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Every lead brought her closer to something vast, a network of hidden dealings buried beneath the surface. Friends became suspects, and strangers seemed to know her name. And always, in the corner of her vision, she sensed the same silhouette—tall, patient, waiting.

When the first threatening letter arrived, Mara understood this was no ordinary case. The message, written in hurried ink, read only: *The secret is not in the light. It lives in the shadows.*

Determined, she pressed forward, uncovering connections between the missing journalist and a string of unexplained deaths. Each revelation only deepened the mystery, until Mara could no longer tell whether she was the hunter—or the hunted.

The truth was close. But in chasing shadows, one risks being swallowed by them.

Chapter 29

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