



Vampire Justice Part 02

By frogprince

Published on Stories Space on 15 Jul 2014

**Copyright 2012, 2013 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017 by Cal Erickson, aka frogprince

Posted with permission at [storiesspace.com](http://www.storiesspace.com)

All other rights reserved.**

Eran finds a trail of bodies. Molly Callahan appears in the city.

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/supernatural/vampire-justice-part-02.aspx>

Spring arrived in the city and revival was evident as the dormant parts of nature burst on the scene. There was a feeling of renewal and a thriving energy, as things came to life. Yet, there was someone or something in the city who took that life quietly and completely from strong young men. Very few clues about the men were left behind, just their naked bodies in scenes of debauchery and frivolity. Detective Slade and his preternatural squad of police caught the case. The squad was a joint effort between the human and vampire community of the city. The squad consisted of Eran a human detective, Slade the lead human detective, Connie who was a human detective, but now a vampire, Leona a vampire and Kevin a human who worked security for the Vampire Justice System. The headquarters were in a warehouse furnished and maintained by the Vampire Justice System. Two more vampires assisted in a peripheral way with support and logistics. They were Gustaf, Leona's older brother and the Vampire Justice System Magistrate and Andrei, Gustaf and Leona's maker. They aided the squad when strange preternatural behavior appeared and helped determine the source of it. In this new investigation, Leona and Slade requested their aid in determining what type of preternatural committed the criminal acts. Slade made a big dinner for the humans and left the vampires to either join or relax on the lounge chairs spaced around the entertainment area. Eran joined Slade creating a large mixed salad to go with the meal. Slade removed a section of the stove top and added grilles. The entree he cooked was prime rib-eye steak. Potatoes baked in the small counter top oven. Gwen requested her meat rare because she needed more protein to run again. The moon was still full and after midnight, she would need to change and run. She suspected that they knew she was a shape shifter werewolf. She felt it was not a bad thing that they knew, but she had to live her life and they could not prevent her. She also needed to contact her pack leaders to tell them that she witnessed a supernatural murder. Just as dinner ended, the door to the warehouse opened and a big limousine entered and parked. Gustaf and Andrei got out of the car and walked to the big table. Slade stood and welcomed the two vampires. He offered the two men chairs at the table and they sat down next to Leona. The warehouse became silent with their arrival. Leona passed Gustaf a stack of photos, "These are pictures of the victim from this morning. I suspect that it is from another preternatural being, but wanted your opinions too." Gustaf looked at the pictures and passed them to Andrei. He looked and glanced at Gustaf with a surprised look. Their eyes met and an 'OH NO' moment occurred. Leona saw it and felt a bit of shock at what she saw. Leona using her native language Romani asked Gustaf, "Was that the work of a succubus?" Andrei looked disappointedly at Leona and replied in Romani, "Yes, it looks like the work of an old succubus and a group of fey. We

heard there was a witness. Is the witness here?" "Yes, it is the dog sitting at the end of the table." Leona said with a disgusted tone, as she looked toward Gwen. Andrei looked at Gwen and tipped his head in recognition. He saw that she was a shape shifter and was holding off shifting using her strong will. He stood and walked to the end of the table and sat with her. She looked at him and shifted uneasily in her chair. She sensed he was a very old vampire and very strong. Gwen looked pleadingly at Slade for help with the vampire. She left her eyes on him, hoping he would intercede. "Can you please relate what you saw where this body was found?" Andrei politely asked. Gwen related what she saw in a detailed story. Eran and Slade listened intently. Eran took notes and was surprised at the detail Gwen related. There was more there than she earlier told. It appeared that Andrei used vampire abilities to open up Gwen's memory to recall more detail. In fifteen minutes, Gwen finished her story. She looked drained, as if she ran for an hour. Her posture sagged and she sank into the chair. Eran got up and went to Gwen's aid. She helped Gwen up and brought her to Connie's room. She fell onto the big bed, curled into a fetal ball and quickly fell asleep. Eran grabbed a blanket, covered her and went back to join the others. Eran joined the discussion at the table. Leona, Gustaf and Andrei talked in hushed tones in Romani. The rest of the group looked at the trio. After ten minutes of discussion, Leona slid into a chair next to Slade. Gustaf stood and walked to the end of the table. He took the crime scene photos and spread them in front of him. "What we have here is a murder committed by a succubus. They are not common and they are always deadly. I suspect this one has newly arrived here and is sampling the young men. She travels with a group of Fey to protect and feed her if no human is available." Gustaf lectured. "She will not be easy to capture or stop her feeding. She thrives on passion and sucks the life out of young men as they have unbridled sex. That is why the victim was in the throes of ecstasy when he died." Leona took over, "She usually takes possession of a man and keeps him prisoner as she repeatedly has sex with him. This activity results in the deterioration of his health and eventually death. She usually appears as in dreams and takes the form of a beautiful woman in order to seduce the man. Once she is in control, the man is powerless to escape and becomes her slave for sex." "We know of one succubus who came to this country. She came from Ireland with a group of Fey over a year ago. So far, she has not appeared, but we suspect that she is here in our city now. The condition of the body and the description from Gwen leads us to believe it is her." Andrei continued. "Capturing her or even getting close will be very difficult with the Fey guarding her. The only way that might work is to offer her a delicious target." Slade sat back and spoke, "We should look at other cases recently. This can't be her first kill. Eran can you do that?" Eran eagerly replied, "I will get right on it. Kevin can help me with it. Has anyone got a good description of her or any of her Fey?" "We will put you in touch with some Irish vampires who might give you a good description of her." Gustaf volunteered. "Kevin can get that information." While the discussions continued at the warehouse, in another part of the city, a group of men crowded around a single woman. The woman owned the most popular Irish pub in the city. The name of the pub was 'Fog on the Heath.' It was new in the city, but the bar and its patrons were not. The bar was an old saloon that closed a few years ago. When the new owner arrived in the city, she sought a business to purchase, which attracted young virile men who liked pints. She hired only ginger haired

