

ELIZABETH N. HARRIS



ESCAPE

from
Rage

BOOK 12.75 OF RAGE MC

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Escape from Rage.
Book 12.75 of Rage MC.
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Elizabeth N. Harris

Escape from Rage.

Book 12.75 of Hellfire MC.

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Escape from Rage.

Special real life guest appearance from a famous Paranormal Investigator!

Phoe loves Halloween. The bigger, the better. For several years now, she's terrorised not only Rage and Hellfire but half of Rapid City. This year, Phoe has gone all out. Something they've never done before, and she knows this is going to frighten half of them to death. But that's the fun!

Rage and Hellfire are honestly annoyed at their so-called allies. One by one, their allies have managed to evade Phoe's Fright Night, and they are the last two left standing. And Phoe will not brook any sign of refusal. It's more than what their life is worth to say no to Phoe. Especially when they know she's gone BIG. Drake is not ready to admit he's scared stupid of what Phoe has come up with this time but by the time dawn breaks... Drake won't be alone in wanting to flee.

Rage and Hellfire face insanity and depravity this Halloween. And for those who didn't believe in ghosts, think again. Because this time, it's not a staged house or a haunted maze. This time, they are facing their fears of the paranormal straight on. Worse, a paranormal investigator is aiding Phoe! Even the old ladies are worried this time. Artemis learns there are some things a bullet and knife won't stop! Maybe this time even Phoe has bitten off more than she can chew!

Books by Elizabeth N. Harris

Rage MC series.

Rage of the Phoenix.

The Hunters Rage.

The Rage of Reading.

The Crafting of Rage.

Rage's Terror.

The Protection of Rage.

Love's Rage.

The Hope of Rage.

First Rage.

The Innocence of Rage.

The Sweetness of Rage.

The Range of Rage.

Rage's Model.

The Rage of Angels.

The Hell of Christmas Rage.

The History of Rage.

A Renewed Rage.

Rage's Legacy.

A 4th Full of Rage.

Escape from Rage.

Rage MC–The Prospects.

Calamity.

Klutz.

Cowboy.

Wild.

Gauntlet.

Hellfire MC Series.

Chance's Hell.

The Savagery of Hell.

The Scream of Hell.

Justice of Hell.

The Horror of Hell.

The Wild Side of Hell.

The Vengeance of Hell.

The Speakeasy of Hell.

Washingtons. *(Completed series)*

James.

Jaime.

Frankie.

Adam.

Love Beyond Death series. *(Completed series)*

Oakwood Manor.

Courtenay House.

Waverley Hall.

Corelle Abbey.

Eléonore Castle.

DeLacy Park.

Love Beyond Death–The Inns.

The Jekyll and Hyde.

The Black Cat.

The Green Man.

Legendary Shifters.

Bloodlust.

Dedication.

This is to a very special man who made my day when he agreed to be my special guest, paranormal investigator. There is only one Dave Schrader, and the man is a legend within the paranormal world. Famous for TV shows which were highly popular, Dave has become a well-known and beloved figure.

I'm truly honoured Dave agreed to be a character in this book and have tried to keep him as life like as possible. So for Dave Schrader fans... this one's for you!

Love,

Elizabeth x

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This book was written, produced and edited in England, the United Kingdom, where some spelling, grammar, and word usage will vary from US English.

A Quick Note!

After several reviews and emails commenting on grammar and spelling errors, I thought I'd explain. My work is edited thoroughly, and some grammar and spelling will differ from US English. For example, color to colour or focusing instead of focussing. But I type as I imagine the characters speaking. I've been around several MCs and know many bikers; believe me, they don't watch their grammar! So, you may find errors when one of the characters speaks; that's intentional! Even educated characters may drop their p's and q's occasionally, and we'll let them off because we love them so much!

Drake may use *don't* instead of *doesn't*, *it don't make sense* instead of *it doesn't make sense*. Or I *be* angry instead of *I am* angry! Or Phoe may say *me and you* instead of the grammatically correct *you and I*. They also drop words, possibly one of my own personal pet peeves! *You won't do it* becomes *won't do it*, or *it ain't right* turns into *ain't right*. However, typos are not deliberate, and if you find any, I sincerely apologise!

I hope you enjoy the book because I write from the heart and genuinely love my Rage MC characters and the world I'm creating around them.

“I have a nasty feeling about this,” Alice whispered, looking around.

Happy Reading!



Elizabeth N. Harris

This book doesn't contain any triggers although it is a spooky little tale. But clowns and bats are mentioned if you have phobias around them!

The Andrews Institute doesn't exist, but paranormal fans might recognise some of the features from real life haunted places!

While each book has a happy ever after, I would highly recommend you check out the reading order for the Rage MC, Hellfire MC, Washingtons and Rage MC-The Prospects series on my website at:- <https://www.elizabethnharris.net/reading-order>

Prologue.

Phoe

“You’re all a bunch of cowards, Inglorious!” I snapped down the phone.

“Too damn right,” he muttered in reply.

“I heard that you lunatic!” I yelled.

“Sorry, I was agreeing with something Psych was saying,” Inglorious replied.

“You little liar! You all need to grow some balls,” I taunted.

Drake and Chance both winced and turned their backs.

“She’s got nothing to do with us!” Drake said loudly.

“I’m telling you right now. If you duck out like all those other cowards, you can get ready for next year. Because I’ll get far worse!” I warned.

“Get your asses on bikes and turn up!” Chance thundered, making me jump.

“Nope. Not happening, not after the Gremlins and Chucky, Phoe. I got more chance of marrying these fuckers all off in twenty-four hours than getting them in to attend another fright night,” Inglorious snapped.

“Fine. But remember, next year, you’re all mine! And payback is a bitch and I’m the queen of bitches!” I warned and cut the line.

I turned to Drake and Chance. They winced and gulped.

“I don’t give a fuck if someone’s in hospital, deathly ill, contagious, or dying. You warn the clubs. If one of them doesn’t show up, I’ll make them suffer daily for a full year. Listening to me, Chatter? Dolls everywhere you turn. Apache? Ghosts every night. You will attend my fright night. And meanwhile, I got some shit to plan for those bastard cowards,” I warned.

“We’ll be there with bells on,” Drake promised—pale.

“Remember, husband.” I stepped closer in warning. “I know every single member of Rage and Hellfire inside out. Do not piss me off!”

Chance

He watched as Phoe stormed away. Her spine was stiff, and he realised she had plans in place for Washington’s, Hawthorne’s, RCPD, The Juno Group, Delta Force and the MCs who’d called off. They were about to find themselves in deep shit because when Phoe got in a snit, Phoe was evil. And Halloween always brought out the worst in her.

“I blame you. You spoiled her,” Drake moaned.

“Seriously, dude, grow some balls. There’s nobody who indulges Phoe more than you,” Chance shot back.

“She is up to something. I caught her speaking to a man called Dave, and she has stars in her eyes,” Drake grumbled.

“No way she’s cheating,” Chance denied instantly.

“Nah. But this guy had her in a whirl, and Phoe doesn’t fangirl often.” Drake shook his head.

“Dave? I don’t know any Daves,” Chance said, thinking slowly.

“Me neither, which means we can’t force him to tell us what she’s up to this fuckin’ time!” Drake complained.

“You married her cousin, remember that? Whatever Phoe does, is on your damn head,” Chance stated and then, giving Drake a dark look, strode away.

Chapter One.

October 31st. 16.00 pm.

Drake

“Get in the limo, honey, and do as you’re told. Should anyone mess this up, you will suffer the most,” Drake grumbled as he climbed inside his own. He kept repeating Phoe’s threat under his breath. No doubt his wife had a particular punishment in mind should he mess this up.

Phoe had given him a list, and he’d had to make sure each person got into the vehicle they were meant to, or she’d string him up by his balls.

He glanced around his limo, taking in those with him. Marsha, Lynda, Rosie, and Savage from Rage. Banshee, Janey, and Shotgun from Hellfire. Drake was puzzled as to why they had been split up and mixed up. Somehow, he knew tonight was going to be legendary, but he had no clue whether that was a good thing or bad!

They’d been driving for an hour, and Drake had no idea where they were. The windows were tinted, and the driver kept them darkened to keep them virtually blind. While the others talked, Drake tried to wrack his brains where Phoe was sending them. All day she’d been as hyper as fuck, and Drake knew she had something extraordinary planned. Which worried the shit out of him. Phoe’s love of Halloween was beyond legendary.

His frown deepened when he thought of his allies.

Bunch of pussies. One by one, they’d made excuses and backed out. Phoe had got more irritated each time one of them did so, and Inglorious was seriously going to pay. The poor guy had no idea what Phoe planned for them, but Drake was sure it would be terrifying.

A smirk crossed his face as he realised that no matter what Phoe had in store for Rage and Hellfire, Washington’s and everybody else would get far, far worse!

Drake felt the limo slow down, and everyone perked up. Marsha and Rosie plastered themselves against the windows but couldn't see anything. Drake felt the vehicle turn and thought they passed through a set of heavy gates. The car wound its way up a long drive and then stopped.

Curiosity eating at him, Drake shoved open the door, and Janey scrambled over him to get out first.

“Holy shit! No fucking way!” Janey exclaimed in shock.

Drake's stomach dropped. Oh no.

“Crap, this is so cool!” Rosie screeched, nearly kneeling him in the nuts as she climbed across him to get out.

Drake took protective action and cupped himself just as Marsha crawled across his lap. He swapped a weary gaze with Shotgun.

“I thought this place was off-limits? Are we going to get arrested?” Marsha yelled.

As Drake finally got out, voices broke out around him, causing a din. Loud denials and what the fucks hit him as he stared at something birthed from a horror movie.

“Oh, fuck no!” Drake breathed. “The Andrews Institute.”

“We're trespassing and better get out of here,” Chance announced hopefully.

Drake knew it wouldn't be that easy.

“Since when have you been worried about breaking the law?” Phoe retorted.

“There's always a first time!” Chance snapped.

“Hey guys! Welcome to Fright Night. First of all, I have written permission for us to investigate the Andrews Institute,” Phoe said loudly as people fell quiet.

“Aw shit,” Chance complained, getting a dirty look from Phoe.

Drake smirked. He'd been correct.

“Secondly, I’d like to introduce you to a special guest joining us...”

“You do know this place is in America’s Top Ten Haunted,” Silvie interrupted.

“Yeah,” Phoe replied.

“And it’s meant to be seriously haunted by creepers and shit?” Marsha asked.

“Yes,” Phoe said again.

“Nobody comes here. The state closed this down after a ghost reportedly threw someone down an elevator shaft,” Thalia added.

“Cool,” Calamity muttered, receiving several dark stares.

“If you’d all shut up, things will become clear soon. I would like to introduce a legend in the Paranormal Investigation world. Somebody who has flown in, especially for this event. He is as interested as me in this place, and when he heard I’d got a special dispensation to allow an overnight investigation, he leapt at the chance of joining us.”

“With a hefty bribe, no doubt,” Ace muttered.

Drake couldn’t disagree.

“Please welcome Dave Schrader, paranormal investigator supreme,” Phoe said smugly.

By the sounds some of those present made, Dave Schrader was a big deal. But Drake had no idea who he was until he appeared. Tall and solidly built, the familiar friendly face, gentle brown eyes and shaved head jogged Drake’s memory. The square-framed glasses and grey goatee confirmed the man in his memory. He’d seen the guy on TV on some of the paranormal programmes Phoe watched. And Phoe loved him to bits. She thought he was one of the only truly genuine investigators out there!

Dave himself looked bemused as he was surrounded by fans. Not all the old ladies either; Drake noticed there were a few Hellfire and Rage brothers fangirling over the big man.

Dave was pleasant as he spoke to each of them, making them all feel special.

Drake silently nodded in approval and then froze.

Dave Schrader was a paranormal investigator. Phoe had said he'd flown in to check this place over. Oh shit, Phoe wasn't thinking what he thought she was thinking, right?

"Tell me, you're not expecting us to investigate here!" Drake exclaimed, appalled. Silence fell as everyone turned to face him, and his brothers from Rage and Hellfire looked horrified.

"Go in there?" Chatter asked.

"Not on my fuckin' life!" Apache bellowed.

"Nope, I'm walking home," Diesel announced.

"You can all shush and put on your big boy panties. We're all investigating this, and Dave is about to explain everything. This is somewhere Dave's always wanted to investigate, and now he's got a chance. And even better, there's another surprise!" Phoe replied with a grin.

"What damn surprise?" Chance demanded.

"Shut up, asshole, and you'll find out!" Phoe snapped.

Drake felt his gut clench. Phoe had a nightmare planned for them; he knew it.

"Well, thanks, Phoe, for your kind introduction. As the lady said, I've been wanting to get into the Andrews Institute for a long time, but the state closed it down and even placed guards on it. This was to ensure the public's safety. I'm going to give you a history and then the legends and rumours of what has happened or been seen here. But first, an announcement.

"The institute is so big that we can't cover everything in one night. So, we're gonna be here for two nights. Phoe has told me sleeping arrangements have been made for during the day, but nobody can escape!" Dave broke off with a wicked smile as, around Drake, the men erupted.

Phoe and Dave looked bemused at the horrified shouts aimed in their direction. Meanwhile, Drake noted half the women seemed excited and the others appalled. Again, a small group of his brothers were just as happy.

“Sorry, Phoe told me you’re all big, brave men. I guess that’s not so?” Dave taunted, and everyone shut up and glowered. Drake gave Dave his due. He didn’t seem phased by the looks aimed at him.

“All the businesses are covered, so work is not an excuse to get out of this,” Phoe announced sweetly.

“Aw fuck,” Ace muttered.

“Totally agree,” Drake murmured.

“And to ensure there are no accidents... Gunner! Before you enter, the guards will search all of you for weapons,” Phoe said firmly.

“Guns can’t shoot ghosts anyway,” Dave added and received more dark looks. But none as bad as the look aimed at Phoe by Gunner.

Grumbling arose from most of the brothers and some of the women, including Artemis, Lindsey, and Autumn.

Dave regained everyone’s attention. “So, the history. The Andrews Institute was built in 1785 as a single building meant to house those who were mentally ill. Depression, schizophrenia, paranoid delusions—they were all placed here and left. Some victims of the institute were women who had severe PMS, post-natal depression and also included children who harmed animals or suffered epilepsy. Remember, in those days, the conditions existed but not the diagnosis.

“Many of these are curable or managed today, but back then, having someone suffering from one of those or similar was a blot to the family. So they were shunted off to places like this. Most institutes started off actually wanting to help ease the suffering but morphed into something else. Sadly, the Andrews Institute was bad from the moment it opened. The doctors weren’t all qualified, and most could be called quacks. The nurses were often cruel and impatient.

“But the Andrews Institute grew at a frightening rate, and within twenty years, it had six wings added to it to cope with the growing influx of individuals. The other buildings were built over the years, and while many lay to ruin, some still stand. Don’t get me wrong, this was a prison for mentally ill people or the unwanted. Thick walls surrounded the compound, which it turned into. There was only one way in and out, through the gatehouse, and that was heavily guarded.

“Doctors had no problems drugging patients to keep them quiet or using the equivalent of straight jackets. Rooms were overcrowded, the food bad, and care basically was none. Death was a mercy to those trapped here. There were tunnels running from the main building to the others. The remaining buildings intact and in good repair are the mortuary, the crematorium, the children’s quarters, the mess hall, and the main block. The tunnels also are in great condition.

“Around 1855, the institute began taking in the criminally insane, which made matters even worse. Men, women, and children were locked into two wings, often for twenty-three hours a day, and had barely any contact with medical staff. From records, it was discovered there was one doctor per wing, and he managed everything. Which meant lots of drugs being used to keep people calm and sedated.

“Lobotomies became popular in the 1940s until the 1960s; thousands were thought to have undergone this procedure. Cruel water treatments were used, isolation, experimentation with drugs, electric therapy, and so on. And then add in the rapes and beatings. They were inhumane and sadistic. The Andrews Institute would use any method available to control their clients and inmates. Even on children,” Dave said heavily.

“Holy shit,” Celt muttered into the silence.

“That’s an understatement, dude,” Dave replied. “Rumours of hauntings began soon after the institute opened and continued through the years. It was shut down amid a huge scandal in the 1990s. It is known as one of the most haunted places in America, and nobody has been allowed to set foot here to investigate for twenty years. Too many accidents

happened, and people were hurt investigating here. But the legends of the hauntings continued.”

“Which are?” Aurora asked, her eyes wide.

“Several nurses have been seen in different wings. There’s a creature known as the Shadow Stalker that stalks individuals from within shadows. Children have been seen and heard. The Wailing Woman is thought to be a mother who had her child taken from her. There are at least supposedly dozens more entities,” Dave explained.

“Yup, walking home,” Apache said loudly.

“Apache!” Phoe growled. Apache glared at her.

“Nobody’s making me walk into one of those buildings,” Apache stated and blanched as he took in the intimidating building in front of them.

“Finished?” Dave asked with humour.

“No, he’s gonna bitch all weekend,” Calamity answered with a grin.

Dave chuckled.

“You all came in limos. Those are your teams. Dave is going to show and explain what all the equipment does. We could have split you into smaller groups, but you’re all a bunch of pussies. The women would be braver than you men. We have plenty of equipment for each team, and now, for a surprise...

“Because of how special this is and how unique this investigation will be. Each team will have a camera crew following them. This is going to be recorded, and depending on how much footage we get, it might become a miniseries. Static and motion cameras have also been installed to catch what you don’t,” Phoe said smugly.

Drake watched his brothers kick-off. Yeah, none of them wanted to be seen wailing like babies on TV. But he was amused at how the women immediately started to preen.

Dave waved them over to a set of tables, where he began describing each item. There were EMF meters, which picked

up electromagnetic energy. REM pods, which allowed spirits to touch it and set it off. SLS cameras caught things unseen by the naked eye. There were EVP recorders, which would pick up voices that might otherwise be missed. The Boo Buddies, which Drake understood to be REM pods shoved inside a teddy bear or toy, freaked Drake out.

In addition, the Ovilus 5 Ghost box, which ran through static frequencies and ghosts could use it to form words, was plentiful. Drake shook his head at the array of lasers, which, if a ghost crossed, they'd break the beam. Thermal cameras were on one table, and then there was an array of motion sensors. And finally, the radios they could use to communicate with home base.

Drake was bemused by the time Dave had run through his explanations.

“Now, one final surprise tonight. There will be too many cameras for me to watch over. So, I'd like to introduce Lisa Marks and Jason Coulter from the tv show Haunted Investigations!” Dave said. Two people appeared out of the shadows to be swarmed by the paranormal fans of their group.

“We'd like to thank Dave and Phoe for inviting us to be here. This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, and Jason and I are over the moon,” Lisa announced with a gentle smile.

