

London's Night Stalkers

Chapter 2 - Clara

"Not a problem Laura. I had one boyfriend who was into a bit of rough stuff. We bit lumps out of each other and shared just about all our bodily fluids. He never changed ! It's hard to turn someone, even when you want to. For a start, they need to actually die before becoming one of us."

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Clara knew Potters Bar quite well; she'd briefly worked there in the nineteen eighties. It was an easy drive north from Wood Green, mostly one long straight road. She enjoyed driving her car; the Peugeot 208 was her one luxury item in a fairly Spartan existence. Laura was being strangely silent, watching the Saturday morning crowd as they drove through Palmers Green.

"You're quiet." Said Clara. "You can ask me anything. If it's too personal I will tell you to belt up, but I won't get a moody..... I promise."

"Sorry, it's just that once I pack up my few things, that's it..... My old life will be gone, forever."

"But you hated it." Said Clara.

"I do, I mean I did.... It's just so sudden. If you emigrate it takes time to plan, but this..... Today I'm a vampire, a fucking vampire !"

Clara knew how she felt, the shock hadn't hit her for nearly two weeks.

"I cried for three solid days, almost threw myself off a cliff." She said.

"Really ?"

"Yes, then I realised it probably wouldn't kill me. We're pretty tough Laura. You'll never have to worry about being followed by muggers or molesters again."

Laura chuckled and seemed to brighten up a little.

"What do you do for money ?" Laura asked. "I'll need to find a new job of some kind."

Money, the entire world revolved around it, even the world of a newbie vampire. Clara remembered her own shock on learning that her new life wouldn't include being rich and owning a castle somewhere in Eastern Europe.

"Those bastards in Hollywood have a lot to answer for !"

Was one of Simon's favourite sayings, or rants if he was feeling particularly aggrieved.

"You'll need some kind of job." She said. "Our needs are simple though, you won't need a job that pays a huge salary."

She could see Laura looking over her almost new car. There would be more questions, lots more questions. It had taken Clara years to realise that in many ways, her new life was far more austere than being human.

"But... the house, this car.....the clothes..... I thought....."

"That we'd all build up a fortune over the centuries and be rich ? No, sorry Laura. There might be rich vampires, but I've never met any. Not that I've met that many others of our kind. We're solitary predators, highly territorial. Even pairing up like Simon and myself, is incredibly rare."

"And now we're three." Said Laura. "A poverty stricken three, by the sound of it."

"It's not that bad. Find a casual job that doesn't ask for references and a P45 and leave once they start pestering you about tax stuff. Most crap jobs will take a year or so, before they start getting weird about you signing forms for the tax man. My current job has lasted for nearly eighteen months."

“Where do you work ?”

“A hotel, quite a large one in Central London. I started off on the reception desk, but now I do all sorts of things, even organising the occasional business function. Not good money but they’ve never asked me for any form of ID.”

“That’s not what I imagined.” Said Laura.

Laura was quiet for a while, as they got caught up in the traffic at Enfield Town. Soon they were north of Enfield, most of the road signs now showing Potters Bar.

“Does Simon work in a hotel ?” Asked Laura.

“He did once I think, years ago. Simon has done lots of jobs; he was even a beggar for a few years.”

“A beggar ?!”

Laura was looking at her in disbelief. Of course the girl was smitten, everyone carried a torch for the one who’d turned them. Good to let her see that Simon wasn’t the kind of vampire portrayed in teen movies, not by a long way.

“He was good at it.” She said. “Simon made a lot of money begging, all in cash. Now he works in telesales, getting people to sign up for mobile phones.”

That thoroughly burst her illusions. Sparkly vampires on TV never seemed to need a job and certainly never one in telesales. Laura said little for the rest of the journey.

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Simon was up and dressed when the phone rang. Not his mobile, but the landline that they rarely used. It took him a second to work out what was making the ringing noise, though he recognised the number coming up on the tiny screen.

“Hi Anthony.”

Anthony Jordan, his boss. A large and constantly cheery black guy, who owned the sales company he worked for. Always Anthony, never Tony ! The cheery attitude covered a steel interior. Anthony had once fired a guy for reading the situations vacant column over his lunchtime sandwich.

