

The Vampires of Cymru

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This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. The characters are productions of the author's imagination and used fictitiously.



Prologue

Near to the ancient fortress of Chapeltown, the remains of a house built in the 5th century AD lay buried and long forgotten. However, all that remained of it by the 6th century was its cellar, originally used as a hiding place for the original family to hide away in, should raiders ever come their way, as they did one fateful day when they destroyed the house and killed the menfolk and enslaved the women and children. The only other signs that the house had ever existed were the marks left by the postholes that had once supported a thatched roof, of the walls, constructed of wood, straw and mud, nothing remained. Within the cellar, constructed out of stones by a hard-working Celtic husband, just months before his death, workmen had been hard at work. The stone walls of the cellar had been rendered over, its earthen floor paved with slabs of local stone and slabs of stones replaced the original wooden ceiling. A small room was constructed in one of the corners of the cellar, its two new walls also being built out of stone. Finally, and most strangely, all of its inner surfaces were lined with the wood from the hawthorn tree. To ensure that the wooden door did not rot, its exterior had been lined with lead, brought from the mines in Somerset, for this was no home for a Celtic family, but a prison for those who had come from Hell to prey on the locals, to terrorise, to feed upon, and finally, to kill them.

The prison was intended for two male and two female vampires, the older male was a hairy bestial creature with talons instead of finger nails, brown in colour and resembling a demonic gorilla. The bodies of two of the other vampires had belonged to human beings once, however, the older male vampire had preyed upon them, and turned the two females in to vampires. Adonis, the younger male, had been turned in to a vampire by one of the two female vampires, she was named Mystica, and so the elder male, Julius, was the grandsire of the younger male. The original souls of the three human bodies had been replaced by a demon one, from Hell, however, the three vampires had retained the human looks of their hosts.

Before being taken to their new home, their hands and feet were bound, to protect their captors from their sharp finger nails, and of course their teeth, while they were carried down to the cellar. The sun was showing signs of rising as they arrived at their destination, a priest was leading the others in prayer even as the vampires were thrown in to the cellar where they were to be imprisoned for eternity, in a torment that would prove to be more painful to them than any future they would have endured back in Hell. As they each crashed to the floor, they screamed in pain, screams that seemed, to the local citizens, to go on for ever, for the hawthorn tree, long thought by the villagers to have power over the creatures of Hell, proved very effective against these vampires. Not even their clothing protected them against the power of the tree, a tree that was considered, by some,

to be a holy tree. Some of the braver, or maybe less imaginative, villagers were laughing as they looked down at the vampires, the others prayed to god, asking him to ensure that the four hell monsters never escaped from their jail. Finally, the door was closed and locked with slide bolts, and for extra security they moved a heavy rock against the door, however, they were not finished yet, for they then filled the rest of the cellar with soil. The vampires heard the crash of the soil as it slowly filled the cellar, their screams of pain fading away as the depth of the soil grew until finally the villagers could no longer hear them. Finally, the villagers erected a cross upon the site, now there was no way that the vampires would ever be able to escape from their prison. One man had been responsible for their capture, Myrddin, and he sighed with relief now that his task was finally completed, now he could return to a much less dangerous life than that of vampire hunter.

The human bodies of the vampires soon withered, without the fresh blood that was needed to sustain their vampiric shrivelled souls. However, these dark demonic souls survived their journey through time, one that lasted for 1500 years and more. For they were unable to pass over, to suffer again the torments waiting for them in Hell, not when the very walls, the floor and the ceiling of their prison cell had been lined with the wood of the hawthorn tree. However, one of the vampires, Mystica, who had been a mystic before being turned into a vampire, had amassed many powers during her long lifetime, both as a human and a vampire. She had been able to dull their pain, and finally to send them all into a deep trance-like sleep which lasted even when their human bodies were nothing more than skeletons amid the ruins of the house.

Chapter 1

Risen from the Ashes.

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Professor Myrddin Lewellyn was dreaming, he realised that he was very afraid, in his dream, as in his dream-state he stood by a door to what appeared to be a cellar. Inside four creatures screamed out in pain as they lay bound upon a wooden floor. He somehow knew that they were vampires and he heard himself praying. Some of the others with him were also praying, praying to god to help keep the monsters imprisoned within their prison for eternity. It was dark within the room, he could only just make out its walls, they appeared to be made of wood. Then the wooden door was closed and Myrddin saw that the outer part of the door was made out of lead. He felt the fear leave him, for he knew that he and the other people were now safe from the monsters of Hell.

