

The
Ghost Files
Books 1-3

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Book One.

The Haunted Highway

Prologue

The silver Volvo edged forwards cautiously. She hated driving in the dark; it always made her uneasy and she had to concentrate on the car's headlights that cut through the gloom like a knight in shining armour, illuminating the way home.

"Mom, I've lost Freddie." Her son's whining voice cut through her focus. She glanced to her right to see him stuffing his hands down the side of the passenger seat. His bright blue eyes looked into hers with a sad desperation. Freddie was a marble that James, his father, had given him right before the plane crash that had claimed his life, since then their son had refused to let it out of his sight.

"Hold on." She told him taking her right hand off the wheel, she tried to locate the small ball. Something cold brushed against her skin and she tried to grasp it but only succeeded in pushing it further out of reach. "Damn it." Taking her eyes off the road for a second she leaned over and finally felt her hand wrap around the marble. "Got it." She cried out with just a touch of triumph to her voice.

"Mom look out!" Something ran across the road in front of the car and she yanked on the wheel hard, the Volvo careened to the left where another set of headlights lit up the inside of the little car like the fourth of July. She tried to accelerate but lost control and met the oncoming vehicle head on.

The blare of the Volvo's horn echoed through the frosty night air, by the road side a doe surveyed the mangle of metal before springing off into the dark wood.

Chapter One

Kelly road, Ohio Ville, Pennsylvania, present day

Kay South turned up the radio and sang along to Michael Jackson's Thriller. "So how did we do?" She asked glancing at the pirate in the passenger seat.

"We're loaded!" Tyler exclaimed gazing down at the bag full of candy. "We have to go there every Halloween." Kay couldn't help but laugh. Against her better judgement she had agreed to suspend tradition and finally take her son to her bosses Halloween party. It hadn't been as bad as she had thought; with his wife there her boss had kept his perverted behaviour to a minimum, and Tyler had really enjoyed bobbing for apples and raiding the bowls of candy.

"Okay, that's enough sugar for you young man."

"Aw mum!"

"Don't aw mum me, you'll never get to sleep with all those e numbers pumping through your system, put the candy in the glove compartment, now." Grudgingly Tyler obeyed.

"Toby's mum lets him eat as much as he likes." He grumbled, trying to sneak one out the bag before shutting it away. Kay grabbed it and tried to wrestle it away, while still keeping her eyes on the road.

"Tyler!"

"Just one more please!" Kay sighed and fixed him with her best scowl. Her mother was always banging on about being more assertive, that children ran ragged without a father figure in their life, and maybe she had a point. Kay gave into Tyler so much and she didn't want him growing up being bratty, so she decided to put her foot down.

"No, now put it back...now Tyler!" He unwrapped it and popped it into his mouth, Kay was just about to give him an ear full when out of nowhere a horn sounded, darting her eyes back to the road she gasped.

Headlights turned on high blinded her and she had no choice but to look away. "Mum...!" Tyler screamed as she gripped the wheel trying madly to get them out of this lunatic's path. She lost control and the car darted off the road and down a steep embankment.

Tyler screamed clinging onto her sweater which only restricted her movements more and a solid looking tree appeared in front of them.

Kay knew it was hopeless and stopped fighting with the wheel, grabbing Tyler, she braced for impact.

Kay South slowly opened her eyes. At first everything was fuzzy and indistinct like looking down at the bottom of a swimming pool. "Tyler..." She moaned stretching out a hand to pat the seat beside her. It was empty.

Jerking her head up, ignoring the stinging pain, Kay's frantic eyes searched the interior of the car. Tyler was nowhere to be found. Pure terror seized her and it was only then she realized the passenger side door was open, had he been flung from the wreckage? Maybe the door had swung open on impact; maybe Tyler was okay and had gone for help...all this flashed through her mind within seconds.

Kay tore at the seat belt release and kicked the door open, the world spun and she clung to the remains of the door till the dizziness passed. The front of the car was a total write off, folded up like an accordion, tendrils of smoke rose from the smashed grill like ghostly fingers.

"Tyler!" Kay searched the dark wood that surround the road, but couldn't see more than a few yards. The slivery light of the moon couldn't pierce the dense foliage and left her enveloped in darkness. "Tyler!" it was no use, wherever her son was he couldn't hear her. Staggering back to the car she searched for her purse, it had fallen off the back seat and its contents spewed over the floor. She grabbed her cell phone which mercifully was unscathed, then cursed out loud when there was no signal. Kay had to get help; she was probably concussed and somewhere out in the vast wilderness was her seven year old son.

