

The Strange White Man Chapter 30

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Kilgore and Stiles spent the better part of the day planning the evenings trip. They armed themselves with crucifixes, one in each of their coat pockets and one around their neck. As dusk approached Kilgore went to his wall safe and removed an old key ring with two old fashion keys, the largest one would open the gates to the family crypt and the smaller for the inner wooden doors. Just before sunset they mounted their horses and rode in the direction of the cemetery. On the road they encountered one of the new roving patrols put in place by the Sheriff. The men of the patrols first reaction was to place their hands on the butts of their weapons until the light of the torches they carried illuminated the faces of the two men on horseback. "Mr. Kilgore, what are you doing out here?" one asked. "Joining in the search." "Glad to have you and your friend along. If ya need help just fired two shots in the air and we will come a running." They approached the gates to the cemetery and tied up the horses some distance away and elected to walk the rest of the way. As they approached the Kilgore family crypt a fear clutched at his heart and Stiles again told him that he did not have to go inside, and again Kilgore answered that he did. The men discovered that they did not need a key to the gate. A powerful force had pushed them open breaking off the lock bolt. The gates appeared to be secured but opened very easily. In inner wood doors had also suffered a similar fate. The doors had been pulled open with such a force that the lock had snapped in half. The doors would close but never lock again. They pointed their torches forward to illuminate the interior and their worst fears had been realized. The lids to the stone vaults lay on the floor broken into many pieces and the lids of the wooden coffins that they contained lay not far from them. His heart was racing as he forced himself to look inside. There was the body of his beautiful daughter looking just like she did the day she was laid to rest here. Except now there was blood on the corners of her mouth and some on her décolletage. The other coffin contained the body of his son Jeremy in the same condition. The men were so busy examining the bodies that they failed to notice that the Sun had finally set. They heard a hissing sound and turned to see Sarah Kilgore standing there staring at them. "Sarah," he responded with tears streaming down his face and his voice choked with emotion. She did not recognize her Father and there was no response from her other than her opening her mouth and displaying her fangs and letting out a hiss as she advanced on him. Her hissing turned into an animal like howl of pain because she had failed to see Stiles come up from behind and plunge a long wood stake through her back that pierced her heart before it exited her front. She dropped to her knees and didn't move

anymore. Her brother was in the process of climbing out of his coffin when his Father appeared at his side holding a silver crucifix in front of him which forced him back inside. "Jeremy, don't you recognize me?" his Father pleaded hoping for some ray of recognition. The man only hissed at him and twisted his face away from the silver crucifix in his hand. Stiles suddenly appeared at his side and hammered a stake through its heart. Kilgore stood there for a longtime just staring at the bodies before he assisted Stiles in placing his daughter's body back in her coffin. "Please go outside Mr. Kilgore, you do not need to witness what happens next. This time Kilgore did as requested. Stiles exited the crypt some time later. "It is done and they are at peace," he said using the water from his canteen to clean the blood off his hands. "Can they be made to rise again?" "No." "Are you sure?" "Yes, I am sure." The next day the local stone mason was contacted to make new lids for the vaults. A story was fabricated that they had interrupted two thieves that had broken into the crypt and the vaults in order to relieve the pair of the jewelry they had been buried with. The men fled upon their arrival. The locks on the gates and doors were repaired and soon reports of attacks stopped. Stiles stayed with Kilgore for a few months where a deal was struck and a pledge made. Kilgore would finance Stiles in the locating and exterminating of any vampires and for every one he destroyed he would receive a bonus. He had to be absolutely sure that they were indeed vampires and not a human controlled by them. The year passed quickly for Stiles. He met Dr. Vincent and Mr. Faraday on one of his hunts and since they shared the same goals they became friends. They shared notes and kept in contact with each other as to where they were headed and who had caught their interest. PRESENT DAY... "So how far do you want me to take this?" Stiles asked rousing Kilgore from his recollections. "As far as you need to." "It will be dangerous this time as I will have to sneak back into town." "If I can be of help just let me know."