



THE ELEVATOR

A FOUR-PART NOVEL SERIES

A high-stakes, adrenaline-fueled sci-fi thriller where reality bends—and the end is where it all begins.

Nell Ledbetter • nelledbetter.com • [@iamnellthecreator](https://twitter.com/iamnellthecreator)

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THE ELEVATOR

A 4-PART SERIES

ABOUT THE ELEVATOR SAGA

The Elevator is a high-stakes sci-fi thriller series that blends relentless action, unfolding mystery, and deeply emotional stakes. What begins as a deadly chain of unexplained events quickly expands into something far larger than anyone realizes.

As unseen forces fracture reality, every choice threatens to reshape its fragile boundaries — and humanity's survival may ultimately depend on one impossible mission.

Genre

Sci-Fi Thriller

Tone

Gut-wrenching • Action-packed • Reality-bending

Audience

Fans of high-concept science fiction in the vein of *Tenet*, *Fringe*, and the mind-bending novels of *Blake Crouch*.



BOOK ONE
THE DRAFT



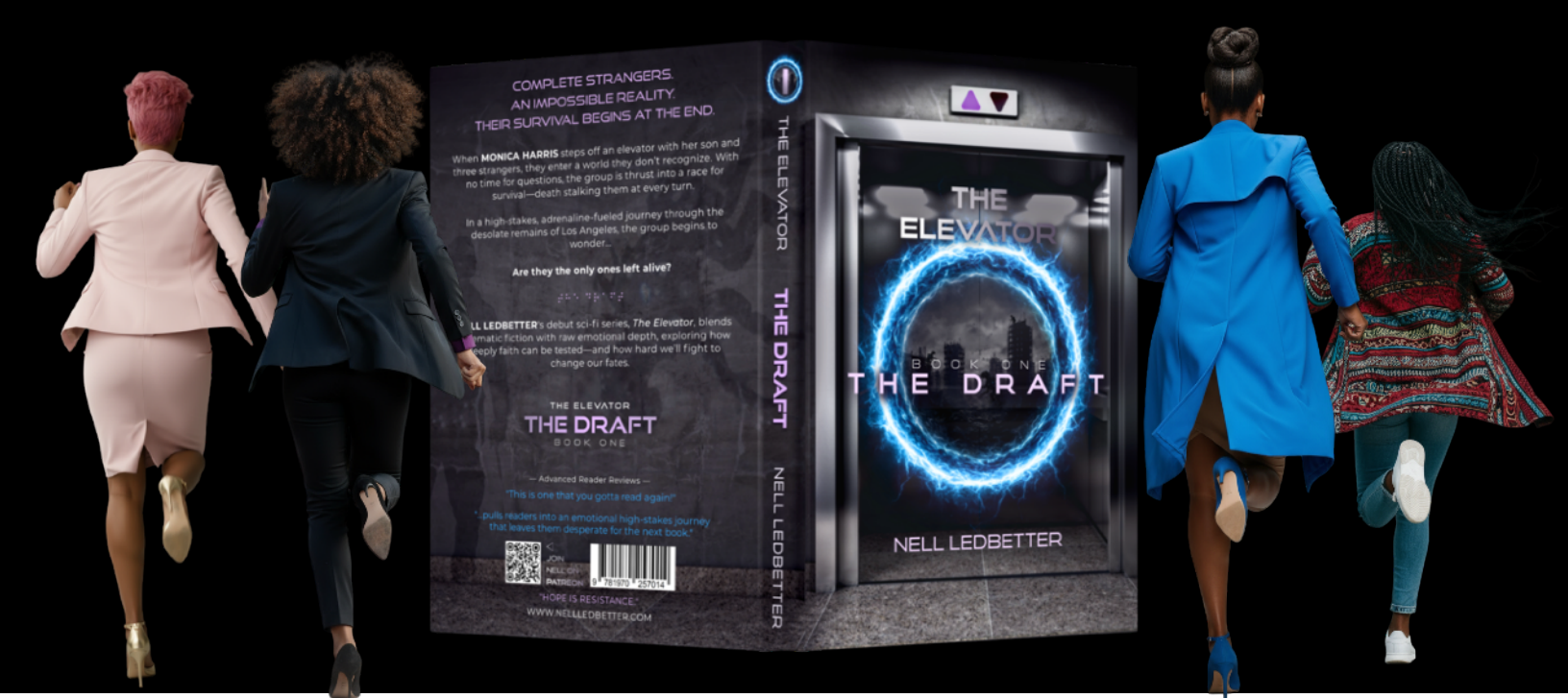
BOOK TWO
THE LANDING



BOOK THREE
THE LIFT



BOOK FOUR
THE TRANSFER



THE ELEVATOR | BOOK ONE

When four women step out of an elevator, they enter a world they don't recognize—and there's no time for questions. Thrust into a relentless journey of danger, heartbreak, and shocking discoveries, they must fight to survive in a reality that no longer makes sense.

