

London's Night Stalkers

Chapter 14 - Pimped

“There’s a whole cult in American who call themselves vampires and drink gallons of blood. It doesn’t make them vampires. They’re just crazy people, likely to be ingesting all sorts of parasites and diseases.”

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Laura realised there was no need to change the appearance of her SUV. The police had stopped their constant surveillance and the trackers had been removed from her V8 Chevrolet Suburban. The problem was that Clara had sowed the seed in her mind, the thought of having a very personalised vehicle. Pimped was the word Clara had used, which hadn’t meant much to her, until she’d done a little digging online. All the pictures of lowered shocks, fancy wheels and metallic paint jobs, had left their impression. She’d had another reason to see Tom, besides getting her SUV personalised.

“I like the balance and weight.” She’d told him. “I’d like another exactly the same, with two spare clips and a variety of ammunition.”

Tom had looked shocked as she’d dropped the Glock onto his desk, but she could see the respect in his eyes. She had the money, her share of the loot from Vlad’s house. More than enough to get her ride pimped and buy a second handgun. It wasn’t just the ability to do a lot of damage very easily. Laura liked guns, liked them a lot. She’d tell the others of course, but she was determined that a Glock was going to be part of her hunting equipment. She was now back at Tom’s to pick up her vehicle and hopefully the second gun.

“A Glock G32, exactly the same as the one you showed me,” said Tom, “right down to the modified grip.”

So, Mabina had altered the weapon to fit her hand, she hadn’t known that. The gun felt good in her hand, the balance perfect. She spun the weapon about, in a fashion that seemed to impress Tom. He didn’t know she’d only ever fired a few rounds.

“And the ammunition ?” She asked.

“I managed to get two spare clips and a box each of hollow points and the usual full metal jackets. Nothing fancy Laura, just off the shelf stock.” Said Tom.

“These are perfect, thank you.”

No money changed hands, that would come later. Her purchases were wrapped in several supermarket carrier bags and placed in an ASDA bag for life by Beetle.

“I’ll look after them for you miss.”

“Call me Laura.”

He looked pleased, she’d probably just made a friend for life. Tom led her out of the wooden hut that served as his office and over to a larger building. A young guy she didn’t recognise, was applying a coat of wax to her beloved SUV.

“Do you like it ?” Asked Tom. “I kept telling them to keep the paint job fairly conservative, but these artistic types.....”

Clara had gone through the problem of having a van that stood out, which people might remember. She hadn’t even tried to be polite about it.

“Lowered and big alloy wheels are fine Laura. Metallic flames covering 90% of the bodywork isn’t. You need something low profile, something ordinary and forgettable.”

Clara pulled her legs right up and crossed her ankles above his back. The room door was locked and no one knew where she was. A perfect chance to let herself drift away with the pleasure and the hormones it produced. Sex was so basic, so simple, yet no sophisticated modern pleasure came anywhere close to producing a fraction of the pleasure.

“HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM.”

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Simon was doing the one part of his job that he truly hated. Getting sworn at by people he'd disturbed with a cold call was part of the job, he accepted that. No one had invited him to call and he was wise enough to know it wasn't personal. What he really hated was putting on a suit and going out to see a potential client. It rarely happened these days, but occasionally a large organisation showed an interest in buying a few hundred phones. If the price was right of course, it always came down to the price.

The hot lead had become a signed up client and Simon had an order for several hundred phones in his pocket. Smartphones too, not cheap crap. Anthony would be happy and his own commission would take care of a decent holiday. Simon was thinking how two weeks in the Caribbean would finish off the healing process. Two weeks hiding from the sun and keeping to the shady side of the street of course.

‘Domino Sports Bar.’ It said over the door.

He was almost back at the tube station, but there was something about the sign over the door. Sports bar usually just meant a few pictures of dead footballers on the wall and a screen to watch whatever Sky Sports were broadcasting. Still, he's signed the deal in good time and really fancied a couple of quiet drinks. He stood near the bar entrance and called Anthony, telling him the good news.

“I'm going to get a drink in town and go straight home, if that's ok?”

“Yeah, of course. See you tomorrow..... And well done.”

It was too late for the post lunch drinkers and too early for the after work crowd. The place was large and fairly open plan and best of all, it was nearly empty. Some people are social drinkers, starting up conversations with anybody. Simon was a lone brooder, even if he was brooding about some seriously good news. The barman came over and stood in front of him, the universally accepted way of asking what he wanted to drink.

