



Vampire Justice Part 04

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Molly finds another victim. Eran counsels Maria. Gwen runs with the pack.

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As Molly strutted down the hall toward the cell holding Sean and the couch beyond where Carlo lounged, she transmogrified from the red haired, desirable Irish woman to the being she really was.

Her hair turned black as coal. Small horns poked through her hair and curled. Gossamer wings burst from her shoulders, as if she could fly to her victims. Her face became hard and cruel. Her breasts grew large and bursting from her clothes. Her hips broadened and her legs grew longer. A long pointed tail extended from her lower back. If it weren't for the horns, wings and tail, she resembled a voluptuous woman seeking a man. Carlo and Sean watched her walk, but were oblivious to her transmogrification. To them she was still the red haired Irish beauty they encountered earlier. Sean reacted, as any man would, as she undulated toward his cell. She went past him and stood in front of Carlo. Carlo stood up and she wrapped her body around his. She bent and kissed him hard on his soft lips. As their lips touched, Molly slowly siphoned his life essence into her body. Softly she sat with Carlo nestled in her strong demon arms. He went limp against her and she put him on the couch beside her. Carlo moaned with great satisfaction, as he languished beside her. His mind felt as if a dominating strong willed woman had ravished him. Molly smiled at him and lay sprawled out, satisfied with her latest feeding. She looked at Sean and the soft side of her persona returned. She would wait another day to sample his life essence. Right now, she wanted Carlo to feel how strong her wrath could be. She wanted him to know who was in control. She would wait until he almost recovered. She would drain him again more than once. When she finished he would take days to recover and never try to take her man. Carlo rolled into her and begged for more. Molly bent down to his lips and siphoned more of his life essence. As she siphoned Carlo, Sean watched with great interest. He could not see what passed between Carlo and Molly, but heard the moans and sighs of Carlo's contentment. His curiosity grew each time Molly drained Carlo. He felt the contentment in the air and wanted to share it with Molly and Carlo. After Molly drained Carlo to put him out for the night, she looked at Sean. Sean looked back disappointed. A guttural laugh came out of Molly turning into a cackle as if she were an old witch. Sean sank to the floor of his cell feeling defeated and rejected. Molly rose from the couch and walked to the cell. She looked down at Sean and felt nothing for him. No love or hate passed through her mind. To her he was just a piece of food to sustain her being. He looked up at her with a pleading begging look on his face. She had an evil smile on her lips, when she looked at him. She turned, thrust a hip at him and walked down the hall back to the tavern upstairs. Sean stared at her, following her exit and with it his defeat as a man. Carlo stopped moving on the couch and lay, as if he were dead or overcome with a drug induced stupor. When Molly stepped back into the bar, her looks were back and she was ready to search for another victim. The bar was full of young virile men. The bar maids moved with ease around the crowd taking orders and delivering pints and pitchers. Molly watched the movement and found a subtle rhythm to it all. She swayed with the rhythm and worked her way through the crowd to the bar. Men who saw her swaying opened up a path for her to follow. As she passed, her hand went to their cheeks and left a little feeling of love for them. As the bar maids ordered their drinks, they told Molly of prospective victims or at least some good candidates for keeping around after closing. Molly saw six possible new captives. She looked for just one, but did not mind her bar maids picking up random men during working hours. This type of activity made the men stay around and keep coming back. The bar maids survived on tips and if they got bigger tips by being free with favors, they prospered. As Molly scanned the crowd, her eyes came