single women to be bartenders and bar maids. This made the bar popular among the young men of the city. Most of the young men around the owner were her fey companions. They assisted in attracting customers by working at construction and other hard jobs. They invited their new workmates to the pub for the owner to select her next victim. All the women who worked there were single and promiscuous. No man who came into the pub left unsatisfied. When the pub opened every day, the owner briefed her fey and her staff. The area of the city around the bar contained a lot of new construction. The bar was in an area that was the oldest part of the city. Buildings all around it were old and crumbling. The demolition happened all around the bar, but its age and historical value spared it from the wrecking ball. It was on the city's historical register, as a landmark, making it untouchable for reconstruction. The owner bought it, with a promise to restore the exterior and interior to its former glory. The bar was on the street level with three floors of living quarters over it. The owner and her fey moved into the living quarters. An elevator was built into the rear of the bar but invisible from the outside. It connected the upper floors to the bar and the cellar. She fixed up the cellar below the bar for a warehouse of stock and supplies. She built a small section that was similar to a prison cell where she kept her victims, while she played with them. The elevator opened onto an alley where deliveries came. It allowed for easy transport of victims to and from the bar. The owner dispatched her fey and the bar maids went to work serving the customers. The owner came to the city after landing in New York City from Shannon, Ireland. She stayed in New York City for a year, while her fey joined her. She worked as a bar maid there and continued her succubus ways. She left New York City, before too many bodies piled up. She wanted to find a city that had many young transient men, but was still growing in population and had a mixed population of humans and supernatural beings. She was over 150 years old, but looked in her late twenties. Her name was Molly Callahan. She had wavy ginger hair that hung in soft ringlets around her shoulders. She was tall with a curvy body reminiscent of some 1960's movie stars. She had an ample bosom with a narrow waist and hips that flared to make an hourglass figure. Her legs were long and well sculpted. Her face was that of a peasant girl from a small farm. Freckles spotted her face and body, but only added to her appeal. Her green eyes flashed with glee and mirth, but could burn into anyone who crossed her. Her nose was small and turned up slightly over a pair of large pouty lips that always seemed to smile. Her voice, when she sang, was that of a siren who attracted sailors to their death. Only her attraction was to the natural attributes of her body, which she used to stay alive. The bar maids and bartenders who worked at the bar were very similar in appearance. They had ginger hair, ample bosoms, long legs and narrow waists. They wore peasant blouses, which showed their charms. Their skirts were just above their knees and flared with ruffled hems. When they spun to go back to the bar, the skirts flared out and showed their legs. The men at the bar made sure that the skirts flared as often as possible. The girls did not mind showing off their charms because they survived on tips. The cell in the cellar was empty. The body they left earlier that morning was the last occupant. Molly wanted a new man. The last one was not as strong or good as she expected. He looked buff, but had some problems, which prevented him from recovering from her feedings. He died way too soon. She needed new life to keep hers. Her fey spread out near the construction sites recruiting new candidates. Within an