“A double Glenfiddich please.”

The drink arrived and he paid for it, all carried out in silence, apart from a quick thank you, as he was given his change. Others might call it sullen and rude, but to Simon it was perfect. He took a sip of his drink and imagined two weeks with Clara, somewhere really nice. The Maldives maybe, he'd heard some good things about the Maldives. Would they take Laura with them? It seemed an odd sort of romantic holiday, but she did often feel like a surrogate daughter. No, not daughter, a young niece, still naïve about the big wide world. He'd ask Clara and leave the decision to her.

“You're not a regular. I know all the usual faces.”

A man who looked about his own apparent age. He might have just been a lonely afternoon drinker, but the smile spoke volumes. Simon had fed on gay men before, just to add a little variety to his kills. When homosexuality was a crime, he'd fed on some gay men, without even sharing a kiss with them. These days a bit of shared saliva was nothing. One man he'd picked up in the nineties had wanted the screw in the pub car park. Simon could smile and think of England to get through a kiss, but that was the limit of how gay for a feed, he was willing to go. Still, he was in an unfamiliar place and even Clara might not recognise him in a suit, with his hair tidy. He'd even shaved off his perpetual stubble.

“So quiet in here,” he replied, “makes you wonder how they keep open.”

“On Saturday night the place is full. I’m Domenic by the way.”

Why the hell not, he needed a feed after all the repairs his body had required. The barman seemed half comatose and unlikely to remember his face. Simon went into hunting mode and smiled at Domenic.

“I’m Wesley.... No it’s the truth, my parents obviously had a sense of humour.”

“Crap ! I thought Domenic was bad enough.”

Simon could be charming when he wanted to be, especially if a few pints of fresh warm blood was the prize. They quickly reached the stage of calling each other Dom and Wes. It didn’t surprise Simon, when his new friend suggested they could spend the evening at his place.

“Not far and I have some decent single malt.” Said Dom. “Actually it’s Shoreditch, which isn’t close, but it’s not that far either.”

“I wish I could afford to live there. You’re not inviting me back to a flat share with ten other guys are you ?”

“No, just me.”

Dom didn’t look that affluent, even the cuffs on his shirt were beginning to fray at the edges. It was important to know what he might be walking into.

“Seriously Dom, is it really your place ?”

“Yes, but my parents found it and pay the rent Wes. I got into some pretty iffy ways of getting by and ended up being homeless. My parents wanted to make sure that no matter what, I’d have a roof over my head.”

Simon was actually beginning to like Dom. It wouldn’t stop him being his next meal of course.

“I don’t shout about it Dom, but I was a beggar for a few years and a good one.”

“You ! A beggar.”

He’s forgotten he had his best suit on, and an expensive pair of brogues. He even had his stylish designer cloth cap on the bar. Clara had bought it for him and he liked the way it obscured his face from all the CCTV cameras that seemed to infest London. In truth, he also liked the way it looked, if he wore it at just the right jaunty angle.

“Oh yes, I made good money. I even put on a really bad consumptive cough. I was a legend of the begging community.”

“Yeah right !”

Simon remembered the hacking cough, which sounded as though he was coughing up a lung. That cough had earned him a lot of money and it impressed Dom.

“Ok, ok, I believe you. Are you coming to Shoreditch with me ?”

“Yes I am.”

Simon put on his cloth cap, pushed to just the right angle to obscure his face and followed Domenic out of the bar.

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Mike Marcou didn’t know it, but he was following the same route Daniel had taken past the house in Wood Green and for pretty much the same reason. Get too close and the many small but all seeing CCTV cameras would catch him being nosey. Stand and look for too long and a well-meaning neighbour might come out to see what he was doing. Mike walked slowly past the house, counting the cameras, trying to work out if there were any blind spots. He desperately wanted to get a look inside the house, but the installer had known his trade. Every inch of the house was covered by one or more cameras. His phone buzzed in his jacket pocket.

“Yes.”

“I’m the other side of London, use your fucking initiative.”

He had other cases, important cases. He had a whole team, who he’d left to their own devices, to follow up a case that was officially dead and buried. Even Susan had been to see the lady in HR, to have an off the record moan about him. Only nothing in the Met was ever off the record and his boss had sent him a nasty email and threatened him with compulsory anger management classes.

“Dick head.” He muttered.