to rest on a tall well-built man who stood alone off to the side of the dart area. He drank from a pint, but nursed it carefully. He joked and cajoled the dart players. They poked back at him and had a good time. Molly liked what she saw. Molly left the bar and made her way to the dart area. She sidled up to the man she watched from afar. "Would you like to come join me for a drink?" Molly asked. "I am Molly and I own this raucous place." "It's nice to meet you Molly. I am Steve and I will be honored to join you," he answered. Steve followed Molly through the crowd to her table next to the bar. They sat and chatted for a while. Steve's pint was never empty. Molly drank her usual apple juice. She played and flirted with him. He was a part-time construction worker wandering from site to site picking up odd work. That clicked in Molly's mind. He was perfect. No one would miss him if he disappeared suddenly. She moved her hands over his upper body feeling the flex of his muscles. Her tongue moistened her lips in anticipation of her next victim. Molly called one of the bar maids over and had her take Steve to the back and entertain him for a while. Steve followed her as if he were a horse being lead to the paddock. He watched the way the bar maid walked and he wanted her. They went into a small room where she entertained him for about twenty minutes. When they finished, he lay in the bed breathing hard. The bar maid straightened up and went back to Molly. With a slight nod of her head, she signaled Molly that he was an excellent choice. Molly left the bar and went to where Steve lay recovering. Steve jumped up, when she entered. He looked at her and fell back on the small chaise in the room. He was naked and Molly liked what she saw. She sat next to him and when she touched him, he swooned into her arms. She kissed him, picked him up as if he were a doll and carried him to the cell where Sean slept. Sean stirred, but slept through Molly putting Steve in with him. She kissed both men softly before she closed the cell. Molly returned to the bar contented that she had her next two victims secure. ***** Later in the day, Slade woke in Leona's sleep chamber hungry and worn out. He slept for six hours and needed to eat to get some energy. Once fed, he could start working on the new case. He got out of bed, wrapped a robe around his body and walked into the kitchen area. He put on a pot of coffee and set up to bake some breakfast rolls. As he bent to put things in the oven, the door to Connie's sleep chamber opened and Kevin walked out. "Good morning Kevin. Are you ready to work today?" "Yeah, we got a lot of pictures to scan from earlier murders. Eran and I will search the local morgue database for strange deaths too." Kevin replied. "What is for break... I mean lunch?" "I am not sure what to make for brunch. We have so much here. Gustaf takes care of us too well. We can do steak and eggs with hash browns. Was Eran waking when you left the room?" "She stirred as I got out of bed, but rolled over and went back to sleep." Kevin said. "Well we can have our big brunch and I will cook for her when she wakes up." Kevin went to the counter and sat on one of the stools there. Slade poured him a mug of coffee and passed it over. He took the coffee and drank half of it without stopping. When he finished, he looked at Slade and smiled. A long loud sigh escaped his lips as the coffee hit his stomach. Slade turned to the stove and cooked their brunch. When he finished cooking, the breakfast rolls he put in the oven were ready too. He and Kevin sat at the counter and ate a hearty brunch. Eran stirred in bed wondering where Kevin went. She smelled the freshly baked rolls and rolled over to get up. As she stood, her cell phone buzzed with a new text. She looked at the sender's name and tucked it into her

pocket. She got out of bed and walked into the warehouse. She had massive bed head. Her shorty short pajama bottoms fit her snugly and peeked from under her over-sized t-shirt, which hung on her. The unicorn slippers made her look like a teen girl waking in the early morn. As she walked, she yawned loudly and stretched her arms skyward. Slade poured her a mug of freshly steeped herbal tea. She took the tea and a breakfast roll and sat next to Kevin leaning on his shoulder. Slade gave her a plate of scrambled eggs with some spinach and cheese mixed in for color. She ate quickly and drank her tea. She looked at Kevin and her face brightened. He turned to her and kissed her lips softly, wishing her a good morning. "I got a text from Gustaf earlier. The Preternatural Police Squad data cloud storage is ready for use. We can upload all the data we have and use both the police and vampire computers to search the files." Kevin told Eran. She smiled at him and shook her head in understanding. Her cell phone buzzed again. She took it out and saw the same person texted her. This time it read, "911, Please text me?" Eran texted, "Maria what is wrong? I am at work. You can call." "Can I come see you? It is urgent and I do not know what to do." Maria sent back immediately. "Sure, I am now with the Preternatural Police Squad. We are in the warehouse where the vampire murderers lived. I wait for you to arrive." Eran turned to Slade and Kevin, "That was Maria. She is in trouble and needs our help. She will be here soon. We better get dressed and get ready for her." Maria was a friend of Eran's from the first case the Preternatural Squad solved. She was a full-time college student and part-time prostitute. She graduated with Eran and now worked as an IT programmer at a software startup in the city. They kept in touch and met for coffee and tea occasionally. She had a boyfriend named Steve who lived with her. Maria was a strong-willed young woman who was fiercely independent. If she was in trouble, it had to be serious. Eran, Kevin and Slade returned to their respective rooms, showered and dressed. They returned to the large conference table where Eran opened her laptop and started uploading all the data she collected the night before. Kevin watched fascinated by how efficient and smart she was. She knew just how to collate and distribute the data and make it easy for the rest of the team to use. Her computer skills were amazing. Maria entered the warehouse with trepidation, not knowing what to expect. The last time she was there, she and two other young women were targets for rape and eventual murder from a gang of four vampires and three humans. With the help of Steve and warnings to the vampires from Gustaf, she and the other young women escaped. Now she returned to face the people she helped arrest the gang. She was scared as she walked through the door. Eran saw Maria slowly enter the warehouse and went to greet her. She guided Maria to the large conference table where Slade and Kevin sat. Maria relaxed when she saw the two men. Slade asked if she would like coffee or tea and got it for her along with a plate of fresh rolls. Maria sat drank her tea and pulled apart a roll into small pieces, which she did not eat. "What is wrong, Maria?" Eran started. "I may be over reacting, but I think something happened to Steve." Maria slowly and timidly replied. "He has been doing odd construction work to help pay for our new condo. He went to work yesterday and has not returned home. That is so unlike him. He has always come home to me. The last I knew he was going to a pub after work for a pint with some of the crew." Eran scribbled notes and shook her head, "When did you hear from him last?" "He sent me a text about going to a pub. That was it about 5:00 pm. He has