Slowly climbing her way up the bank aided by old exposed tree roots, Kay reached the road and held up the phone. Still nothing. The sound of a distant car reached her ears and without hesitation she ran into the road, flapping her hands in the air like a crazed lunatic.

Headlights rounded the bend and she almost cried with relief when the car slowed and pulled to a stop.

A young girl with long dark hair got out and ran over to her. "Are you okay? What happened?"

The effort had been too much and nausea hit Kay like a fist, she bent over and tried to calm herself by taking deep breaths. "We were ran off the road..." she panted. "My son is missing."

"Where did you crash?" A guy asked, appearing at their side with a flashlight, Kay pointed and he took off.

"Please, you have to find him." Kay pleaded, clinging onto the girl, "he's never even been camping". She made to follow the man but instead stumbled across the tarmac and would have fell if the girl hadn't caught her.

"Maybe you should sit down for a while." Kay struggled to stay vertical and shook her head.

"I have to find Tyler." The girl still didn't release her.

"At least let me take care of your wounds," the girl said, "your no use to your son dead, don't worry Sam's looking for him, trust me if he's out there my brother will find him." Kay reluctantly agreed and let the girl lead her to the Chevy.

She sat down on the passenger seat and faced sideways so the girl could get to her easily. Cold

droplets of rain started to fall and her fear for Tyler grew. The girl dug around in the trunk and returned with a first aid kit, she must have saw Kay examining it because she gave her a smile. "It's always better to be prepared." She flicked it open and took out some cotton wool buds which she soaked with water from a bottle, setting it down she gently pushed back Kay's matted brown hair and dabbed at a gash on her forehead.

"I tried to call for help," Kay offered, "but I didn't have a signal, do you?" The girl shook her head. "This place is a proverbial black hole I'm afraid." Kay looked up at her as she dressed her wound. She looked to be in her early twenties and very pretty with cascading hair and honest round almond eyes.

"Are you from around here?" She asked her, the girl shook her head.

"New York. Me and my brother are road tripping. Okay, that's the best I can do for now. You'll probably need stitches."

"Thank you." Kay said getting to her feet; she felt more like herself but her voice still trembled as did her hands. The girl noticed and pulled out a candy bar from her coat pocket.

"Here eat this, you'll feel better. I'm Star West and this guy here is my brother Sam." Kay turned to see the guy crossing the road towards them. Her heart throbbed when she realized he was alone. He was smoking hot with high cheekbones, full lips and rain dripping dark hair, in different circumstances Kay would have defiantly hit on him, but all she could think about was Tyler out there all alone, at least she hoped he was. It sucked that that was the best case scenario. "Find anything?" Star asked him, which struck Kay as a stupid question; they could plainly see that he was alone. He regarded Kay with weary eyes before he answered in a rough and ragged voice. "There's no sign of the boy, it's like he's just disappeared, no tracks in the mud...nothing."

"But he has to be out there..." Kay cried and felt them both study her.

"This other car that ran you off the road," Sam said slowly, "what did it look like?" Kay stared at him.

"What does that have to do with finding Tyler...?" She gasped as it dawned on her what Sam was implying. "You don't think they took my son, do you?" He shrugged dismissively.

"I don't think anything; it's just strange that the only tracks I see is yours." He shined the flashlight on to the road's slick surface and sure enough there were her tire tracks, but none from the other vehicle. Lightning lit up the sky above them and Kay felt a cold shiver travel down her spine.

"I swear..." She breathed.

"It's okay; we're just going to have to look harder, is all." Star said casting Sam an irritated glance. She took Kay's hands in hers. "We will find him, I promise." Kay got the uneasy feeling that she was missing something but all she could focus on was getting Tyler back. That was all that mattered. "Come on." Star squeezed her hand reassuringly before the sound of an approaching car caught her attention. Kay ran to flag it down, maybe their cell phones worked, or they could

go get help while she stayed here and searched for Tyler, Kay was determined she wasn't leaving this damn road without her son. Sam caught her arm and held her back.

"Look at your watch." He ordered his sister. Star pushed up her coat sleeve and stiffened. She looked at them with foreboding until Sam instructed her to get off the road.

