Synopsis

The Borough areas of London, near the bridge. George is with Soula, Elektra, Melody, Fleur, Susan and Michael at a pavement cafe. A truck starts driving into pedestrians. George, Soula and Elektra stop it and capture the terrorists.

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Car crash sounds and screams. Too distant for ordinary humans to hear. One table at an outdoor cafe, every ear pricked up. The first was currently known as George Kominos, Greek looking, early thirties, black hair that fell nearly to his shoulders, three day stubble, dressed all in black, including a black broad brimmed leather hat, and mirror sunshades. Three hundred year old master vampire and day walker. Next to him was Soula, currently Soula Kominos, flame red hair caught in a braid that descended past her shoulders, pale skin, blue eyes, clad in green slacks and matching top. Looked about twenty five, except she was George’s number one human servant, possessed of similar powers to George himself, and older than him. On George’s other side was Elektra, currently Elektra Kominos, a blue eyed blonde who looked about twenty. Her long hair fell in waves past her shoulders, held in place with jewelled combs, and she wore medium blue slacks and matching top. She was George’s number two human servant, perhaps fifteen years younger than George. Next to Soula sat Melody Waters, milk pale skin, raven black hair, leaf green eyes. She wore brown slacks and a leaf green top, there was silver wire bound into her locks, dividing her tresses into nine braids of shoulder length. Her ears were pointy, denoting her pure Fae blood, though the braids hid most of this. She appeared to be in her mid twenties, though this was quite deceiving. Next to Elektra sat Fleur Kominos, seemingly seventeen, with shoulder length auburn hair, milk pale skin and sky blue eyes. She seemed mature for her age, but quite human, though that was deceiving. No one at the table was sure what she was really, except that George had found her thirty years ago as a homeless young child who was producing flames from her finger tips, and invited her home. His women had adopted her, and subsequently they’d all met Melody when they sent Fleur to school. Fleur was wearing a white top and dark blue slacks. Next to Fleur was Michael, and next to him was Susan, his partner. Michael was slim with brown hair and eyes, dressed in a faded denim shirt, faded jeans and sneakers. Susan was blonde, hair cut in a bob, with blue eyes, pale skin with heavy makeup, a blue top that was the same design as Fleur’s and the same colour as Elektra’s, designer dark blue jeans and sneakers. All the others were wearing comfortable walking shoes.

“Sounds like trouble.” George remarked. “I’ll take a look.” He was gone, flying through the air with all the speed and stealth a master vampire could manage. Soula and Elektra were after him almost as fast.

“They might need my help.” Melody remarked. “Fleur, mind the table, please.”

Susan looked at Michael, who nodded. “Fleur, we should go as well. After all, we are trained nurses.” Susan said.

“So are George, Soula and Elektra. Don’t be long.” Fleur replied.

George reached the disturbance first. A massive truck had smashed through the concrete bollards and was now driving through the pedestrians, mowing them down. Many would be dead, others critically injured. He felt for the minds of those in the truck. Three, four, five. Number five was dangerous. George clamped down on all of them.

*We have to lift the truck!* Soula’s voice dinned into his mind.

*Ready* Elektra replied.

*Now!* The truck rose three meters into the air, still travelling at around fifty miles per hour.

*It’s a bomb!* George though to the others. *There’s a guy in the back ready to trigger it with a mobile phone. I have them all.*

*I’m on it!* Came Melody’s thoughts. *I’m creating* ... the truck smashed full tilt into an invisible barrier that crumpled the cabin. *... a wall! It should contain any explosion.*

Two heads flew through the truck windscreen. Not dead, but dying, their brains pulped. George felt the steering wheel crush the driver’s chest. *I won’t let you die yet.* George held the man’s chest and heart in his mind, healing them. *You’re going to sing to the authorities.*

Soula and Elektra chased people out from underneath the truck, then settled it on the ground. George turned his attention to man number five, the one holding the mobile phone. He was battered, his arm broken, the phone dropped. *Where is the bomb detonator?*

*There. The other mobile phone. Mohammed can set it off remotely.* Laughter.

George stepped up his control, feeling the man shriek in terror. *I am the predator, I control your mind, and your body.* Some third force was fighting back, but George crushed it, sending it whimpering into the darkness. *Remove the battery.*

The man’s fingers obeyed George’s will, and pried the battery loose. The bomb was still live, but the mobile phones would not detonate it. There was a button somewhere near the phone that could be pressed to detonate the bomb, but George’s clamp of the surviving three meant that none of them could move.