There was just something about the occupants of the house in Wood Green, something he just couldn’t quite put his finger on. Clara Copley looked to be a model citizen, until he’d looked into her past. She didn’t seem to have one, or Simon. Not a crime of course, British law allowed people to be known by whatever name they wanted, as long as it wasn’t done for purposes of breaking the law. That was the key to it though, why had they both taken on assumed names.

“That’ll be two pounds twenty please.”

Mike gave the guy in the shop a five pound note and pocketed his change. He nibbled at a peanut bar, while pretending to read the paper he’d just bought. On the second walk past the house, head deep into the local paper, he saw the SUV heading down the street. The number plate was burned into his memory, yet the paintwork was different to the pictures in the Laura Selway file.

Lowered suspension, huge silver alloy wheels and a new hot rod paintjob. He kept walking slowly towards the house, as Laura locked the SUV and walked round it, taking lots of pictures. Eventually she bounded up the steps and into the house. He carefully took two pictures of the SUV’s new paintwork and sent them through to Susan.

‘Laura just got her wheels resprayed.’ He added, as a text message.

To him there was only one explanation for vehicles being resprayed and people with fluid identities. They were up to something, all of them. The problem was that he had no idea what they were up to. His phone buzzed again, Susan wanting to talk to him.

“Yes.”

“You need to get over to the Battersea case, Mike, the boss asked about you.” Said Susan.

“Fine.... And thanks.”

He’d go; there was his mortgage and pension to worry about. He wanted to crack what he thought of as the ‘Selway Case,’ but he wasn’t going to lose his job over it. At one time ex-cops of his rank, walked straight into highly paid security roles. Not now though, far too many cops leaving the force, most of them with a better CV than his. He phoned the detective he’d left to run the Battersea case.

“On my way over to you. I want a full briefing when I arrive.”

Mike was coming back though, that night in his own car and on his own time. He was going to wait outside the house all night if he had to. They were up to something, he just knew it.

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They’d come out of Old Street Station and walked past the Fire Station, heading east.

“I live near Rivington Street.” Said Dom.

It was an area that had become gentrified, yet still had a touch of the illicit about it. Fancy new clothing shops, vying for space with sex toy shops and clubs that didn’t advertise in the mainstream press. Simon knew London well enough to know Shoreditch was gay central, but being London it was all done in a subtle and understated way. Domenic’s parents had certainly picked just the right place to house their wayward child.

“Here we are, the blue door and I’m on the 2nd floor.”

It was a door beside a sandwich shop and the flats above the shop looked like one of the new developments in the area.

"Your parents really found this place for you?" Asked Simon.

"Well, I did sort of suggest it and nagged a little."

A little mild paranoia was vital for a hunting vampire and Simon was still wary that Dom might be trying to set him up in some way. The décor of the apartment put him at his ease though, lots of pictures of Dom and what had to be his parents.

"My sponsors." Giggled Dom, pointing at a picture.

They were on a bridge with trees and mountains in the background. A nice looking middle aged couple, smiling into the camera lens.

"They went to Coniston Water a few years ago." Said Dom. "I have no idea who took the picture. The mountains look nice."

"They look nice people." Said Simon.

"That was a major part of the problem."

Dom didn't elaborate and Simon wasn't that interested anyway. He'd already decided that Domenic was going to be his next meal and he didn't help as Dom closed the curtains and turned on a few lamps. Dom's parents looked the sort of happy smiling people, who would drive the police nuts, after their son had vanished. He had to be very careful with this one, touching as little as possible.

"This is one hell of an apartment." Said Simon.

"The bedroom is especially nice."

Wow, he was keen!

"At least pour me some of that single malt first."

They talked about all sorts of nonsense, until the time for small talk was over. The small talk became mumbles and died altogether. Dom made a point of taking his shirt off, carrying it over his shoulder, as he walked into the bedroom. Simon had his own reasons for wanting to join him there. He walked into the bedroom, which was far more tastefully decorated than he'd expected.

"I'll undress you if you like." Said Dom.

Simon had other needs and his ability to play gay had reached its limit. No more talk, no preamble. He moved across the room in a blur of speed, grabbing Dom around the shoulders, pinning him to the bed.

"Be quiet and I'll make it quick."

His victims were always quiet, as if shocked by the sudden and unexpected violence. He ran his fangs over the back of Domenic's neck.

"Yes master, make me one of your kind." Said Dom. "I will serve you."

