

# Night Angel

By Randal J. Belaire

## Chapter 1

Sophie Wolf sat impatiently in the police station and waited for the investigating officer to escort her to the interrogation room. Sophie could never have imagined that her evening would end like this. For the last 10 minutes, she sat there almost catatonic and waited for the officer to arrive. She felt paralyzed in the hallway as time tick, tick, ticked by, nothing was happening. The lights dimmed off and on. The stained tiles on the floor showed signs of extreme stress and age. Even a good waxing wouldn't help. The dull, green paint barely covered several cracks in the wall. And the conspicuous fragrances of coffee, cheap cologne, and corruption filled the room. *How could anyone work in a place like this?* Her legs became uncomfortable and restless. A darkened, motionless hallway reminded her of the alleyway; that damn alleyway where her worst nightmare came to life. Trying to keep her mind occupied, she closed her eyes and focused on what happened earlier in the day. The memories of the dishes in the sink, the appointment at the hairdresser, the smell of ammonia, and the account books at the restaurant comforted her mind. But her thoughts wandered back to the events of earlier this evening when she almost became victimized.



“Mom!” a voice shouted from the entrance door.

“I’m here, Mark,” she replied. Her son ran towards her in haste.

He hugged his mother and asked with concern. “Steff told me what happened. Did they hurt you?”

“No, I’m alright, Son,” she said, trying to change the subject. “Where is Stephanie?”

“She is at home with Logan.”

“Where’s Ray?”

“He’s parking the car,” he said. “He feels bad that he wasn’t there.”

“It’s not his fault. I decided to go to the bar in order to catch up on some work,” she said. Before she could say more, a man in a plaid shirt and jeans, with hair dripping wet from a sudden downpour, entered the station. Her boyfriend, Ray Clayton, was the owner of Shutouts Sports Bar and Grill near where the incident took place.

“Sophie, Are you okay?” Ray held her in both arms with a firm, but gentle grip.

“I’m fine, dear,” she replied before she moved herself from his embrace. They sat on the old steel chairs.

“What were you doing there so late?”

“I had some work to catch up on.”

“But you should have called.”

“I know, but I have done this a hundred times,” she said—then with excitement, she added, “My God! Has anyone told Kevin?” Kevin was her younger son.

“I called Dr. Brown and told him. He said he would bring Kevin.” Kevin worked for Dr. Arthur Brown, a world-renowned inventor.

“Good, but did you tell him that I was all right?”

“Yes I did, Mom,” Mark interjected. “And, after the police officers are finished speaking with you, you’re coming home with us. Steff will have a room ready for you.”

“You’re lucky to have a wife like her. I look forward to a kiss from my grandson.” She sat back in her chair, comforted. “Something I thought, for a few moments, that I would never have a chance to do again,” she said as a tear rolled down her right cheek. At that moment, a young police officer appeared in front of them.

“Mrs. Wolf, Inspector Somerville is ready to see you.”

She answered, “Alright. Let’s go.” And then she followed the officer to the interrogation room.

## Chapter 2



Inspector Joseph Somerville sat, waiting for Sophie Wolf. The statements he had received from on the scene officers at the scene were carefully piled on the table. A 30-year veteran of the Toronto Police Service, Somerville had seen it all. But he still could not get used to the violence. Somerville had spent many hours in this room. He'd looked into the faces of tragedy, evil, and pain. In some situations, Somerville knew he had to accept the fact that criminals, more often than not, would escape the long arm of the justice system. But this time the scales tipped in his favour. This time the good guys caught the criminals. Tonight, Somerville's report to the chief would outline a successful series of arrests. The young officer held the door open and followed Sophie inside.

"Inspector, this is Mrs. Wolf," the constable said.

"Good evening or should I say good morning, Mrs. Wolf." Somerville shook her hand.

"Good morning, inspector."

"Mrs. Wolf, have we met before?"

"Yes we have, inspector. You were in charge of the Chloe Bellecoeur investigation. She was my son's girlfriend."

"Of course. I should have remembered. I still cannot get the death of that girl out of my mind. How's Kevin coming along?"

"He's doing alright, well, the best he can be. His life is getting back to normal. He's a typical seventeen-year-old kid."

Somerville replied. "I can't believe that it's been two years since her murder. The time slips by." He grabbed a chair and placed it next to Sophie. "Please sit down." Sophie sat, the chair made a small creaking sound. Somerville nodded, and the officer began the interrogation.