“Lisa and I will be heading out on a couple of investigations, but we're here to help Dave watch the screens. If we see something, we'll call out to you,” Jason exclaimed with a wicked grin. “And expect you to investigate!”

“Yup, I'll be going in the opposite direction,” Klutz muttered.

“Man up, you can hide behind me!” Sallie-Anne teased him.

Klutz scowled.

“We've put you on floors or buildings but won't be telling you the activity expected there. It's for you to discover,” Lisa added.

“In other words, you're using us to see how many of the rumours are true,” Drake said dryly.

“Well, should you find anything, make sure you call us in, and either Dave or Jason, or I will pop along,” Lisa replied without answering Drake’s question.

Drake felt disgruntled. This was going to be a cluster fuck!

“Drake, your group has the morgue,” Phoe announced with a grin.

“No!” Banshee retorted.

“Hell yes,” Phoe snapped back. “Apache, you are team two and have the crematorium. Chance, you’re team three and have floor one, Wing A, which was the maternity ward. Calamity, you have team four and the Children’s Building. Team five is Gunner and the Mess Hall. Tiny, you have team six and Wing D, floor five. Bear, you have team seven and have the tunnels.”

“No dolls!” Chatter screeched.

“No dolls,” Phoe confirmed, but there was a look in her eyes Drake didn’t like. “Team eight is Big Al—floor three, Wing C. Silvie, Clio, Rooster, Axel, Dave, alongside Lisa and Jason, will monitor the screens.”

“Yes!” Silvie hissed, pumping the air. Rooster and Axel also looked over the moon. Clio was rather calm, but Drake guessed that was because of everything that had happened lately. Even so, Drake was relieved to see Clio there and looking healthier than the last time he’d seen her.

“Remember, guards will search you for weapons. Collect your equipment and go,” Phoe finished.

Out of the darkness, camera crews appeared. Drake reckoned there were at least two operators for each team. This seriously had to be the worst Halloween ever!

Team One.

Command Post

“Look, they’re going in,” Dave said, pointing to the screen. Silvie leaned forward and grinned.

“Note how Marsha, Janey, Lynda and Rosie are in front? The guys are going to get all macho at the entrance and push them behind them. But the girls are the braver ones,” Silvie said.

“Are they usually wimps?” Jason asked, bemused.

“No, but Phoe tends to find the things that frighten the hell out of them and uses it against them on Halloween. She’s evil like that. This, however, nobody could have imagined. And some of those guys are really superstitious. Apache will have to be carried into his one,” she replied with a giggle.

“That bad?” Dave asked.

“Oh yeah. You watch, those big alpha males; half will be screaming by the end of tonight, and the rest will follow suit tomorrow,” Axel boomed.

He, Silvie, Clio and Rooster all laughed and high-fived each other as Jason, Lisa, and Dave looked bemused.

Drake

How the fuck did he get the morgue? Rage owned their own crematorium; why couldn’t he have got that? It would have been more comfortable. While Drake did not believe in ghosts, he wasn’t stupid enough not to believe there wasn’t something beyond his understanding. His senses were all alert, and he was prepared to defend his team at all costs.

“Ready?” he asked.

Several no’s came back at him, but the women pushed forward. Damn them, they’d no fear!

“Hey, behind me, I enter first,” Drake said, and Marsha snorted at him. Before Drake could stop her, she shoved open

the doors to the morgue and stepped inside.

“Oh my God!” her voice returned disgusted. Drake almost tripped himself trying to get through the door after her.

“What?” he exclaimed, alarm in his tone.

“Would you look at the state of this place?” Marsha demanded as a cameraman followed them in.

Drake sent Marsha a disbelieving look as the cameraman chuckled.

“You’re complaining about the dirt?” Drake asked incredulously.

“Well, yeah, it’s filthy!” Marsha retorted.

Drake raised his eyes to heaven and murmured, “Why me? Please, someone tell me, why me?”

The cameraman laughed, and Drake knew that moment would find its way to the screen.

“Is anyone here?” Lynda demanded, holding out the EVP recorder.

“Can you tell us your name?” Rosie asked.

“Did you live here or work here?” Janey inquired.

“There’s nothing on the SLS camera,” Savage inserted into their questioning, as he swung it slowly around the entrance room.

“Hit play back, see if we caught anything,” Rosie told Lynda.

Lynda did as Rosie demanded, but there was nothing but static.

“Okay, let’s move along,” Marsha ordered, moving out in front.

The entrance room was square with one hallway leading off it.

Drake shook his head in disbelief as he followed them like a puppy dog. What the hell was happening? He was meant to be in charge.

“This looks like a closet,” Marsha said, opening the next door. “Yup.”

“This way, it appears to be an operating theatre. Why would they have that in the morgue?” Lynda called.

Shee flew down the corridor to look into the room.

“What the fuck?” he said, entering and gazing around.

Lynda wasn’t wrong. There was a morgue table, but around them were surgical tools.

Drake frowned.

“Dave didn’t say this doubled as a hospital wing,” he spoke slowly.

“This doesn’t make sense,” Marsha exclaimed.

“*Hereeeee*,” a whisper made them all jump.

“Okay, which of you was that?” Drake demanded. Ghosts didn’t exist!

“None of you,” the cameraman replied. “I had you all in focus. None of you spoke.”

“Ghosts aren’t real!” Shee stated. It was almost as if he dared anyone to challenge him.

“Hey, I found stairs and two more offices,” Janey called from the corridor.

They scrambled out, checking the offices and then glanced at the dark stairs. A creepy, cold, threatening feeling came off them.

“Yeah, ain’t going down there,” Lynda said.

“Come on,” Rosie coaxed.

“Nope.”

“I’ll stay with Lynda,” Shotgun offered quickly.

“We’re all going down there,” Marsha stated, and her look dared anyone to say no.

As they moved downstairs, the feet crunched on broken glass and other items that Drake didn’t want to consider. As

soon as his boots hit the floor and Drake flashed his torch, he wanted to run. This place had a bad feeling. He swallowed hard and kept searching the darkness for anything.

“Is anyone here? Can you tell us your name? Were you a patient or employee?” Rosie asked with the EVP.

“What the hell is that?” Savage demanded.

They crowded around him and saw two stick figures moving erratically. Instantly, Drake and Shotgun flashed their torches in the direction but saw nothing.

“Team one to base. We have two figures on the SLS camera. They appear to be watching us,” Savage said into the radio.

“Monitoring your screens now, Team One,” Dave replied.

“I’m outta here,” Shee exclaimed and went to run.

Drake reached out and snagged his cut.

“Don’t you dare. None of us are leaving,” Drake ordered.

“I hate ghosts!” Shee complained.

“Marsha, grab him!” Drake ordered as Shotgun shot past him.

Marsha reached out and snagged Shotgun’s arm.

“Something pinched my ass!” Shotgun snapped.

“Say what?” Janey inquired with a giggle.

“I’m not repeating it. My ass was grabbed,” Shotgun repeated, despite his denial.

“You just did!” Janey pointed out helpfully.

“We have a frisky ghost. Can you grab someone else’s ass?” Rosie demanded.

Drake’s hands shot to cover his ass, as did the other three men.

“Yeouch!” Savage squealed. “My nipple got twisted.”

“Holy fuck, a randy ghost!” Rosie breathed. “Let’s listen to the recording.”

“Is anybody here?” Rosie’s voice came out clearly.

“*Yes.*”

“What’s your name?”

“*Mary.*”

“Was you a patient or an employee?”

“*Patient. Torture.*”

“*Leave,*” a second voice droned. It was deeper and masculine.

“Okay, now tell me we ain’t done.” Shotgun demanded.

“No way, dude, did you hear those responses? We’re going ahead,” Rosie said, glancing at the girls and Savage.

They nodded.

“I’m not moving,” Shotgun declared, and Shee agreed.

Drake wanted to, but he couldn’t let them go alone.

“Fine, let us know where the ghost gropes you next!” Marsha announced and waltzed off.

Cursing under his breath, Drake followed on her heels.

“The EMF meter is spiking,” Lynda said, holding it out in front of her. She turned one way in the dark corridor and then another. “This way.”

They entered a large room, and Drake almost pissed his pants. The air felt thick and there was a frightening aura to it. The room was freezing cold and there were three tables you usually saw in a morgue, ones that usually held bodies. Stains could be seen under the light of their torches. A wall of mortuary cabinets stared him in the face as his torch hit them. Some were open, and Drake shuddered. There was debris and rubbish everywhere.

“I’m going to put the REM Pod here,” Marsha announced, placing it on the middle table.

“I have a bad feeling about this,” Drake muttered.

“Did anyone catch that?” Rosie squealed. Her torch was on one of the open cabinets.

“What?” Marsha demanded, turning around.

“A shadow; it moved from one side to the other,” Rosie replied, sweeping the room with her torch.

“Think I caught something,” the cameraman said. “I can flick back?”

“No, keep recording. I don’t think we’re alone,” Marsha murmured.

A squeal from the REM POD made everyone jump. The lights began to blink on it. Drake felt shivers run down his spine.

“What the fuck?” he demanded.

“Something is in here with us. Touch the REM Pod if you’re male,” Rosie said.

“Okay, touch if you’re female.”

The REM Pod squealed and lit up.

“Is this Mary?” Nothing happened.

“Another ghost?” Janey murmured.

“Are you alone? Touch if that’s a no,” Rosie asked, and the REM Pod shrieked for a long time.

“Jesus,” Savage replied.

“What?” Drake demanded.

“I have six figures, and they ain’t us,” Savage said, holding up the SLS camera.

“No way,” Marsha said, scrambling across to him.

“*Leave ... now,*” the ghost box announced.

“Who turned that on?” Drake demanded.

“Yeah, not me,” everyone stated to varying versions.

“*Torture,*” the ghost box droned.

“I don’t like this,” Drake admitted.

“Shush,” Savage said.

“Were you tortured here?” Rosie asked.

The REM Pod squealed loudly.

“*Mutilation,*” the ghost box said.

“What the hell?” Savage asked no one in particular.

“Do you think they experimented on the bodies?” Rosie inquired.

“*Yes!*” the ghost box declared loudly.

The REM Pod kept going off.

“Can one person answer at a time?” Rosie asked.

The REM Pod shut off.

“Were your bodies tortured here?” Marsha demanded.

The REM Pod lit up.

“Holy shit. Is there evil here?”

“*Flee.*”

“*Run.*”

“*Coming for you.*” The voices tumbled from the ghost box.

“I don’t like the sound of that. Who’s coming for us?” Rosie asked.

“*The doctor,*” a voice boomed. Not from the ghost box, either.

The girls screamed, and Drake bellowed, jumping.

“Look!” Rosie said and pointed.

A shadow detached from the wall, and with screams, the girls raced for the exit. Drake and Savage weren’t far behind. As Drake crossed the threshold of the doorway, something hard slammed into his back, and he stumbled. Savage hauled him upright, and Drake took to his heels. As they ran down the corridor, bellows came from in front of them, and then they all crashed into something, falling to the ground. Torch light flailed as it lit up scared faces and Shotgun and Banshee. Arms

and legs flew everywhere, and several people got punched as the women panicked and tried to get to their feet.

“Calm down!” Drake finally bellowed after taking an elbow to the gut from Shotgun.

“We were groped!” Shotgun exclaimed, climbing to his feet and helping the women to theirs.

A low groan echoed down the corridor.

“Yeah, I was attacked. Let’s get out of here,” Drake yelled over the babbling.

“*Leave!*” a voice drowned them all out. Footsteps were heard rushing towards them, and they took to their heels and fled the basement and out into the entrance hall. None of them stopped as they burst through the door and out into the open.

“It grabbed my dick,” Shotgun yelled, panicked. They all stared at him in disbelief.

Drake began to chuckle, and then, one by one, the others joined in.

“Nobody ever mention I got dick groped by a ghost,” Shotgun demanded.

Drake pointed at the cameraman behind him.

“The whole world knows now, stud.” Drake chuckled.

Shotgun turned and glared at the cameraman.

“Sorry, dude, but your reaction will draw in viewers. It might even make the trailer,” the guy replied with a shrug.

“Shotgun, ghost womaniser,” Rosie teased.

“Let’s get something to eat and drink and see where we go next,” Marsha said. “Because I’m not going back to that hellhole.”

“In total agreement there. Let the professionals handle that!” Drake agreed. And he had a wife to spank because this was one of the most frightening Halloweens he could remember.

Team Two.

Command Centre

“You got attacked?” Silvie questioned excitedly. Drake wished he could find her level of enthusiasm.

“Yes, as I left the room, something hit my back,” he confirmed.

“Can we look?” Lisa asked.

“Yeah,” Drake replied, but he didn’t expect anyone to see anything. Therefore, he was rather shocked when Silvie hissed.

“Shit, man, you’ve got two large handprints on you, and they are red as a tomato,” Axel boomed.

Drake winced as Axel poked him with a finger.

“Did you get footage?” Jason inquired.

“That’s all that matters?” Drake asked, affronted.

“No. I want to see if we can see anything that pushed you. You said there was a shadow. Let’s review the footage, see what we can make out,” Jason replied calmly.

They rewound the footage to where the REM Pod was being activated.

“What is that?” Rooster sought as the cameraman had a perfect shot of the shadow detaching itself from the wall. They all peered closer.

“That looks like a man. It is human-shaped,” Silvie answered.

“A real shadow person captured on camera!” Dave exclaimed, excited. He turned to Jason and Lisa. “We need to go down there.”

“Dude, it is too dangerous,” Drake instantly stated.

“Thought you didn’t believe in ghosts?” Clio asked softly.

Drake sent her a warm smile.

“I don’t, but whatever that is... it’s beyond my understanding, and it’s evil,” Drake replied. He touched her shoulder and squeezed gently. Her small hand came up to cover his for a few seconds.

“I am sorry you were hurt,” Clio said. Drake dropped a kiss on her forehead. He knew tonight, surrounded by everyone and strangers, would be hard for her and was happy she’d not fled.

“I’m glad it wasn’t you. But as for you three”—Drake turned to the investigators—“if you go down there, be fucking careful. Because that thing isn’t messing around.”

“Believe it or not, we do this for a living. We’ll take precautions,” Lisa promised. “But for now, how about you check out Wing E, floor one?”

“Yeah, once I’ve eaten,” Drake muttered, giving them all a baleful glance.

Team Two – Crematorium

Apache

Apache muttered furiously under his breath. This was not his idea of fun whatsoever. He wasn’t frightened of crematoriums, as Rage owned one, but this place was a scene from a horror movie. Trees brushed against the windows in the small entrance hall they stood in, while everything was covered in cobwebs or a thick layer of dust.

“Can you talk to us?” Penny was asking while waving the EVP recorder around.

“Do not fuckin’ speak to us,” Apache murmured.

“If someone is here, could you tell us your name?” Madisen questioned.

Apache sent the girls a baleful look.

“Did you die here?” Ghost asked, and Apache gave him a death stare.

“Don’t upset the spirits,” he snapped.

“We are not! We’re asking them questions; they might want to talk to us. I have a feeling that this place has more to it than what Dave told us,” Mina responded. She was carrying the night vision camera.

“Anything on the SLS camera?” Madisen quizzed Sunny.

Sunny shook his head.

“Something keeps flicking in and out, but it doesn’t stay,” Sunny replied.

“Adult-sized?” Ghost said.

“No, more childlike.”

“Who has that bear thing?” Mina questioned.

“I do,” Penny answered. “Diesel and Apache wouldn’t carry it.” Her sneer said it all.

“Wild didn’t either!” Apache snapped.

“That’s because Wild believes in this, and he has the EMF detector,” Penny shot back.

“Oh, shut up,” Apache replied, and everyone laughed.

Apache wondered how he ended up with the team he did. Penny, Mina, Ghost, and Wild he was comfortable with. However, like most, he regarded Sunny with suspicion, and Madisen was new to Hellfire. Smokey just seemed to take it all with a pinch of salt.

“Here, listen!” Penny exclaimed excitedly. She’d been replaying the EVP recorder and had noticed something. She rewound it a little, and then Apache felt shivers up his spine. A child’s giggle was clearly heard.

“That is no child,” Apache moaned, fear seizing his heart.

“Is this your beliefs kicking in?” Penny asked with respect.

“That’s a demon,” Apache said, certain in his answer.

“You can’t be sure of that,” Sunny challenged.

“Wanna bet?”

“Apache, are you using woo-woo powers?” Mina quizzed.

“No, I’m not Aurora, Mina.”

“What does that mean?” a cameraman asked. He chuckled as they all turned either blank or innocent expressions on him. “Looks like you guys got some secrets.”

“Come on, let’s find the cremation room,” Ghost mumbled.

“Yeah,” Sunny said, giving the cameraman a suspicious glance.

They made their way through the corridors, investigating a couple of what they assumed to be viewing rooms and then some offices.

“The main ovens will be downstairs,” Ghost stated, peering at the stairs.

“Don’t think I’ll ever regard my ovens the same way,” Penny muttered.

Ghost and Sunny chuckled.

“Guess we are going down,” Diesel mumbled.

“You’re buying into this?” Apache demanded.

“Got no choice, dude. We’re on camera. Can you imagine what Alice will say if I lose my balls?”

Determination in his strides, Diesel took the lead but kept a wary eye out. Just as they reached the bottom of the stairs, a little voice rang out.

“Daddy, come and play.”

“That’s it! I am done!” Apache cried in a high-pitched voice. The others moved and blocked him in.

“No chance,” Sunny said firmly.

“I’m not a shaman. Whatever in there is well and truly beyond my control,” Apache explained, fear in his tone.

“Maybe you ought to sit this one out,” Madisen suggested in a pitying tone.

Apache’s spine stiffened.

“I am no coward.”

“Never said you were. I was trying to be sensitive to your beliefs,” Madisen retorted.

“Thank you,” Apache replied stiffly. His beliefs were something he didn’t discuss often.

“Wonder if anyone else ended up in a basement,” Wild asked. Apache noted Wild’s eyes were darting from side to side, expecting an ambush at any time.

“The temperature just dropped,” Diesel announced, holding out his piece of equipment.

“That’s the sign of a ghost being present. Ghost, see if you’re picking anything up on the EMF,” Penny replied excitedly as they walked down the hallway. At the end was a metal door; Apache had a gut feeling it held the furnaces used to burn bodies.

Every instinct he had was screaming at him to get out of there. It wasn’t just the spooky atmosphere, but something was there watching them. He paused as he heard a skittering noise and shone his torch above his head. Nothing moved, and the noise stopped. Apache drew in a deep breath and followed the others. His beliefs alone wouldn’t stop them from getting hurt, but he may catch something that could save them.

“This feels wrong,” Penny exclaimed as they entered the furnace room.

“Been telling you that,” Apache muttered under his breath.

“Put the REM Pod down and turn on the spirit box,” Sunny said.