“Are you busy tonight ? Got anything planned ?”

“Sorry Anthony. Normally I’d love an extra shift, but I’m shattered.”

“No, nothing like that. We’re having a bit of a do for Nicola’s birthday and I thought you might like to come along. Bring your girlfriend, be nice to meet her.”

Simon didn’t want to upset Anthony, but he liked to keep things compartmentalised. Work was work, no one there even knew Clara’s name. He was a bit of a mystery man, Anthony had even made a bit of a game out of it.

“He seems to think I’m a gangster on the run or something.” He’d once told Clara.

Now it seemed, Anthony wanted to know a little more about his star salesman.

“Normally I’d love to, but Clara is out. We’ve someone staying with us for a while and.....”

“Bring them too !” Anthony shouted down the phone. “Is it a relative or something ?”

Crap ! Anthony was on a roll. He’d have to go, or he might not have a job on Monday. No one ever said no to Anthony when he really wanted something. The problem was separating what he really wanted from the nonstop banter.

“Yeah, Laura is a cousin. Not mine, Clara’s cousin.”

“So, Laura eh, is she alright ?”

By alright, he meant is she hot. Did Nicola know half the things her husband got up to ? Probably not and Simon didn’t really care.

“Look Anthony, they’re both out right now. I can’t guarantee.....”

“Nicola will be disappointed if you don’t come Simon. Get my drift ?”

He got the drift. Anthony had paid him an extra fifteen hundred pounds bonus the previous month, in cash. It wasn't a job he wanted to walk away from, not yet anyway. There was always a working pen and paper near the phone. Clara was good at things like that.

"Fine Anthony, give me an address?"

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Parking wasn't too bad in Laura's street; her neighbours were probably out shopping. All large old houses, most with rows of doorbell buttons next to the front door. Houses of multiple occupation, Clara had lived in a few, usually grubby hallways and ridiculous rents. Laura opened a gate and walked towards one of the better looking houses.

"It looks nice." Said Clara.

"Only three flats and I never see the neighbours."

There were even four plant pots next to the door, full of geraniums that had seen better days. The paintwork on the front door was peeling, but there weren't that many signs of neglect. Clara had lived in far worse places. Laura was on the middle floor, her door painted a cheerful shade of blue. The usual Yale lock that wouldn't stop even an inept burglar and they were in Laura's flat. One large room really, with a small separate bathroom. It was clean though.

"I think there's a few cans of stuff in the fridge." Said Laura. "I'll begin packing my things."

Clara quite liked being nosy, but there was so little personal stuff in the flat. An old Panasonic TV that had probably come with the flat. No pictures of relatives, no childhood toys claiming a chair in the corner. Even her bed looked like a guy lived there. No throw blankets, nothing feminine to soften hard edges.

"Simon would love this place." She said.

It wasn't meant as a compliment. There were books laid out in a few places, the only personal things she'd found. A few thrillers and quite a few other tatty paperbacks, mostly Sci-Fi. It looked like Laura's books came exclusively from the local charity shop.

"Do you have a box?" Asked Clara. "I'll box up your books."

"Yes, folded up. Down the side of the wardrobe."

Clara folded the cardboard carefully. No tape for the bottom, she'd have to carry it carefully. Laura owned quite a few paperbacks once she'd begun looking for them. The box was nearly full when Simon called her.

"Hi, you'll love Laura's book collection, lots of Sci-Fi."

"Great. Look..... Anthony called, my boss. His wife has a birthday party tonight and we're invited."

"I didn't think you knew him that well."

"I don't, hardly know him at all really. He invited Laura too, after I told him she was your cousin."

He was asking her if she'd go and being useless at it. His only plus and it was a big plus, was that he never assumed she'd say yes to things.

"Is it important?"

"Yes, no one ever says no to Anthony. Not unless they fancy finding a new job."

"Ok, I'll tell Laura."

Laura had heard it all of course, it wasn't that big a room.

"Are we going to a party?" She asked.

"Yes, Simon's boss just invited all of us. It might be fun and who knows, you might get to find out what sex as a vampire is like."

Laura was blushing and a vampire blushing was a rare sight. There was a twinkle in her eyes though.