Publication Date

October 31, 2025

Format

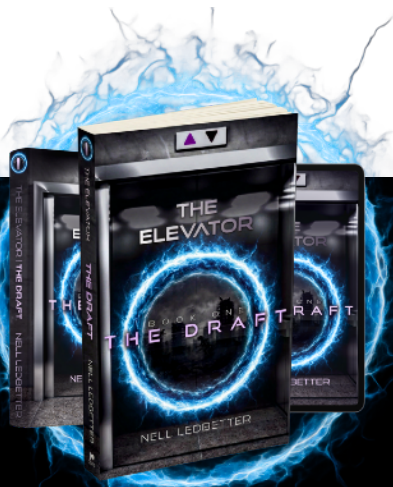
Paperback • Hardcover • ebook

Page Count

340 Pages

ISBN (Paperback)

978-1-970257-01-4



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WHAT TO EXPECT FROM THE ELEVATOR

Character-driven story

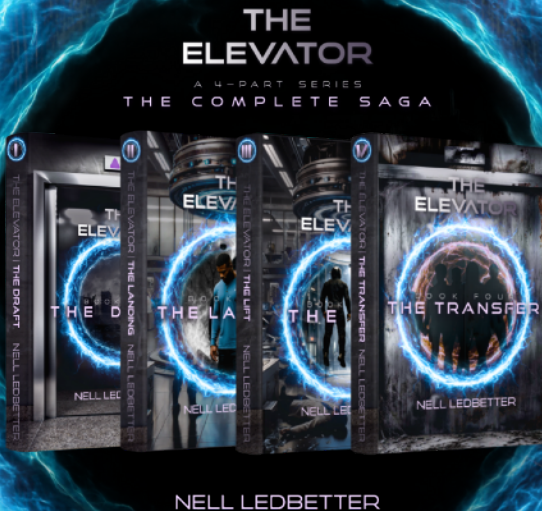
High-stakes action

Fresh lore and sci-fi elements

Immersive world-building

Much needed comic relief

Found family/Earned romance

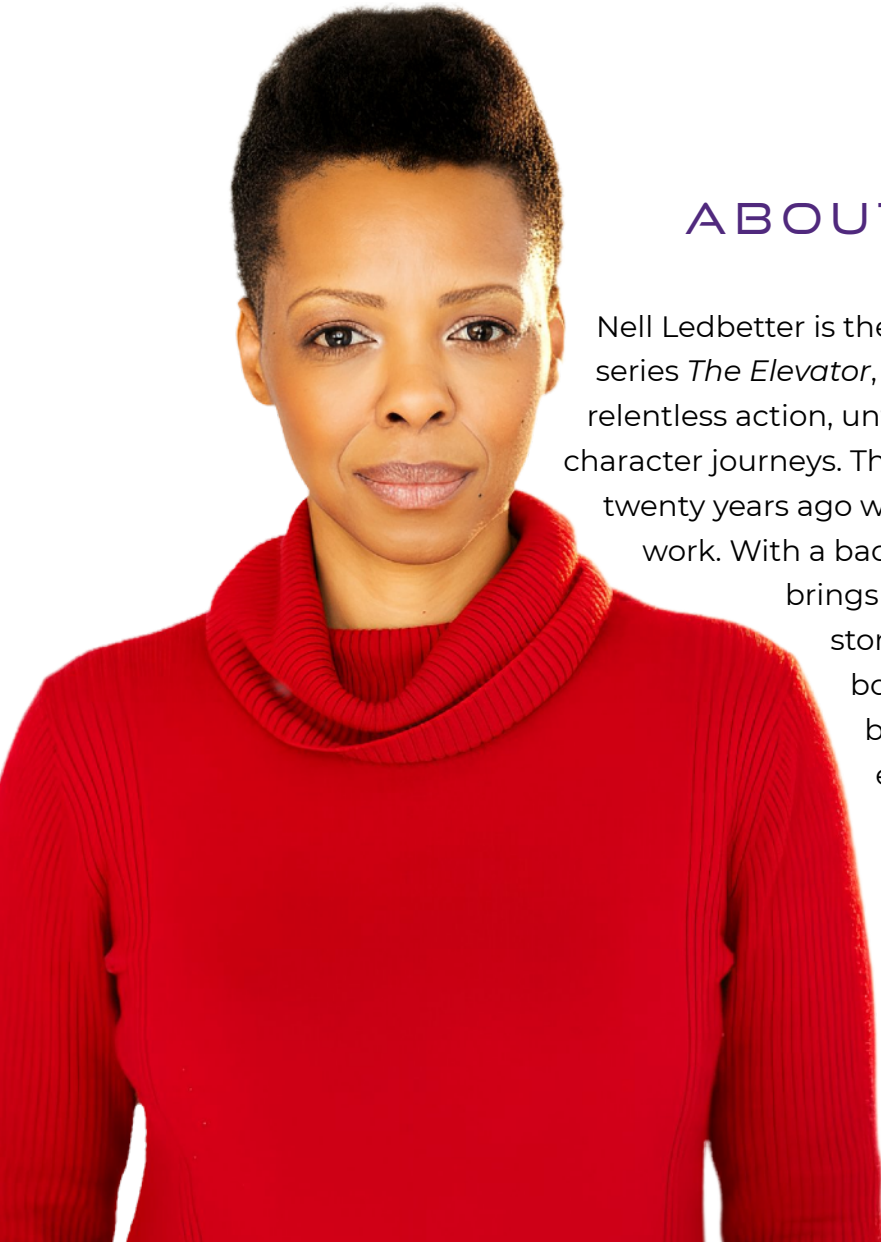


“

Your story has all these amazing sci-fi elements that usually get used one at a time, but you managed to pull it off so smoothly. It all makes perfect sense. You did a LOT and you did it WELL.

”

— Full Series Editor



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Nell Ledbetter is the author of the debut science-fiction series *The Elevator*, a reality-bending sci-fi saga driven by relentless action, unfolding mystery, and powerful character journeys. The idea first took shape more than twenty years ago while Nell was riding an elevator to work. With a background in music and theatre, she brings a cinematic sensibility to her storytelling, crafting narratives that feel both epic and deeply human. Through both her art and her writing, Nell explores themes of resilience, hope, and the light that endures even in the darkest times.

"We don't fear the future. We prepare for it."

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THE
ELEVATOR

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WHAT READERS ARE SAYING

“A true page-turner. Ledbetter’s writing jumps off the page and fills her characters with raw, deep emotion. The story is full of twists and turns and never skips a beat.”

— *Editor*

“Fast-paced and vivid. The action kept me on the edge of my seat, and the world was so detailed I could see everything happening.”

— *Early Reader*

“A breath of fresh air with twists, action, humor, and characters that completely sweep you into the story.”

— *Beta Reader*

“It’s a rollercoaster. I couldn’t predict what was coming next.”

— *Beta Reader*

“I enjoyed it—and I’m not even a sci-fi reader.”

— *Beta Reader*



THE DRAFT | EXCERPT

CHAPTER TWO | THE SESSIONS

Marcus stumbles, instinctively fastening Sheena in his arms—his head slams into the wall. Jilisa’s purse spills, scattering its contents. Zoey shrinks into the corner, gripping the handrails. The moment their feet hit the ground, everyone scrambles to steady themselves—then freezes, bracing.

All of the lights blink wildly—rapid, strobe-like flashes. The car stalls and jitters, struggling to decide whether to stop or correct its course. Mechanical clicks and whirring fade to silence.

