

The Hornsey Vampires

(Season two of London's Night Stalkers)

Chapter 20 - Belmarsh

"They'd left her SUV parked in front of a factory that made plastic pipes and walked about two miles to get to the prison."

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For Clara, following Sam had become a minor obsession. Sometimes Magda was with him, but usually Sam travelled alone. A lot of meals in the area around Harrods, he seemed to be particularly fond of an Italian restaurant in Beauchamp Place. It was stalking really, she was good at getting close to him without being seen and vampire hearing meant she could overhear his plans.

"Sorry Miss, we're fully booked for tonight."

"Oh please..... If you could squeeze me in somewhere."

Maybe all vampires did have the ability to impose their will on others ? Clara had never thought about it until Laura had talked about the way Mabina used it all the time. The twenty pound note she offered probably helped too. It was a table near the kitchen, but she could see Sam meet the man and woman for dinner. Hear them too, when the door to the kitchen was closed.

"Laurent, so good to see you." Said Sam, as his guests arrived.

"We hoped you hadn't forgotten us now you're in Jerusalem most of the year." Said the woman.

"Of course not Camille. If I seem neglectful, it's because I trust you both to keep things running smoothly."

Laurent and Camille, Clara was already adding the way they moved and sounded to her mental database. Both French from their accents, though now likely to be running the London base for the Psochic Order. If she could get close enough, she'd add their personal scent to her knowledge.

"Try the veal parmigiana, it's always good." Said Sam.

"Oh no, not veal." Said Camille.

"But you eat lamb." Said Laurent.

"It's not the same thing and you know it."

The two men ordered the veal and Camille decided to try a vegetarian lasagne, much to the disgust of her partner. He tutted at her while Sam fussed over them both like a proud mentor. Between the main course and dessert, Sam passed a thick envelope to Camille.

"Thank you Mr Isaacs."

"Sam, after all these years.....Please call me Sam."

His employees and probably a married couple, her mental database was growing rapidly. Simon had an underworld friend with access to the congestion charge database. That information had sometimes helped her find Sam, but now she knew his regular haunts. He had several favourite restaurants and quite a few employees to pay. From what she'd heard the trips to London were a quarterly fixture in his diary.

"Would madam like to see the dessert trolley." The waiter asked her.

Clara had a sweet tooth and it gave her an excuse to sit and watch Sam's table for longer. She chose a piece of black forest gateaux, with a frothy coffee.

Why was she so obsessed with Sam and the Psochics ? He obviously had a large network in London, which included two Russians who looked like ex-military. It made him dangerous and worth watching. There was also a feel about him....If Mabina didn't kill him fairly soon, she would. He made

her skin itch and it had nothing to do with eczema or scabies. He wasn't on their side and he meant them harm, she just knew it.

"I think I'll have a..... Zabaglione for dessert. Are they good here Sam ?" Asked Camille.

"Everything is good here."

Clara used a visit to the ladies room to walk past their table. A person's scent is as unique as a fingerprint, she'd now know Laurent and Camille in a darkened room. It was almost a reflex, adjusting her makeup after washing her hands. She didn't react when Camille entered the ladies and used the mirror next to her to re-apply her lipstick. Clara even managed to remain calm when Camille spoke to her.

"I saw you watching me."

Crap ! Had she been that obvious ? Clara liked to think she moved and observed while remaining unseen. A rare thing, she was lost for words.

"I.... Sorry I didn't mean to....."

A hand gently touched her arm.

"No.... I was watching you too...."

Unexpected, but it opened up quite a few possibilities. Clara would have gone crazy at Simon for running such a risk, but she'd decided to run with the opportunity and see where it led.

"Do you have a phone ?" Asked Clara.

She did and handed it over without comment. Clara put her real first name into the phone, along with the number of the personal phone she used. Silly risks, but it would make things simpler than inventing an alias on the spot.

"Call me..... Are you out with your father and brother ?" Asked Clara.

"No, we work for the middle aged man..... I'm here with my husband. He knows my guilty pleasures though. It's allowed as long as I keep it away from our home."

It felt the right moment, Clara leant in and kissed Camille's cheek.

"I know this sounds crazy, but can you get away tonight ?" Asked Clara. "I've a car parked a few streets away..... I promise you we'll have fun."

"I can't just go out there and say I'm going off with someone."

Camille was saying one thing, but the huge grin on her face was saying another.

"Of course you can, make an excuse."