"How about kissing though..... I mean is there a danger of..... you know?!"

“Pregnancy ?”

“Clara, stop teasing. You know what I mean. Supposing I bite a guy, by accident.”

“Not a problem Laura. I had one boyfriend who was into a bit of rough stuff. We bit lumps out of each other and shared just about all our bodily fluids. He never changed ! It’s hard to turn someone, even when you want to. For a start, they need to actually die before becoming one of us.”

Laura was blushing again, really going bright red and looking awkward.

“Look, if you want to bring a human guy to the house it’s ok.” Said Clara. “Just let us know. There are alphabet letters on the fridge. Put the ‘H’ right at the top of the door and we’ll all know to be on our best behaviour. And stop blushing !”

Everything was packed, three assorted and battered old suitcases and a box of books. Clara decided that Laura needed a little nudge towards being less.....honest.

“Is this everything ?” She asked. “We did come in a hatchback. A lot can go in the back.”

“Yes, everything else was here when I arrived.”

“Do you like any of it..... Anything you’d like to take ?”

Damn it, Laura was giving her a blank look. Had the girl been brought up by nuns or something ?

“You probably paid a deposit that you’ll never get back. Think of it as taking your deposit in kind.”

“Oh yes, I see what you mean. So no leaving a forwarding address ? Of course not, sorry. I’m being awfully dense about all this.”

“Just write a quick note that you had to leave and put the keys on top of it.” Said Clara. “Then we slam the door and you never come back here..... Ever ! Now, is there anything here you want in-lieu of your deposit ?”

Laura quickly unplugged the bedside lamp, rolling its cable up, looking pleased with herself. Great, she was finally learning there were upsides to being on the fringes of human society.

“Good.” Said Clara. “What they think of as dishonest, we think of as survival. Anything else ? We can both carry quite a bit.”

“Well.... I do quite like the bedside cabinet.”

By the time they were in the car, the back was fairly full. All second hand bits and pieces, but all reminders of Laura’s old home. Simon never seemed to need ‘things,’ but Clara did and she suspected that Laura did too.

“Ok, do you fancy a late lunch on the way back ?” Asked Clara.

“Can we go to where I worked first ? I have the keys.”

“No problem, just tell me where to go. Helping ourselves to a laptop and a box full of pens are we ?”

Laura laughed, but at least she no longer blushed at the thought of raiding her old workplace.

“No, really no. If I leave the keys and note that’s it. My old life is over and finished with.”

It wasn’t far to the office block where Laura had worked. There was a car park at the back of the building and Laura had a key for the gate. Through a side door and they were in the offices of Martin & Jones, Lawyers.

“There is no Jones.” Said Laura. “I think he made that up to sound better. Just Stuart Martin, my old boss and he’s not really a proper solicitor. Nearly all the work is conveyancing and he makes a mess of that.”

“Sounds like you really hated him ?”

“He’s a complete bastard ! I’ll write on his blotter and leave the keys on his desk.”

Three offices and one long corridor, there wasn’t much to see. Clara watched, as Laura covered Stuart Martin’s desk blotter in insults.

“Do we need the keys to get out ?” Asked Clara.

“No, the door just slams shut and I left the car park gate open.”

Laura stood for a moment, reading the many insults she'd left for Stuart to read. She then disconnected his laptop from the network and placed it in its bag.

“Clara, I think you're a good influence on me.”

“Anything else you want to take ? The copier is a bit big, but anything else ?”

“No, the laptop will do.”

Laura pulled its power cord from the wall and took that too. No looking in other offices, no last minute wander around where she'd worked for several years. Laura dumped the keys on the blotter and they left the office. Clara had the back of her car open, finding a safe spot for the laptop bag, when a large Lexus hurtled into the car park.

“Crap ! It's Stuart.” Said Laura.

For some reason Clara had pictured him as a large man, yet in reality he was short and wiry. Dressed in a suit, even on a Saturday, he launched himself from his car. Stuart hurtled across the car park, almost incandescent with rage.

“You !” He yelled. “Do you know how much trouble you've caused me ?”

Clara noted that the question was obviously rhetorical, as Stuart barely stopped ranting long enough to take a breath.