"What are you doing?" Kay shouted at him, trying to yank away from his grasp, "it's just another passing car, they can help us." Sam looked at her and there was pity in his dark eyes.

"Another car or the same car that ran you off the road?" The vehicle was right around the bend and would become visible in just a few seconds. "You were lucky we were driving past, but another so soon? This road doesn't actually connect to any motorway." His words made her head spin, why would they come back?

"Guys!" Star called out to them motioning to the road. Kay turned to see blinding headlights bearing down on them. She screamed and tried to flee but Sam held her to him and swung them around, putting his body in between her and the oncoming car. Kay braced herself for the second time that night and waited to die. Freezing numbing coldness seemed to sink into her very bones but there was no impact, just an icy sensation that made her teeth rattle.

Sam's grip on her lessened and she looked up to see an empty road. "What the..."

"Sam!" Star shouted again and Kay turned just in time to see him launch into the air. He cleared her head and landed hard on the tarmac a good fair few feet away. Kay found herself staring into a pale face with rooting teeth and a terrible grin etched onto thin chapped lips. She recoiled as he reached out for her.

"Star help me!" She screamed as his cold fingers snaked around her wrist. He said nothing but bored into her with dead eyes.

"Stop!" Star yelled and Kay glanced away from his pock marked face to see her stooped beside her unconscious brother. "Please," she pleaded with Kay's captor. "I can help you, don't take her..." and that was all Kay heard before darkness came.

Chapter Two

Star West slapped her brother awake. They didn't have time to sleep. Sam's eyelids fluttered but didn't open, she moved to slap him again but with cat like reflexes he caught her hand, and she let out a breath of relief. "Stop hitting me woman, I'm awake." He told her before groggily getting to his feet.

"About time, I've been slapping you for the last ten minutes." She mused. "I thought you were supposed to be tough." He stretched and grimaced.

"Yeah well, you try being catapulted through the air by a ghost; let's see how well you fair." He shot back. "I take it he took her."

"Yes." Star said with bitterness. "We only have till midnight to stop this thing Sam, or we'll have to go through the whole thing again next Halloween."

"We'll find her Star." He told her softly before collecting the flashlight, the fall had busted the bulb and Sam tossed it away with an annoyed growl.

"Did you find the house while you were out there?" She asked him.

"Think so, it's about a mile away, with any luck we'll find her there, let's get going." He locked the Chevy up and they took off through the woods. The thing that struck them the most as they ventured into the blackness was the silence. Not a single hoot of an owl, or rustlings of animals could be heard, not even gusts of wind that had picked up quickly, penetrated the eerie woods. Sam stopped and handed her a pair of binoculars equipped with night vision, that he had extracted from the trunk of the Chevy, he pointed out a faint light in the distance, following it

Star made out through the scopes a rundown farmhouse a few yards ahead. "That has to be it." He whispered as she handed the binoculars back. They had scoured every newspaper article they could find about the tragedy but none gave the exact location of the house, they had only a brief grid reference to work with, but the house fitted the story.

An agonized scream filled the air. "That's her." Star hissed stalking ahead. Sam caught up to her and tugged on her arm.

"Let's be smart about this, I don't want him getting the best of us twice. I'll try and get him away, you wait till he's took the bait before rescuing her, clear?" Star nodded and watched him move ahead. From the sound of the scream it seemed to have come from the tattered barn that sat off to the right of the house, it should be easy to get to once Sam had the ghost occupied. It still amazed her how this all seemed the norm. After the car crash that claimed their parents and had left her and Sam fighting for life, things were different; coming back from the brink of death had changed something. They had glimpsed a world that only the dead should see, and as a result they could communicate with and see the dead.

The screams died away and Star took this to be her cue, as silently as she could Star made her way up to the barn. A commotion reached her ears and she froze, Sam came crashing through the mouldy wood of the building and landed in a thorn bush a few meters away.

Star threw herself behind a large tree trunk and didn't dare breathe, despite everything movies told you ghosts were very corporeal and they had the strength of an elephant, particularly this one as it was cold hard vengeance that fuelled it. Guns, iron, salt were all useless. The only thing that could hurt them were the secrets they fought so hard to hide, the unfinished business that kept them from the light... or the fire.

Star dared to peep out and saw Sam get to his feet, only to be thrown on his ass again, "come on Sam." She breathed; her watch had stopped at ten past nine, whenever you encountered the dead time froze. This ghost was packing some serious heat and they had to resolve him quickly and to do that they needed Kay.