No sooner had they done so than the REM Pod lit up.

“There’s something here,” Mina added warily.

The skittering noise started again, and everyone looked around them.

“Can you talk to us?” Penny asked bravely.

“*Mine,*” the spirit box spat out.

“Who is?” Penny demanded.

“*Souls,*” came the ghoulish reply.

“Do you like to frighten people?” Mina questioned.

“*Feed me.*”

“I don’t understand?” Madisen said.

“It feeds on fear,” Apache explained.

“That doesn’t sound friendly,” Sunny complained.

“No shit,” Apache mumbled, his eyes moving with the torch.

“*Kill,*” the spirit box droned.

“People were killed here?” Ghost asked.

“*Alive... burned,*” the box answered.

“They were burned alive?” Penny questioned, horrified.

“*Yes...*” the box hissed.

“Are you a demon?” Diesel muttered, glancing at Apache.

“*What... is demon?*”

“That’s a yeah. I suggest we go,” Apache groaned, his fear ratcheting up.

“*Leave... women... mine.*”

“Not on your damn life,” Apache spat. “Girls move. Diesel and Sunny take point. Wild cover them with me. Ghost too.”

Before their eyes, the door slammed shut. Diesel, who was closest, darted over and yanked on it hard.

“It’s jammed,” Diesel yelled as laughter broke out.

“Apache, I need to pee,” Madisen said in a small voice.

“From fright, right? Me too,” Penny agreed. “If there ever was a moment for TENA, lady, this is it.”

“Apache, do something!” Sunny demanded.

“Like what? I’m not a freaking shaman!” Apache retorted. The surrounding air thickened as the laughter broke out again.

“The door’s not moving,” Sunny confirmed.

“I’ve never seen activity like this,” the cameraman said with fear. “And the radio’s not working either.”

Bangs began sounding erratically from the outside, making the girls scream.

“It’s Drake!” a voice shouted.

“We are locked in!” Penny shrieked.

“We’re trying to get you free,” Dave’s voice bellowed back at them.

“I’ll marry you and have your kids if you can do that fast,” Mina cried. Diesel snorted as Dave’s chuckle filtered through the door.

“*Mine!*” the voice boomed from the spirit box.

“Get us the fuck out!” Diesel screamed, losing control.

Apache bowed his head. Great, his brave team were now pussies and terrified.

“I’ll marry you too!” Diesel continued.

“Don’t swing that way,” Dave shouted through the door.

Nobody laughed, even though it was meant to be funny. Something was amping up in the room, and it was evil.

“Get behind us,” Apache ordered the girls.

They obeyed immediately.

A heavy slam shuddered against the door, and he saw it move.

The skittering noise was back, and their torches were searching the room. Apache and Diesel’s were aimed at the ceiling, and they couldn’t miss it when a dark mass appeared. It looked like an inkblot, but it had depth and form to it.

“Shit!” the cameraman said as he focused his camera on it.

Ghost snatched the night vision camera and focused on the area, and Apache could clearly see the shape of the demon. Beside him, Sunny now held an infrared camera, and again, it showed a determined cold spot on the ceiling. Much colder than the rest of it.

The door shuddered, and Dave and Drake burst in. Instantly, Wild moved, shoving the women out and hurrying them up the stairs. Dave and Drake gazed at where the ceiling was lit up.

“You have no right here! In the name of the Lord, I order you to retreat!” Dave bellowed, holding up a cross.

An old prayer came to Apache’s mind, and he began muttering it as Dave continued his own assault on the demon. Together, they prayed, and the demon shrieked and disappeared. Dave took a few readings, and then they all left the pit of hell the furnace room had turned into.

“That’s a strong demon,” Dave said as we entered the upstairs.

“To banish that, we’ll need help,” Apache agreed.

“Do you know anyone local?” Dave asked.

“There is an old shaman I can call. I’ll try him. Whatever else we achieve, that creature needs to go.”

“Can’t disagree there,” Dave replied as they walked into the open air.

Apache drew the air deep into his lungs. The battle wasn’t over tonight.

Team Three.

Team Three – Floor One – Wing A – Maternity Ward.

Chance

Phoe's plans got more elaborate each year. He dreaded to think about what she might come up with next. However, right now, he was chasing darkness in rooms lit by dim moonlight.

They'd been in the maternity wards for a few hours, yet nothing had happened. Which Chance was grateful for. He did not believe in ghosts, but he also didn't believe in tempting the unknown.

He glanced across at Thalia and Wraith, who both seemed calm. Levi, on the other hand, was on edge alongside Texas. The big man from Rage kept swivelling his head, expecting to be jumped. Lindsey, Lex, and Cowboy were on his team from Rage, and Lindsey was having a blast. She insisted on investigating every single room.

What made this huge building especially bad was there were four floors and a basement.

They'd already done the basement, which Thalia had hoped might give away some sign of haunting. But for the superstitious members of his team, there'd been nothing. And Chance hadn't expected anything. It was sad there were four floors; it meant many babies had been born there. Had they all left this sorry place alive?

They were in the main building of the institute and completely alone in this wing. The girls were now walking from room to room, searching for a response.

Chance had just relaxed after the third room had been investigated when a soft wail met his ears. Everyone froze at once. And it was repeated.

"That came from outside the room," Lindsey said, springing forward and darting out.

Chance reached out to grab her by the scruff of her neck and missed. Cowboy dashed out after her, determined to protect a Rage old lady as Texas and Lex disappeared to the back of the pack. Chance shot them a disgusted glare and shook his head.

They headed outside and discovered Lindsey stood with Cowboy, listening intently.

Out of the darkness, something flew at them.

The girls screamed, and Chance distinctly heard two unfeminine screams. He sent Lex and Texas a dubious stare and ducked as something skimmed the top of his head.

“No!” Cowboy yelled, crouching low and covering.

“What?” Chance demanded.

“Bats!”

“Fuck me!” Wraith exploded and took to his heels. Chance reached out and snatched his collar, and the guy ran on the spot for a few seconds before realising he wasn’t going anywhere. Wraith stopped running and instead turned and darted behind Chance, nearly ripping his arm from his socket.

“Oh Jesus,” Chance complained rotating his shoulder.

“Guess we know what frightens them,” Texas said, amusement showing. The cameraman behind them was in fits of laughter as Cowboy refused to stand up.

“Prospect, don’t force me to drag you by your heels,” Chance threatened.

“Bats!” Cowboy squeaked in a high-pitched tone.

Chance pinched the bridge of his nose between his fingers. A low wail came from down the corridor, and without warning, Lindsey and Thalia took off after it.

“Fuck me, I’m running a circus. Lindsey, Thalia! Get your skinny asses back here!” he bellowed.

“My ass ain’t that small!” Lindsey called over her shoulder as they turned a corner and disappeared.

“Get up now!” Chance ordered, and Cowboy shook his head. Chance faced Texas. “He’s a Rage prospect, do something with him.”

Lex laughed as Texas bent and hauled Cowboy to his feet and slapped his face once. Cowboy took on a mulish expression as Wraith stayed firmly behind Chance.

The next second, both of them let out high-pitched screams as the bats flew past them again. Cowboy started babbling while Wraith paled and began twitching and patting himself down.

“What are you doing?” Chance asked.

“Looking for a weapon. I don’t have one,” Wraith said, turning to Chance. The next thing he knew, Chance felt himself being patted down.

With a hefty shove, Chance pushed Wraith away.

“What the fuck, man?” Chance demanded, feeling violated.

“You gotta have a weapon,” Wraith pleaded.

“What if they’re vampire bats?” Cowboy whispered, and Chance sent him an incredulous look.

“You been smoking something?” he demanded.

“Nope!” Cowboy’s denial was squeaky, and Chance winced. “We’re in a haunted as fuck place. Why can’t vampires be real?”

“Does Phoe know his phobia?” Chance muttered to nobody in particular.

“If she doesn’t, she soon will,” Texas said, grinning.

“A fuckin’ circus, I swear to God, I’m in a tv show,” Chance complained.

“Not yet, but you will be,” the cameraman promised.

Chance scowled.

A high-pitched wail echoed down the hallway, silencing the bickering. Chance twisted his head as two matching screams sounded from down the corridor. There was a sound of

running feet, and Thalia and Lindsey came barrelling towards them. Before Chance got his balance, the girls barged into him and Texas, sending them flying. They crashed into the others, and they all fell like bowling pins with the women on top.

Chance stared up, slightly dazed, as Lindsey grabbed the sides of his head and banged it on the floor.

“That was in my ear! Right in my ear!” Lindsey screeched.

Chance didn’t know whether she was excited or terrified, but he knew he was getting a headache.

“Stop banging my head!” he bellowed.

Lindsey’s hands let go of him, and she shoved herself up so she was straddling him. Oh shit, Lowrider would kill him! Chance thought as Lindsey slapped his chest repeatedly.

“My ear, she screamed in my ear. We found the wailing woman!” Lindsey yelled.

“Lindsey! Get the fuck off me before your husband puts a bullet in me!” Chance roared. Lindsey finally seemed to realise just how her position could be seen, and she scrambled to her feet. Chance didn’t miss the look she gave his dick nor the saucy wink she aimed at him.

“You delete that! I ain’t having her man up my ass with a gun. Nor having my wife cut me off!” Chance demanded at the two laughing camera guys.

“This shit couldn’t be scripted,” one of them said, sniggering. They’d all just regained their feet when the wail echoed long and thin down their hallway. It sent all the remaining bats in the wing towards them, and Chance had a bare second to sigh in resignation before Wraith leapt onto his back in terror, knocking him down. Chance reached out to Levi and dragged him down, and one by one, they all ended up on the floor again.

Chance lay there, drawing in long, deep breaths.

“Can’t murder someone on camera,” he kept muttering as Thalia rolled over and elbowed his gut. Levi had dragged her down when he fell. The air left him in a huff, and Thalia

squealed as Lindsey grabbed her ankle to sit up. There was a groan as Levi took a kick to the head from Thalia.

“Will everyone stay still and shut up? Including you, you damn wailing ghost!” Chance roared.

Silence fell.

“How rude!”

“Rude?” Chance repeated, wondering if he’d heard right.

“Oh my God!” Lindsey screamed in his ear. “The ghost responded. That means she’s not a repeat one. She is aware. Come talk to us!”

“Someone shoot me now!” Chance demanded. Yup, he had a headache.

“Can’t, Pres, we handed our weapons over!” Levi said as he got to his feet and began hauling people up.

“I can break your neck?” Texas offered in a hopeful tone.

“Shut the fuck up, all of you.”

“Jason, Jason! We have the Wailing Woman in the maternity wing, and she spoke to us!” Lindsey babbled over the radio.

“What did she say?” Jason’s voice crackled.

“How rude!” Lindsey repeated.

She was met with silence.

“Say that again,” Jason asked.

“She said ‘how rude’ when Chance told her to shut up!” Lindsey exclaimed.

“Okay. Good... um... work. See if you can get more from her,” Jason replied, sounding bemused.

“Roger and out,” Lindsey chirped.

Chance rubbed his head. Roger and out? Seriously? He snatched the radio from Lindsey, who cheekily sent his dick another look and grinned.

“Clio has no complaints,” Lindsey said cheekily, and Chance growled. This was worse than a sketch from the Three

Stooges.

“Right, the idiots show is over; let’s get organised,” Chance demanded.

“Like fuck! That was a ghost, and I ain’t doing shit,” Wraith stated.

“Fine, stay here with the bats!” Chance retorted.

“Asshole,” Wraith responded.

Chance sighed. “It’s like herding the Hellions.”

“Oh no,” Lex disagreed. “Those little bastards would be far worse. Maybe we ought to send them here to get them to behave!”

For a moment, Lindsey looked like she was contemplating just that before her shoulders dropped.

“Not a great idea. We’d all be up with their nightmares or, in the Princesses’ case, stopping them from making weapons.” She sighed.

“Bad plan, terrible,” Texas boomed.

“Can we get on with this shitshow?” Chance demanded. “The corridor splits in two at the bottom. Which way did you go?”

“Left,” Lindsey replied.

“Fine, we’ll go right,” Chance stated.

Lindsey raised an eyebrow but said nothing. Chance nodded in approval and began marching down the hallway. As soon as they hit the bottom, Thalia and Lindsey broke left, causing Chance to growl. The remainder of them swapped glances and then chased after the two women.

Lindsey and Thalia were well ahead when a soft wail floated down the corridor. Chance was catching up to them when they darted into a doorway, and he cursed. Feet pounding behind him, they all dashed after Thalia and Lindsey, who stood in a room looking slightly bewildered.

“Can you show yourself? We don’t mean harm; we just want to talk,” Thalia questioned softly.

“Did you give birth here? Did they take your baby?” Lindsey spoke, empathy in her voice.

“Yes.” The word floated in the air, full of pain and angst.

“I’m so sorry. How did you come to be here?” Lindsey asked.

“*Husband... betrayer,*” the words came back.

Chance saw a flickering from the corner of his eye and turned his head. A faint image of a woman’s outline was visible. His jaw dropped open, and a cameraman, seeing his reaction, spun in the same direction.

“I was hurt by someone bad, too. I can feel your pain,” Thalia said.

Lindsey nodded. “My first husband was evil. He mistreated me badly. Did yours leave you to die here?”

“Yes.”

“How old are you?” Lindsey asked.

“*Eighteen,*” the word floated back. The woman’s outline grew slightly stronger.

“Oh no! You were a baby! And he left you here pregnant?” Thalia quizzed.

“*Mistress.*”

“He had a mistress and didn’t want you?” Lindsey surmised.

“Yes.”

“Honey, I am so sorry,” Lindsey soothed.

“*Men... evil,*” the voice groaned, and Cowboy screeched loudly as the figure flew at them.

“What an awful thing to happen to her. She must have died here,” Thalia figured out.

“Shall we see if we can find her again?” Lindsey asked.

“No!” Lex said firmly. Several others agreed with him—all men.

“Well, run along. I’m not leaving,” Thalia stated.

Lindsey nodded.

Chance sighed. Mutiny, that was what this was. Motioning to the girls to continue, they searched the ward for another hour and found nothing. The ghost had stopped speaking to them.

Finally, Lindsey insisted they check the ward above them. Which caused a meltdown in Wraith and Cowboy when more bats attacked.

“Put their asses in a room, and we’ll carry on and collect them on the way out,” Chance ordered when both men refused to move.

Lex and Levi found a bat-free room and shoved them in it before rejoining the main group.

“Are you here?” Lindsey called. “I’m a mother too. I can’t imagine your pain.”

Nothing happened, for which Chance was thankful. He couldn’t disbelieve his eyes, but he’d seen that figure forming.

They had just reached the final room when twin screams and a long, high-pitched wail greeted them. For a second, they all froze, and then they darted towards where they’d left Cowboy and Wraith.

As they ran down the hallways, two more shrieks met them, full of fear. A loud cackle followed—one of revenge and darkness. Heart thumping in his chest, Chance flew into the room where Cowboy and Wraith had been and found them huddled together in a corner.

“If you tell me bats—” Chance thundered.

“Behind you!” Cowboy shrieked, and Chance winced. He turned, and his jaw dropped open. For a brief second, he saw her clearly. A long, tattered white gown, wild brown hair. A pale face and darkened eyes and lips pulled back in a terrible

smile. Her hands reached out, fingers clawed, and Chance felt a scratch on his arm.

Moments later, Texas ran into the room and straight through the spirit, who screeched and disappeared. Texas visibly shuddered and did a crazy dance as he wafted his arms in the air.

Cowboy and Wraith lost their heads, leapt to their feet, and belted past all of them at a full run. Chance cursed and took off after them. He couldn't leave two prospects running around this place. Both Cowboy and Wraith hollered again as they hit the bottom of the stairs, with Chance not far behind.

Bats flew over them, and the already scared prospects, freaked the fuck out.

Punches flailing uselessly, they took to their heels as Chance gave chase, shouting for them to stop.

Neither obeyed, and they burst through the institute's doors and kept running. Two figures appeared from nowhere and took them down, and both Cowboy and Wraith hit the ground fighting. Axel punched Wraith once while Rooster head-butted Cowboy as he reared up. Chance caught them up as both prospects subsided and blinked into the night sky.

"I'm too old for this shit," Chance muttered, panting. The doors crashed open again as the rest of his team spilled into the night and started jogging towards them.

"What the fuck happened in there?" Rooster demanded.

"We could hear their screams over the radio," Axel said as Dave and Jason approached.

"Think the entire state heard them," Chance complained, glowering at the prospects lying flat on the ground.

"Everyone was radioing in," Jason added with a smirk.

"We knew it was your team when nobody responded. What happened?" Dave asked.

"We met the wailing woman. And communicated with her. And those two met some bats," Lindsey said in disgust.

Cowboy and Wraith shook their heads and started babbling. They explained how the ghost had appeared as an innocent young lady and then turned into this fiendish creature that made them bellow.

Chance snorted at the word bellow. They had full-on screamed.

Lindsey and Thalia explained immediately what the wailing woman had done, and the cameramen began showing the footage they'd captured. Chance was appalled when Jason went back inside with Lindsey, Levi, and Lex with the cameramen.

He then hauled the prospects up off the ground, disgusted with them, and sent them to eat. Phoe had provided a tent with meals through the night, and Chance shook his head as Texas joined them. He went to see his wife in the command post and hopefully watch Lindsey and the crazy gang on camera.

Clio greeted him with a huge grin and a kiss as he lifted her up and settled her on his lap. He was hungry but could wait until later.

Chance settled in for some fun when he saw who was on the screen. Oh boy, this was going to be entertaining shit.

Team Four.

Team Four – Children’s Building.

Calamity

He wondered how the hell he’d ended up in charge of a team, especially this group. They fell into two decisive categories. Disbelievers and believers. Carly and Phoe clearly believed. Lowrider, Blaze, and Slate didn’t. Neither did Andi, Manny’s woman. Chatter was just plain terrified, and Calamity felt for the man. Calamity also wondered why he only had one Hellfire member. If he’d known before going in, he’d have turned them all around and marched them out.

Instead, they approached the children’s building with trepidation. There was a sad, forlorn feeling to the structure, but it also felt... off. Like the evil that had been committed here had seeped into its very walls.

The doors opened with a creak that made him wince. Calamity swept the floor with his torch, making sure it was safe and then, squaring his shoulders, entered.

He strongly fell into the believers’ camp and was on guard against anything. Calamity flinched at the images that assaulted his eyes. Was this meant to be kid-friendly? Because it was fuckin’ terrifying. Clowns, balloons, and children riding bikes or flying kites were painted on the walls, but the night’s shadows made them seem evil.

“Not clowns!” Blaze whimpered.

“Frightened of them too?” Phoe asked intrigued.

Blaze snapped his mouth shut and straightened his shoulders.

Calamity wanted to tell him it was too late. Phoe had already made a mental note.