“I can't follow your filing system Laura ! One of our best clients is talking about going elsewhere.

After I gave you a chance ! What an ungrateful bitch !”

Everything might have ended differently, if he hadn't recognised his laptop bag and seen that her car was full of various odds and ends. True none of those had come from his office, but he wasn't to know that. Laura had been turned into a victim again, lowering her head and mumbling an apology.

“Stealing now !” Shouted Stuart. “You can come back into the office, while I call the police.”

Clara automatically checked over everywhere she went. CCTV, other exits, places nosy neighbours might lurk. The car park was neglected and overgrown with weeds in places. A quiet Saturday afternoon, it was unlikely any other people were in the offices. A place where no one had bothered to install a security camera, which pleased her. Clara didn't like Stuart and she'd made up her mind to deal with him. She grabbed him, spinning him around like a toy, ignoring his protests.

“What the hell !? I'm well known in Potters Bar.” He yelled. “This is assault and you will go to jail.”

Clara had lost track of how many humans she'd fed on. Once she'd kept count, until the number no longer interested her. She was good at controlling flailing arms, knowing that Stuart Martin was no threat to either of them. She pushed him forward, shoving his head to one side, exposing his neck towards Laura.

“You need a first kill, it might as well be this bastard.” She said.

Laura held back, obviously still wary of the man who'd bullied her for years.

“Feed Laura ! Think of every time he touched you, every time he bullied you, every nasty insult.”

Strangely it was rare to watch another vampire feed, especially in daylight. Clara had once watched Simon drain a man of blood, but that had been at dusk. Laura didn't seem surprised when her fangs fell into place. It was as though instinct told her the precise place to bite Stuart.

“No, no, please.... NO !”

Stuart screamed as he felt the sharp fangs penetrate his neck and then his veins. He quickly became silent, their victims always became submissive once the fangs entered a vein. Maybe an injected nerve toxin, maybe something in the saliva of a feeding vampire. No one knew for sure of course, no one seemed to know anything for sure.

“Every drop Laura. It feels too much for you, but your body can take it all in, every last drop of blood. It will taste bitter when his heart stops.”

At first she helped Laura hold Stuart, but backed away once it was obvious that Laura didn't need her help. Their eyes became greener while they fed, another mystery about their physiology. Eventually Laura shuddered a little and dropped the lifeless body.

“You'll learn how to anticipate their death, to avoid the bitter taste.” Said Clara.

They were tidy feeders, if everything went well. There was blood on Stuart's shirt and a little on his neck, but barely two drop had fallen onto the gravel of the car park. Feeding seemed to intoxicate for a few minutes. Clara picked up the body, putting it in the trunk of the Lexus, giving Laura a chance to recover from her feeding euphoria.

“It's good isn't it ? Nothing is ever quite as good as that first kill.”

“That was..... So good ! How often do I need to feed ?”

“It varies, you'll get used to your own needs. I feed about once a fortnight.”

Laura seemed almost mesmerised by the few drops of blood on the ground. Clara remembered her first kill, the wonderful taste of hot blood, the way every drop seemed so precious.

“Doesn't anyone miss them ?” Asked Laura.

“A quarter of a million people go missing every year in Britain. Stuart Martin will just become one on a very long list. Some are found, or turn up years later, but the vast majority are never seen again. Very few are down to us, there aren't that many of us.”

“But we always kill ?”

“Yes, every time. No mercy Laura, ever ! You can't leave someone alive, who knows your true nature. Do you understand ?”

Laura was shaking her head, as if trying to wake up.

“Yes, I understand and I had guessed that. It's just that.....”

“You feel as though you've just downed four measures of vodka.”

“Yes, exactly.”

“That will pass, just give it a few minutes.”

Clara tidied the back of her car, making sure that all of Laura's possessions were likely to reach Wood Green in one piece. It took about ten minutes, for Laura to lose the bright green tint from her eyes.

“You say it will never be quite that good again ?” Asked Laura.

“No, but you'll hope it will be..... Every time you feed.”

“It sounds like an addiction.”

“Simon says that everything enjoyable becomes a kind of addiction. Now, we need to leave. Can you drive ?”

“Yes, passed my test when I was eighteen.”