Sam had he's complete attention so Star bolted across the grass to the barn. He would have probably sensed her but they didn't have the luxury of time. Kay was shackled to the ceiling looking utterly terrorized and spent, blood was running from multiple cuts and Star signalled for her to be quiet while she looked for something to break Kay's bonds.

The chains were as old as her grandfather and broke with a few pounds of a hammer she found nearby. The ghost definitely knew she was here now, supporting Kay she hurried out the barn and practically had to drag the woman over to the house. A stiff kick granted them entry and Star set Kay onto the dirty wooden floor while securing the door. She heard a door slam at the back of the house and hoped it was Sam.

After pulling numerous decaying furniture over the door, she scooped up a shaking Kay and guided her to a room to their left, Sam followed close behind. "That should keep him busy for a

while, but we need to hurry.” He helped Star deposit Kay onto the floor and propped her up against the wall. “I’m sorry sis but we haven’t got time for this touchy feely crap, we have to do it my way.”

“Just go easy.” Star warned before moving to the cracked window and looking out.

“What does he want...?” Kay whispered as silent tears rolled down her cut cheeks. Sam exchanged a look with his sister before sitting crossed legged in front of her.

“You.” Kay just stared at him with blank eyes.

“What...? I don’t understand...” Star heard him sigh and gently pushed him out the way.

“Go search the house for anything useful.” She ordered him. Star loved her brother more than anything but he wasn’t much good at showing empathy. Throwing her a scowl he left. The house was gutted, scorch marks were still present on many of the walls and there was a burnt smell lingering in the air.

“The man’s name is Giles Peterson, this used to be his house.” Kay just stared at her with frustrated confusion.

“I don’t care; I just want my son...” She started to cry and Star tried a different approach. “What do you know about ghosts Kay?” This stopped her tears at least.

“You people are crazy...” Star smiled.

“We get that a lot.” She admitted. “But believe it or not they are real. Me and my brother were involved in an accident two years ago, we nearly died. Upon waking in a hospital bed I had a conversation with my mother,” Star trailed off as she remembered her mother sitting across from her looking flawless with wavy blonde hair and manicured hands. “It wasn’t till a nurse came in to give me my meds, that I realized something was off, you see she couldn’t see her; the poor girl thought I’d gone nuts when I told her I was talking to my mother. She told me that I was mistaken because my parents had died a day earlier in that very hospital.” Kay who had been listening with widening eyes gasped.

“The accident changed us Kay, it’s like we’ve got a foot in both worlds, this one and the after.”

“Are you saying this...Giles is a ghost?” Star nodded solemnly.

“It gets worse.” She said on seeing the pure disbelief on Kay’s pale face. “We didn’t just happen upon you tonight, we were looking for you. You see sometimes the dead can’t crossover or won’t because they feel they can’t leave, something ties them here and until that’s resolved they can never be at peace.” Kay’s eyes darted around as if looking for the quickest way out, she got to her feet slowly, and Star took in her ripped sweater and ruined jeans.

“What does this have to do with me and Tyler?” Star stared at her, grief welled up inside and she forced herself to stay focused.

“Because six years ago on this very patch of road, you killed Giles Peterson.”

Chapter Three

"I've found something." Sam's voice cut through the tension and he stopped at the threshold, darting his eyes back and forth between the two women.

"I don't know who you people are, but I've never killed anyone." Kay's voice shook. Sam got ready to catch her just in case she bolted, but she just leaned against the wall like a deer caught in headlights.

"You didn't mean to." He told her softly. "It was an accident. You and your son were coming back from a Halloween party, your vehicles collided..."

"You're lying! I was at a party tonight; it's the first one we've been too! Why are you doing this to me?" Star stepped forward slowly, making it clear she meant no harm.

"It's the same party Kay; you're stuck in a loop, re-living this night every Hallows eve." Kay's face flashed with anger and she pushed past Star but Sam refused to budge.

"Move!" She commanded, he slowly shook his head. "My son is out there!"

“Actually he’s not Kay.” Star told her. Kay looked at her with fresh tears welling up in her red rimmed eyes.

“What do you mean...”she whispered, “he has to be...” Star’s hand dug around in her jeans pocket and produced a cell phone.

