apartment.

A few balled potato chip bags dotted the sidewalk, adding color to the dreary gray cement.

She and Hottie barely made it a block before swollen storm clouds darkened the sky. Even a vibrant lime green paper plate littering the street dulled in the overcast. She sighed, thankful she’d fixed her headlight yesterday.

Holt cleared his throat. “Do you mind if I ride with you? I can’t find my way out of a grocery store.” He watched her from the corner of his eyes.

“What are you talking about? You’re an urbanite. You get around fine.”

“All right.” He unfolded a crease in the waistline of his jeans. “Truth be told, I want to stick close to my investment.”

She kicked an empty beer can under a double-parked SUV. “You know where I live.”

“With all those locks?” he asked, staring ahead. “I’d never get my money back.”

“No refunds, remember?” Her bootlace flapped against the ground. “Hold on a sec.” She crouched and double tied the long strings. A dull, stabbing pain agitated her third chakra. She stalled. The hair on her arms curled. Someone stood behind her and whoever it was had the energy of a rabid rat.