“Good, you can drive my car back to the house. Simon will help you get everything out of the back. I'll dispose of the late Mr Martin and his car.”

Laura was looking disappointed, her face was still so easy to read. That would change, after a few decades of being a vampire.

“You promised to tell me how to dispose of bodies.” Said Laura.

“I did and I will, but not today. It is important for you to know how, so I will show you soon, promise.”

She hugged Laura for a few moments, something that would have amused Simon. It felt appropriate though.

"We're sisters now." Said Clara. "I will keep my promises."

"I know."

Clara handed her car keys to Laura.

"Ok drive my car home and don't dent it !"

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It took Clara three hours to do what needed to be done and get an Uber car home. An expense she hadn't really needed or wanted to run up on her one and only credit card. Bank accounts, credit cards, any form of ID, were all becoming a nightmare to obtain. No one looking for vampires of course, just a world paranoid about terrorists and money laundering. They'd actually bought a bottle of champagne, the day the UK had given up on the idea of ID cards.

"Clara, come and look at my room." Said Laura. "Simon just grunts at me, but I know you'll give me an honest opinion."

She felt angry at Laura; even though she knew it was unjustified. They could have handled her boss differently, defused the situation and left him alive. Feeding was always so much fun though and Laura had needed her first kill. Now there was a very real chance that the police would want to interview Laura Selway, his legal secretary. They'd deal with it, as they'd dealt with other problems in the past. Clara forced a smile; it really hadn't been Laura's fault.

"Come on then, show me." She said. "I hope you got Simon to lug the heavy stuff about ?"

"Some of it, but he became bored after I wanted the wardrobe moved again."

"The eighth time she wanted it moved." Yelled Simon from the kitchen.

It was a large room, two large old sash windows and a good view of their neglected garden. Even with the curtains half closed, it looked transformed from being their old guest room. Not that they had many guests.

"Oh wow Laura, it's..... Gorgeous !"

The room now looked soft and feminine. It looked like the bedroom of an ordinary girl in her early twenties. Laura had even owned some LED lights amongst her bits and pieces and they were strung in a zig zag pattern behind the bed.

"I'm so glad you like it, Simon just muttered and wandered off."

"Yep, he does that a lot. I do like what you've done with the room."

Laura had just been turned, it was obvious that she'd still feel and act like a twenty four year old, for a while. Clara felt old. No not old, ancient and they were different things entirely. She'd recently been moaning about money worries with a woman at work.

"Give your parents a call. Nothing quite like the bank of mum and dad." The woman had said.

That comment had surprised her, actually made her wander out into the hotel grounds for a quiet moment. Most women who looked her age did have parents, but hers had been dead for over five hundred years. At work she usually felt normal, but not that day.

"Simon says the party is in Essex." Said Laura.

"Yes, he once mentioned Anthony having a large house near Thorpe-le-Soken. Quite a drive, I'd better shower and dig out a posh frock."

"I don't mind driving, if you want to drink." Said Laura.

"No, I'm used to being sober at these things. Simon helped buy the car, but he doesn't drive."

"Not ever ?"

"Not our Simon, he's not at all mechanical. The last thing he drove was a horse drawn waggon over the old London Bridge."

Laura laughed until she realised the remark hadn't been a joke. The laugh became an awkward cough, as she opened her wardrobe. It seemed to contain two distinct areas. Nice but boring clothes for work and black stuff for going out. The majority of the black stuff consisted of jeans and tops.

"I probably have a little black dress that'll fit you." Said Clara.

"Is that ok ? I don't get to many parties, or any parties... really."

"Come on then, you look through party clothes, while I shower."

Laura had chosen a room on the third floor and their bedroom was on the second. That was nice, it gave them all a bit of privacy. Clara hadn't added much in the way of a feminine touch to the room, but she did have a decent collection of expensive dresses. She threw open the wardrobe door.

"Most were presents from various guys." She said. "The best stuff is from my bad boy period, even a few bits of Versace. Grab anything you like."

Her bad boy period had been while living with Simon, but she'd let Laura work that out for herself. Their relationship was fairly open, as long as it wasn't with others of their kind. Laura was off limits to both of them. Clara was used to leaving the bathroom door ajar and didn't feel a need to begin closing it.