*George, the police and ambulances are arriving.* Soula thought to him. *Get the survivors out, and move back.*

*The driver’s pinned, but I healed him, he’ll live, and talk. There’s two in the back that are injured. I’ll push them out. Did either of you feel that dark force fighting back?*

George levitated the two and had them fall hard on the pavement. *Sleep for fifteen minutes.*

He moved back, spun to look at the swathe of dead and dying the truck had left. *Help me heal them.* He wouldn’t cure them, they would still have injuries, but the living would no longer die. His mind spread out across the crowd, touching all the injured, all the dying. There was a limit to his power, even when all his human servants bolstered him. Seventy, eighty people. Could he do this? *Live, all of you. You will not die because of this.*

The surge of power left him weak. He would have fallen if Melody hadn’t caught him. Soula and Elektra came up arm in arm, staggering as if they were drunk. “The others are weak too. You need to feed, we can get you hidden and do that.” Soula said.

“Your power will come back, and ours will too.” Elektra added. “Let’s get the others and get away from here.”

“They’ll evacuate everyone as soon as they realise the truck is booby trapped.” Melody said as they walked away. “There was some demon interfering with us, but you ladies chased it away.”

“That is the demon that has stalked George the whole time he’s been a vampire.” Soula replied. “We human servants keep it at bay. The more we are, the better job we can do.”

“We keep his soul safe.” Elektra added. “One day he will be free. We promised you that.” She managed a grin.

They returned to the table where Fleur was waiting. “Your coffees have gone cold. You should order more.” Fleur told them.

“Not much point.” Melody relied. “There’s a huge truck bomb, George deactivated it, but they’ll evacuate the entire area in a few minutes. Susan and Michael are on their way.” The women sat.

“That’s not good. Many hurt? How many dead?”

“About fifteen dead, not including the attackers.” George sat heavily, slurped what was left of his coffee. “Maybe eighty injured, but they are no longer critical. We did a healing on all of them.”

“Wow. I didn’t realise you could heal so many at once. No wonder you are tired.”

Soula, Elektra and Melody were wolfing down cake and coffee or tea. “George needs to feed.” Soula said. “We’ll go home as soon as Susan and Michael get here.”

Susan and Michael arrived. Michael sat and sculled his tea, Susan stood and did the same. “The police are evacuating the area, we have to go. Melody, did you do something to heal the victims? I had a young girl bleeding to death, and the bleeding stopped suddenly and she regained consciousness. Something similar happened to Michael. Any of you need wipes? I still have some left.”

“George did the healing.” Melody explained. “We didn’t touch anyone, so we’re clean. Drink up, we have to get George home.”

“Will he be all right? How did he do a healing?”

“I’m a physician.” George replied. “I’ve used my powers to heal people ever since I became a vampire. If I pass out, cover me from the sun. It might destroy me in my weakened state.”

“Will you recover?” Susan asked, talking over a nearby bullhorn.

George slumped as if he were drunk. Elektra wrapped him in a thin dark blanket she took from her handbag, and lifted him into her arms. Soula made sure he was completely covered, then bared her arm, thrusting it into George’s face. “I’ll feed him now. George, can you bite?”

“He’s stopped moving.” Elektra said. “Try a knife.”

By now everyone was standing, and the bullhorn was screaming at them to run away.

“See us not.” Soula said. She pulled a small knife from her handbag and made an incision in the crook of her elbow. Blood trickled onto George’s lips, and he licked hungrily.

“Are we invisible?” Michael asked. The police officer with the bullhorn walked past them, two others darted into the cafe, but everyone ignored them.

“Soula and I are cloaking all of us.” Elektra replied. “Soula, are you all right to walk?”

“Just wait a minute. I need to widen this.” She plied the knife again, and the trickle became a small river. George’s mouth clamped over the wound, sucking greedily.

“Does that hurt?” Susan asked.

“It does, because he can’t dull the pain in this state. But I know what to do. I would prefer if we stand here, but we might need to rescue our cars soon. Let’s walk slowly. In step Elektra.”

“I’ll feed him when we reach the car. Fleur, you may have to drive us. None of us are in a fit state to drive.” The two of them set off in a slow march, in step.

When they reached the car, George was bundled into the back seat, his head on Elektra’s lap, his legs on Soula’s lap. Soula pressed a finger over her wound while Elektra used a similar knife to open her vein. Fleur got in the driver’s seat, while Melody went with Susan and Michael to her car.

Melody was worried about George, but she told herself he was in expert hands. These two women had kept him alive and sane for over three hundred years, and they were confident he would recover under their ministrations to day. She started the engine, and set off home.

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