"Mrs. Wolf, could you tell me what happened tonight?"

"I have been through this with your officers—twice."

"We just want to make sure we got it right. I've heard two slightly different versions, so I just want to hear it from you, in your own words," Somerville explained.

"What about the men that attacked me?"

"Oh they admitted to the attack—and begged us to keep them locked up. They are still freaking out, screaming in fear to be more exact," the young officer said.

"So that's why we need your help," Somerville said.

“Alright then,” Sophie exhaled. “Where do you want me to start?”

Somerville looked at Sophie and said with a gentle tone. “From the beginning.”

# Chapter 3

Three Hours Ago:

A half an hour had passed since closing time at Shutouts, and Sophie Wolf had finally caught up with all of her paperwork. Most of the time, her boyfriend, Ray, would be with her at the bar, but she was behind with the accounts, and they had to be ready by Tuesday. Tax remittance day. Sophie felt that she needed to stay later than usual to make certain that all of her calculations and paperwork were in order. It was dead quiet at the bar, and the staff, already gone home for the night, great accounting conditions. Having finished up, alone, she walked out to her car in the abandoned parking lot. Because of the poor lighting, Sophie had removed her keys from her purse before she left the bar. As she discovered the ignition key between her fingers, she felt an eerie discomfort when she approached the vehicle. She attempted to insert the key into the lock, but she heard a paff sound behind her.



“Who’s there?” she asked, her heart raced. She fumbled with the key. The sound grew louder. Louder.

“Who’s there? Whoever this is, this is not funny!” she shouted. Then she felt an enormous pressure from behind.

“Hey, sweetie!” a voice answered from behind. The stranger grabbed her hair and pulled her down before she could react. Sophie tried to fight back, but three more attackers appeared from the fog.

“Let me go!” she screamed.

“We will, sweetheart. But first, we are going to help ourselves to your purse. And then maybe we’ll help ourselves to you!” one of them said as the others laughed aloud.

“Help.” She screamed again.

“Scream, baby! Nobody will hear you! Closing time was over an hour ago,” The leader said. All of a sudden, a mysterious fog darkened the sky.

“***I heard her!***” an echoing, gothic-sounding voice replied out of nowhere. One of the thugs began to panic.

“You told me that he wouldn’t find us here!”

“Shut up and let me think!” the leader said. The thugs and Sophie caught a glimmer of a dark shape emerging from the fog.

“***Your kind will never escape my vengeance!***” The dark stranger said. His red eyes lit the fire of fear in the hearts of the criminals.

“Oh God it’s him! We are all done for!” one of them yelled.

***“Let the woman go, or face my wrath!”***

“We are not going down like this! Gut him, guys!” the leader said. The other three gave him a quick reluctant glance, but they followed his directions. The dark figure stood there, waiting for his attackers to strike. The first one swung his blade reaching towards the dark spectre’s neck, but the stranger ducked and counterattacked with a roundhouse kick. The other two attackers attacked him simultaneously, coming at him from behind. With cat-like reflexes, the dark vigilante back-flipped over his two adversaries and landed right behind them. Before they had a chance to react, he delivered knockout blows to both thugs as his fists came down on the back of their necks. When the fog dissipated, Sophie and her initial attacker surveyed the three men lying on the cold concrete ground and the dark stranger stood over to their unconscious bodies. A firestorm of fury channeled through the stranger’s piercing red eyes. The stranger approached the last remaining thug. A persistent, trembling fear crawled over the thug’s skin like flesh-eating ants. The dark spectre wore a black jacket and a fedora. His mouthpiece glistened like razor blades.

“What have you done to them?” the leader demanded.

***“It’s late, they needed a snooze,”*** the stranger replied. The thug furnished a 454 Magnum.

“Look out!” Sophie shouted,

“You’re a dead man!”

***“I’m already dead!”*** the stranger said. He, twirled, whipped off his hat, and flung it towards the villain, impacting the thug’s firing arm with a thud. The gun dropped as the now disarmed man moaned and writhed in agony.

***“Game over!”*** The dark stranger laid both hands on the vulnerable man, and within moments, he had joined his companions collected on the pavement. While fearful, Sophie could not take her eyes off the stranger. The shadowy figure restrained the thugs with a form of handcuffs and tied them together with sharp thin wire. The stranger turned his head and engaged Sophie’s stare while pacing towards her.