“Ah, hell no!” Phoe said, looking. “Can you imagine being a child and being brought into this? Especially if you weren’t ill to begin with?”

Calamity nodded. Ahead of them were two double doors with thick chains wrapped around them. He walked over and found a heavy-duty padlock.

“Is that meant to keep us out or something in?” Chatter asked, worried.

“It’s locked to preserve the children’s ward from vandals,” the cameraman said, moving forward. “I have a key here from the guard.”

“Great!” Lowrider replied. Calamity noticed his brother didn’t seem bothered by it and was actually the first through the doors. Calamity pursued on his heels and sucked in a breath. The eery images followed down a long corridor.

In front of them appeared a nurses’ station.

“Look, there’re mugs and plates left out. It’s as if everyone just got up and walked out,” Carly exclaimed, pointing.

“This is creepy as fuck,” Blaze said and shivered.

“Someone walk over your grave?” Slate teased, and Blaze sent him a shitty glare.

“Come look at this!” Carly called. Calamity saw she’d entered the first room.

“My God!” Phoe shrieked, and Calamity shivered again.

The room looked ready for a child to walk straight into. There was a dusty bed, all made up, books on a shelf, and some toys strewn around. The closet had no doors, but there was clothing hanging up.

“This isn’t natural,” Lowrider said.

“Should we start asking questions?” Phoe asked.

“No, let’s check out the other rooms first,” Calamity replied. They spent the next hour going from room to room, and by the end of it, they were all highly disturbed. The rooms looked like the children had just up and walked out, leaving behind personal items. Calamity cringed as he saw straps to the beds where the kids had been held down.

Phoe had nearly cried when she spied a barber's chair where they no doubt shaved children's heads to prevent lice. It was a depressing and miserable place.

"Was there ever any joy here?" Carly asked as they turned the corner to the last set of rooms.

"No," the word was whispered behind them.

"Who said that?" Lowrider demanded, eyeing his brothers.

"A kid," Blaze answered, not looking as confident as before.

"Okay, stop yanking chains, whoever did it," Lowrider ordered.

"Oh shit!" Phoe exclaimed, turning into a room. She tried to push Chatter out, but too late.

"Dolls!" the shriek lit up the silence, and Chatter began backing away.

Calamity sighed. Everyone knew dolls made Chatter meltdown. When Rage got wind of Hellfire coming, all the kids put their dolls away. It was one of the worst phobias Calamity had ever seen.

Phoe rushed towards Chatter, who was paralysed, gibbering madly as Slate tried to move him. It wasn't working.

"Did that doll's head just move?" Andi gasped, horrified.

"This isn't the time for jokes!" Phoe hissed as Chatter let out a strangled screech.

"I ain't joking, watch!" Andi yelled.

They turned and watched a tall, dirty, red-headed doll. Slowly, they saw its head start to turn and its arm raise, and that was all it took. There was a stampede to get out. Blaze and Slate both blocked the door, but Chatter was beyond any meaningful thought process. He leapt up onto their backs and scrambled out over their heads. Slate and Blaze crashed to their knees as Andi screamed.

Calamity couldn't withdraw his stunned gaze as the doll rocked back and forth. Seconds later, he was chasing his team

down the corridor to the main one.

“Crap, we’ve lost Chatter,” Phoe exclaimed. “Base, come in.”

“Go ahead, Phoe,” Axel responded.

“Someone better seek Chatter. There was a room full of dolls, and he lost it. He’s running around somewhere outside like a lunatic.”

“Aw crap. Okay, Rooster and I will go to find him.”

“And one of the dolls moved, but everyone panicked, so I think we need to go back and investigate some more.”

“Heard you, Phoe. I’ll tell the others. Be safe, woman, Axel out.”

When Phoe turned around, she found seven incredulous-looking faces staring at her.

“You did see that doll move?” Andi asked.

“Why are you so panicked? You don’t believe in ghosts!” Phoe retorted.

“We do,” Calamity said, pointing to him and Carly.

“It might have been a rat moving it,” Phoe replied.

“It was standing on a shelf alone,” Calamity challenged. He was not going back to that room!



Okay, he was going back to that room. After fifteen minutes of arguing, Phoe won as usual, and now, armed to the teeth, they were heading back. To say there were some grumpy brothers was an understatement.

They entered the room, and Carly and Phoe got busy placing the teddy and REM Pod down.

“Hello there. My name is Phoe, and this is Carly. We came to visit you today. We don’t mean any harm,” Phoe said clearly as she waved the EVP recorder around.

Phoe looked hopeful but didn't hear anything.

Calamity was intensely grateful for that.

"Was this your room with all the dolls?" Carly asked.

"Did you live here or come to get better?" Phoe inquired.

After several moments, they turned the recorder off and played it back. There was no response.

"We did see that damn doll move," Blaze stated.

"Yes, let's check it out," Phoe said.

Calamity watched as Phoe and Blaze tried everything to get the doll to move, but nothing worked. Puzzled, Phoe stared at it.

"Do you think we captured a ghost child playing?" she asked.

"Not sure," Calamity finally answered.

"Let's leave a motion sensor here," Carly suggested.

"Good idea," Andi agreed, although she sounded quite shaken.

"Not so sure ghosts do not exist, are you?" Phoe teased Andi, who scowled and turned away.

Leaving the room, they searched the rest of the floor and encountered nothing else. They were discussing what to do next when a squeal interrupted them.

Calamity peered around, puzzled.

"The motion sensor!" Carly cried and took off down the hallway with Phoe on her heels. The others sighed and swapped glances before chasing after them. They caught the two women standing outside the doll room with their mouths open.

"Look at that!" Phoe squealed in excitement.

The doll had been turned around to face the wall.

"Let me check the static camera," one of the cameramen said. He moved to where it stood and rewound the footage. His

eyebrows rose as we crowded near him to see what had happened. The doll had been facing frontwards when the motion sensors went off, and then it was turned around.

“Holy crap. Rewind that. Can anyone see anything?” Phoe exclaimed.

They all peered at the footage again, but nobody could see anything. One second, the doll-faced forward, and the next, it was being turned.

“Explain that!” Phoe crowed to Lowrider, Blaze, Slate, and Andi.

“Is it on a turnstile?” Lowrider asked, walking over and stopping as he shivered. “Damn, it’s freezing over here.”

Calamity moved forward with the EMF meter, which went off.

“There’s something here,” he announced as it kept spiking. “And it’s strong.”

“Grab the SLS camera and the infrared,” Calamity said.

“I have already swapped mine, and I’ve got nothing,” the first cameraman replied.

The bear squealed, and everyone turned to the bed where it had been placed.

“Temperature is even lower here,” Calamity offered.

“Nothing on the SLS,” Blaze added.

“What does this mean?” Slate asked.

“No damn idea.” Calamity laughed.

“Me either,” Carly admitted.

“Well, something is here because the temp has dropped; the Boo Bear, or whatever it’s called, is activating. How odd that some of the equipment is picking things up but not the other,” Phoe mused.

“Should we call in?” Calamity asked.

“No, if the SLS isn’t picking anything up nor the infrared, then we’ll use the equipment we’ve got that does work. Let’s

use the spirit box,” Phoe suggested.

Lowrider turned the spirit box on, and Calamity frowned. How were you meant to understand anything that came from it? It sounded like a lot of white noise.

One by one, they all asked questions. But nothing came from the box. Perplexed, they were just about to turn it off when a giggle sounded from the spirit box.

“Hell yeah!” Phoe cried, pumping the air. “Can you speak to us?”

They waited five more minutes, but nothing happened. As they were shutting it down, the radio crackled, making them jump.

“Crap,” Phoe said, laughing as she answered it.

“It’s Rooster. Did you say Chatter left the building?”

“At the speed he was going, I’d say yes,” Phoe replied.

“He is not on the grounds, and the guards say nobody has gone through the gates,” Rooster responded.

“He’s still here?” Phoe gasped. “Okay, we’ll find him.”

“Split into two teams,” Calamity stated.

They quickly searched the three levels of the children’s wing but found nothing. They met back outside the double doors that led to the entrance.

“He’s not here,” Phoe said, worried.

“We’ll find him,” Blaze promised, opened the doors, and let out a loud oath.

Sitting on a chair in front of the exit was a huge doll about the size of a three-year-old.

“What the fuck?” Lowrider exclaimed.

“Doo—lll...” a voice moaned from a corner.

“Chatter!” Phoe cried and dashed over to the huddled figure.

Chatter was crouched down, his eyes terrified and wide.

“Where the hell did that come from?” Slate demanded.

“Chair moved... doll on it... couldn’t get out,” Chatter stammered.

“Are you telling me the chair moved on its own and stopped you leaving?” Andi asked in disbelief.

“We’ll have that on camera,” one of the cameramen muttered tilting his head towards a static camera.

Chatter nodded vigorously.

“Move the chair, Lowrider,” Calamity stated.

Lowrider approached and reached down with one hand and found it wouldn’t move.

“What the hell?” Lowrider exclaimed as he put both hands on it and wrenched.

Blaze and Slate chuckled and began teasing Lowrider.

“Fine, smart asses, you come and move it,” Lowrider demanded.

Blaze flexed his muscles, moved forward and repeated Lowrider’s actions. A frown crossed his face as he yanked hard, but the chair would not budge.

“More ghostly phenomenon,” Carly whispered as Slate joined in. Frowns on their faces, all three tried to move the chair, looking for bolts or anything to explain why it wouldn’t move. After they were all a sweating mess five minutes later, Lowrider leaned on the chair, and it slid to one side.

No sooner was the door clear than Chatter hit his feet and took off.

Calamity and the others weren’t far behind him.

“That was insane,” Lowrider gasped as they stopped some distance away.

“Not as crazy as that,” Blaze cried and pointed to a window.

There, in the moonlight, two figures of girls appeared, and one played with the red doll. The image disappeared in the blink of an eye.

“Maybe I might be swayed,” Blaze exclaimed.

“Yeah,” Slate agreed, swapping glances with him.

“That was a successful investigation!” Phoe exclaimed, clapping her hands together.

Everyone sent her a dire glare as they began making their way to the catering tent, where no doubt Chatter already was. The Hellfire brother hadn’t stopped the moment he burst through the doors.

Calamity allowed himself a chuckle. It was like all the dolls from Hell had been chasing the terrified brother. Then his smile dimmed as he remembered the doll in the chair. That might even haunt him for a long time.

“Hey, I wonder who’s going to lock those doors back up?” Blaze asked.

They all exchanged glances before fleeing towards the food tent.

Team Five.

Team Five – Mess Hall.

Gunner

How the hell he ended up with the hot-head group, he did not know, but he certainly had. Artemis, Casey Rock, and Ali-kat from his own club. Pyro, Tati, and Fanatic from Hellfire. His team was less than ideal because of the volatile tempers. Artemis was already bouncing on the spot. Casey, Artemis, Fanatic, and Ali-kat were in the camp of believers, and the others were not. Of course, the believers believed because of Aurora, while the non-believers didn't, in spite of Aurora. Gunner thought it was weird how he could accept that Aurora's skill existed but not ghosts.

“Come on, slowpoke, we got some spirits to catch!” Artemis crowed.

Gunner sighed. She was clearly enjoying this. And a little too much by the twinkle in her eye. Casey stormed after Artemis as they barged through the open doors.

“Wow, this was a Mess Hall?” Artemis asked, gazing around the vast space. There were doors lining the walls, and the main part of the floor was taken up by bench tables like what you'd find in a prison. They all wrinkled their noses in disgust. The walls were a bland beige that had faded over time and were peeling.

“Going to need one of those laser nets,” Ali-kat boomed, her voice echoing.

“A couple. Rock, go back and get extras,” Artemis ordered.

Gunner smirked as Rock raised an eyebrow and didn't move.

“Don't make me hurt you on camera,” Artemis taunted, and Rock scowled and moved.

“Let's search the place,” Fanatic suggested.

“Oh boy, the nut jobs are off,” Pyro muttered and grunted when Artemis’s elbow whacked him in the stomach.

Gunner was bemused as Artemis streaked ahead and opened the first door.

“Ewwww, I wouldn’t pee in here if you paid me,” she complained, looking down the row of toilets.

“I found the men’s, and they’re just as disgusting,” Casey stated, backing away.

The next door they opened led into an industrial kitchen, which was full of equipment, although dated.

“The staff literally did walk out of here,” Gunner said, gazing around.

“Seems so,” Rock agreed, having rejoined them.

The next room was a big storeroom with packets and tins still on the shelves. Everything was coated with a thick dust, and cobwebs hung in sheets.

“I’m surprised there aren’t rats,” Ali-kat muttered, backing into Fanatic.

“Shut your mouth!” Rock ordered, and Ali-kat giggled.

The next room appeared to be a staff area, and the last was decidedly odd. There were twenty chairs that individuals would be strapped into. By the side was a table, and on them were dirty bowls and spoons.

“Oh, my God! They strapped people down here and forced them,” Artemis exclaimed.

“That’s dark,” Pyro drawled.

“Beyond dark,” Tati agreed.

“Where should we start?” Fanatic asked, looking around the food torture room.

“Outside, let’s set up the laser grids. We’ve got four, so we can cover most of the area,” Rock said, clearly excited at having a new toy to play with.

“And we’ll turn on motion sensors and the REM Pods in the other rooms,” Ali-kat stated, darting off.

“Ali-kat, stick together,” Gunner roared and rolled his eyes as she darted off with the crazy gang on her heels.

“Let’s do the grids,” Tati said with a sigh.

Half an hour later, everything was set up, and they were ready to go.

“Where first?” Artemis asked, bouncing on her feet.

“Why not try here, as we’re all present?” Casey suggested.

For the next twenty minutes, they called out but got no response. They moved into the staff room, which Tati thought might make sense if there was any staff lingering, but again received no reply. They were just finishing when the laser grid sounded an alarm.

“Is anyone here?” Artemis said, holding the EVP recorder.

“Over there. The lights in the laser are dark,” Fanatic whispered.

“What’s your name?” Artemis demanded. They all focused on the blacked out patch in the laser grid and all shrieked in surprise when it moved suddenly and shot across the room.

“What the hell was that?” Tati cried as her head twisted.

Gunner didn’t know, so did not reply, but a sense of unease crept down his spine.

“Didn’t Dave say there was a creeper thing?” Casey questioned.

“That’s what we just saw?” Pyro asked, amused.

“Explain that shit then, smart ass,” Casey shot back.

Pyro opened his mouth and then shut it.

“Are you the creeper?” Ali-kat shouted.

“Do not ask questions like that,” Gunner snapped uneasily.

“Why not?”

“Because if it is, it might not like being called that,” Gunner replied.

“But you don’t believe in ghosts!” Artemis retorted, and Casey smugly nodded.

“No, but when things are about to go tits up, I can feel it,” Gunner murmured, looking around. He sensed eyes on them, and they weren’t friendly. “Head to the kitchen.”

Nobody argued as they made their way into it and started their questions again. Halfway through, a loud bang caused them all to jump, and Tati jumped into Rock’s arms. He looked down at her, bemused.

“Big Al won’t be too happy. Nor would Carly,” he said.

“Dude, if something is coming after me, I’ll sacrifice you first,” Tati retorted, and Rock chuckled.

“I’ll protect you, little one,” Rock teased, and Tati cracked him in the ribs.

“Enough messing, what was that bang?” Gunner demanded as he led the way out. To their surprise, they saw one of the static cameras had fallen.

“That’s impossible. They have a triad stand, so they can’t just tip over,” a cameraman said, approaching the fallen camera.

“There’s no damage to the tripod,” the second added as they righted everything and put it back in its place. Considering the bang, Gunner was surprised when the camera started working immediately.

“Look,” the first cameraman stated. He’d been reviewing the footage, and they all saw a shadow pass by the camera seconds before it fell.

“We should leave,” Gunner said, concerned for the welfare of his team.

“Not likely. I’ve got the feeling something didn’t want us in the kitchen,” Casey challenged him.

Gunner sighed. The women were most definitely digging their heels in.

“Casey, I get you’re excited, but something is seriously off here. That shadow, the camera being knocked over. We might not be the only ones here,” Gunner said slowly.

“Yes, ghosts, and we want to contact them,” Artemis interrupted.

“Okay, a deal. Should anything dangerous happen, you obey and get the fuck out of here,” Gunner bargained.

“Done!” Artemis snapped. “And Gunner, you didn’t say on whose version of danger we leave. I have a totally different version to you!”

Gunner groaned. The hot heads. How the hell did he end up with them again? He followed everyone back to the kitchen as the girls began asking questions.

His eyes sliced from right to left, and he noticed Rock doing the same. Pyro was also alert. The three of them now realised something was really wrong with this place, and they weren’t prepared to let anyone get hurt. Meanwhile, Tati was almost glued to Pyro’s side.

A movement caught Gunner’s eyes, and he saw the black mass again. He nodded at Rock and tilted his head.

“*Run,*” the spirit box said.

“Huh? Why?” Artemis questioned.

“*Creeper... Head Chef... Murderer,*” the spirit box spat out.

“Did he murder the people who were force-fed?” Artemis asked softly.

“*Warned you,*” the spirit box thundered, and Artemis barely ducked in time as a plate whizzed towards her. Tati let out a spine-chilling scream. Fanatic cursed, and Ali-kat stared wide-eyed at the plate that had landed at her feet.

“Whoever this asshole is, he doesn’t want his story coming out,” Artemis stated before Gunner could open his mouth.

“Is he keeping everybody trapped?” Ali-kat asked.

“Yes... no... peace. Hunted,” came the reply.

“We are done,” Gunner mumbled firmly.

“No chance. Do you see the information we’re getting?” Artemis hissed.

“And I saw a plate launch itself in the air with nobody behind it, Artemis. You are my responsibility. I want everyone out,” Gunner argued.

“You’re not my boss,” Artemis shot back, her face setting.

Gunner recognised that expression and knew she was about to be difficult.

“You wanna return to your kids unharmed?” Gunner demanded.

“Low blow!” Artemis hissed.

“I don’t care. Out, this kitchen is dangerous,” Gunner stated firmly.

“Fine, but I’m not leaving,” Artemis said, marching past Gunner. He rubbed a hand over his face. Once again, how did he end up with the hotheads? They’d just made it back to the main dining room when several loud bangs came from nowhere. Before Gunner could yell any orders, the girls split up and disappeared into several doorways.

“Nothing has been knocked over,” Casey said, appearing confused.

“Maybe we ought to leave?” Rock suggested.

“That’s not a bad idea,” Pyro agreed, his eyes tracking something.

When Gunner turned to look, he saw something skittering along the ceiling. It paused, looked at him, and then disappeared. Gunner shook his head. He didn’t believe in ghosts, but either he was high, or there was something stalking them in there. Something that wasn’t human.

