

**Amanda James**

# BEHIND THE LIE

Not all secrets stay hidden...

# **Who can you trust, if you can't trust yourself?**

Holly West has turned her life around. She's found a successful and loving husband in Simon and is expecting twins. She is definitely a woman who has taken back control of her future.

Until she gives birth, but for only one twin to survive. Holly can't let it go.

Holly's world is in a tailspin and suddenly she can't trust herself or anyone else. No one believes her, not her husband or her best friend. Because she thinks she knows the truth... her son is still alive and she won't stop until she finds him.

# Behind the Lie

Amanda James



ONE PLACE. MANY STORIES

## AMANDA JAMES

grew up in Sheffield but her dream was to eventually live in Cornwall. Having now realised that dream, the dramatic coastline around her home inspires her writing and she has sketched out many stories in her head while walking the cliff paths.

Known to many as Mandy, she spends far more time than is good for her on social media and has turned procrastination into a fine art. Amanda has written many short stories for anthologies and has five published novels. Two, *A Stitch in Time* and *Cross Stitch*, are about a time-travelling history teacher; three are a mixture of suspense and mystery – *Somewhere Beyond the Sea*, *Dancing in the Rain* and *Summer in Tintagel*.

Amanda left school with no real qualifications of note apart from an A\* in how to be a nuisance in class. Nevertheless, she returned to education when her daughter was five and eventually became a history teacher, though she never travelled through time, apart from in her head.

When Amanda is not writing she can be found playing on the beach with her family or walking next to the ocean plotting her next book.

Follow her on Twitter [@akjames61](#) and on Facebook at [mandy.james.33](#)

To Brian – my biggest champion

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## Prologue

I close my eyes. I want to shut out the bright lights, to block from my ears the incessant beep of monitors, the clink of instruments on metal trays, the rustle of a plastic apron as a nurse follows hushed instructions from the surgeon. My husband, Simon, has tried to prepare me for this moment, but how can I be? Nobody could.

Not for this.

My heart is racing and a weight of despair crushes my chest. I can't give up yet though. Mustn't. Simon has told me that I can't think the worst, must be positive. I cannot voice my fears or they could become real. I hold tight to my husband's hand and he whispers encouraging words.

The wail of an infant snaps my eyes open once more and I let out a moan. It's a mixture of both hope and despair, because there should be two, you see.

Two babies.

Moments later, the surgeon tells us we have a little girl. I want to ask about my son, but I can't say the words. There are too many people in the room, nurses, assistants, an anaesthetist, and God knows who else, and it sounds as if they are all talking at once. I can hear someone saying something about weight and then a nurse is rushing around; I can't tell what she's doing; there's a green operating sheet hanging in front of me. Suddenly my daughter is in my arms and an overwhelming rush of love takes my breath. Before I can speak again, I realise that the surgeon has left the room and a nurse too, I think. It's so hard to see everything that's happening and I begin to panic again. Simon calms me, explains they are just doing my stitches.

My husband takes my daughter's tiny hand and says she looks just like me. He is flushed with pride and tells us both how much he loves us. I ask

where our boy is and he tells me not to worry, that a nurse has just taken him to have some checks, that it will all be fine. I think he sounds less than convincing. Then a male nurse comes in, whispers in Simon's ear. He passes my daughter back to me, asks if I will be okay for a few minutes without him. I ask why, but he doesn't answer.

He is gone for some time and when he returns his grey eyes are moist and he whispers in my ear that he's so sorry but there was nothing that could be done and that our worst fears have come true; that he's so, so sorry, but at least we have our healthy baby girl. He kisses my cheek tenderly and I want to scream, because my baby boy is gone.

Gone for ever.