“He’s safe I promise you, Kay he was never here.” Kay swayed precariously and Sam steadied her, she clung to him tightly.

“Stop it.” She pleaded, and Star’s heart ached, but this had to be sorted once and for all. They had to move on.

“Kay he survived the crash six years ago...but you didn’t.” Sam placed Kay back onto the floor and he laid something in front of her, it was a dirty velvet bound book and as Sam opened it Star saw the pale light of the moon shine down through the window onto yellowed newspaper clippings. Kay picked it up and they saw her frantic eyes trail over the pages.

“He was a celebrated crop farmer, he won rosettes and prizes, he was something of a celebrity round here, so his death was well documented.” Sam told her.

“It says here he had a wife and new-born child.” Kay said suddenly looking up at them. Star held out her hand.

“Let me show you something.” Kay hesitated a second then swallowed hard. She let Star lead her outside to an overgrown yard at the end of which was a knarled apple tree, its bounty was still hanging from its branches black and crawling with maggots.

“Ugh.” Kay made to take a step back but Star wouldn’t let her. Beneath the tree was two unmarked headstones.

“Upon Giles’s death his wife soon realized that her husband hadn’t told her everything. He was behind on his mortgage, apparently he had quite the gambling problem. The bank seized the farm a month after he died. She had a three month old daughter to provide for and no one to turn to, so she...smothered her daughter while she was sleeping then hung herself from this very tree.” Kay staggered back horrified. Sam handed her the book and she just made out a small photograph glued to the last page. It showed the man that had tortured her cuddling a pretty redheaded woman with a bundle of blankets cradled in his arms, in the middle of those blankets was a new born wearing a pink dress, they stood under an apple tree with a barn in the background. They looked so happy and in love...

Kay dropped the book onto the ground and stumbled back holding her hands to her face. “After what happened here no one wanted to buy the house, the locals buried the family here under their prized and beloved apples and the house has been left to rot.” Star said sadly. “It was condemned a few weeks ago after kids lit a fire that gutted the place. Now do you understand?” She asked. “We’re trying to help you both move on, it was just a stupid accident with devastating consequences, but playing this out again and again is doing none of you any good. It’s time to let go.”

“Are you saying we do this every...” Images flashed through Kay’s mind, the headlights appearing from nowhere, Tyler screaming for her...

“Halloween. You crash, go looking for your son whom you think is lost in the woods, and Giles captures you and takes out he’s pain on you till the sun comes up.” Sam clarified. “It’s a vicious circle that can’t go on.”

“But Tyler...” Star handed Kay her cell. On the screen was a photo of a boy in his early teens, he had Tyler’s black hair and blue eyes, Kay touched the screen tenderly

“Tyler...”

“He’s been living with your mother for the past six years, he’s just discovered girls and loves to go skate boarding with his friends.” Star told her with a smile. “And still takes Freddie everywhere.”

Kay gasped at the mention of the marble, her son’s most prized object.

“Star, look out!” Sam cried jolting her back to here and now, Kay dropped the phone as Giles appeared behind Star and grabbed her hair, with effortless ease he sent her crashing into the side of the house. She crumpled to the floor in a heap. Sam dashed forwards and wrestled with him only to be flung away like garbage.

“Kay only you can get through to him.” Star yelled trying to get up. At the sound of her voice Giles charged for her but Kay stepped in his path.

“It’s me you want.” She told him and he slowed snarling at her like a wild beast. She looked at Star who smiled at her reassuringly before grimacing, she had pulled herself up but couldn’t put any weight on her left leg. Kay knew what she had to do.

“I know I’ve caused you pain.” She told Giles advancing towards him, he took a step back regarding her with fear. “I never meant to hurt you...it was an accident...just a stupid accident, and because of it I never got to watch my son grow up, and you lost your family...I’m sorry...” Tears spilled down her face and for a second the wind and rain abated, but returned with fury. Giles charged at her with murder in his eyes. Kay felt time slow and shot Star and Sam, who had come to the aid of his sister, a final smile before turning to face the man she had ruined.

“Forgive me...” She whispered. He halted and the rage in his face fell away, they stared at each other until the sun winked down at them from the grey storm clouds that were slowly dissipating. Kay saw tears slide down his cheeks before a smile parted his lips. A soft glow of light settled on him from the heavens and slowly he faded away. Kay stepped back. “What...?”