"What sort of excuse ?"

"Part one of the fun..... Make up any excuse you want. Just meet me outside in five minutes."

"I'm not sure....."

"Don't let me down or I'll be stood out there all night." Said Clara. "You're not going to change your mind are you ?"

"No, it's just....."

Clara kissed Camille hard on the lips. As she finished a woman came in and after giving them a conspiratorial smile, she entered one of the cubicles. Clara didn't give Camille a chance to argue about it.

"Outside on the pavement..... Five minutes." She said.

Clara arrived outside the restaurant, still not knowing if Camille was going to be a source of information, a lover, or a meal.

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Simon had driven through the district on his way to see Tom in Erith. To most passing through the area, HM Prison Belmarsh was just a signpost on a roundabout. There was an industrial estate in the

area before the prison arrived and quite a lot of housing. He remembered the protest at the clandestine way the prison was built. Its arrival had been a shock to the local population, to put it mildly.

“Please don’t get caught Simon.” Said Laura. “Clara might really throw me out of the house if I’m responsible for getting you arrested.”

They’d left her SUV parked in front of a factory that made plastic pipes and walked about two miles to get to the prison. Being vampires, finding an empty house with no heartbeats inside had been easy. They were now in the back garden of that house, waiting for Laura to feel the times was right. “This has to be done, Clara knows that.” He said. “Besides, I’m sure you’d both enjoy breaking me out.”

She leant forward and kissed him on the cheek. She was young for a vampire and there were still a lot of human emotions in her head. In many ways she was still a kid, though she screwed up a lot less than she had. Simon trusted her to get into Belmarsh and get out again though. In a short time she’d learned more about vampire lore than he had in nearly seven hundred and fifty years.

“Don’t get caught Laura and feed if you have to.” He said. “Just try not to burn the place down.”

There was a flash of green in her eyes and she gave him a thump on the arm that was a little too hard to be just kidding.

“How did you.....?”

“Clara told me.”

A kiss on the lips which he hadn’t been expecting and she was gone, vanishing into the shadows. Simon went through his backpack, choosing what he needed to be carrying for the first run. It had been agreed for him to give her ten minutes to find a spot to hide, but he gave her a full quarter of an hour.

“I’ll be alright unless they call in the army.” He muttered.

Belmarsh would have a secret plan of some kind in case they felt under serious attack. Not that he knew what it was and it was one of the few things you couldn’t look up on Google. Simon knew he’d be seen, it was actually part of the plan. He put on a hockey mask and pulled his hoody nice and tight. He remembered the Medici family motto, which he’d once said before every assassination he’d performed for that family.

“Festina lente.” He Said (Make haste slowly).

Simon ran as only a vampire can run. He kept to the shadows as long as he could, before there was too much light, too many fences and just too much of everything for him to hide. Fences hidden by bushes, the alarms began as soon as he set foot on the ground beyond the fence. Loud alarms and yet more lights, bright lights that hurt his eyes. Not far to run to the outside walls, though only a vampire could have thrown anything over them. He only had stun grenades; no one was supposed to die from his attacks. Thunderflashes some called them, devices to disorientate rather than kill. A flash of seven million candle power and a hundred and seventy decibel bang.

Simon threw one grenade as far as he could over the wall, before running further round the outside. He heard men’s voicing shouting, though he couldn’t make out what they were saying. As he threw the second grenade, the first filled the night with a short lived flash as bright as lightning.

‘Boom.’

A hundred and seventy decibels is as loud as being close to a shotgun blast, it can damage unprotected ears. The bang was louder than the alarms, but only for less than a second. He threw the third grenade and was over the outside fence, before he heard the dogs barking.

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Clara loved her Peugeot 208, but it wasn't a vehicle to enjoy sex in, especially in a busy street in Knightsbridge. She drove, wondering how many cameras had seen her with Camille and how many times her car's registration number had been logged. That point was fast approaching, where the woman sat in the passenger seat would become too linked to her to be just a meal.

"Where are we going?" Asked Camille.

"I promised you fun and we won't find my kind of fun around here. I know a bar in Shoreditch that is just the place to enjoy ourselves."

Her passenger didn't even seem nervous as they headed away from the brightly lit shops and restaurants of SW3 and headed east. Camille had a permanent smile on her face and Clara was beginning to look forward to showing her a seedy hotel she knew.

The streets looked far less well to do the further they followed the river east. Clara parked under a railway arch and a light rain was beginning to fall. Camille even seemed to enjoy the cool rain on her face.

