

NAOMI SHERMAN

APARTMENT No. 17

A SUPERNATURAL THRILLER



18+

Naomi Sherman

Apartment N 17

<https://litres.ru/74658407>

SelfPub; 2026

Аннотация

A Supernatural Thriller

After her mother's death, Vera inherits a key to an apartment she never knew existed. Inside, she discovers seventeen photographs of strangers—and a final picture of herself, taken three days before her arrival.

The old building hides secrets that defy official records. Neighbors remember events that never happened, the blueprints contradict reality, and a mysterious voice behind the wall seems to know Vera better than she knows herself.

As she uncovers the truth, Vera's own memories begin to change. But some doors should never be opened, and some truths come at a price.

What if the past you're desperate to uncover is the one thing that could destroy your present?

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A Supernatural Thriller

Naomi Sherman

Book Description

After inheriting an apartment her mother never told her about, Vera discovers photographs of strangers—and a picture of herself taken three days before she arrived. The building has no apartment with that number, the superintendent has been dead for years, and the neighbors remember events that do not appear in any records. Gradually, Vera learns that a place behind the door can restore lost memories, but every attempt to change the past comes at a price. To get out, she must decide what is worse: living without answers or losing the present for the sake of the past.

All characters and events in this book are fictional.

1. The Key That Shouldn't Exist

The letter arrived on Thursday at 11:08 a.m.—at the exact moment Vera was about to delete her mother's number from her phone. It had been seven months since the funeral. She had kept the photographs, the voice messages, and the habit of occasionally dialing the number, even though she knew no one would answer.

The notary informed Vera that she was the sole heir to an apartment on Sadovaya Street. Her mother had never mentioned the property. Vera could refuse the inheritance, but curiosity proved stronger than her unease.

The building was old, with black balconies and tall windows. The entryway smelled of wax and damp plaster. The resident directory listed apartments one through twenty-eight, but there was no Apartment 17.

The key fit the door on the fourth floor. The number had been removed long ago, leaving a pale rectangle on the wood. Inside, everything was clean, as though the owner had stepped out only a minute earlier. A cup stood in the kitchen, a blue coat hung in the bedroom, and dried lavender lay on the windowsill.

Behind the baseboard, Vera found a metal box containing seventeen photographs. The first sixteen showed strangers in the same room. The last showed Vera herself, wearing the coat she had put on that day. The picture had been taken from inside the

apartment.

On the back, someone had written: “Don’t let her remember the windowless room.” At the bottom was a date—three days earlier.

A key turned in the hallway. Vera had locked the door from the inside. She remembered doing it perfectly clearly.

The handle slowly lowered.

“So you came back after all,” a woman’s voice said.

The notary’s office smelled of coffee, wet coats, and paper from old filing cabinets. An employee brought out a folder and showed Vera the documents: her mother had visited the notary several times, most recently a month before her death. Vera reread the date, checked the signature, and felt her confusion turn to irritation. Irina had known about the apartment and arranged the transfer in advance. Her silence had been deliberate. Outside, a fine rain fell, the wind crept under Vera’s collar, and wet leaves stuck to her soles. She put the papers in her bag and wondered for the first time whether the inheritance was not a gift but a request her mother had never managed to voice.

That evening, Vera returned to her old apartment to pack her things. As she folded clothes into a suitcase, she noticed how many objects had remained untouched since her mother’s death: a cup with a hairline crack, spare buttons in a glass jar, a shopping list. At the bottom of a drawer lay an old calendar. Irina had circled Vera’s birthday and drawn a tiny symbol beside it that looked like a key. Vera did not remember her mother marking

that date this way. She photographed the page, closed the drawer, and decided not to take the calendar. Not every object had to become evidence. Sometimes an object could simply remain an object, though right now Vera found it difficult to tell the difference.

2. The Woman in the Hallway

Vera grabbed her phone. There was no signal. The woman spoke again from behind the door:

“I know you’re in there. Don’t make me come in.”

“Who are you?”

“The one who tried to warn you.”

Vera looked through the peephole and saw not the hallway but a white room. A child’s chair stood in the center. She recoiled.

“Go away!”

“All right. But don’t open the door if you hear your mother’s voice.”

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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