hour, the bar was almost at capacity. If that happened the bar maids pushed guys out who did not fit what Molly needed. Those that stayed got the best the bar had to offer in drink and entertainment. Molly made sure everyone was satisfied with his experience at her bar. She knew how to entertain and seduce a young man's mind. As she walked through the bar, she saw a young man who attracted her attention. He was tall with broad shoulders, narrow waist and strong legs tightly fitting into his work jeans. His hair nicely trimmed and his shirt opened at the top for three buttons. The visible muscles flexed and rippled as he raised a cool pint of dark to his lips. He appeared alone, as he stood at the bar. His skin shone with the sweat of working all day. His name was Sean and he stopped in for only one pint, before going home. Molly walked up to him and pushed her way to his side. She looked into his blue steel eyes and whispered, "Care to join me at a table?" Sean examined Molly from head to toe pausing as her eyes teased his. He replied strongly, "Sure, I have nothing but time for a beautiful woman." She led him to a small circular table in an alcove next to the back storage area. She sat next to him touching her thigh to his. Warmth radiated from his thigh and Molly loved that feeling against her. She placed her hand on his thigh and leaned her head against his shoulder. Her body drew his warmth and grew stronger from it. She waved one of the bar maids over and ordered a new pint for Sean. Sean drained his current pint and turned to look at Molly. Her eyes stared directly into his and her lips brushed his lips ever so gently. She wrapped her arms around his neck and slowly pulled his head down so their lips could touch and she could take some of his essence. She slowly drained some from him. He slowly succumbed to her and one of the bar maids came over to help Molly take him out back to the elevator. As Molly subdued her latest victim, the preternatural squad continued their discussion. The opinions expressed were that the succubus struck somewhere else before she came to the city. Eran and Kevin searched big city crime databases for unsolved crimes similar to theirs. They did not know how far back to go. They chose six months, but found no mysterious deaths listed. On a hunch, Eran picked the three largest cities east of the city. She went back two years and found a long list from New York City. She told Slade and he suggested she shorten the list if possible. Maybe she should select men under forty found dead naked and with no apparent trauma. The list shrunk considerably to twenty-four and Eran cheered in her heart. She picked six cases and opened the files. When she saw the crime scene photos, she almost screamed out loud. She punched Kevin in the arm. Everyone looked over at Eran wondering what happened. Kevin rubbed his arm, as Eran smiled. She stood and announced, "I found where she came from, before she arrived here." Slade walked over and looked at the list of cases and the dates. "Are you sure?" He asked quietly. "I am as sure as I can be without examining each case closely. Some of the photos look exactly as our victim did. How can we have two or three or more cases the same without them related?" Eran explained to Slade. Slade smiled and said, "Good work as usual detective. Get the files you need and we will examine the notes and photos." Eran stood, walked to the kitchen and took a beer from the cooler. As she drank her beer, she decided to take all twenty-four cases. She felt strongly that Kevin and she would gain a great deal of information from them. If nothing else, they would build a profile of potential victims. This information might lead the preternatural squad to her hunting grounds. It had to open the flow of information about similar victims

in the city. The body found earlier was not her first in the city. Leona walked to Eran and looked into her eyes. Eran's eyes showed excitement and anticipation. Leona never saw that before. She wanted to learn more from Eran about human behavior, emotions and feelings. The things she saw each day made her feel good about being part of this preternatural police squad. Connie taught her much about police investigative procedure, which was good, but nothing about being human. Leona needed human companionship and relished the idea of spending more time with Eran and Kevin. At the pub, the after work crowd swelled and the beer flowed continually out of the tap. The bar maids hustled to keep pints filled and the customers happy. Molly watched and waited for another victim. She had Sean safely tucked away naked in his cell. Later after the bar closed, Molly would feed him and take him to her bed. Her hunger that she fed that morning returned too quickly. Carlo, one of Molly's favorite fey, walked up to her. In a strong Spanish accent he inquired, "You found your next lover, I heard?" In her rough Irish brogue, Molly replied, "Aye, he is in the cell. Check him out. I think you will approve." Carlo descended in the elevator and walked to the cell. Sean stood naked as Carlo approached. Carlo's eyes wandered over the chiseled body of the naked man. He examined the well-kept hair, the alert bright eyes, the perfect nose and lips, the strong chin. He stopped and stared at the well-muscled arms, shoulders and upper chest. Carlo's heart beat faster as his eyes slowly moved down over the hard abs of Sean's stomach and onto the narrow tight waist. Moving further down, the thighs were large muscular pieces of glistening bronze marble on top of well-formed strong calves and feet. This man was Adonis and the lust and desire in Carlo rose. Carlo said not a word and left to rejoin Molly. At the same moment, Molly entertained another potential victim.