He awoke with a start, he had experienced such dreams before, ones that showed him a tiny fragment of the future. Some had ended well, such as the time he had saved the life of a young woman, by grabbing her as a metal grating set in to the floor gave way beneath her. Other times he had been unable to do anything,

when the dream had not been clear until the future event happened, and the deaths that went with it. This time, his dream had only revealed the four vampires, set in the past, but he knew that he might have a second dream, one that warned him of some terrible future event, if so, he hoped that he would be able to decipher its warning.

Morticia, one of the shrivelled vampire souls that had been imprisoned within the old cellar, opened her eyes, something had woken her from her deep trance-like sleep, then she felt it, life-force, masses of it, and nearby. Her excitement rising, she immediately woke the others who, on feeling the wondrous thing, all began to talk at once. It was Julius who silenced them, he was their leader, older and more powerful than the others they instantly obeyed his call for silence.

“It matters not a jot that the world around us is filled to the brim with that which we need to bring us back to life, namely their bodies and their blood, for we can do nothing to move our private hell even an inch closer to it.” Julius said sorrowfully.

The shrivelled soul of the vampire Mystica looked at that of Julius and said.

“You are not wholly correct Julius, for if we all concentrate on one thing, then the dark lord might hear our pleas, who knows, we might even be able to coerce him into aiding us.”

Julius looked across at Mystica, he had always valued her opinion, however this time he thought that she was being overly optimistic, that or she was going insane due to her long incarceration.

“He has long forsaken us Mystica, please send us all back in to our eternal sleep from which Morticia awoke us, I beg of you, for even now the pain is becoming too much for me to bear.”

And so, one by one, they all finally drifted back into the deepest of sleeps, that is, all except Mystica, who, while battling against the terrible pain that ate away at her dark soul, stayed awake. She prayed to Lucifer, for she was sure that the dark lord had decided to help them to escape their prison. However, finally, even she sought relief from the constant pain given to each of them by the wood of the Hawthorn tree.

While the shrivelled souls of the vampires had slept, centuries had flown by, and in the 21st century a new building was being erected, and not far from the ancient fortress of Chapeltown. Beneath the building, two sub basements were being sunk, to give the owners the room that they required as the local planning department had limited the number of storeys that they were allowed to build above ground, due to its proximity to the ancient site.

As the sounds of construction reached Mystica, she woke Julius, who complained, however, she ignored his complaints and said.

“I can feel them Julius, the humans, they are so near to us now, soon we will be free of our prison, soon Julius, soon.”

Mystica now woke the others, and even Julius realised that she had been correct before, the dark lord was aiding them, at last.

“Listen my creatures of Hell; we must do nothing to bring ourselves to their attention when they open our prison door. Instead, we must wait until the night falls, then their world will belong to us, then we can leave this hell and travel abroad to find suitable victims, ones who will provide us with new bodies, only then can we feed in safety.” Julius said to Morticia, his mate, and to the other impatient shrivelled souls within their prison.

“Why must we wait Julius, we have waited for so long now.” Adonis complained. “Let`s get out of this hell as soon as the door is opened, then we can acquire new bodies and drink fresh warm blood, and live.”

“Adonis, that you will never do again, live.” Mystica said and joined in with Morticia who had begun to laugh at her words.

Julius, however, felt that the young male needed reminding who was the leader of their clan.

“You are young Adonis, so I will not slap you down for questioning my order, this time.” Julius warned. “We must wait, we cannot operate from here, for we would run the risk of a wizard capturing us, or the even the Brotherhood, the chosen ones of Lord Lucifer. If so, this time they will exterminate us, no we will bide our time and once free, we will be able to hide amongst them, and then we can feed.” Julius replied, his tone telling the others to obey or suffer the consequences.

Adonis did not consider himself young, he had enjoyed his vampire life for fifty years before they had been taken by the wizard. Adonis reckoned that his experience was at least as much as that of Julius, who he reckoned should have been put out to pasture long ago. He moved the dark soul of Mystica away from Julius and his mate, and whispered to her.

“Our brave and wise leader led us into a disaster Mystica, we lost all our clan except for the four of us, and he thinks that he is going to lead us again. Maybe this time he wants to complete his disastrous leadership and send the remainder of his clan down to Hell, namely us.” Adonis said.