never done this before. I am worried. You remember the gang that he left. Someone may have sought revenge for their capture and imprisonment." Maria softly replied as fear caused her to tremble. Eran moved closer to Maria. She tried to reassure Maria that they would help her. Eran asked for a description of the truck Steve drove and where the pub was located. He drove the red pickup that was part of the TMA Ltd fleet. Gustaf gave Steve the truck as a present for helping in the murder case. Eran had all the information on the truck in her computer. The pub would not be hard to find. "Can I stay here for a while? Going back to an empty condominium is not what I need right now. You are the only real friends I have that are not prostitutes or co-workers." Maria pleaded. "You can stay as long as you want, Maria. We owe you a lot for your help in that last case." Slade told her. Eran went to her computer and generated a 'BOLO' for Steve's truck. She looked up listings for pubs. There were not many. Only three were near the redevelopment sites in the city. She added the list to the 'BOLO' as an aide to find the truck. There was not much else Eran could do until the truck was found. She sat and chatted with Maria, while they waited to hear about the truck. The longer they chatted, the more relaxed Maria became. Maria went to the couch and curled up fast asleep. Eran got a blanket, covered Maria and returned to her computer. ***** Gwen felt the exhilaration, as she ran with the pack. It felt good to run with the pack rather than alone as she did the night before. This run would blot the memories of the early morning out of her mind and allow her to run free with the wind. Tonight the pack split up to hunt for two large bucks. The pack needed to feed on a fresh kill. Gwen followed the pack leader and Raven as best she could. The bulk of the pack was bigger and stronger and soon left her behind. She followed the scent of the pack until it split. She stopped to sense where the leaders went. The moon was low in the sky when Gwen looked up at the top of a hill. In her werewolf form, her eyesight was keen, but she saw something that confused her. In a silhouette framed by the moon, was a creature she had never seen. It looked like a horse but had a single horn protruding from its head. She blinked once and it was still there. When she blinked and looked a second time, she saw the unicorn gallop from the scene with the moonlight reflecting of its shiny white coat. Gwen wanted to follow the new beast, but it was more important to stay with the pack. She was new to these woods and she did not want to get lost and end up naked in the forest. That reminded her of the morning and she turned and ran down the path the pack took. She would think about what she saw later during the day. She ran as fast as her legs could carry her and soon heard the howling of the pack, as they found a buck and started the chase. Gwen heard the buck running through the brush coming straight at her. She saw him break out of the thicket right in front of her path. Her prowess, as a skilled hunter, kicked into her mind. She waited until he slowed to catch his breath. She launched herself into the air and landed on his back with her jaw clenched on his strong neck. Her strong teeth tore at his neck and ripped his throat wide open. Blood poured from him as he tried to shake her off. She held tight with her jaw and legs. His movements slowed and he fell off his legs. He no longer moved but lay barely breathing on the grassy bed. Gwen stayed with him as he died. The pack soon caught up and milled around waiting for Gwen to take the heart as her trophy. Gwen tore the heart out of the buck and took it aside. The rest of the pack crowded around the buck and tore it to shreds eating it all. When they finished, the pack howled as a unit and looked up at the moon.

Gwen lay in the grass watching the pack and felt good to get her first kill. The pack leader and Raven came to her and licked her fur as a sign of a job well done. The pack gathered around her and led her back to the barn to celebrate her first kill as a werewolf. In the barn, Raven and the pack leader kissed her and had her sit with them as the rest of the pack came back. Word spread fast that Gwen got her first kill and every one of the younger wolves crowded around her to hear the story of how it happened. They wanted to know what it felt like to get the first kill. For the moment that night, Gwen was the hero. She felt good about the night, but the thing she saw at moonrise still troubled her. She needed to find out what she saw. The only problem was who she could talk to about it. The only people she knew were the Preternatural Police force. She really did not want to go back there. She found Eran's card and decided to give her a call later in the day. It was her turn to question them. What type of animal was white as snow, resembled a horse, but had a single horn?