A shuffling noise came from nowhere, and everyone craned their necks, looking around. Before their shocked eyes, a figure appeared.

Gunner took one look and let out a high-pitched scream.

“Zombies!” He began frantically patting himself down for a weapon as the ghostly image came closer.

“Here!” Artemis yelled and tossed him a weapon. Gunner didn’t even ask where she got it from but aimed and fired at the shimmering nightmare. Seconds later, it disappeared as Gunner spun, checking his back and everything else.

“Okay, what the hell was that?” Pyro demanded, looking shaken.

“Did Gunner shoot a ghost?” Artemis asked with suspicion.

“How the hell did you get weapons in here?” Pyro demanded of Artemis.

“He didn’t; the bullet’s here,” Ali-kat called from the far wall.

They all scurried over, checking over their shoulders constantly before studying the bullet.

“Is this one of Phoe’s pranks?” Pyro questioned, giving voice to what everyone thought.

“No. Phoe’s cruel, but not like that. I think we’re picking up on real phenomena. Remember, Dave mentioned a creeper and shadow figures, and people had seen ghastly images. I think that was one of the victims from being force-fed,” Ali-kat mused.

“That zombie?” Gunner screeched. His fear was growing.

“Not a zombie, but someone who wanted to show us what had happened to them. Think about it. If you were strapped down day and night, you’d not be able to walk properly. That’s why it was shuffling,” Casey explained.

“So you’re telling me we saw a real-life ghost?” Rock said in disbelief.

“I think so, and it was trying to warn us,” Casey continued.

“About what?” Pyro asked.

“That!” Artemis squealed as a black mass gathered above them. It dropped over them lightning-fast, and Gunner felt suffocated.

“Move away!” Gunner bellowed and darted out from the mass. To his relief, the rest of his team and the cameramen also appeared.

“Centre of the net now!” Rock yelled. He lifted Tati and carried her to the centre.

“Rock! Put me down!” Tati squealed. As soon as he did, she leapt on Pyro’s back and clung to him like a monkey.

“Tati!” Pyro grumbled. “Let me fuckin’ breathe!”

“Hey, big guy, if that thing wants to eat us, it’s going to take out the guys first. Which means we have time to escape,” Tati argued.

Gunner snorted as Pyro opened his mouth to argue and then closed it. Tati wasn’t far wrong.

“Do we make a dash for the door?” Casey asked as the dark mass seemed to dip in and out of the laser net.

“Shouldn’t we find out what it is?” Artemis questioned.

“It’s fuckin’ evil. What else do we need to know?” Rock demanded, his head on a swivel.

“But is it a demon, ghost, or haunting spirit?” Casey sought.

“Who the hell cares?” Gunner retorted as he kept his gun ready by his side.

“Can’t believe you shot a ghost,” Tati snickered from Pyro’s back.

“Oh, shut up!” Gunner replied.

A low moan and cold wind drifted through the dining room. Everyone’s hair stood up on the back of their neck. Heads twisting one way and another, they started edging towards the exit. Nobody had to say anything. The moan had given them the chills.

As they crossed the centre of the room, everything went dark: the laser net, the lights, the cameras, even the torches. Loud exclamations rose in the air as everyone began bumbling about.

“Stay still!” Gunner roared. “Reach out, see if you can grab hold of someone!”

“I have Pyro!” Tati cried.

Pyro offered a long-suffering sigh.

“I’m grabbing someone’s hand, and I pinched it,” Artemis stated. Rock let out a bellow. “I have Rock!” she said, sounding far too pleased with herself.

“I grabbed a boob!” Casey exclaimed.

“Girl, if you wanted to check my boobs, just ask,” Ali-kat retorted.

Casey giggled despite the situation.

One by one, they found each other and formed a line.

“Whoever is grabbing my ass, better stop,” one of the camera guys said.

“Uh, dude. The women are up front,” Pyro grunted.

The camera guy paused and then let out a screech. “It is touching me up!”

“Oh boy!” Artemis drawled.

“It’s a pervy ghost,” Ali-kat stated helpfully.

“Just hold on to each other; we’re going to get out of here,” Gunner moaned, tired.

“Yeah, okay, everything is pitch black,” Artemis replied, non-too helpfully.

Gunner began cursing as he first banged his knee on a bench, and then a shuffling noise made him screech, and he fell over another.

“Gunner!” Casey shrieked as she felt around in the blackness.

“I’m here!” he muttered, standing up and whacking his head on the underside of the table. Gunner let out a groan, and the girls screamed. Someone thumped him on his head and kicked his ribs.

“That was me, for crying out loud!” Gunner said, exasperated.

“Sorry,” Artemis responded not sounding apologetic at all. “I can’t find your hand; oh, I have it now.”

“Nobody’s got my hand. I am trying to find you all,” Gunner replied.

“Shit on a stick!” Artemis exclaimed. Her screech bounced off the walls.

Gunner saw faint movement as his eyes finally adjusted to the dark. Just in front of him was a mass, and Artemis was frantically shaking her hand. Gunner grabbed his gun, thankful he’d kept hold of it and unloaded it.

“Bullets don’t hurt ghosts,” Artemis screamed.

“Are you really shooting in the dark? You could hit one of us!” a cameraman yelled.

“I’d be so lucky,” Gunner muttered, finally grabbing Artemis’s hand. Seconds later, he yowled as her sharp teeth bit into him.

“That’s me, you idiot!” Gunner bellowed.

“Oh. I did wonder how a ghost could taste of blood,” Artemis said idly.

“Hold on, we’re leaving,” Gunner stated.

As they closed on the exit, or where Gunner thought the exit was, the dark spirit began taunting them with moans and cries of pain. Loud bangs were heard, and things whizzed past their head. When Gunner shoved through the entrance, he breathed a sigh of relief. He continued down into the grounds, yanking the others after him.

Once outside, he bent over and leant on his knees. His eyes searched everyone, but only he seemed to have injuries.

“No one mentions I shot a ghost,” Gunner said, feeling stupid.

“Dude, it’s all on camera,” one of the guys replied.

Gunner speared him with a threatening look, but the guy shrugged. Oh, to hell with it, Gunner decided. He’d had enough!

Team Six.

Team Six – Floor Five – Wing D – Criminally Insane.

Tiny

He knew he was being set up. The smirking looks Phoe had given him warned Tiny ahead of time he was going up against something bad. To be honest, he was surprised he had both Klutz and Aurora together. Everyone else had been split up.

Then Tiny paused.

Aurora's woo-woo shit. Would this ghost hunt affect it? While Tiny didn't believe in things he had not witnessed with his own eyes, he did believe in Aurora. He'd been around several times when a vision had hit her. And she was too damn accurate to be disbelieved.

Tiny glanced across to Sallie-Anne and Bone, also from his club. The rest of his team had Sin, Manny, Ace, Aurora, and Klutz. He guessed Klutz and Aurora were together just in case she had a vision. Tiny was wary because he didn't know the extent of Aurora's woo-woo shit. He did take note of how close Klutz was sticking by his wife.

“Will Aurora be okay?” Tiny murmured to Sin as they climbed the stairs.

“Not sure. Honestly, I think it's why Phoe surrounded her with Rage and Klutz. I know Aurora gets visions, and she does readings for people of the future. But being here? I know Aurora also has mediumship skills, so this may be overwhelming for her. But Manny and Klutz will get her out should they need to,” Sin said.

“And you'll distract the cameramen?” Tiny asked.

Sin nodded. “Me and Ace will. While Aurora's pretty well known, she's not famous. Should anything kick-off and it be filmed, well, she'd be drowned in requests. But it's Aurora's choice, and we will follow her lead.”

“Just keep me updated. First sign of Aurora’s woo-woo shit, and we’ll create a distraction,” Tiny promised.

“Will do,” she said as they reached the fifth floor.

They pushed through a set of double doors, and Aurora paused immediately.

“You okay?” Klutz asked instantly.

“Yes, the sensations were overwhelming. Give me a minute,” she mumbled, her eyes wide as she gazed around.

“Aurora?” Klutz murmured.

“This is bad. I can sense insanity, murder, depravity, even rape amongst the inmates,” Aurora muttered as she paled slightly.

“You’re done,” Klutz stated.

Aurora gave herself a visible shake.

“I’m fine,” she said.

Tiny approached her.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes,” she answered, patting the big man’s arm. “It was just overwhelming; there are some dark things living here. We’ll need to be on guard, but I also see a bright light. Someone innocent haunts here, too.”

“If this gets too much, tell me,” Tiny muttered, and Aurora nodded.

They started walking down the corridors, the cell doors to each room open. Aurora stopped at the second, her face blanching.

“The man in here was a sadist. He loved hurting those smaller than him—made him feel good. He died an ugly death,” Aurora murmured.

“She a psychic?” one of the cameramen asked, coming closer. His camera captured Aurora in full, and Tiny stepped in front of him.

“Do the job you’re paid for, which is capturing ghosts,” Tiny warned.

The guy looked Tiny up and down and decided not to argue with him.

Good choice.

“Shall we try the spirit box?” Sallie-Anne suggested.

“You can do. He’s not here. But there are bad things here,” Aurora replied, looking around. After a fruitless twenty minutes, they moved on to the next. And then the next. It was when they got to the end that Aurora swayed and paled considerably.

“Evil waits down here,” she said.

Tiny noticed the guy who’d asked if she was psychic was paying a huge amount of attention to her. Klutz looked up, and his own eyes narrowed.

“Aurora, you are being filmed,” Klutz murmured.

“Okay, I’ll tone it down,” she replied quietly.

“Just making sure you’re aware, that’s all, baby.”

“I know,” Aurora said, patting Klutz’s chest with one hand.

They began walking down the corridor and entered the first room. As they did, Aurora staggered and nearly went down.

“Close it off now,” Klutz demanded.

Aurora nodded, and colour came back into her cheeks.

“What did you see?” the overeager cameraman asked her.

“Nothing. But can’t you sense the atmosphere in here?”

“Something terrible happened in here,” Sin agreed. “The air is dense, cold, and there is a threat. And no, I’m not psychic. Anyone can feel this.”

“Tiny, I don’t like this room. I want to go,” Sallie-Anne stated, stepping closer to him.

“Come on,” Tiny said, leading Sallie-Anne from the room.

He heard a commotion, and then everyone filed out.

“There’s darkness ahead,” Aurora murmured to him. “Be on the lookout. Sallie and Sin will be targets, being female.”

“Should we leave?” Tiny asked.

“I don’t know. What I’m sensing is frightening and worrying, but those guys will riot if I said to go,” Aurora replied.

“Stick close to Klutz. And watch that cameraman, he’s showing far too much interest in you,” Tiny warned.

“I’ve noticed. I don’t really want to become famous on TV for being a psychic, but a little attention wouldn’t hurt,” Aurora said with a faint smile.

“But not too much, right?”

“Exactly!”

As they neared the last few rooms, even Tiny felt the darkness coming from them. His spine tingled, and as Sallie-Anne and Sin entered, Tiny had an urge to drag them back.

Sallie-Anne began calling out questions and, as usual, found no answers. They were about to leave, and Bone had already stepped outside when the door slammed, locking them all in. The girls screamed and swarmed Manny and Ace. Tiny shoved the door, but it was jammed.

“Bone, open up!” Tiny bellowed.

“I’m trying. It’s not locked, but it won’t open,” Bone yelled.

“On three, you pull, I’ll shove,” Tiny shouted. He took a couple of steps back, counted down, and then rammed into the metal door. It didn’t move. Ace stepped up beside him, and together, they counted three again and shoved their shoulders into the door. This time, it flew open and took the three of them down in a heap.

“What the hell was that?” Bone cried.

“One of the evils that live in this wing. He was messing about, letting us know he is here,” Aurora explained as she stepped out.

“Okay, we’re done,” Tiny said. His voice left no tone for argument. He could see the toll this was having on Aurora. Everyone nodded and started walking towards the main corridor. They all jumped as doors began slamming shut in front of them. Tiny pushed them to the far side, away from the cells, as he kept hurrying them forward.

As they approached the main corridor, all the doors sprang back open with a bang.

Sallie-Anne screamed.

“Keep moving,” Tiny urged them all.

As they entered the hallway, Aurora gasped, and her hand flew to her forehead.

“Shit!” Sin exclaimed as Klutz leaned Aurora’s body against his.

“Dude, come look at this,” Tiny stated to the nosey cameraman. He shook his head, his camera firmly latched onto Aurora.

“I said check this out,” Tiny growled. The other cameraman stepped up as Rage surrounded Aurora to keep her privacy.

“Streets running red with lava... She’s coming right now. It’s time for her and Slick. But the two will fall together. Rapid City is burning. There’s open war on the roads. Allies and friends alike united against an enemy. The end is near, and an ally will suffer greatly in the final reckoning... but there is hope, always.”

Aurora’s eyelids fluttered.

“People fall from the sky... and there is death. But not a plane, something else. A fire in the sky that lights up the surrounding towns... I sense great loss but happiness and relief. And black and white will see grey,” Aurora murmured before gasping. Her eyes rolled up in her head, and she slumped in Klutz’s arms.

“What does that mean?” the cameraman demanded. “Does she have visions of the future? Like Nostradamus. Is she genuine?”

“Shut your mouth. You don’t have permission to film this,” Tiny growled.

Laughter trickled down the corridor towards them. It had a darkness to it, and everyone spun around. Their eyes searched but found nothing.

“Time to go. Ace, Manny, Bone, cover the women,” Tiny said as the hairs on the back of his neck rose. Ahead of them was a shining figure that beckoned to them. The cameraman cursed but kept his hand steady as he filmed it.

“Go,” Tiny ordered as he took point.

He led them towards the doors, keeping a sharp eye out for any signs of attack. Behind them, in the corridor that they’d left behind, doors slammed shut and banged open. It was obvious they weren’t wanted in there, and Tiny had every intention of leaving. They shot through the double doors and breathed a sigh of relief.

Mistakenly, Tiny thought they were all safe as he began walking down the stairs. A cry from Sallie-Anne alerted him that something had followed them as Sallie-Anne crashed into his back.

“Something pushed me!” she cried, alarmed.

Tiny held her close as he hurried her down the next flight. As they neared the doors for level three, they flew open, and a cold breeze escaped from them.

Tiny paused. He’d no idea what this meant, and Aurora was out cold.

“Go around it,” Ace said, his face pale.

“*Mine... she’s... mine,*” a voice shouted.

“Over my dead body,” Klutz retorted.

“*Arranged,*” the voice called.

“Get Aurora out of here!” Tiny ordered and barrelled through and past the double doors. For a moment, he caught sight of a man, his face twisted by evil, and then Tiny was leading the way.

He slammed into the main reception and shoved open the doors. One by one, his team filed through, all with varying looks of panic, horror and fright. Klutz bounced through with Aurora, a howl on his heels as Klutz got her out into the open.

“What was that!” the cameraman exclaimed.

“You tell us! You do this sort of thing all the time,” Tiny shot back.

“Not that! Her! She is a psychic, isn’t she? A strong one?” he demanded.

Tiny and Klutz sent him a dirty look.

“Aurora can make a fortune on TV if she’s genuine. Hell, with her looks, she’d make one even if she wasn’t,” the guys continued.

“You’re starting to piss me off,” Klutz growled.

“I’m beyond starting.” Ace glowered.

“I am just saying—”

“Don’t say,” Aurora spoke, holding her hand up. “Do you think I do not see the dollar signs in your eyes? You want to manage me and my talent and make a fortune off my back? Don’t bother. I’m happy as I am, and nobody can persuade me otherwise.”

The guy’s gaze narrowed, and Tiny had a feeling Aurora might live to regret those words, but for now, everyone was safe. And that was all that mattered.

Team Seven.

Team Seven – Tunnels.

Bear

Bear grumbled, making sure everyone knew he wasn't happy about this. He did not like tunnels; he didn't like darkness, and he hated enclosed spaces. At his height and build, he often had to bend over, which meant his back hurt. So yeah, he complained all the way down the stairs to the door that led to the tunnels.

To his surprise, despite his tallness, he could stand up straight in them, but they were only just wide enough to take a gurney down.

“Is this how they transported the dead bodies?” Autumn gasped.

“Think so,” Celt replied.

“Yeah, ain't liking this,” Hunter said, sweeping his torch around.

Bear couldn't disagree. His gaze swept his team. He had Celt, Alice, and Slaughter with him from Hellfire. Fish, Autumn, Mac, Gauntlet, and Hunter from Rage. None of them looked comfortable being in the dark tunnels.

“Which way?” Bear questioned.

“Good question. Didn't Dave say the tunnels ran for miles?” Hunter asked.

“Yeah. So, I think we stick together for one and keep track of which tunnel we take,” Bear replied.

“I agree. Let's go that way,” Alice said, flashing her torch to the left.

“If we end up in the morgue, woman, you're dead,” Slaughter replied, but they followed Bear as he headed out.

They walked a distance before the tunnels split in two different directions.

“There’s no signs!” Mac exclaimed.

“I suppose those who used these knew them pretty good,” Gauntlet determined.

“Well, we don’t. How will we mark our way?” Autumn demanded.

“Easy. Always be prepared, biker rule,” Fish teased and held up some chalk.

“Thought that was the boy scout motto, and Fish, you were never that!” Alice retorted as everyone laughed.

“Shut up,” Fish grouched. “Which way?”

“Right,” Celt decided.

Fish clearly marked an arrow on the wall, and then they set off again. Apart from the sound of their feet and breathing, it was silent all around them. They reached another junction and took the left-hand tunnel this time.

“Hey, look at this,” Bear called from his vantage point. Dumped by the side of the tunnel was a gurney. It was old and rusted.

“Tell me there’s no body bag on that!” Alice squealed.

“No, but it’s got some rather suspicious and nasty-looking stains. Be careful passing it. Lord knows what infections that’s carrying,” Bear stated, shining his torch over it.

“Hey, put that music box thing on it,” Mac suggested. “That way, we’ll hear it if anything comes close.”

“That makes sense,” Autumn said, pulling out the creepy music box. She did not particularly like that either, from what Bear could see in her face. Nearly throwing the machine on the gurney so she didn’t have to touch it, Autumn walked away.

Mac waved a hand in front to make sure it was working and then stepped back.

Fish marked an X above it, and Hunter turned to him.

“Why?”

“So we know if we’re going round in circles,” Fish explained.

“Good idea,” Slaughter exclaimed.

They carried on walking and took another left.

Alice literally climbed Bear’s back as they entered this one.

“I have a nasty feeling about this,” Alice whispered, looking around.

“We can go back,” Bear offered.

“Nope, big guy. As long as you don’t mind a piggyback ride,” Alice said, patting Bear’s head. Bear growled but hefted Alice to a better position on his back.

“Need a back?” Hunter asked Autumn, who shook her head.

“I’m good for now,” Autumn replied and stepped forward, only to shriek.