"It's not far.....Not worth getting an umbrella out of the back." Said Clara.

"I don't mind, it's all an adventure.... Better than watching Sam and Laurent getting drunk."

The bar was run by a native of St Lucia, a big black man who she'd never seen smile. There had always been a mix of races in the bar, though she hadn't been there for at least three years. There had been something else there though, a feeling that attracted those on the outside of society.

"Good it hasn't changed." She said, looking around. "I can even see Dan behind the bar."

Clara had run into another vampire there once in the late nineties. A petite little thing, a girl with the most startling green eyes. She'd agreed to leave London when Clara had told her the alternative.

"Are we..... Are we allowed in here?" Asked Camille.

"Of course, though don't expect cocktails and fried zucchini."

Clara knew why Camille had asked if they were allowed, it was like walking into a different world. Dan was still surly, she'd have been disappointed if he hadn't been. They drank cheap Mexican beer straight out of the bottle and a few of the bar's male customers offered to buy them drinks. Two of them recognised Clara from the days when she'd been a regular, sat on a bar stool two or three nights a week. Like it or not, Camille was now too linked to her to be on the menu. Clara liked to think she was good at choosing just the right moment.

"There is a hotel I know, only a short walk away."

"Why would I want to know that?" Asked Camille, with a grin on her face.

"It used to be a bit seedy, probably still is." Said Clara. "Haven't been there for a few years, but hopefully they'll have changed the sheets since then."

"Are you inviting me to see this hotel?" Asked Camille.

"Not the sort of place you'd trust with your credit card, but I'll pay them cash."

"Alright, stop pestering..... I'll go."

Two more bottles of beer from Dan and they left the bar, crossed two roads and entered the hotel. It could have closed of course, or changed management. It hadn't done either of those things, there was even the same guy on the front desk. Two lap dance places in the area meant steady business, as the girls brought clients to the hotel who wanted more than a dry hump.

"We want a room with a shower that works." Said Clara. "A double bed too, no pushing two singles together."

"Do you want it for the whole night?"

Not a strange question in that part of Shoreditch, where some places rented rooms by the hour. Clara looked at Camille, who merely nodded at her.

“Yes, the whole night.”

Clara paid cash and was pleased that the hotel still used old fashioned keys with large plastic fobs. They'd been given room number 14, which she knew was second floor at the back.

“I do need to be back home by breakfast time.” Said Camille. “Otherwise Laurent will start to get upset and call people I know. He even pestered my mum once..... I can get an Uber.”

“No, of course I'll get you home on time. Where do you live ?”

Clara opened the door and it was like going back in time. The room still had the same wallpaper as the last time she'd taken someone there. Then it had been a man from her bad boy period, a hoodlum with more scars on his chest than it seemed possible to survive.

“We live near where we met.” Said Camille. “We've a London apartment in Hans Place.”

“No problem, you will be home for breakfast, I promise.”

A London place just around the corner from Harrods. Clara's estimation of Camille's net worth went up by a factor of at least ten. Clara kissed her and Camille kissed her back. They headed towards the shower, which looked surprisingly clean for a hotel that rented out rooms by the hour. Clara turned on the water and hoped it would get hotter. It didn't.

“Oh well.” Said Clara.

She undressed and helped Camille to undress, before they both got under the shower, gasping at the coldness of the water. Not for the first time she noted that women were better with their hands than men. Camille knew where everything was and that flicking the bean wasn't just an expression. When she knelt down and began to expertly use her tongue between her legs, Clara forgot all about the lukewarm water.

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Laura had found a place to hide, between a rubbish skip and a garage wall. Not a pleasant spot, but she wouldn't need it for long. She just watched as the alarms went off, though she couldn't see Simon. After the first bang and flash of light, she began to press on the skin over her ribs. The Egg of Astaroth had burned itself into her flesh, though it now gave her no pain at all. There it was nestled against her ribs and since talking to Horus, she was fairly certain what it did. Not that he'd told her that much, oh no, that would have been far too easy. Like Wiremi he seemed to want her to work out things for herself. She knew the Egg was a gateway to the abyss and instinctively she knew how to activate it. Laura pressed on the metal disc and hoped it wouldn't hurt too much. The expected pain didn't arrive.

“That was..... Unexpected.” She muttered.