"Wow, this really is Versace." Shouted Laura. "Can I really borrow it ?"

"Try it on Laura. If it fits it's yours, for keeps."

Squeals of delight from her bedroom as Clara had a quick shower. She got out and looked in the mirror as she dried herself. She'd only met one really old vampire female and she'd had lines around her eyes. Clara thought she must have had them when she'd been turned. Her own face was still flawless, perfect as when she'd been twenty. Her hair bothered her, but all women seemed to exist in a love hate relationship with their hair. The colour of rust, she'd often covered it in wigs, but Simon loved her red hair. More squeals from the other room.

"Clara ! Can I borrow these too ?"

Dry but still naked, Clara put her head round the bathroom door. Laura looked sensational in the little black dress. She'd also found a pair of heels, that fitted perfectly.

"Wow you have got good legs ! The shoes are yours, as is the dress. Not borrowed, consider them a moving in gift. Just remember the signal though, I can see you getting lucky tonight."

Was it that kind of party ? She hadn't asked Simon, he wouldn't have a clue anyway. Supposing every other woman was in jeans and T shirts ? Didn't matter really, Anthony didn't seem the sort of guy to moan about them both showing up in tight black dresses. Clara left the bathroom to dig through her underwear drawer.

"What is the most important thing to remember ?" She asked Laura.

"Erm... not to kill anyone ?"

"I was going to say have fun, but not killing people is important too."

~ ~

The satnav in her car happily accepted the postcode for Anthony's house and just as happily directed them to a broken gate in Essex. It was dark and they been told they'd reached their destination, yet all that the car's headlights illuminated, was a dilapidated gate and a field.

"I'll call him," said Simon, "we can't be that far off course."

Anthony laughed for a long time, she could hear his voice booming out of Simon's phone. It appeared the gate was famous, they even had a framed picture of it on their kitchen wall. Clara just felt sorry that Anthony wasn't likely to fit their rules about who to feed on.

"Second turning to the left and next one on the right..... Says we can't miss it." Said Simon.

Turnings seemed to have a different meaning in rural Essex. They missed the unmade track and had to turn around once. Eventually they arrived at a large house with every light turned on in every window. There was a parking area full of expensive and rather flashy cars.

"We've definitely found the right place." She said.

"We only have to stay a couple of hours." Said Simon.

"Ohhh, I'm hoping it'll be fun. I've never been to anything like this before." Said Laura.

The bass beat hit them as soon as they left the car, it had to be rattling tooth fillings in the house.

Clara instantly regretted not playing the 'women's problems' card to get out of coming.

"It'll be fun Clara." Said Simon. "Remember Vienna?"

She had to smile, that had started off as a disaster and ended up as one of the best nights of her very long life.

"What happened in Vienna?" Asked Laura.

"You're too young. I'll tell you when you reach two hundred."

No one could have heard the doorbell for the music, but the door was open anyway. They were pointed toward the back of the house, people mouthing 'Anthony' at them. They found Anthony and Nicola, holding court in a large conservatory.

"I can hear myself think in here." Said Anthony. "Awful noise the DJ is playing, but the youngsters seem to like it."

"So you must this Clara we know nothing at all about." Said Nicola.

Clara assumed the woman sat next to Anthony was his wife, as there had been no proper introductions.

"Sorry, Nicola!" Said Simon. "Where are my manners? This is Clara and her cousin Laura."

Anthony liked Laura, she could tell by his eyes almost coming out on stalks. The Versace dress was a bit too tight for Laura, but that just added to its appeal.

"You must tell me all about yourself?" Said Nicola.

Clara instantly hated the woman, until she completely redeemed herself.

"But only after I've shown you around and made sure you all have a drink."

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About four in the morning and Clara felt hot, clammy and dehydrated. Not that she was complaining, they were all caused by two hours of sensational sex. There were times when she wondered if Simon was the great love of her life, her soul mate, or just a habit. Then they'd have a night of sex when the earth seemed to move and she was certain it was love.

"Or I'm just the horniest bitch on the planet." She muttered.