“What?” the men cried in alarm.

“Oh hell, watch out, there’s a huge dip here. It’s up to my ankle and full of water,” Autumn said, disgusted.

Bear let his heart calm down before snorting in disbelief.

“These are three-thousand-dollar boots!” Autumn exclaimed.

“Why wear them?” Celt challenged.

“Because they’re comfortable!”

“And they look good,” Alice added, and Autumn high-fived her.

The men, including cameramen, rolled their eyes.

“Okay, let’s miss Autumn’s hole and keep going,” Slaughter said.

They began moving forward again, with Fish marking the route they were taking.

They’d stopped at a triple junction and were peering down the three offshoots when Hunter jumped.

“Did anyone else see that?” Hunter asked.

“What?” Bear demanded, walking over to him.

“I swear there’s someone popping their head out at us,” Hunter said, shining his flashlight down the dark tunnel.

“I see it,” Alice squealed.

“Guess that’s the one we’re taking!” Celt muttered.

“Let me take point,” Bear groaned, moving forward. He stepped into the tunnel and leapt back as a loud clanging noise rolled towards them.

“What the fuck was that?” Mac demanded.

“I got no idea,” Fish replied.

“Take it easy,” Alice said, clinging to Bear’s cut. He reached around and squeezed her hand before heading down the tunnel.

“There’s water in this one,” Bear called over his shoulder. “Watch your step.”

It was only a couple of inches deep, but Bear was aware Autumn would freak the hell out if her boots were ruined. He was busy looking ahead when the ground gave way under him. Alice screamed and let go as she was dragged down. Bear’s arms slammed out to the side, and he stopped himself from falling straight through.

“What the fuck, bro?” Celt demanded, rushing forward with Mac. They grabbed Bear’s arms and were starting to pull him up when Bear shrieked.

“Something’s pulling my leg!”

“That’s your imagination!” Celt replied. But when he next yanked on Bear, there was a definite resistance. He and Mac swapped glances, and then Gauntlet and Slaughter appeared to help. Fish and Hunter guarded the women. The four of them struggled to lift Bear out of the hole. All the while, Bear shrieked, something was pulling on his legs.

Finally, they gave one last heave, and Bear shot free and landed on those who’d been pulling him.

“What the hell was that?” Celt demanded, getting to his feet after shoving Mac off him.

“Something was pulling me down,” Bear said, panic in his voice.

“Don’t be stupid,” Gauntlet responded.

“Wait, what’s that?” Alice asked as her torch swung around.

“That’s a fuckin’ manhole cover. I bet you fell down a manhole,” Hunter suggested.

“Why have that here?” Alice questioned.

“I bet the sewers run under these tunnels,” Slaughter replied.

“Think you better reconsider that I’m being hysterical,” Bear growled as he showed his jean legs. Down both of his legs were long tears.

“Are you bleeding?” Autumn gasped, darting forward.

“No, thank fuck,” Bear answered.

Hunter approached the manhole slowly. Mac on his heels. They shone their torches down into it and peered at the black hole. At first, they saw nothing, and then Mac let out a blood-curdling scream and started running.

“Oh, jeez. Someone take that fucker down!” Fish ordered as Slaughter took off after him.

“What did you see?” Autumn demanded of the pale Hunter.

“A white face. It came out of nowhere,” Hunter said, backing away from the hole.

“Pennywise!” Mac’s distant cry echoed.

“Come back here, you asshole!” Slaughter yelled.

“Damn, that man can run fast,” Fish mused.

“Can we go back to Pennywise? Do you think someone removed the manhole cover so this would happen?” Alice demanded.

“Holy fuck!” A cameraman gasped.

A spindly, rubber-looking white arm came out of the hole.

That did it. Everyone took off.

“Ain’t fighting no clowns,” Autumn shrieked as she ran behind Bear.

“Me either,” Bear grunted. They got back to the junction and discovered Slaughter sitting on Mac, who was making mewling noises.

“Oh Jesus, man up!” Bear snapped. Everything was starting to grate on his nerves. This whole place was whacked. He hauled Mac to his feet, and then Fish gasped.

“My marks are gone. Did one of you two do that?” he demanded irately.

“Fuck no!” Slaughter exclaimed.

“Anyone get the feeling we’re in some sort of spider web trap?” Autumn asked and received several dirty looks.

“That’s not helpful,” Hunter said, and Autumn shrugged.

“Okay, I know that we came from that tunnel,” Fish stated, pointing at one.

They traipsed down it, heads swivelling. Mac was nearly useless, so Bear shoved him in the middle with the girls. He was shaking his head. A grown assed man frightened of clowns. Then again, Mac was not the only one. Bear thanked his lucky stars Levi wasn’t there, or there’d have been hell to pay.

At every junction they reached, they discovered Fish’s markings gone. Someone had erased them. Using Fish’s memory, they managed to navigate some of the way back until they came to a split junction.

“I don’t know,” Fish said. “I do not remember this. Bear, you’re going to have to choose.”

Oh great, Bear thought. If anything went wrong, they’d blame him.

“Left,” Bear ordered, and they marched forward.

“Wait, I could reverse the footage on the camera,” one of the guys announced.

They waited for at least fifteen minutes before the cameraman sighed.

“It just will not work. I can see the footage, but it won’t play.”

“Then left it is,” Bear decided.

They turned and reached another junction quickly. Bear shook his head. None of this was familiar, but all the tunnels looked the same. He chose a path, and they kept walking. Finally, he stopped and sighed.

“We’re lost,” Bear stated.

“Not quite. Are those doors down there?” Celt called as he flashed his light down a tunnel.

“Looks like it,” Bear said hopefully and began jogging towards them. They all skidded to a stop as they looked at the crooked sign above the doors.

“Yeah, not happening,” Alice exclaimed.

“Not the morgue,” Celt whined.

“It’s our only way out. We either take it or keep wandering.” Bear nodded to the tunnel.

The decision was taken out of their hands when, moments later, creepy music accompanied by a squeak of wheels interrupted their fighting.

They looked around, and Celt gasped as his flashlight caught on something.

“Holy fuck!” Celt cried.

“Is that the gurney we placed the music box on?” Autumn shrieked as it squeaked its way closer, the music playing all the time.

“That’s it. I’m done with this shit!” Hunter said and stormed through the doors. Everyone was on his heels as he ran up the stairs. He hit a landing, and there was a thud. When he looked

down, he saw the gurney trying to get through the doors. People screamed, and Hunter took flight.

Bear's mouth dropped open at the speed Hunter was using.

Hunter crashed through a set of double doors into the storage section of the morgue. Taking one look at all the open holes in the wall, with doors missing or some hanging off, Hunter kept running.

He discovered the exit and headed towards it at full speed. Bear shook his head. But he dragged Autumn and Alice along behind him. The girls were babbling, as even now, they could hear the creepy music box. They burst out into the open and kept running until there was a good distance from the building. There, hands on knees and all breathing heavily, they stared at each other in shock.

"Nobody says a word," Bear warned.

"Clowns in the sewers," Mac spluttered.

"It wasn't a clown," Hunter snapped.

"No? Tell me, which kind of creepy fuck hides in the sewers?" Mac demanded.

Hunter opened his mouth and then shut it again.

Okay, maybe Mac had a point, Bear thought, too.

"Did you get it on camera?" Autumn asked a cameraman.

"Oh yeah, and the arm coming out of the sewer. That will be a classic episode," the man responded.

"Your reactions couldn't be faked, either. But tell you what, I ain't going back in there. Not with Pennywise running about," the camera guy mumbled.

"You're a wise man," Mac said, nodding sagely.

Autumn rolled her eyes and bounced on her toes.

"Let's go see what they've got for us next!"

"Oh, Jeez!" Bear complained but was left behind in the dust as most of his team stampeded towards the command tent. This was going to be a long weekend.

Team Eight.

Team Eight – Floor Three – Wing C.

Big Al

Big Al tramped up the stairs, grumbling under his breath. Of all the crazy ideas Phoe had had, this was the most insane. He glanced across at Slick, who was looking fed up with this already. His whole group was made of Rage. Vivie, Ezra, Jett, Harley, Slick, and Jemma. He wondered how the hell he'd ended up in charge of Rage. He sent them all a stern stare, warning them he wasn't prepared to put up with their shenanigans, and received a smirk from Erza. Oh, this did not bode well. At least he didn't have Lowrider with him because Lowrider and Ezra were a nightmare.

“Do we know anything about this wing? Or this floor?” Jemma asked as they entered the ward.

“No, I don't think Dave told any of us what to expect,” Harley answered.

“None of you were told what to expect from your targets, so your reactions are one hundred per cent genuine. If you find nothing, you're fine, but if you discover something, Dave wants everything to be on the up and up,” the cameraman replied.

“Makes sense,” Harley replied.

“I do not believe in ghosts, *non!*” Vivie stated, her accent coming through clearly.

“Good for you, girl,” Big Al said with approval.

“I do,” Harley admitted. Everybody turned to face him. “How many times have you stayed at Reading Hall? There are ghosts there. We've all seen them, including Dad, but he denies it.”

Everyone stared at Harley, aghast.

“Reading Hall has ghosts?” Jemma asked.

“At least four,” Harley confirmed.

“Holy shit. How did we never know this?” Jett exclaimed.

“Ask my father,” Harley replied.

“I will do,” Jett agreed.

“Okay, you got everything you need? Let’s explore,” Big Al said, eager to get this farce over and done with. He wanted to go home and snuggle with his wife. Although he hoped Tati was having a good time.

He sighed as Harley, Jett, and Jemma darted into the nurse’s station. They looked around, and Jemma’s mouth opened.

“Do you think the staff literally walked out? Look, there are cups with stains here, and tell me that’s not a half-eaten sandwich,” Jemma demanded, wrinkling her nose.

“No, that is. Look, there are even patient files on the table,” Harley said, approaching them.

“Don’t open them,” Vivie exclaimed quickly. “They’re private.”

Harley’s hand froze, and then he pulled it away. “Sorry, you’re right.”

“I can’t believe they left these things hanging around. What the hell happened here?” Big Al asked.

“The legends go that the state got consistent complaints and walked in one day and moved all the patients and staff out. They found various people in severe distress, and the word torture was used. The doctors were using cruel and inhuman methods of controlling the population,” Slick explained.

“That’s terrible,” Vivie said.

“There were several complaints of abuse, even rape. The people who landed here were treated as sub-human. The criminally insane ward was by far the worst. They said men and women had been raped and beaten multiple times, and most were drugged, so they couldn’t fight back,” Ezra continued.

“Jesus,” Jett muttered, looking sick.

“So anything we’re likely to encounter is going to be highly disturbed?” Jemma asked.

“Yes, I’d say so,” Ezra agreed.

“This is meant to be one of the Top Ten Haunted places in America. They say the hauntings got so bad and violent the state locked it down to protect people,” Slick informed them.

“And typically, that’s waving a red flag at Phoe,” Big Al complained.

“Oh yeah, Phoe would have been all over this,” Ezra agreed.

“Great,” Harley moaned. “Mom will have gone nuts. Well, she got her wish.”

Everyone shook their head at Phoe’s love of Halloween and then began to search the rooms.

“What the hell is that?” Jemma demanded as she approached the bed in one room.

“Oh shit. Is that what they would have used to strap someone’s head down?” Slick asked, looking horrified at the metal head cage attached to the bed.

“That’s evil,” Vivie groaned, backing away and curling into Ezra. He put an arm around her as she buried her face in his shoulder. “Such depravity and cruelty.”

“Yeah,” Ezra muttered in the face of the torture device.

“Come on, this room is awful,” Jemma said, stepping out into the hallway. “Woah.”

Jett stepped out quickly behind her and gasped. When Big Al pushed his way through, they were staring at a room farther down the hallway.

“What?” Big Al demanded.

“I swear to God, I saw a nurse walk in there,” Jemma muttered, looking shocked.

“There’s nobody else here,” Big Al replied, swapping a look with the cameraman. He got a head shake in reply.

“Just us,” he confirmed.

“We have to check that room out,” Jemma said, darting down the hallway.

“Oh, here we go!” Big Al moaned. “Jumping at shadows and our imagination playing tricks on us.”

In response to his words, the lights flickered. Everyone faced Big Al and then chased after Jemma. Big Al realised that despite their denials that they didn’t believe in ghosts, they did want to be convinced.

They barged into the room and glanced around. There were two beds in there shoved against opposite walls and a closet. Nothing else.

“Jesus, this is barren,” Jett commented.

“I imagine if you had personal stuff, you’d have to fight to keep it,” Slick agreed.

“Is anyone here? Can you tell us your name?” Jemma questioned, switching on the EVP recorder.

“Yes... Mary,” came the reply.

“Oh my God, you all heard that?” Jemma demanded. Without waiting for agreement, she continued.

“Did you work here, Mary?”

“Nurse...”

“You were a nurse here?” Jemma asked.

“Yes.”

“Did you die here?” Harley inquired.

“You can’t ask that! It might upset her!” Jemma snapped, and Big Al rolled his eyes.

“Murder...”

“Holy shit. You were murdered?” Harley exclaimed.

“Here... this room... men,” Mary answered.

“Two?” Jemma asked.

“Yes... murdered...”

“Two men killed you in this room?” Jemma asked.

“Yes...”

“I’m so sorry. That must have been terrifying,” Jemma replied sadly.

“*Whistle... blower,*” Mary responded.

“You told on what was happening here?” Big Al inquired, intrigued despite himself.

“*Yes... killed... to silence.*”

“You were killed because you were a whistle-blower. Oh my God, how awful,” Jemma stated. “Is there anything we can do?”

“*Tell... truth.*”

“We’ll do it,” Jemma promised.

“Do you want to find the light? Rest?” Harley asked.

“*Keep... peace... here,*” Mary said.

Jemma frowned.

“Do you mean you stop bad ghosts here?”

“*Yes... peace... more than... me.*”

“Mary, see those men? They are cameramen. They are filming all of this. Your story will be on TV; everyone will know about you and the truth,” Jemma explained, pointing at them.

“*Is... good... tired,*” Mary replied.

“You’re losing energy?” Jemma asked.

“Yes.”

“Thank you for showing yourself and telling your story, Mary. I wish you peace,” Jemma said gently.

“*You found... peace... too.*”

“Yes, I did,” Jemma whispered. “Thank you.”

“*Goodbye.*”

“Bye, Mary,” Harley muttered.

“Holy crap, did we just have a conversation with a ghost?” Big Al exclaimed.

“I want to search for microphones,” Slick said, not looking certain.

“Sure, go ahead,” Harley replied smugly.

He and Jemma watched as everyone searched everywhere. Finally, they had to admit the conversation had been real.

“We spoke to a ghost,” Slick admitted, disbelief etched firmly on his face.

“Yes, we did!” Jemma squealed excitedly.

“No way, it has to be a trick,” Jett said, shaking his head.

“Tell me how?” Jemma demanded. “We looked for microphones and anything else that could explain Mary’s responses.”

Jett opened his mouth to say something and instead jumped. He spun around and searched behind him, and his face took on a panicked expression.

“Something poked me in the back,” he said, confused.

“Nobody’s there. Maybe it’s your imagination,” Harley replied sarcastically.

“Shut up, prospect,” Jett retorted.

Moments later, his head shot forward, and his hand flew to the back of his head.

“Now someone slapped me,” he complained.

“I think Mary is teaching you a lesson!” Jemma chortled.

“What do I do?” Jett asked, slightly panicked. His hips lurched forward, and his hands grabbed his butt.

“Did you just get spanked?” Vivie demanded in disbelief.

“Okay, I’m sorry!” Jett yelled.

Harley and Ezra raised their eyebrows, and smirks crossed their faces.

“Oh wow, spanked by a ghost. That has all sorts of kinky to it,” Ezra said, grinning. He yelped two seconds later when his own butt was whacked hard.

Big Al started laughing. “Mary, I am sure the boys are sorry for being rude. We’ll leave you in peace.”

“Yeah,” Ezra added, glancing around.

“Can’t deny that happened, big man,” Jemma replied, hooking her arm through his. They searched the rest of the ward, getting sporadic responses and names, but nothing like what had happened with Mary.

It seemed as if she was the spokesperson for them all. They allowed her to speak on their behalf and were happy to fade into the background. As they were leaving the ward, Jemma looked back and gasped. The others turned quickly; there, standing in the middle of the ward, was a young nurse. Several men surrounded her, and then they faded.

“Did we capture that?” Jemma demanded.

“Sure as hell did,” a cameraman answered.

“Even in death, Mary’s still looking after her patients,” Harley mused.

“Seems like it, boy,” Big Al said.

He wanted to deny what had happened. But he’d seen it with his own eyes. And heard it with his own ears. There was no denying there was a ghost there. But nothing nasty. It was almost a warm feeling. He bowed his head out of respect to Mary and led his team from the ward.

Epilogue.

Food Tent.

Dave Schrader

“Well, I suppose some of you would like to understand what you encountered,” Dave said with a huge grin.

“Wouldn’t hurt!” Drake muttered, looking baleful.

“Team one, you had the morgue. There are stories that came out of there that suggested the doctors performed operations on the bodies. Not autopsies, but illegal operations. A doctor did some crazy shit down there, operating on brains he’d stolen from corpses to try to find a way to cure mental illnesses. He didn’t recognise mental distress for what it was. Some even say the first lobotomies may have been done by him. But he died before he could claim recognition for it.

“The morgue is haunted by a shadow man who some think is the doctor. People have been scratched down there, and sometimes, lines have circled their heads, drawing blood as if their skin was to be pulled back to expose their skull. There’s also a woman down there who was a sex addict. The doctor dismembered her body, looking to see if her sexual organs were any different—to explain her addiction,” Dave said.

“Holy crap, Banshee and Shotgun were groped,” Drake exclaimed, and both men sent Drake a dirty look.

“The shadow man is dangerous. He’s the one that hurts people. Drake, him pushing you corresponds with other people’s stories. So you all had a lucky escape,” Dave elaborated.

“My dick was violated. It doesn’t feel lucky to me!” Shee complained.

Everyone laughed.

“Team two,” Jason said. “You had the crematorium. Rumours state that not every body that went into the furnaces was dead. It’s said a doctor would dispose of particularly

troublesome patients by drugging them, declaring them dead, and burning them alive. Nurses called him Demon Doctor. He was also known for raping female corpses and ended up a client here himself before being cremated right there. They say that when he was cremated, a black mist escaped the furnace, and an inhuman cry echoed around the crematorium.”

“Shit!” Apache gasped. “I thought it was a demon. I’ve called a shaman to come in and deal with it. That thing’s pure evil.”

“A shaman isn’t a bad idea,” Jason agreed.