“Now is not the time Adonis, he is much older than we are, and wiser than us.” Mystica said for she still trusted Julius to lead them.

Adonis looked at his mate in wonder, how could she even think such a thing. However, he knew that this was not the time to get into an argument, later though; he would create a job opportunity for a new leader of their much-reduced clan, this he swore to do. In any case, there was a greater danger facing them, he had to find a way to destroy the Brotherhood, demons who had consigned him and the other vampires to an eternity of pain within their prison. The Brotherhood was sure to be still around, seducing the humans in to committing acts of cruelty and devilry, while the denizens of Hell watched, along with their master, Lord Lucifer. It was because of the Brotherhood that the vampires had been almost wiped out, for at one time Lucifer had looked favourably on the vampire, then he turned his attentions to the Brotherhood, and vampire star had waned.

The Brotherhood were immortal spirits who lived within a host`s body, after expelling its rightful owner, much as the vampire did. They seldom procreated with each other, so the Brotherhood only increased at a very slow rate. Normally, they had human children, and, could even rear one of them to act as a suitable replacement host for the time when the one they were using grew too old and

feeble or died. They then left their current host's body and entered the body of another human, one that was destined to be amongst the leaders of the world, in either politics, the law or business. As soon as the authorities woke to the realisation that vampires had returned to feed upon humans, the vampires knew that the Brotherhood would attempt to hunt them down.

It was mid-July, the mid-day sun was beating down upon the heads of the construction workers when they found what was thought to be an ancient tomb, for it was built of stone. The foreman, who was a local man, believed that they might have uncovered part of an ancient building of ancient Cymru, now known as Wales. He immediately called the local archaeological museum, whose curator, Professor Myrddin, who was also a television celebrity, took the call. With him at the time was a small team of archaeological students, ones who came from every corner of the British Isles to study archaeology at Cardiff University. They were at the museum during their summer recess to help Myrddin excavate a local site where he hoped to find evidence of a village built during the 5th and 6th centuries AD.

On hearing about the find, he took the students with him to visit the building site, and they found themselves looking at the remains of a building that Myrddin thought might be as old as 500AD. Excited by the chance to investigate the remains of such an early building, they got to work immediately. For two days they dug out the compacted soil that filled what he now assumed was a stone-built cellar, however, with all the hard-backbreaking work, their initial excitement needed a bit of a boost. For initially, they had found no remains of any sort amongst the soil. They were visibly disappointed, that is until they found the sealed room, one also built of stone, surely it was certainly not built by a local farmer as a cold store for his perishable food. They finally uncovered the top of the door into the room, but mysteriously, it appeared to have been fitted with a lead lining. This baffled Myrddin; who was later to find that this lining only covered the surface of the exterior of the door. Just what had they found, it was certainly not just a cellar, could it be a royal tomb. Arthur's perhaps? Their excitement grew as they dug further down, anxious to find just what it contained, finally, they came to the remains of a wooden slide bolt, of which most of it had rotted away. Myrddin's dream of two days before now forced its way back in to his mind, and he feared that when they finally succeeded in gaining entrance in to the room, he would find himself looking at the remains of the four vampires of his dream, ridiculous as that was. But was it?

They dug more of the soil out and finally the whole of the door was exposed, the way was clear, they would be able to open the door, to see what, the four skeletons that he just knew were waiting for them, on the other side of the door. There was no door handle or keyhole, they found that the door had been kept shut by two of the wooden slide bolts, both of which had mostly rotted away, however a large rock had been placed against the door to help to keep it shut, this and the tons of earth that had filled the cellar, effectively kept the door closed. John Mitcham, one of the students and the official photographer amongst the team, took photographs of the door, the remains of the wooden slide bolts and the rock.

Just as they were about to open the door, John Mitcham, asked Myrddin a question, his middle-class English accent revealing his background.

“Professor, you would have thought that we would have found more remains within the soil that we excavated, however, there is little here, do you have any thoughts on the matter to explain it, or have we just uncovered a 20th century cellar?”