***“Are you all right?”*** he asked comfortingly before he waved his left hand. His hat seemed to jump right back to him like a boomerang. Sophie noticed a logo with emblazoned scales of justice on his chest as he came closer.

“I’m fine,” she said, but nervously, she backed away from him.

***“Don’t be afraid. I would never hurt you,”*** he said. ***“The police are on their way.”*** The dark stranger looked at the sky; his jacket appeared to transform into a cape.

Sophie was afraid of him, yet -she said, “It’s you isn’t?” Her voice echoed. “The one they call the Shadow Chaser. The ghost of justice.”

***“You can just call me a friend,”*** he replied. The fog rolled back in, and he vanished into oblivion, but not before leaving behind four scales of justice charms, one next to each thug. What seemed like a minute later, police cars arrived at the scene.

# Chapter 4



Sophie Wolf had finished recounting the story to the officers when Somerville spoke up.

“It all fits from the scales of justice charms, scared thugs, and the man in black. All the stories are the same.”

“I guess it’s another chaser sighting.”

“It appears so, constable,” he replied. “Thank you for your time, Mrs. Wolf. You have certainly been through enough tonight. We are done here. We appreciate your cooperation.”

“Thank you, inspector.” She shook his hand and the officer escorted her out of the room. Somerville remained seated in the room and alone with his thoughts.

*It looks like you did it for us again, Shadow Chaser.* He thought as he finished his report.

Sophie walked towards Mark and Ray. Both men stood from their seats. Ray with a paper towel in his hand, having unsuccessfully attempting to dry his disheveled hair.

“What did they want, Mom?”

“They just wanted to hear my version of events again.”

“You already told them. Don’t they know that you have gone through enough,” Ray said with an air of frustration.

“It’s all right, dear. It’s all over with now,” she said as Kevin entered the station.

“Mom!” Kevin dashed towards her. “Are you okay?” Sophie grabbed her son and held him tight.

“I’m fine, pup. I wasn’t hurt.”

“I don’t know what I would have done if I were to lose you too,” he said.

“You won’t get rid of me that easily,” she smiled. “By the way, I’m glad to see that you still need your Mom at seventeen.”

“Always, Mom,” Kevin said.

“That goes double for me,” Mark said.

“And triple for me,” Ray replied, not to be outdone.

“Alright then. Let’s go home, my three wonderful guys,” she said. Ray held her hand and smiled. Mark looked at Kevin and said.

“Don’t worry about Mom, Kevin. She’ll be staying with Stephanie and me tonight.”

“Alright, bro. Dr. Brown is waiting outside for me.”

“Kevin, maybe you should stay with Dr. Brown just for today. It is dangerous to go back home alone. I just don’t want you outside of the apartment alone at five in the morning,” she requested.

“Sure, Mom,” Kevin smiled.

“I’ll see you later, son,” she said. And with those parting words, they left the police station.

# Chapter 5



Kevin Wolf and Dr. Arthur Brown arrived at the inventor's lab before going back to his residence.

"I'll just shut things down and activate the alarm before we go," Brown said.

"Sure, Doc," Kevin replied, then said. "I love her so much, Doc."

"I know, kid. She's a fine woman."

"I'm glad that she's okay, but that was too close. What if..." Kevin said, but Brown interrupted him.

"The point is that she is all right. The moment has come and passed. We can't be speculating about what might or could have been." He smiled.

"It's just that tonight brought back Chloe's death all over again."

"I know, Kevin. She will always be there in the back of your mind like a muse. She will remain with you in spirit. She knows that you still care. And when you need her, she'll be there for you."

"Thanks, old man," Kevin smiled.

"You're welcome, kid. Now would you go and close up the vault for me."

"Sure thing, Doc." Kevin entered the room and hustled towards the armoured door inside. Before closing it, he surveyed the contents and grinned.

"You did good tonight," he said to himself. If Sophie Wolf could have been there at that moment, she would have recognized the face of her night angel. But she must never know that her 17-year-old son and Shadow Chaser are one and the same.

Author's Note: This story takes place three weeks after the events of the second book, "The Reckoning."

For more of Shadow Chaser's adventures check out the first story from the beginning. [\*The Resurgence: Chronicles of the Shadow Chaser\*](#) coming in 2010.

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