“Team three. You had floor one, Wing A—the maternity ward. The sad fact was some women arrived pregnant, and others got pregnant here. It got to such a point where so many women were raped or seduced that they had to expand it. The wing is haunted by a woman who lost two babies there. Her husband married her for money while in love with his mistress, and that alone had her committed, where she gave birth to his child, and it was taken from her. He and his mistress brought the child up.

“A year after that, she fell pregnant again, raped by a male nurse, and that baby was also taken from her. Her name was Susan Delaney, and she was twenty-three when she died here, unable to bear the loss of her two children. Her records stated she fell into a depression so severe nothing could move her from it. Susan is known as the Wailing Woman,” Dave said.

“She hates men,” Chance said, looking at the scratch on his arm.

“I can understand why,” Phoe said sadly.

“Team four. We gave you the children’s building. The children there were treated terribly. Drugged, lobotomised, and abused. A young girl was dropped and left there by her rich uncle, who wanted her inheritance. Her room was full of toys because of her status, but there was one doll in particular that she loved. Her mother had given it to her. It’s said when she died, they tried to empty the room and got locked out. The girl’s ghost had claimed it as her own. So they left the room

alone and kept it as it was when she was alive,” Lisa explained.

“That’s so tragic,” Vivie said.

“Who does that to a child?” Autumn demanded.

“Pure evil,” Chance replied.

Everyone nodded.

“Now for team five. The mess hall. You guys were right in guessing what the side room was for. They used to drag people down there who were trying to starve themselves and force-fed them. More than one choked to death, and we have the records to show it. The food was substandard, to say the least, but several murders happened down there with fights over food.

“It is rumoured to be haunted by a creature called the Creeper. It’s seen as a black mass that crawls up walls and along the ceilings. The Creeper is thought to be a chef called Darius Milwaukee. This guy was a sadist beyond belief. He’d do things like toss a box of apples on a table filled with hungry patients and then watch everyone fight over them. Darius got off on the power trip it gave him. He was also a tyrant in the kitchen. Many quit while working with him, and his temper tantrums were legendary. One lower cook slit her wrists in that very kitchen while he screamed at her and watched her bleed out. Darius was all sorts of evil,” Dave explained.

“Damn, that has to be what we saw,” Artemis exclaimed.

“And Gunner shot it!” Casey giggled.

“How the hell did you sneak a gun inside?” Phoe demanded. “You were searched thoroughly!”

“Artemis,” Gunner said, seeing no reason not to tattle-tale. He looked smug as Phoe turned a beady eye on Artemis, who shrugged.

Dave coughed and then laughed. “Well, bullets don’t usually work on a ghost, I have to say.”

“I know that!” Gunner snapped.

“Team six,” Jason said, heading off a fight. “Floor five, Wing D—for the criminally insane. There is a lot of poltergeist activity in there. Doors banging, furniture moving, ghostly voices.”

“All which we experienced,” Tiny agreed.

“But there is an entity that has a thing for women. It touches them and tries to lock them in cells. It thinks the women belong to him. Now we’ve tracked this down to a serial rapist named Tom Nation. He was active over a ten-year period and raped at least one woman a month for those ten years before being caught. Tom was completely nuts and was locked up there. He continued to harass female staff, trying to rape several of them, and ended up with only men looking after him.”

“That makes sense why he wanted Aurora,” Klutz muttered, and Tiny nodded.

“Team seven. We gave you the tunnels. There are meant to be several things that haunt down there. One is a shadow that shows itself, but nobody can ever get close to it. Another is a nurse who pushes the gurneys up and down. There are several left dumped down there, and people swear they’ve seen them headed for them,” Lisa said.

“Got that shit on camera,” Bear grumbled.

“There are also several manhole covers leading to the sewers. The rumours are that when the morgue overflowed, and it happened, the bodies of the particularly nasty patients that nobody cared about were dumped into the sewers to get rid of them. People have described seeing a white figure, almost ghoulish-like, haunting the tunnels. Who it is, we don’t know, but we know he tries to drag victims into the sewers, just like he was tossed away,” Lisa finished.

“Pennywise!” Mac declared with a sage nod.

Bear gave him a dirty look.

“Team eight. We sent you to floor three, Wing C. On this wing, a nurse, Mary Brooker, worked, and she was appalled at what she saw. She visited the commission board and

complained and provided evidence. When she returned, a doctor told her to administer medication to two male patients. They were meant to be medicated at all times. However, their morning dose had been suspiciously missed, and they raped and beat Mary to death. Finally, a doctor admitted to setting her up to stop her whistleblowing. Unluckily, it didn't stop the practises going on there for another ten years, but Mary had started the ball rolling.

“People claim to see her and feel a calming presence. Mary is also known to have conversations with investigators. She wants people to know the truth. Not all nurses and doctors there were bad. Some tried to improve the situation. And those who are lucky will see her with some patients,” Dave explained.

“Why weren't we given this information before entering?” Bear asked.

“Because we wanted everything to be genuine. Going in blind and without preconceptions meant your mind was open to what might happen. And you all were wonderful. And tomorrow night will be even better!” Dave said gleefully, and then he announced he would be going out to a few of the places that had terrified the two MCs. He'd pick a small team and go and investigate. It would be great fun but also deadly serious.

Dave strongly agreed with Apache calling in a shaman to deal with the demon. He had tackled them before, and to say they were unpleasant was an understatement.

Dave exchanged a look with Phoe as discussions started within the groups. Little did the two MCs know, they were about to become famous, and the next night promised many more horrors.

As they began discussing who was going where, Drake grabbed Phoe.

“Wanna tell me why Onyx, Inglorious, Dylan, the Chief and the others are blowing up my phone?” he demanded quietly.

Phoe looked innocent. Oh shit, what had she done? Drake waited.

“I told them there’d be repercussions,” Phoe muttered.

“Like what?”

“Well, they shouldn’t have decided not to come!” Phoe exclaimed drawing attention.

“Phoenix Michaelson! You tell me right now what you did to our allies!” Drake demanded firmly.

“Zombie invasions. I hired large groups of actors, even flew some in for a free weekend, and sent them to the compounds and stations,” Phoe spat. Drake hid a laugh at how defiant she was.

“Seriously?” Chance boomed approaching.

“Don’t mess with me. This should have been a great weekend for all of us. Instead those pussies ruined it, and we have to do all the work. So fine! They got a zombie invasion!” Phoe snapped.

Drake tried to hide his laugh.

“And how did you know how many actors you’d need?”

Phoe sent him a derisive look.

“Oh please. You think I don’t know those bunch of pussies? I knew they’d all back out after the last few years. Next year, they’ll behave again and play ball,” Phoe sneered. Her disgust at the cowards clear.

“And did you think they might want to shoot the zombie actors?” Chance inquired mildly.

“Yup. So the Juno Group went in and locked down their weapon caches and stole their personal weapons while they were asleep,” Phoe said smirking.

“Tell me you’re joking!” Drake exclaimed. His mind was working overtime at the repercussions.

“Nope. Of course I made sure someone is hanging around their compound in case they need them. But until then, zombie

invasion it is!” Phoe retorted happily.

Oh boy. When his wife went full on dark, she went dark, Drake realised. And now he’d have to explain his allies would get their weapons back after...

“How long Phoe?”

“Two nights. Pussies,” she said in disgust again.

The allies were going to string him up by his balls. Then again, if he held the threat of Phoe doing much worse... yeah he might escape this with just a few bruises. Sighing he yanked his phone out and typed into the group chat. Which looking at it was pretty funny at the hysteria from some of the allies inner core. Benjamin had already been locked up in a cell by the Chief who luckily realised they were actors.

The detective was out of his mind in fear and had now barricaded himself happily behind bars. The only time a cop would be happy to be locked up. Inglorious had locked half his men in their wet room and Onyx had zombies crawling up his walls, freaking the fuck out of his men. Lance had just managed to stop his men from setting up for world war three and Drake shook his head at the army guys. Yeah, that may not have been a good idea considering their skills. And Delta Force, Jacob replied, were freaked the fuck out of their minds and in the Delta Force command centre all totally blotto.

Jesus. Delta Force. They’d fight any enemy thrown at them bar a zombie. Drake and Chance read on through the group chat, snickering. Maybe Phoe was right. They’d learn not to upset her plans in future!

Six months later.

Dave sat in the rec room in the Rage MC clubhouse, having been invited to watch the first episode of his new programme. Surrounded by friends, Dave felt completely relaxed.

Over the last six months, they’d stayed in contact, and he kept them updated about the programme. Which, considering the footage they’d garnered, those two nights had turned into a series. Escape from Rage—the Andrews Institute, had been

widely hyped, showing several clips that would hook an audience.

Dave was a thrilled man when the studio sent him the audience figures. The show was a success. The only concern he had was how to get Rage and Hellfire to do it again. They'd escaped the Andrews Institute virtually unscathed, although some probably had nightmares.

Dave sat back. He was already thinking of a second title for a series for next year!

Dave caught Phoe's eye as she winked at him. And he knew she was thinking the same as him! Great minds thought alike! Dave grinned at those around him, noting their worried looks. He'd wait for now, but soon enough, he'd get Rage and Hellfire on another ghost hunt. They were too funny not to!

Characters.

Drake Michaelson. DOB. 1975. Drake is third generation Rage; he was in the third lot of brothers recruited into Rage. His father started Rage MC and died before Drake was old enough to become president. Drake became VP and, in a hostile takeover, became president. Phoenix thinks he looks like Tim McGraw with longer hair. Drake has a leanness to him but has well-defined muscles and broad shoulders. Drake sports dark brown eyes with laughter lines. He's six foot four. He adopted Phoe's 16 children, and they have two of their own.

Apache. DOB 1969. Apache is a second-gen Rage. He was in the second lot of brothers recruited into Rage. He is one of Drake's enforcers. He becomes Road Captain in 'A Renewed Rage.' Apache has bright green eyes and is six foot two. He is of Native American origin. Apache's described as absolutely stunning with high cheekbones and raven black hair that hangs past his shoulders. Apache's real name is Tyee (meaning Chief) Blackelk. He looks like Lou Diamond Philips. Apache is partnered with Rock in a construction company. He is married to Silvie and has two children with her.

Ace. DOB 1983. Ace is third generation Rage. He was in the third lot of brothers recruited into Rage. Ace is Drake's VP. He's described as looking like a young Lou Diamond Philips. Like his father, he is Native American. Ace has bright green eyes and is six foot two. He is described much the same as his father, absolutely stunning with high cheekbones and raven black hair that hangs past his shoulders. Ace is no stranger to violence and will do whatever it takes to protect his club. He was shot five times, protecting Phoe from her ex. He is now married to Artemis and has several children with her.

Fish. DOB 1978. Fish's birth name is Justin Greenway. Fish is a third-generation Rage. He was in the third lot of brothers recruited into Rage. Fish is Drake's sergeant at arms. He's been married to Marsha for many years and has three children. Fish runs the Rage garage. Fish has a bushy beard and

untamed hair, which he keeps in check with a bandana. He is tall and broadly built and has an innate kindness.

Texas. DOB 1965. Texas is a second-gen Rage. He was in the second lot of brothers recruited into Rage. Texas's full name is Blake Craven. Texas is an older man and is the MC's secretary and treasurer. He works on bike design and specialised paintwork. He has a robust moral code but is mindful of what the MC is capable of. He once alludes to cleaning up after their messes. Texas is tall, broad, with a goatee, dark salt and pepper hair slightly too long, and piercing brown eyes. He can also play the keyboards. Texas stands at six foot four. His old lady is Penny.

Axel. DOB 1951. Axel was one of the founders of the club, which makes him first generation Rage. He is the Chaplin of the MC. The Chaplin's role is to look after Rage's needs, spiritually. Axel makes sure they have their heads on straight and performs their marriages and death ceremonies. He has blue eyes and has a salt and pepper beard, and very loud. He's built like a mountain. Axel has wild hair which hangs to his shoulders. Axel is six foot six. Axel claims an old lady, a schoolteacher called Ellen and dotes on her.

Gunner. DOB 1976. Gunner is third generation Rage. He was in the third lot of brothers recruited into Rage. Gunner is one of Drake's Enforcers at the MC. Gunner is described as having silver-grey eyes with thick lashes. His name is Cole Washington. James Washington is Gunner's brother, and they are estranged. Gunner's described as having long sandy brown hair, high cheekbones and firm, soft lips. Gunner owns four houses, three of which he rents out, he also works at Made by Rage carving wood with Manny. He pays fifty percent with Manny into the pot. His old lady is Autumn.

Rock. DOB 1985. Rock is third generation Rage. He was in the third lot of brothers recruited into Rage. He becomes an enforcer in A Renewed Rage. Rock is six foot four and huge. He has a goatee and has a Dodge Charger he's very protective of. He runs the Blackrock construction company with Apache. Rock was disowned at eighteen, because he refused to go into law and follow in his father's footsteps. Rock has soft brown

eyes and dark brown hair. He is closest to Lex, out of the MC. Rock and Carly adopt three orphans that he and Drake saved in the floods.

Manny. DOB 1983. Manny is third generation Rage. He was in the third lot of brothers recruited into Rage. He becomes Treasurer in A Renewed Rage. He's described as tall, sexy as in the cute boy next door way, tousled blond hair, and light amber-coloured eyes. Manny was beaten by Bulldog for failing to report a pregnant prostitute and then shot in the back by Bulldog's men. Manny is six foot four. He carves wood and works his own section of Made by Rage. He pays fifty percent with Gunner into the pot. Manny enjoys playing chess.

Slick. DOB 1978. Slick is third generation Rage. He was in the third lot of brothers recruited into Rage. Slick loves books and is happy reading quietly. He has soft brown eyes and is heavily muscled. He has a tattoo of Kayleigh on his left pec of a circle of thorns with pink and blue and purple roses and an image of Kayleigh kneeling in the circle, with two hearts on chains threaded through her hands. One heart has Ace's name, the other has his, her name is threaded through the thorns. Slick runs a leasing company. He has over twenty properties he rents, and he pays fifty percent into the pot. He also plays chess.

Lowrider. DOB 1984. Lowrider is third generation Rage, he was in the third lot of brothers recruited into Rage. He has ebony hair shaved short at the sides and longer on top. A roman nose and full lips, he has blue eyes. Lowrider has a tattoo of black flames that crawls up his throat. He's six foot three of lean, powerful muscle and tanned. (He looks like Colin Farrell.) Lowrider's actual name is Nathan Miller. Lowrider is a mechanic and makes builds from scratch. His old lady is Lindsey.

Ezra. DOB 1979. Ezra is third generation Rage, he was in the third lot of brothers recruited into Rage. His parents died when he was sixteen in a house fire. His aunt and uncle didn't want him, and he ended up on the streets. He has a younger sister called Lindsey, who seeks him out. He has brown eyes, is tall and has shaggy dark hair. Ezra's a broad-shouldered man with

a deep, broad chest, beautiful bone structure and a neatly trimmed goatee. (Looks like Robert Downey Junior.) Ezra owns a landscaping company, which is in high demand.

Mac. DOB 1970. Mac is third generation Rage. He was in the third lot of brothers recruited into Rage. Mac's adept at playing the drums. Mac also hacked into Lindsey laptop to find out what she was hiding. He was shot protecting Lindsey from her ex-husband. Mac is responsible for running the bar. His real name is Callum Mackintosh. He has a McCaw called Pirate and Casey has Lazybones a big fluffy Persian who is lazy

Lex. DOB 1984. Lex is third generation Rage; he was in the third lot of brothers recruited into Rage. Lex was accused of being involved in Kayleigh's death. He runs the Rage shop. In the Protection of Rage, Lex is kicked out by a woman he was seeing, which led to the woman and Autumn fighting and rolling over Lex.

Lex has blue eyes framed by thick dark lashes. He has a dimple on his right cheek. Lex is tall with dark-haired hair past his shoulders. His legs are lean and long, and he has muscular arms. He has piercing, pale blue eyes. He was known as the man whore of Rage. His name is Alexander Miles Turner. When he marries Vivie, he takes on her surname.

Blaze. DOB 1992. Blaze is a fourth-generation Rage. He was in the fourth lot of brothers recruited into Rage. He became a brother in 2016. Blaze runs the parts store but stopped when he opened a gym with Hunter. He's got green eyes. Blaze is close to Carly and thinks of her as a little sister. Slick is worried that Blaze has too much dark in him. Blaze owns a Harley Dyna Glide and a Military Enfield he restored.

Slate. DOB 1992. Slate is a fourth-generation Rage. He was in the fourth lot of brothers recruited into Rage. Became a brother in 2016. Slate runs into Penny's burning house in Rage's Heat to save her and the children with Texas. He works with Ezra in a landscaping company.

Hunter. DOB 1991. Hunter is a fourth-generation Rage. He was in the fourth lot of brothers recruited into Rage. Became a

brother in 2016. Hunter is also a designer for paintwork on bikes. He plays the bass guitar. Hunter opened a gym with Blaze. His old lady is Mina.

Jett. DOB. 1990. Jett is a fourth-generation Rage. He was in the fourth lot of brothers recruited into Rage. Became a brother in 2015. His name is Alexander Cutter. He's described as having black hair, dark brown eyes, high cheekbones, a square jawline and firm, soft lips. He is tall and broad, lean-hipped, long-legged and tightly muscled. Jett is a mechanic, engine designer, and paintwork designer. Jett is estranged from his family after his brother, Martin, slept with Jett's fiancée, and everyone took Martin's side. His old lady is Sin.

Calamity. DOB 1996. Calamity is fifth generation Rage. He was in the fifth lot of brothers recruited into Rage. His name is Billy Tomkins. Calamity becomes a prospect after only being on Rage for a month. He's a talented mechanic, body designer and spray painter. He interferes and stops Frenzy from harming Silvie. takes a bullet in the shoulder for Autumn.

Klutz. DOB 1989. Klutz is fifth generation Rage. He was in the fifth lot of brothers recruited into Rage. Klutz is a talented bartender and often pulls scenes similar to those in the film Cocktail. He's African American. Klutz's roommate was dealing drugs in college, and Klutz got swept up in the sting. The cops beat him, and then his innocence was proven, and he was freed. His real name is Jacon Edwards.

Prospects.

Savage. DOB 1983. Savage is a fifth-generation Rage. He was in the fifth lot of brothers recruited into Rage. Savage is thirty-two years old and is a mechanic.

Gauntlet. DOB 1987. Gauntlet is fifth-generation Rage, he was in the fifth lot of brothers recruited into Rage. He works in the garage. His real name is Lucifer Jepson. Gauntlet has short brown hair, and green eyes.

Harley. (Phoe and Drake) DOB 1999. Harley's from Maine and was adopted in 2010. In November 2015, two seventeen-year-olds attack Harley from behind, cracking his skull and putting him into a coma. Harley was protecting Christian.

Harley remains in a coma. He has soft brown eyes and ash blond hair. Harley wakes up in Nov 2016 after the flooding of Rapid City. He joins Rage and opens a blacksmith shop.