Crap! TV shows had a lot to answer for. Not only were some of his victims believers, they often had their own misconceptions about how being a vampire worked. Too many cuddly vampires, who had souls and sparkled, or something like that. He sank his fangs expertly into Dom's neck, entering the Jugular vein at just the right spot.

"Sorry Dom, Clara would kill me if I brought home another stray."

He fed slowly, savouring every drop of blood. As he felt Dom's heart begin to beat irregularly, he reached for the box of tissues on the bedside table. This one had to be very clean, no drops of blood to excite the police. The human body can survive a heavy loss of blood, the extremities being starved of blood, to keep the major organs supplied. Dom probably still had two pints of blood rushing around his arteries, trying to do the job of eight pints... When his heart gave up and stopped.

"Thank you Dom, I needed that."

He licked the puncture wounds for a minute, catching the blood still oozing out. It tasted bitter though, always did once the heart stopped. Several tissues rammed into each hole in Dom's neck, tied in place by the shirt he'd taken off with such a flourish. That was it, job done.

"Coffee I think and a look in your fridge."

Not before he found his jacket out in the lounge and put on a pair of surgical gloves. Once he could touch things, he filled the coffee machine in the kitchen with water. The amount of coffee was a guess, so he erred on the side of making it extra strong. While that bubbled and hissed, he opened the fridge, finding all sorts of chilled foods and fresh fruit.

"You lived well for a street urchin old buddy."

Too well, Simon once again wondered if he'd been lured back to some sort of setup, though he had no idea what Dom might have been planning. The flat, the expensive décor, the two bottles of champagne in the fridge. It all seemed.....Odd. Dom was dead though and most people who'd attempted to lure him into traps had died. Actually all of them had died. He found a plate in a cupboard and some cutlery. Simon filled a plate with some cold meat and salad from the fridge. He'd eat and watch a little TV until it was the right time to call Clara, to help him dispose of the body.

"Live off the land Simon, live off the land."

The two bottles of champagne went into a bag for life, that he found in a drawer next to the sink. He sipped coffee and explored a little, finding about five hundred pounds in an envelope in the washing machine. Yes, everyone really did think they'd invented the idea of keeping money in there. When he found the Rolex watch under Dom's socks in a drawer, he knew there was something strange going on. What though ?

"What am I missing Dom ?"

It crossed his mind that keeping Dom alive for a while, might have been a good idea. Simon was a very clean and tidy monster. After finishing his meal and coffee, he filled the sink with hot water and began to clean the plate and cutlery he'd used. There was a dishwasher, but he had no idea how it worked. As he ran a squeegee over a plate, he heard someone opening the front door, very, very quietly. Simon moved across the lounge, drying his hands as he went.

Someone had entered the front door and closed it behind them. He heard breathing, as someone walked carefully along the hallway. Simon wedged himself up against the wall next to a bookcase and waited. The man who came into the lounge was big, a good six foot eight or nine tall. Heavy too, maybe as much as seventeen stones, all in the form of hard muscle. He was moving silently on the balls of his feet, concentrating on nothing but the closed bedroom door. Simon could move quickly, fast enough to be across the room and kill the man, before he'd had a chance to blink. Simon chose not to though, there was the rare opportunity to allow someone else to see his handiwork, to admire and be terrified by his kill. He allowed the man to open the bedroom door, hearing him gasp. Then and only then did Simon hurtle across the room and pull his next meal to the ground. All his previous injuries forgotten, Simon held the muscular opponent in a vice like grip, before plunging his fangs into his neck. Two feeds in one day and one a large man. He felt slightly light headed, as he dropped the lifeless body to the ground.

"Crap Simon, clean, keep it all clean."

More tissues and the man's own shirt tied round his neck to keep them in place. Nothing much in the mystery man's pockets, apart from a very old plastic wallet. Twenty pounds which Simon kept and a driving license in the name of Nigel Sands. Tucked into a corner of the wallet was a grubby membership card, for a nearby gym.

"What scam were you into Nigel ?"

Clearing out his credit and bank cards maybe or some sort of blackmail if the guy Dom brought back was married. There was no real way of telling and Simon wasn't really that interested. He'd fed twice, so that made it a damn good day. He did go and push home the bolt on the front door though. Dom might have other friends with keys and he didn't want any more surprises. He finished washing the dishes, putting everything he'd used into its proper place. One last job before seeing what sort of TV connection Dom had enjoyed. He needed a full address and postcode for Clara.