The whole world seemed to be enveloped in a light mist, a golden mist. She tentatively touched the rubbish skip, before walking right through it. It was there, she had felt something, but it was as if the world around her no longer seemed to consist of air and solid objects. The Egg had transported her somewhere, a place where the usual rules didn't apply.

No time to experiment, the third stun grenade had just gone off. Laura walked across two roads and through the fence. There were men with dogs, all agitated, all ignoring her. One dog looked in her direction and began to whine and back away. That would need some care in the future.

“The front gate saw three of them.” Someone shouted.

Three indeed, Simon would enjoy hearing that. Laura ignored the men with their dogs and walked right up to the outside wall, before going straight through it. An odd sensation, like walking through a really thick fog.

“Don't touch it Travers you idiot.....The chemical hazard team are suiting up.”

Mayhem on the inside of the wall, with the man who had to be Travers, poking at what was left of the nearest thunderflash with a stick. The overreaction and a hazard team suiting up was brilliant, it all added to the chaos that would stop anyone worrying about William Jarrold.

“Someone take that fucking stick off Travers !”

Simon must have started his second run, there was a flash of light from near the front gate. Laura walked through the wall of the nearest building, she needed somewhere to concentrate. It was an office and quite disappointing for a modern high tech prison. The paint on the woodwork was peeling, though the constant gold mist probably made it look worse than it was. The calendar on the wall was the previous year’s, probably saved because of the picture of kittens on it. All in all, it wasn’t what Laura had expected. She sighed, before sitting cross legged on the floor.

“Where are you Bill ?”

She already had a fairly good idea where he was, even top security guards need cash and Cyril knew a few people. Lots of heartbeats in the section of the prison she was interested in, though only one felt special in some way. Laura was working on feelings, suspicions and inklings. If Mabina had done the same she’d never have let her forget it.

“Got you.”

The shortest route to anywhere is a straight line. Laura walked through the calendar with its picture of kittens and the wall behind it. A courtyard of some kind, with yet another group of agitated guards. Two helicopters circling the prison now, Simon would love that. Eventually they’d realise it was just one guy with a backpack full of flashbangs. Not they could just go indoors and ignore him, but they might decide to put extra guards on certain prisoners. That couldn’t be allowed to happen. “Christ ! Did you hear that ?” One guard yelled.

They’d all heard the bark of a Kalashnikov. Simon had liberated it and half a dozen full clips from an Armenian drug dealer. He was only going to fire it into the air, but the guards didn’t know that. To them it had to sound as though half the terrorists in custody had friends trying to get them out of Belmarsh. The guards definitely weren’t going to relax and make coffee.

“Where are the army ?” A guard yelled.

Where indeed ? They were the biggest worry and hopefully she and Simon would be well away from Belmarsh before they arrived.

Laura walked into the wing where Bill Jarrold was being held, his heartbeat almost calling out to her. As she’d suspected there were cameras everywhere, maybe even inside the cells. She had something to do that required a little face to face with Bill, she owed that much to Tasha Wallis. Finding his cell was easy and Bill was sat on his bed, listening to the noise outside. Another experiment, she put her mouth close to his ear.

“A little late Bill, but vengeance is here.”

He hadn’t heard, but he jumped back as her mouth passed through his cheek. Had he felt her ? Laura touched his arm and it was like a small electric shock. He’d felt it too, cowering into the corner of the room.

“Who’s there ?” He asked.

Mental torture was fun, but not as satisfying as inflicting physical pain. There could be no face to face in the cell, far too many cameras around. She walked out of his room and down the corridor, looking for a certain type of storage room. Laura knew how hotels worked and in many ways, prisons were exactly like hotels. Leave aside the cockroaches and a likely negative star rating for comfort and both housed and fed hundreds of people. They cleaned too, though prisons probably didn’t make as much fuss about it.

“Perfect.” She mumbled.

The door marked as ‘Cleaning Supplies’ was locked of course, but locked doors weren’t getting in her way. She walked through the door and the room beyond was quite large, with metal shelving down each side. More bleach and floor cleaner on the shelves than most supermarkets and two industrial sized vacuum cleaners. Laura decided on an empty area of floor near a row on neatly stacked mops. Enough room for her and bill to have their special moment. Laura sat cross legged on the floor and put her hand on the Egg, willing it to turn off whatever it was doing.

“Wow, what a dump.”