Carmine. (Phoe and Drake) DOB 1996, half African American and half white. He plays for the Cubs. He's from Maine and was adopted in 2010. Carmine looked after Tye, Harley and Serenity on the streets. Phoe alludes to Carmine, sacrificing himself to protect Harley and Serenity. He joins Rage as a prospect but will do double the term because of his other commitments.

Tyelar. (Phoe and Drake) DOB 1996, Tye is half Mexican and half Caucasian and is from Maine. He was adopted in 2010. In the Hunter's Rage, Tyelar is playing for the Blackhawks. When Tye hears Harley was attacked, he went off the rails and got a three-match ban. Carmine had to fly out and sort his head out. Tye, like Carmine, looked after Harley and Serenity. Phoe alludes to Tye sacrificing himself to protect Harley and Serenity. He joins Rage as a prospect but will do double the term because of his other commitments.

Wild. DOB December 1999. He is known as Jonas Valden, and approached Rage to join the club when he was fifteen. His father is a well-known tattoo artist, Rio Valden. Wild takes his younger brother and runs away. They have been watching Hunter and Mina because while they were watching Rage one day, they saw someone chase after Hunter.

Wild sends Cowboy after Mina while he investigates what happened in the house. He finds Klutz wounded and Savage drugged next to the dogs. Wild drags Savage inside because of the dogs and calls Drake, informing him what happened. He chases after his hot-headed brother, who he tracks using the Find My iPhone app. They crash Cowboy's bike to stop Mina's car. By sending the bike under her wheels, it slows Mina down.

Cowboy. DOB 2002, Cowboy is hot-headed and apt to act before thinking. Wild is three years older than him and has taken care of him for several years. Cowboy is immensely loyal to his brother. He leaps from his bike to Wild's trusting his brother will catch him. His name is Zac Valden.

Rage Old Ladies.

It had the Rage patch on the front with the words Rage MC. When Phoe turned it around, it had a large Rage patch in the middle of the back. Around it was the words. 'Sin, Jett's Old Lady.'

Phoenix. DOB 1979. Drake's old lady. She is English and left England to escape an abusive relationship. She has six children she gave birth to and adopted eleven. Phoe is exceedingly well off and runs three National Charities. The Phoenix Trust, the Rebirth Trust and the Eternal Trust. On meeting Drake, Phoe had two more children with him.

She has been married twice, the first husband died, and her second was a bigamist. Phoe has long, blond hair and is green-eyed and five feet tall. She met Hellfire MC first and is loyal to them and a Hellfire sister. Her alternative guy is Ace.

Marsha Greenway. DOB 1978. Fish's old lady, and the only old lady the club has until Phoenix meets Drake. She's known to be kind and caring. Marsha discovers she's pregnant with twins in Rage's Terror after many years of not being able to have children. Axel is Marsha's alternative guy. Although the old ladies don't have a ranking, Marsha is Phoe's VP. Marsha has blue eyes and shoulder-length brown hair.

Silvie Stanton. DOB 1982. She's claimed by Apache. Silvie's kind and generous. The MC has a lot of respect for her. She has blond, curly hair and is close to Gunner. Silvie has soft brown eyes. She takes a job at the Made by Rage shop, working for Lindsey, first helping cut material and then as a receptionist. Finally, she becomes the shop manager. Although the old ladies don't have a ranking, Silvie is Phoe's Chaplin. She is now pregnant with twins. Her alternative guy is Gunner.

Artemis, aka Kayleigh Mitchell. DOB 1987. She has red curly hair, green eyes. She's small, dainty, and muscled. She has a heart-shaped pixie face with full lips. Kayleigh was taken in by Master Hoshi, and out of her alleged death, Artemis arose.

She was part of a group called Revenge before she left and formed the Artemis group. The Artemis Group became The

Juno Group when she went legal with her efforts. She has combat skills and has killed many times. Artemis's alternative guy is Drake. She is Phoe's equivalent of an enforcer. Artemis now has a large team working for her on search and rescues for child and women trafficking. She also provides protection, and James Washington makes use of her skills. She's extremely expensive.

Sinclair Montgomery. DOB 1993. Sin takes over her father's shop, the Reading Nook, when he dies, and with Reid, they turn it into something special. Sin was an only child, and Reid became her surrogate brother. She is socially awkward and inept and feels out of place in crowds. She's described as dainty with brown hair and big blue eyes. Sin doesn't think she's pretty, but people describe her as beautiful. She has low self-esteem created by attending college and university when she was fifteen. Manny is Sin's alternative guy.

Penny Nelson. DOB 1976. Penny is a cook and server at Reading Nook. She loves cooking and baking and makes everything from scratch. She has a warm and caring attitude. Penny has two children, a son, five, and a daughter, three. Her ex left her for his secretary. She's very close to her sister Carrie, who lives with them. Penny has short, dark hair cut into a bob and is a few pounds overweight, with blue eyes and freckles. Penny is five foot six. Her alternative guy is Fish.

Lindsey Miller nee Smithson. DOB 1989. She is ten years younger than Ezra and is his baby sister. She was married to a man called Thomas Masterson, who beat her. She has brown eyes with gold flecks and long, waist-length brown hair with red highlights. She undergoes surgery to correct her face after Thomas breaks her jaw, cheekbone and eye socket. Her face is a sweetheart shape, and she has plump lips and high cheekbones. Lindsey has her own business called Made by Rage, Designs by Lindsey. While Lindsey is wary around strangers, she has no worries about speaking her mind to the Rage brothers. She's kind and generous. Lindsey's books are published under the pen name of L. Smithson. Her alternative guy is Mac.

Autumn Rydell. DOB 1990. Autumn was in a relationship with Carter Rydell. He turned to drugs, and Autumn kicked him out of their home and broke up with him. Rydell kept stalking Autumn and lost her a lovely home and a good job. When Rage finds Autumn, she's on her knees, unable to cope and has no money. She resists the relationship with Gunner at first. Autumn starts work at the Rage Garage as their office girl. Calamity is her alternative guy, and Autumn is also an enforcer for Phoe. Autumn is a brunette with dark brown eyes and a sweetheart-shaped face. She is about five foot six and is slender but has curves in the right place.

Carly Lennon. DOB 1997. She has dark long brown hair and enormous brown eyes. Carly arrived at Made by Rage, underweight, and Lindsey and Silvie decided to look after her. She had no clothes and was living in a homeless shelter. Carly moves in with Silvie. Her brothers kidnap her in April 2016, and she returns to Rage in Oct 2016. Her family was abusive, and she watched her father die. She flees from her brothers, and they follow. Rock protects Carly and although he's worried about the age gap, he loves her very much. Blaze is her alternative.

Ellen Keating. DOB 1961. Ellen works at the Black Oak Hills Academy. Ellen has rounded curves and chestnut hair with strands of grey. Ellen works long hours from seven in the morning till six at night usually. She drives a year-old Audi that she bought new. Ellen owns her own cottage and bought it when she was twenty-one and paid for it in full after fifteen years. She became the English Department Head when she was thirty-five and has held the job for twenty years.

Geneviève Angelique Blanchard. DOB 1994. Vivie is twenty-three when she meets Lex. She owns her own business Chocolates by Geneviève. She also owns Blanchards Creations and a vineyard, amongst several other things. Vivie is a billionaireess but shies away from the public. She has brown hair and green eyes and loves reading. She inherited everything from both sets of grandparents. Vivie also holds the title Duchesse Toulouse, something Lex is slightly uncomfortable with. After her attack, Vivie stopped talking,

and it takes an ex-girlfriend of Lex's being mean to make her talk.

Alison Jackson. DOB 1995. Ali runs the Jackson ranch and is well thought of in the local community. Her brother Ice Dawg moved into the farm with his biker gang when her parents died. They sacked all her staff and isolated her. Ali saves Blaze from being killed by the gang and is tortured herself. Blaze protects her as he feels she suffered because of him. Ali is strong, mouthy, and is not frightened to use a gun if needed. She is loyal and dedicated to raising her younger siblings. Ali's alternative is Slick.

Thomasina Mae Blake. DOB 1990. She has one sister younger than her who died, and her parents are alive, but both have divorced and remarried. Her Godfather is Walter West. Mina has been a shut-in for three years after a stalker murdered three people close to her. He stalked her for the two previous years before turning to violence. Mina was a child actress who turned into a famous actress. Since she became a shut-in, she has begun writing books about a PI under the name A. Dudley. Her alt is Savage.

Casey Reeves. She was brought up by her father to be tough and look after those weaker than her. When the shops begin to get shaken down, Casey steps up to protect them. She attacks Mac thinking he's one of the gang attacking her people. Casey makes a judgement about Mac which is wrong and causes trouble. Her father has trained her to be as close to a Delta Force operative as possible.

When Casey, Mac and Aurora are kidnapped, it is Casey that frees them. Casey takes two bullets, saving them but blows the warehouse sky high. She then goes on a mission when fit to save the children who are being trafficked and helps take them out.

Rosie Craven. (Penny and Texas) DOB 1995. Rosie is now a qualified veterinarian, and she is Texas's daughter. She's a beautiful girl with long dark hair, Slender and tall and pretty, with piercing brown eyes. She is harassed by Brett, takes a civil suit against him, and quits work. When Calamity is kicked from Rage, she stands by his side and cuts Texas and

Rage off. Rosie has opened her own clinic and, with Jon, a rescue centre. She also wants to open an animal sanctuary and a rehousing shelter. Rosie helps take down a dog fighting ring. Rosie's alt is Fanatic.

Aurora Victoria. She was Norfolk's granddaughter and was taken away for her protection when she was younger. Her grandmother is now dead, and Aurora has returned to Rapid City. Aurora opens a witch's shop and performs readings on people. She also has visions. Aurora's alt is Gauntlet. She knows Klutz is her soul mate straight away and marries him quickly.

Jemma Edwards. Jemma was married to Klutz's brother Daryl. The marriage was abusive, and she planned to escape when he died. She inherited everything and moved to Rapid City to be with Klutz and his sister, Lynda. Jemma struggles to come to terms with the abuse and falls in love with Cowboy. When she learns about his past, she's worried he might see her as an abuser too. She has two children. Suzie, six and Kendrick, four. She takes on Desmond's two girls, Ami and Bethany.

Andi Berryman. She has one brother who is older than her, Hilton and he's a doctor. Andi runs a brewery she inherited from her grandfather. She meets Manny when she's trying to reach her grandpa in a blizzard, and he saves her. Andi falls for Manny, but when he saves Isabelle, she runs off. Manny saves her from the sinkhole.

Lynda Edwards. DOB 1989. Lynda was the next youngest, after Klutz. She hated how her family treated him, and in the end, was the reason for their downfall. Lynda herself had low self-esteem and had issues relating to people. She is a doctor and gets picked to learn the RECELL technique. She falls in love with Wild, but they have a very bumpy courtship.

Hellfire MC.

Chance Michaelson. DOB 1973. Chance is the Hellfire President. His father started Hellfire. Chance looks like Tim McGraw with long hair. He is Drake's older cousin. They were brought up together and are as close as brothers. They both fought to get their clubs clean from the filth that infected them. There are a lot of comments that Chance and Drake could be twins. Chance is very protective of Phoenix and loves her without reserve.

Chance is six foot four and projects a deceptive leanness. In fact, he has a broad chest and shoulders that are muscled, not heavy like a wrestler but clear muscle definition. He's lean-hipped and long-legged. Chance's hair is shaved the sides and left the top long and tied back in a ponytail. He has sharp, bright green eyes with laughter lines. Chance has a neat goatee the same colour of his hair, which is a brown so dark it looks black sometimes. Pin-up girl on right arm.

Bear. Bear is the Hellfire VP. Chance lets it slip to Drake that Bear has a dead sister. Phoenix calls him Bearbear. Bear loves his food and drink and doesn't care who knows it. His real name is Sky Blue. Bear can be hot headed and hot tempered but he's loyal and caring. Bear's hair is light brown and cut short at the sides and long on top. Bear has a floppy lock that kept falling over his eyes.

His eyes are a light hazel, which look amber when the light catches him just right. Bear has a strong face, not classically handsome but eye-catching and attractive. His jaw is square, and a goatee hides firm but plump lips. Bear is six foot seven with shoulders as wide as a wrestler and his chest just as broad. He has long legs, and thick muscles.

Diesel. Diesel is Hellfire's Sergeant at arms. He buys and flips houses, putting half the profit into the Hellfire coffers. Diesel, a quiet man who spoke when he had something to say, he'd once had an old lady who'd split from him during the fight to get the club clean.

Big Al. Al is Hellfire's Chaplin. He has an old lady called Tatianna and owns a pawnbroker. Al is the only First Gen left and is over twenty years older than Tati. Big Al marries Axel and Ellen.

Rooster. Rooster is Hellfire's Secretary and handles their money. He has three kids, three sons but isn't with their mother, and he has custody.

Tiny. Tiny is an enforcer for Hellfire. Tiny is sullen and quiet, but with reason, his mother was murdered by his father, and he hates women being abused. He owns a gym.

Banshee. Shee is an enforcer for Hellfire. Shee buys houses and rents them out, he also loves shopping for women. He had a woman, Tracey, who's done a bunk with his kid, and they'd never found them. Shee had been searching for four years.

Chatter. Chatter had witnessed his girl gunned down in front of him when Hellfire took their club back from the evil men who'd infested it. He works on car designs.

Pyro. Pyro is the clown, but he hides a secret pain, his brother and sister had got into drugs and are both dead. Pyro works on car designs.

Levi. Paint's pictures of landscapes. He has darkness in his past and sometimes disappears for a few weeks. No one knows what he does during that time. Levi also does tattoos.

Shotgun. Makes leatherware. Shotgun came from the wrong side of the tracks, and looked after his grandmother, who most of the club were fond of. He learnt leatherware from his grandfather.

Celt. Grew up glass blowing. Celt had been betrayed not once but twice by a woman and saw women as a release and nothing else. The only ones Celt treated with respect and decency were Phoe and Tati. He'd been brought up by an uncle who taught Celt glass blowing and then turned his back on him.

Prospects

Smokey. Smokey has just become a prospect. He's called Smokey because he was always on a grill smoking ribs or something. Does tattoos.

Bone. He's called Bone because he was like a dog with a bone when he's got a project in his head for a design, he's just become a prospect.

Fanatic. He's a prospect and called Fanatic because he's like Bone. He is apparently the worst out of the lot of them for picking on the finest detail in a design and making it perfect. He is Phoe and Drake's eldest son.

Slaughter. Has just become a prospect and is called Slaughter because he once worked in a butcher.

Wraith. He's called Wraith because as big as he was, the man moved like a ghost and has become a prospect. Does tattoos.

Hellfire Old Ladies

Tati. Tati is roughly five foot eight, with a vast Dolly Parton bust, a tiny waist, and flaring hips. She has blond hair that's teased out around her face; she has kind, steady clear blue eyes. There were a few lines around them and a smattering of freckles on her nose. Tatianna is aged mid to late thirties. She has a generous mouth and is attractive. Tati is friendly and excitable, and over the moon, the old ladies are growing. She loves shopping and spending money. She has two twin boys, a son she adopted, and two adopted daughters.

Clio. She has long, silky brown hair hanging to her waist in a straight sheet and a flawless peach and cream complexion. She has a rosebud mouth and large, wide, grey eyes framed with long lashes. Clio has a slender frame but a rounded ass and a bust that promises a handful. Clio had no one in the world and was an orphan. She's kind and generous and is five foot three inches tall. She spent her life in foster homes, and from seven to thirteen, Staffey raised her. Clio calls Staffey her father. Clio discovers she is the second of the quintuplets and Thalia's identical twin.

Thalia Winchester. Her birth parents kept Thalia, who left her with her maternal grandparents. She was unaware of other siblings and was horrified when she discovered there were. She is the eldest of all the siblings, and she and Clio are identical twins. She suffers from idiopathic gastroparesis, which was found when she collapsed at seventeen in school.

Thalia discovered she had siblings by accident and was hurt her grandmother hadn't told her. Thalia was tortured and nearly killed. She lost her right hand's little finger, and her

nipple was burned off. She is stabbed and sliced many times and has to have surgery.

Cheyenne Markham. Cheyenne was eighteen when she was with Celt. She was pregnant by him, and he hit her to cause her to miscarry. Chey was carrying twins and lost one baby. Chey is a famous singer in a group called The Wild Wind and had two crazy stalkers.

She was paralysed in a car accident and can take a few steps after a year of therapy. Chey is very close to her son, Jesse. She hadn't been back in Spearfish for fifteen years, frightened of Zeus's threat and worried about danger to herself and Jesse. Chey is now walking again after therapy.

Janet Revers, aka Bunny Jones. Janey witnessed a murder which she informed the police about and was accused of wasting police time. Then she was stalked by the murderer and so disappeared. Before she did, Janey rediscovered Pyro, who'd been her best friend when they were children. Pyro didn't recognise her, and Janey fled but was shot on Hellfire. She recovered and disappeared before finding work at Magic's bar. There she is found by Pyro, who swears to protect her. Janey was a librarian but changed her appearance dramatically because of hiding her identity. Janey also plays softball and has played since she was three.

Alice Rain. Her real name is Alexis Adams. Alice is a barmaid at Magic's and has been for seven years. She escaped from a cult at seventeen, and Magic found her. He hid her while she gained an online education for four years and then let her work at the bar. She edits and copywrites books for a side job. Alice has no idea about her true family and is distraught when she finds out.

Sallie-Anne Forrester. Sallie is a teacher who escaped from the same cult Alice did. She was married to Second at the age of twelve, and her real father was Alice's uncle. Which made Sallie Willoughby's granddaughter too. She saves two children from a burning building and then disappears. She falls in love with Shee after forgiving him for ruining her life.

Madisen Roderick. Madisen's father was in the mafia and was trying to marry her and her cousins off to unsavoury men. She came up with a plan to kill him and gain their freedom. She loves the 1920s, and she and her cousins dress from this era. Madisen opens a speakeasy and gives her father's money away to charity. She is claimed by Levi.

Thank you for reading Escape from Rage. Please take a gander at the Hellfire MC Series, starting with [Chance's Hell](#). For more Rage, check out Rage MC, book one [The Rage of the Phoenix](#) is the beginning of the Rage MC world. And recently released is [Calamity](#), book one of Rage MC-The Prospects. Or take a peek at Washingtons, starting with [James](#).

Also, take a gander at the Love Beyond Death series, book one of which, [Oakwood Manor](#), is out now. And the new series of Love Beyond Death-The Inns begins with [The Jekyll and Hyde](#). If you enjoyed this book, please leave a review at,

And the new series Legendary Shifters can be found here! Starting with [Bloodlust](#).

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Please remember your reviews are so important to me!

Thank you!

Elizabeth.