"Was he even really called Dom?" He muttered.

An envelope from his bank said he was. In the bottom of the kitchen bin, with a slight stain from a wet tea bag. It appeared Domenic Crossley banked with Barclays. There was a full postcode, so he carried the envelope with him into the lounge. Dom knew how to live, he was hooked up to just about every premium movie service. Simon found a big budget film he'd been wanting to see for ages and poured himself a large glass of Dom's single malt.

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Laura had come home to an empty house, which didn't really surprise her. Clara would still be at the hotel and Simon was probably trying to sell phones. Usually she'd have made a pot of tea and curled up with a book, but she needed someone to talk to. She was excited about her new car and there was no one to show it to. She invaded Simon's den under the stairs, sitting at the table with the monitor, which showed the view from the cameras outside the house. Twelve cameras, with their full colour high definition output, shown as twelve little boxes. She'd seen it before and ignored it, which was a pity. She might have recognised Mike Marcou, walking back to his car. Instead she found Daniel on her phone's contact list and pressed the call button.

"Daniel, are you busy?"

"Never too busy to talk to you Laura."

She'd intended to give him a full description of the alterations to her car, but that seemed so trivial, once she had him on the phone. One thing kept nagging at her mind, sleeping or awake.

"Some of my childhood memories have returned as dreams, terrible dreams." She said.

"Tell me about it Laura?"

She heard him put something down and move, probably making himself comfortable. Telling Simon of Clara would have been so difficult. Daniel was a disembodied voice though, hundreds of miles away.

"I had a pet rabbit." She said. "Not a nice one, she was a wicked thing called Snowball, who bit me for no reason at all. I lavished so much love on that rabbit....."

"What happened Laura? You can tell me anything and I will keep it a secret."

"One day I decided to show her how painful it was to be bitten." She replied. "I bit her neck so hard that she died and then I tasted her blood..... And I liked it Daniel, the taste of her blood."

There was worse to come and Daniel was already silent. Maybe she'd been a monster, long before Simon turned her into a vampire?

"Sorry Laura, just taking a few notes. How old were you then, roughly?"

"Seven, Snowball was a present on my seventh birthday. Was I born a sort of vampire?"

"No you were just born different Laura. Your parents probably shared a certain genetic trait and then perhaps there was a chance mutation in your DNA..... I'm not really certain Laura, vampirism may be an infection and there is definitely a spiritual element. No one is certain, even I get confused by conflicting evidence and I have an extensive library on the subject."

"Library? People wrote books about us?"

“Very private books Laura, written in dead languages and protect by personal cyphers. I have a good collection, yet even I can’t read everything in them. Don’t worry; I keep them in a very safe place.”

“Still, if they were ever found.....”

“What do you know about the Book of Revelations Laura ?”

“Hmmmmm written by a crazy guy on the island of Patmos. Pile of junk that’s been a boon to the horror movie business.” She replied.

Daniel was chuckling down the phone at her.

“You’ve just illustrated what people would think if a vampire book turned up on the open market and was miraculously decoded and understood. It would be viewed as another crazy book, the ramblings of a madman.”

She did relax a little. Common sense told her that humans would need a lot of evidence, to ever accept that vampires actually did walk among them. A thought occurred to her.

“Are you saying the book of revelations isn’t just crazy talk ?” She asked.

“I’d never be so bold as to come down on either side of that argument. As I said, there is a spiritual element to vampirism and far more than just not feeding on holy ground. Not everything in the legends is wrong Laura, so be careful about calling anything crazy.”

“Anything I need to be concerned about ?” She asked.

“Maybe if we were still living in the times when everyone attended church. All holy places are best avoided, they are bad places for Satan’s darkest children. Clara has been to a wedding or two and the occasional christening. There are rules to be followed, which she can teach you. Simon simply avoids holy ground, which I highly recommend.”

Satan’s children ! Daniel was probably trying to be poetic, but it still made her cringe.

“Are we really that ?” She asked. “Satan’s darkest children I mean ?”

Quiet again, Daniel taking a moment to do something or other.

“I have a book written by a French academic in about eighteen fifty. He was a friend of Charles Baudelaire and judging by his writing, he was no madman. He wrote that; ‘They do say that Satan’s greatest success has been in convincing humanity that he doesn’t exist. If that is so, then the vampires, his darkest children have been even more successful.’ I’m not saying you’re all the spawn of Satan, but you’re hardly angels.”

