



*What happens when the perfect man turns out to be her worse enemy? Come on this journey and explore Macy's soon to be or soon to be over life.*

## **Secondhand Truths**

By Jackie Adams

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**secondhand  
TRUTHS**

**JACKIE ADAMS**

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## Chapter 1

I'm running down the stairs so fast I'm actually skipping one or two along the way. I see a washer and dryer. I seek cover behind them. I draw my face up peeking around the side of the washer. I look out the rectangular basement window. I see military boots! One, two, three, four. Four pairs! I can't hear them, but I can definitely see them marching past the window. As if they're looking for someone, maybe looking for me. I glance across the room; there's a man there. He is stooped behind the ironing board. How'd he get here? Where exactly am I? I hear footsteps and furniture knocking around from the floor above.

My eyes dramatically fly open, and I sit up in bed. Beads of sweat formed on my forehead and side cheeks. How does this keep happening? Why do I keep having these dreams? I was never in the military, and who the hell is this man I keep dreaming of? I've never seen him in my life, yet I recall him so vividly.

I throw the cover back airing out my legs and stay sitting there staring at the wall trying to make sense of everything. As I stare at the lamp's shadow's reflection dancing along the wall do to oncoming traffic lights

from the street across from my bedroom's window, I wonder what it is about this man I keep dreaming up.

Is it I'm so lonely that the figment of my imagination has taken over and created itself a desirable man as I slumber? In that case, does it feel like I need a hero? I think that's what the man was supposed to be doing when he told me to stay put. Feeling confused, I stand letting the rest of my thoughts slowly dissolve into the morning.

"Mika, I have breakfast sitting on the counter. I would have waited for you, but I was too hungry, sorry. Forgive me, right?" Andrea closes the refrigerator door. "Do you want apple or orange juice with it?" She turns to face me. "You look dazed again. Don't tell me you had another crazy dream."

I go to say something, but I'm not sure what to tell her and what not to tell her. I decide, "If I tell you I dreamt about the same man again would you tease me?"

She sets the juice in front of the plate I made, "No, not at all. Did you at least kiss him?"

I take a seat, "See, I knew you'd tease me."

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She takes a seat on the opposite side of me and picks through a cup of fruit. “I’m not teasing you, but your dreams, well, they’re like a soap opera. I need details.”

I told her about the military boots, and how we were hiding in a basement, and I had no idea what was going on. I told her I woke up before I could fully understand it. “How is it possible the same man enters in my dreams? A man I’ve never seen much less met. It’s weird.”

“Maybe you’ve seen him somewhere before, but you didn’t really focus on him. Our minds are mysterious, you know. It could very well happen. I think it would help if you’d start dating, Mika.”

I fork at my food. Unlike Andrea, who has a social life bigger than this penthouse apartment I share with her, which by the way, is huge, I have no social life. I don’t date. It’s not that I’m ugly or anything. I think of myself as pretty in a simple form. It’s not that I don’t get asked out, because I’ve had more than my share of men asking me. I’m happy, why would I mess this feeling up? I watch Andrea as she dates numerous men. It’s not that she’s easy. She said herself that she loves dating. She’s not sexually active with them. She

has a little black book she likes to pull out and pick which suitor is best for which date. Unlike me, who goes to the theaters and musicals alone if Andrea is busy for the night. And no, I have no desire for women.

I sigh, “Andrea, you know I don’t date, and you know why I don’t date.”

She reaches over and takes my hand in hers patting it, “Is this about Jordan?”

“No,” I’m feeling very defensive now, “It has nothing at all to do with, Jordan. He made the choices he made, and I’m quite content with my life. What don’t you get about that?” Jordan and I broke up over a year ago, and Andrea still can’t let go of the idea of thinking I’m still wrapped up in the pain of it all.

It was indeed tragic, frantic tears and all. It did take me some time to mend from it. He left me for his secretary at his law firm. No surprise there, really. It happens to couples all of the time. In truth, he spent more time at his office with her than he ever had time to spend with me. Jordan was a workaholic. It was bound to happen sooner or later. We were together for three years. It feels like a long time, but maybe it’s not

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as bad as I make it. I'm over him now. I wish Andrea would accept the fact that I am.

She stands up and says, "Okay, I gotta go. I'm hitting up some museums today. You have twenty minutes to get ready if you want to join me." She looks over at me questioning what I might say next.

"No, you go ahead and go. I'm feeling exhausted after the nightmare. I feel like I haven't slept at all. I think I'll lounge around today. No work, yay!"

Andrea and I have known each other and been best friends since grade school. I've lived in Missouri all of my life, but Andrea moved here from California. I remember having so many questions about where she came from. To me, at the young age of 12, it was like she stepped in from another world.

"Okay, just make sure you don't sleep, because I don't want to have problems waking you up again. You know how you get when you are up all night." She smiles her million-dollar smile at me with her perfect set of straight, white teeth.

Andrea and I both work at her clothing boutique located down the street from her penthouse. She inherited millions from her parents, but if you know



Andrea... you'd know she'd trade every cent back to have her parents again.

I take a bite of the eggs she made me, "I won't. I promise. I'm going to curl up and watch some television..." I quietly throw in, "Mommy." Maybe it was being too sarcastic after she was nice enough to make me breakfast.

She yells from the door, "I heard that, Mika. It wasn't very nice of you. I'll see you later, crabola."

I smile as I finish off my eggs. I love everything about Andrea. I couldn't have asked for a better best friend! We both come from entirely different worlds. Her parents have always been successful, much like Andrea has turned out to be. Where I came from a very financially poor family. Our families had a way of balancing each other out. Andrea's family was continuously gone and was cold and calculated when they weren't. My parents were home daily and cookie-cutting parents. They filled both Andrea and me with adoration and love. My parents treated Andrea like one of their own, probably because I was an only child.

Andrea lost her parents a year before I lost mine. Hers were lost in a tragic automobile accident. Mine

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only a year apart. My dad first, and then just a few months ago I lost mom. Andrea and I took losing our parents very hard, but we seriously bonded even more than we thought could be possible with the bond we already had.

I tell Andrea all the time I feel bad about working at her boutique. I feel like I should be doing something different with my life. She always comes back telling me she needs me more than ever not to leave her to take care of the boutique herself. She even made me the shop manager. She talks about making me a partner, but I'm not sure I want the responsibility that comes with it. I love my life. I only worry having me around too much will cause her to tire of me. I know one day I'll find myself in my own probably studio apartment. She'll meet a man she takes a serious interest in, and she'll need her privacy. She's always reassuring me when that happens, she's keeping her penthouse, but moving in with him. She says she needs me here to watch over it. I'm not sure if she feels I'm her pet project or if she really likes having me around this much. It's true, we have been best friends since grade school.

She's always hounding me to date, but what would I do with a man in my life? I am a very jealous woman, which never mixes well with the men I choose to date. I'm always left hurt and discarded once they move on to their next big thrill. I don't want to go through it all again. It was the same with three relationships I've had. It's not that I'm cold and jaded. It's that I'm happy and content. How can I get Andrea to understand that about me?



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