“He’s at peace.” Star told her making her way over, supported by her brother whom looked worn out. “He’s crossed over.”

“How can I ever repay you?” Kay asked them and Sam smiled showing off his pearly whites. Even covered in cuts and dirt he was still dazzling.

“Tell me what Heaven’s like.” He teased. They all laughed.

“So this is what you do for a living?” She asked them, “helping the dead rest?”

“Kind of.” He answered. “Take care of yourself and enjoy the afterlife.” He started off but when

Kay turned to Star she was frozen to the spot and staring intently beyond the yard at a patch of treeline, straining her eyesight Kay made out a dark figure dressed in black with a hat obscuring his face, chills hit her and she got a feel of something very old and...very bad coming off him.

"Who is he?" She whispered to Star who seemed taken aback by the question.

"You can see him?" Kay nodded looking at her perplexed. "Why?"

"Sam can't." Star answered returning her gaze back to the man but he had vanished.

"Star!" Sam called. "Do I have to drag your ass to the car, it's been a long night, I'm cold tired and hungry not to mention sore, can you stop harassing the poor ghost and let her go to Heaven already!"

"Dick." Star uttered.

"I'd like to be dragged by him any day." Kay mused, she blushed when Star rose her eyebrows at her.

"Now that's ugh worthy." The girls giggled like schoolchildren before embracing warmly.

"Thank you Star for everything, and be careful I got...a bad vibe from that man, stay away from him."

"I'll try." Star said cheerfully but Kay could hear the edge to her voice. A warm feeling enveloped her and Kay looked down at herself to see her insides glowing, Star stepped back as Kay slowly disappeared, replaced by a stunning rainbow and a blooming apple tree.

"Star!" She rolled her eyes.

"I'm coming! Jeez." She yelled back hopping over the rough terrain. All in all it had been a pretty good night, except for nearly being killed. She just wished that her parents, wherever they were, were just as peaceful as Kay and Giles.

Book Two:

The Manor Of Darkness

Prologue

Lord Backwater cleared his throat and raised his glass of red wine, the others that sat round the rectangle Oak table fell silent and waited expectantly. "Here's to..." his deep rich voice trailed off as the lights in the dining room flickered.

The Backwater's guests looked around with confusion. "Probably just the fuse box," Lord

Backwater mused trying to keep the edge from his own voice. "It is old, like everything else in this house." He added under his breath.

"I'll fetch the candles just in case." Mrs Backwater said wiping her mouth on the white napkin before getting to her feet. The lights gave up altogether plunging the house into utter darkness.

"Oh bloody hell..." The Lord cursed, his breath turned to white fog the minute it left the warmth of his mouth.

"It's...freezing..." Lucy Backwater chattered hugging her bare arms as the dining room turned into the North Pole. Frost crawled up the window panes and the Lord cursed his luck, the boiler must have finally packed in.

"My Lord...?" Eliza the housekeeper came in carrying a single lit candle that had been shoved into an empty beer bottle, multiple layers of wax were crusted around the bottle opening, illustrating how frequently the ancient wiring failed.

"It's fine Eliza, hand me the candle I'll go fetch some more from the pantry." Lord Backwater stumbled across the carpeted floor to the old housekeeper.

"So much for the nice homecoming dinner you promised us." Laura Backwater snipped letting her fork clatter onto the full plate of food in front of her.

"Do give it a rest Laura." Mrs Backwater sighed tiredly. "We hardly need your sarcastic comments." Laura threw her mother a sharp hateful glance that thankfully Mrs Backwater couldn't see in the gloom.

Eliza handed over the candle, the lights flashed suddenly then returned. They all let out a cheer as the darkness and cold soaked away. The first thing Lord Backwater did was check on his father who had kept quiet throughout the whole fright. In fact the old man hardly talked at all anymore though he was perfectly capable of it.

He was sitting at the table next to Lucy in his wheelchair with a wool blanket over his lap; he looked as distant as ever. "Well there seems to be no harm done," Lord Backwater said returning to his seat at the head of the table, "let's carry on with the evening shall we? That will be all Eliza."

The whole family froze with sheer terror as an old man dressed in a tailored but outdated suit appeared in the middle of the dining room. He had materialized out of nowhere and Lord Backwater nearly had a heart attack. The mysterious stranger pointed at his father and spoke with a trembling voice. "She's coming. She's coming for you..."

Chapter One

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