“The buildings of the ordinary people of that time were constructed out of wood, straw and mud walls, John, and the roof would have been thatched, so only the post holes that we discovered on our first day remain. As for the personal items belonging to the Cymru family that lived here, I assume that they must have been taken by raiders who destroyed the building, or maybe later by any survivors of the raid.” Myrddin replied in his broad Welsh accent, hoping that none of the students noticed his hidden fear. The students now moved the huge rock to one side and then waited for the professor to open the door, which Myrddin now did.

Mitcham pulled out a torch, bought that day after they had discovered the top of the door. He switched it on and shone its beam of light through the now open door and slowly moved the beam across the dark room beyond the open doorway.

“What luck Professor, for some reason there isn’t any soil inside the room.” Mitcham said.

Two more of the students now turned on their torches and the three beams lit up four humanoid remains sprawled on the far side of the room, their skeletons sitting up against the rear wall. The students slowly followed Myrddin into the room and looked down at the remains, he grabbed hold of the door frame as his head spun, once again he was being used to warn of an evil future event, but what event? As usual, there was little to help him, certainly not on the four skeletons. Only the remnants of clothing that hung loosely about the skeletons, everything else had turned to dust, which now covered the floor around the skeletons.

“Are you all right Professor?” Joan asked when she noticed his pale face and the fact that he was using the door-frame to hold himself erect.

“I am fine Joan, just disappointment at not finding the tomb of Arthur.” Myrddin replied while smiling weakly at the students.

The four students reacted sympathetically for a moment before turning their attention to the skeletons.

“I wonder how they died.” Neil Williams, another of the English born students, asked, oblivious to the fact that Myrddin had not moved an inch, and that his eyes were locked on to the four skeletons.

“I wonder what they did to warrant being entombed in here.” Bridget Donaldson asked in a broad Glaswegian accent. “And John, I think we now know why there was no remains found within the soil, I believe that the cellar was all that remained of the building, and that it was deliberately filled with soil to ensure that the four people did not escape from this living hell.”

Myrddin looked up on hearing her words and said to her.

“You may well have hit on the reason Bridget, these people were entombed here as punishment for some terrible crime, and when we return to the museum, we will have to search the records of the period to see if we can find any mention of a crime severe enough to warrant such a punishment.”

"I have read the few books written in Britain around the time that this cellar may have been built Professor. The ones attributed to Gildas, to Nennius, the Anglo-Saxon Chronicles, as I am sure you have, but I cannot recall anything that mentions any crime worthy of this sort of punishment, or even of this type of punishment." Bridget replied.

Myrddin smiled at her and said.

"Maybe it was just plain fear that made the locals act this way, they may have thought that their victims were vampires for example, and that this was a fitting punishment for such creatures, to be entombed in here for eternity."

Myrddin knelt down and examined the nearest of the skeletons, and when he looked at the skull, it seemed to be grinning up at him, and then he forced himself to look at its teeth, and even though he was partly expecting it, he was still stunned by what he saw. He moved over to the next skeleton and saw its teeth were the same, as were the teeth in the last two skulls. He stood up silently, unable to speak for a moment. The students looked quizzically at him and Bridget asked.

"Are you sure that you are okay Professor, is anything wrong?"

Myrddin looked at her and struggled back to this world, he then managed to say.

"Look at their teeth everyone, if we had not helped to excavate all the tons of compacted soil from out of the cellar, I would swear that someone was playing a practical joke on us."

The students all knelt down and studied the teeth of the skeletons.

"They appear to be vampires, Professor, but surely there is no such thing!" John Mitcham exclaimed. "You were right Professor." He added in admiration. "The locals did build this as a prison for vampires."

Neil Williams then asked quizzically.

"Professor, the teeth fit perfectly, they certainly match the other teeth in colour, maybe DNA will confirm whether they are real, but they do look to be part of the jaw."

"Listen everyone." Myrddin began. "We must keep this a secret; otherwise it will attract a lot of unwelcome attention, both from criminals who will come and dig up the cellar, looking for something to sell, and from the church and the media who will call us all charlatans." Myrddin ordered.

"Not to mention the vampire wannabees Professor, they would soon be swarming around here like a swarm of locusts." Bridget added knowingly, as if she personally knew of such people.

"Thomas Davis should still be working at the museum, I will ask him to come over in his pick-up truck to collect the remains, and before anyone else sees them." Myrddin decided as he tried to push his fears away.