She was solid again, the floor felt all too real under her bottom. The grime looked worse without the tinge of gold, far worse. At the hotel every room and cupboard had to be spotless, even if a customer was never likely to see it. The prison didn’t work to the same principle, the cleaning room was obviously never cleaned. Not that she could see that much in the glow of light from the window, but she thought there might be cockroaches if she looked for them. No time to sit and stare as they say, the sound of Simon’s assault rifle filled the night. There was an answering shot, someone was firing back.

“Gudara, please come to me.” She said.

Laura kept her eyes open and her devourer appeared almost instantly. He bowed slightly and touched her arm. She held one of his huge claw like paws between her hands.

“This is how we are now.” She said. “You look after me and I look after you.”

He nodded and began to make the noise she thought of as his friendly growl. Laura put her finger to his lips and he was quiet.

“We are surrounded by those who would hurt us, there must be no noise.”

Good, her devourer caught on quick, he nodded but made no sound.

“I know you can see my thoughts sometimes. Can you see the man I’m thinking about ?”

Laura thought of Bill in his room, not that far away. Her devourer nodded at her.

“Good...If I ask you to, can you go to him and bring him here ?”

Another nod. She remembered that yes no answers could hide important facts.

“I need him alive..... Will he be alive when you bring him here ?”

Two nods of his huge head.

“Quiet, I need everything to be quiet. Hold his mouth closed, can you do that ?”

A nod of his head. Laura wanted him to confirm he understood, but didn’t want to him to feel he wasn’t trusted.

“Good, go and get him for me.”

Her devourer vanished.

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The sex had been good and if she saw Camille again it was certain to get better. Camille had shown she was experienced, but a little too keen to please. Next time would be even better. Clara had already decided that if it was possible, there would be a next time. Both of them had been lying naked on top of the bed, for long enough for the sweat to dry on their skin.

“Ermmmm if you’re not feeling sleepy ?” Asked Clara.

“That would be nice, but I’m worried about the time.” Said Camille. “Typical seedy hotel, no bedside clock.”

“I put my phone on the floor, somewhere.”

“I’m an idiot, my phone is in my bag.” Said Camille.

It was almost a competition, with Clara feeling the floor her side of the bed, while she could hear Camille rummaging through her bag. Clara won, proudly turning to show Camille the time on her phone.

“Only two in the morning, we’ve plenty of.....”

A gun was being aimed at her head, a small but serious looking automatic.

“You must take me for a complete fool.” Said Camille. “I run the Psochic order in London with my husband, do you think I haven’t seen your picture Clara Copley. It’s everywhere, we’ve almost set up a fan club for you and Simon.”

Clara felt stupid, of course they’d have looked into the vampire friends of Laura.

“I take it you told Sam and Laurent about your intention to chat me up ?” Asked Clara.

“Chat you up, what an old fashioned phrase. Yes, though I didn’t expect you to head east. They’re probably still looking for your car in Knightsbridge. I’ll call them and tell them where we are. The sex really was fun Clara, I wasn’t faking it.”

Camille was keeping the gun aimed at her head, she knew how to kill a vampire. Trained too well maybe, her index finger was against the barrel rather than on the trigger.

“Am I going to die tonight ?” Asked Clara.

Hesitation, Camille had enjoyed the sex and didn’t want to tell her the truth.

“I’m not sure, that’s for Sam to decide.”

A human would have looked at the gun and thought about it for far too long. The risk, the likelihood that Sam might not really want to kill them and many other permutations. Vampire are different, they react to a threat quickly and with extreme violence.

“Keep still while I call my husband.” Said Camille. “I will happily kill you and go down the fire escape. No one here has my name.”

Clara just shrugged at her. As Camille looked at her phone, Clara struck. The knuckles on her left hand hit Camille’s right hand, the one holding the gun. The gun flew across the room without going off. So far everything was happening as Clara had intended, though it was all reflex rather a proper plan.

“Fuck !” Yelled Camille.

Clara had probably broken at least one of her fingers; Camille looked to be in pain. No worry about anyone hearing shouts or sounds of pain, it was the sort of hotel where such noises were common.

“I’m sorry.” Said Clara.

She really was, the sex had been so good, it seemed such a waste. No feeding, no mess, it had to be done quickly. Clara simply hit Camille hard on the forehead with the palm of her right hand, before grabbing her head and twisting. The blow had probably killed Camille before her neck snapped.