It made the rest of her nightmares harder to tell him. She paused, not knowing whether to leave the worst part of her story for another day.

“I do have an experiment you could help me with.” Said Daniel. “Clara was always uncomfortable about treating religion as an experiment..... Plus there may be a little pain involved.”

Her turn to chuckle.

“I know for a fact that I handle pain well. I will carry out your experiment, but first you need to hear my worst nightmare. It may be relevant to your research, I don’t know. You should hear it though.”

“Of course Laura, you can tell me anything.”

“It’s why I think my parents seemed so cold towards me, as I grew older. My own memory of the event vanished, until the dream brought it back.”

“That is common Laura. It isn’t only drunks who experience blackouts. Your mind was defending itself, defending you from something.... An intolerable memory.”

“There was a young boy who teased me, pulling my hair, calling me names. A neighbour’s child, probably trying to show that he liked me.”

Daniel chuckled again.

“That sounds like the average young male of the species Laura.”

“One day he pulled my hair one too many times and I bit him. Not a childish bite, I bit him like an animal would bite. I remember a flap of skin hanging from his face and the wonderful taste of his blood in my throat. The boy didn’t die, my father pulled me off him in time. I still remember the look of horror on my father’s face. Was I always a sort of vampire ?”

She could hear his pencil scratching out notes.

“No, I think you had the biological potential to be a vampire. A lot of people enjoy the taste of blood. There’s a whole cult in America who call themselves vampires and drink gallons of blood. It doesn’t make them vampires. They’re just crazy people, likely to be ingesting all sorts of parasites and diseases. Drinking blood doesn’t make you a vampire. But you were probably predisposed to being one. That might explain why making new ones is so hard.”

“So, if we could find out who is predisposed to being one, we could create lots ? I find that quite scary after it took three of us to kill Mabina.”

“It is a daunting prospect Laura, I agree.”

She was daydreaming a little, about a world full of vampires.

“Sorry Daniel, you wanted me to carry out an experiment ?”

“Yes, you’ll need a few sterile containers to hold urine samples.”

“Oh, we have a box of those. Mabina had lots of them for some reason.”

“Good, good. You will need to break into a church. An old church, the most ancient one you can find in North London. It’s spiritual energy you see, it builds up over time.”

Laura couldn’t help grinning. A spot of housebreaking, or more accurately churchbreaking, sounded fun.

“I can handle that.” She said.

“Good, now this is what you need to do.....”

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Laura was alone on the couch in the lounge, watching a truly awful film on Netflix. It was bad, really bad, but she’d invested an hour on it already and was determined to watch it all. Clara had come home and made several rude remarks about her car’s paintjob, before going upstairs for one of her long baths. Laura picked at some grapes in the fruit bowl and persevered with the film.

Clara’s phone rang, while still inside her bag in the hallway. They had an etiquette about phones, one everyone kept to. A phone out in the room could be answered, but there was no digging through bags, or rummaging in pockets. Laura ignored the strange classical music, which Clara used as a ring tone.

“As if concentrating on this garbage wasn’t hard enough.” She muttered.

Her phone ringing made her jump. It was Simon, just the person she wanted to talk to. He’d make the right noises about her fancy paint job.

“Simon, when are you coming home ? I got my SUV back and you have to see it.”

“Did you get the wide alloys ?” He asked. “I bet you went with flames too ?”

“Yes, I have flames right over the rear and even the wheels are lacquered. Get home Simon, you need to see it. Clara just moaned at me about it.”

He was actually laughing and obviously in a good mood.

“Is Clara there ?”

“She’s having some quality time in the bath.”

“Oh, when did she begin ?”

Laura checked the clock, wanting to be accurate. Clara’s long baths were almost legendary.

“Forty six minutes ago, give or take. She’ll reappear in about another two hours.”

Simon sighed and she decided to be bold. Plus she really wanted him to make all the right noises about her newly pimped vehicle.

“Can I help ?”

“Actually you could Laura, thank you. It’s not that far to come at this time of night and with two to pick up, your SUV is probably a good idea.”

“Two disposals ?”

“Yes, it’s been a busy night. Do you have a pen ? I’ll give you the address.”

She took it all down, even the description of the shop and the blue door next to it. Old Street wasn’t that far, she knew the route down City Road, quite well.

“Right, I’ll leave a note for Clara and see you soon.” She said.

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