She wandered through the house naked, enjoying the cool air on her skin. Simon always made her sweat, she could feel it evaporating off her back. Her feet had even left damp tracks across the kitchen floor tiles. Crap! If it wasn't love she didn't care, if it meant centuries of great sex. No, not great, the best sex she'd ever had in her five hundred or so years as a vampire. She reached the refrigerator, eager to get at anything cold and liquid.

"Oh Laura, you naughty girl."

Clara was quite shocked to see the letter 'H' right at the top of the door. They'd left her at the party, dancing with a guy built like a rugby fullback. Nicola had offered to make sure Laura had a bed for the night, even if it was just a blanket on a sofa. Now it looked as though their new housemate had decided to get a lift home. The fullback?

Clara wasn't normally a voyeur, but she was curious about who Laura was entertaining. She'd seemed too sweet to indulge in casual carnal pleasure, too green. Laura had her new vampire

hearing now and the stairs creaked in several places. Clara had to be nosy though and listening at the door might give her some clues. She crept like a cat, up the stairs and past the bedroom where Simon was waiting for her. On up another flight of stairs, most of her weight on her arms and the banisters. Excitement as she realised Laura's bedroom door was half open.

The white LED lights were still on, illuminating the bed. Clara carefully moved forward, putting her face round the door. She hoped the couple in the room would be too busy to notice her and they were. A bottom, a hairy male bottom, moving up and down, while Laura moaned. His bottom was illuminated by the lights as it rose, something Clara found amusing. Laura was breathing in those little gasps, which meant she was really having a good time. Clara watched and listened for two or three minutes, before carefully returning to the kitchen. She took a carton of orange juice back to their bedroom.

"I saw you go past the door." Said Simon. "Why are you spying on Laura?"

"She's entertaining..... The fullback with the ginger hair."

"What?! Wow, I didn't expect that. The night after I saved her from being tortured to death and our girl is enjoying a little fornication. I don't think we have to worry about her suffering from any long term trauma."

They shared the juice, knowing there was unfinished business between them. When the sex was really good, it lasted right through to dawn, maybe beyond.

"We need to ask her about her attacker Simon." She said. "Maybe not now, but in a few days time. Did she know him? Even if he just chose her at random, we need to know a few details."

"She's not traumatised by it, any of it." Said Simon. "Maybe she should be? She told me about feeding on her old boss, revelling in it. We can ask her about her attacker tomorrow if you like, but I think you're looking for an excuse to take her to see Isaac Laquedem."

Damn! He always knew when she was leading up to something. It had been a year since they'd driven north to see Daniel. At times she felt a need to see Daniel and Laura had given her an excuse.

"Don't call him that Simon, you know it upsets him, he isn't even Jewish."

"Ahhh our wandering Jew is a gentile. That well and truly screws all the prophecies."

She laughed, Simon could always turn her anger to laughter.

"Upset him and he won't let you in again!" She said. "I might not be able to talk him into letting you into the house next time."

"He never lets anyone in! I think you're the only person in the world he actually likes."

There was some truth in that, Daniel was more than a little eccentric. He'd lived on the same smallholding near Aberdeen for a good three hundred years and rarely saw anyone. Not a vampire, but incredibly ancient. Daniel was another one of those things that no one really knew about.

"He knows about us Simon, more than we know ourselves. He can probably answer a lot of Laura's questions and tell us if she really is a bit..... Special."

"Fine, but give her a couple of months to settle in to her new life. And you need to warn her about Daniel, get her prepared."

"Warn her?"

"Oh come on Clara. I know he saved your life when you were a kid, but he's so ancient he doesn't even look like proper people. I'm sure his parents lived in caves and made stone tools."

She was angry and laughing at the same time. Daniel meant a lot to her, but he did look quite strange.

"Fine I'll warn her! So we're going then, in a couple of months?" She asked.

"Yes, Anthony owes me a week off and I promise to be nice to Daniel."

“Roll onto your back.”

He deserved a reward and a little punishment. Clara began to use her hand on his dick, her fingers gently caressing his balls on the down stroke. She leant over him, blowing gently, but not using her lips. Not yet, she'd wait until his dick was so hard, that it was driving him crazy. The end so engorged with blood that it was turning purple. Then and only then, would she use her lips.

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