The room needed checking over, but neither of them had arrived with much to misplace. Besides, Clara had no intention of leaving a crime scene. Camille could be wrapped in the duvet and carried down the fire escape. Another ludicrous risk on a night full of ludicrous risks. Perhaps Laura’s behaviour was rubbing off on her ? She called George who ran the hospital incinerator.

“Hi George, has your spot of trouble there cleared up ?”

“Yes, these things happen occasionally. I’m everyone’s darling now, no one else will work the hours.”

“Good, I’ve a little problem you can help me with.”

“The usual sort of problem Miss Clara.”

“Yes.”

“I’ll be here all night, come when you’re ready.”

Good, now all she had to do was get her car, get Camille's body down the fire escape and get over to the hospital before George went off duty.

"And to think Simon is probably sat at home watching Riverdale." She muttered.

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Simon was still enjoying himself, though that was about to end. The army were either going to arrive by helicopter or several trucks full of soldiers would arrive at the front gate. When it happened, it was both. Two large double rotor helicopters went over his head at the same time as a convoy of vehicles arrived. Someone had already been shooting at him, probably a Metropolitan Police armed response team. That he could deal with, but not a hundred soldiers, all carrying assault rifles.

"Time to call it a night." He muttered.

He was right up against the prison wall, while the guards were converging on where he'd been a few minutes before. Speed had been his biggest assets all night. The guards were always looking where he had been, rather than where he was or would be next. Simon saw tear gas canisters land quite close, too damn close. The gas was followed by soldiers wearing gas masks and carrying serious looking weapons. It was definitely time to leave.

"Can't waste these."

Two stun grenades left in his backpack. He threw them over the prison wall and ran. Over the outside fence and across the road. Someone had seen him, someone firing a hand gun. One bullet hit the road behind him. As he ran down a street full of houses, two more shots barely missed him. One bullet caused sparks as it hit the wall of someone's home.

Over a garden wall and he was away from the lights and in his true element, the shadows. Simon went over every garden fence, running straight through some garden bushes and avoiding the solid looking trees. By the time he was climbing over the wall at the end of the block, he felt no heartbeats behind him. There was the helicopter though, a small police copter that had been so good at finding him all night. It was on his trail again, probably finding him by body heat and movement. They had to either go away or be destroyed, otherwise they'd track him right back to Laura's SUV.

"Nothing personal guys." He mumbled.

Simon had never been good with firearms, despite having centuries of experience in using them. Not just in the First World War, his training with guns had started with muskets. He had trouble remembering what war of skirmish he'd been fighting in; there was always some part of the world trying to take over another. His musket trainer had once told him that if he aimed at the church door, he'd be lucky to hit anywhere in the parish. Given a decent blade he was a master assassin, but with a modern assault rifle..... He sucked.

With no real hope of doing any real damage, Simon set the Kalashnikov on single shot and aimed at one of the searchlights on the bottom of the approaching helicopter. His karma must have owed him something recently, or one of Laura's ancient deities had decided that he needed help. Simon fired twice and the searchlight went out. The helicopter swung away to the left and went back the way it had come. He wanted to jump up and down and celebrate, but he still wasn't safe.

He ran through a factory yard full of barrels which smelt of engine oil and another full of piles of old tyres. He was definitely in the low rents area of the industrial estate. Still he ran as only a vampire can run, fast and without tiring.

"Damn."

A wide dual carriageway road to run across and there were the lights of a small convoy approaching. Simon pulled himself into the doorway of a factory office and kept completely still. Two army trucks

with a land rover at the front. They turned off the main road and headed towards where he'd taken two shots at the helicopter. Again they were assuming he was a human who ran at just a few miles per hour. As their taillights vanished, he ran across the road and through what looked like a traveller's camp. Not an official one, just a dozen or so caravans parked up on the edge of the road. Simon banged on a few doors as he ran through. A few angry people wandering about would confuse any fresh attempt to use a helicopter to find him.

"Hey, what the fuck ?!" Someone was yelling.

Half a dozen barking dogs in front of him, who began to whine as they sensed the true nature of the nocturnal visitor. Simon leapt over them and carried on running. He'd been running at a slight angle to where he wanted to be. Now he ran straight towards the SUV. As he saw the plastic pipe factory in the distance he stopped, looking for somewhere to hide until Laura turned up.

"Perfect."

A factory with a night shift, he could hear the machinery running. On the roof was a fan driven vent, with hot air pouring out into the night. So much heat that he could see it distorting his view of the clouds. Simon climbed carefully and silently. He almost wrapped himself around the bottom of the vent, knowing the heat would hide his body heat. There he intended to wait until Laura had finished her business with William Jarrold.