When the elevator finally goes still, they anxiously watch the dancing lights.

“Oh my God!” Sheena exclaims, through shuddering breath.

“What’s going on?” Jilisa whispers, frightened.

“Are you okay?” Sheena checks Marcus’s head. He looks dazed, fighting to shake his mind clear—yet still holding her securely in his arms.

Monica’s rapid breath turns visible—mist curling in the suddenly chilled air. Alarmed, she glances at CJ, then around at the others, watching as each breath steams.

Too consumed with the fear of falling, no one else seems to notice the unnatural drop in temperature.

Then, all at once, the lights go steady. The elevator powers back on and resumes its descent.

“We should get off,” Monica suggests. The others instantly agree.

Jilisa and Monica quickly bend to scoop up their fallen items.

Marcus straightens, blinking hard—his returned vision settling on Sheena. “You alright?” His fiancée nods despite her shaking. He grips her face gently, examining her, then pulls her in by the shoulders. They exhale together—Sheena burying her face into his chest, squeezing his waist.

Just a few more inches downward and—DING!

“What just happened?” Zoey breathes out the words, shock and fear finally releasing her shaky voice.

The temperature snaps back to normal before their bodies could even react to the shivering cold.

The doors slide open onto the sixth floor.

Marcus spots his sister still scrambling to collect her things and crouches to help.

Monica frowns at her phone—the screen glitching wildly, unresponsive to her touch. With a sharp breath, she shoves it into her pocket.

Sheena’s scream rips through the air. She claps a hand over her mouth, wide eyes locked on what’s outside. All heads whip to her—then follow the direction of her stare. Marcus rises slowly, his chest tightening with disbelief. Monica yanks CJ close, instinctively drawing back. Jilisa springs to her feet, dropping everything in her hands. She stumbles back into Marcus, who catches her by the arms.

Startled by their reactions, Zoey slowly turns, peeking past the steel panel into the elevator bank. Shrouded in darkness, the elevators across the way are damaged or destroyed—debris littering the splintered floor, jagged holes in the walls, wires dangling like frayed nerves, a cracked light tube hanging off its hinges overhead.

“Oh my God,” Marcus exhales. Sheena’s trembling hand hooks around his arm.

“Mom, what’s happening?” CJ whimpers, snatching at the hem of her blazer.





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