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It took about two long minute for her devourer to return. He appeared with his huge arms wrapped around William Jarrold, who seemed too terrified to struggle. The large paw clamped across his mouth was stopping him from shouting for help.

"Hello Bill, remember me ?" She asked. "Thinking about it we never actually met, but I'm Laura Selway and I bought your SUV. I'm not sure what you'd think of the paint job I had done on it." The small talk wasn't for his benefit. The need to kill him was almost irresistible and the chatter helped to hold it in check. She looked straight at her devourer.

"Thank you." She said. "Now show him your teeth."

He leant over the top of Bill, showing him his simian face and huge jaws. There was still the tooth that stopped his mouth closing properly. Saliva constantly dripped from that tooth and was forming a damp spot on the floor. What would a police forensics team make of that ? Probably there would be no forensics team, Simon had told her senior people in the Met would be very happy to see Bill come to a grisly end.

"Sit him on the floor..... Keep his mouth closed.....We need to be quiet as church mice."

Her devourer pushed and Bill crumpled to the ground. He ended up sat on the floor, but the position of his legs didn't look comfortable.

"Make a sound and he'll use those teeth on you bill." She said. "Do you understand."

He couldn't really nod his head that well, but he tried.

"Alright..... Let go of his mouth, but if he shouts for help....Kill him."

Laura needed the phone out of her pocket. Not her phone, Clara had recently acquired it after a night hunting in Streatham. Simon brought her guns he'd taken from dead drug dealers and for some reason Clara brought her fancy looking phones. The one Laura held up had a bright pink cover.

"Smile Bill."

He didn't of course, but that didn't matter. The picture was perfect, so good that she showed it to him. No use, Bill was determined to not to smile about anything.

“A recording next Bill. A nice quiet voice..... Any shouting and..... You know. I want you to apologise to Tasha Wallis for killing Olivia Reed. You need to also apologise for making her life a living hell. Nothing fancy, but my friend with the teeth will get upset if it doesn’t sound sincere.”

Bill looked at her with the look most of his victims must have seen, usually just before they died.

“Enjoy yourself Laura, I know you and your friends and where you all live.” He said. “I’ll be out of here soon and then I’ll visit you one night.”

“Just make the recording Bill.”

She hit the record button and surprisingly he gave her exactly what she wanted. He admitted killing Olivia and the apology sounded sincere. Even the apology to Tasha for constantly harassing her sounded genuine. Laura suddenly understood why Bill had kept Olivia’s mummified body for all those years. He really did regret killing her.

“Thank you Bill, that’s perfect.” She said.

“You people think you’re so clever. You’ll see, once I get out of here. Keep looking over your shoulder Laura Selway.”

She badly wanted to rip his throat out, but the death had to look like prisoner on prisoner violence. She touched the arm of her devourer.

“Quiet, it needs to be done quietly..... Snap his neck.”

William Jarrold hardly had time to look surprised, before he was killed. Her devourer was still crouched over the body, waiting for orders.

“You’ve done very well.” She told him. “You can go now.”

One last thing to do before she left, actually two. Laura risked the flash again and took a picture of Bill’s dead body. A little gruesome, but Tasha would probably like to see it. Then there was getting rid of any forensic evidence. She hadn’t touched Bill and was happy nothing could be traced back to her. It had to look like a killing by a resident of HM Prison Belmarsh though, be it prisoner or member of staff. They’d want to make sure Bill’s remains were evidence free. Luckily there were five litre containers of bleach in the room and thanks to Dexter, the whole world knew that bleach was perfect for destroying evidence. Laura poured an entire five litres of industrial bleach over Bill and another over the floor around him.

“Goodbye Bill.”

Just as the bleach vapour was making her throat sore, Laura touched the metal disc in her side. The unpleasant vapour no longer bothered her and the gold tinge even made Bill’s body look better.

Laura walked through the wall, though out of habit she did walk around the army vehicles outside.

“Had to be ISIS.” One soldier was saying. “I saw at least seven of them, all with long beards.”

The news was already being distorted, she dreaded to think what the newspapers would have as their headlines. Probably the attack on Belmarsh would be reported as an attack by a Taliban death squad, led by some relative of Bin Laden.

Laura ignored the barking dogs, the running soldiers and the constant wail of sirens. She walked through it all unseen, heading towards her beloved SUV.

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