He immediately called the museum, and Davis agreed to take time off from his current project, to drive over to the site, which in any case was quite close by, and take the remains back to the museum. With this attended to, Myrddin looked once again at the otherwise empty room, and on examining the walls, he found that the interior of the room, including the ceiling and the floor, had been lined with wood, as he had noticed in his dream.

“This is most curious, to bother to line the entire room with wood and to line the door with lead?” Myrddin said quizzically before adding. “Especially when they went on to treat the occupants so horrifically.”

He now turned to one of the students and said.

“Joan, would you please take a sample of the wood, let’s see which tree provided the wood.”

John now began to photograph the room, the remnants of cloth, the skeletons, the skulls and finally the teeth, he finished just as Davis arrived. The skeletons were carefully loaded aboard his pick-up truck, on top of a pile of sacking to protect them, and taken back to the museum. Myrddin then turned to the students and said.

“It is getting late, and the cold is creeping into my bones. That, and the sight of those long canine teeth, put together they have made me feel quite ill. I suggest we call it a day and resume our work in the morning, maybe then I will feel more like myself.”

The students made small sympathetic sounds and later wondered just how old their professor was, they would have to keep a close eye upon him, in case he fainted.

The sun was setting as the remains of the vampires were taken out of their ancient prison, so the dark shrivelled souls of the vampires were able to follow on behind, through the now open door made from the wood of the hawthorn tree. They needed two things, a body, closely followed by the need to feed upon their normal prey, Man, for their energy levels were extremely depleted, non-existent even, and soon they would not be able to resist the call to return to Hell.

Their skeletons had been laid out on stainless steel tables specially erected within the museum’s laboratory, the vampire shrivelled souls waiting patiently near to them, waiting for the museum to quieten down as night fell. Finally, the only person left was the museum’s paleoanthropologist, Doctor Thomas Davis. He was not employed by the museum, who could not afford him in any case, he was just one of those with enough money to enjoy his hobby, Palaeoanthropology. He had happily agreed to carry out the task asked of him by Myrddin, and to report back on the skeletons, and especially the teeth, and so he had decided to work late yet again. However, before he had even worked for a few seconds, he stopped and just stood there, seemingly waiting for something. For Mystica had used her remaining mystical energy to enter the body of Davis as he prepared to carry on working, this she could do for a short time, and in that time, she would use his body to leave the museum and search for the first of the bodies required by the vampires. First though, using the knowledge that Davis possessed of the museum and its exhibits, she went to the Roman section in the museum, and here she collected four ancient terracotta lamps and a sacrificial dagger, these she brought back to the laboratory and set them up around the skeleton of Julius. She then went to the caretaker’s cupboard and appropriated a five litre can of lamp oil and two large wicks, there in case of a power cut. She now cut the largest wick in to four pieces and pushed the pieces firmly into the four lamps, finally she filled the lamps with the oil. She now left the museum and went to look for the first of the bodies that they required, so that they all could be reborn.

She left the museum just as a lonely truck drove along the street; her first impulse was to flee from the giant monster. However, its name, use and description popped instantly into the mind of her host and she stilled the fear within her, and it was now that she realised just how much the world had changed in the 1500 years that they had slept. She saw other wondrous things as she searched for a body, such as electric lights, and she wondered if the world was now filled with wizards such as Merlin, although she thought of him by his welsh name, Myrddin. She looked deeper into the mind of her host and found that the things that she thought of as magic were not magic, just the wonders of modern science. Thankfully, for Myrddin, she had no reason to think about the person who was in charge of the team who released her and the other three vampires.

She soon found their first victim, it was a young man on his way home, and the man had to pass near to the ancient site in Chapeltown to get there. Mystica was hiding in a doorway, and as the man reached her, she called on her remaining vampire strength within her dark soul, feeling its power run through her host's body, she sprang out and grabbed the man, muffling his cries with her hand. The man struggled but Mystica hit him hard, knocking him out, and then it was a simple task to carry his limp body back to the museum. The man regained consciousness as Mystica entered the laboratory, however, when he saw the skeletons, he screamed and fainted. Mystica stripped the man of his clothing, for Julius or Adonis might need them when they had been reanimated, then she bound and gagged their first victim of the night. The dark soul of Julius now lay down within the remains of his skeleton and his soul called across to Mystica that he was ready, he was becoming a believer, the dark lord really was helping them. The dark soul of Mystica heard Julius call out to her, and she picked up the unconscious man and laid him face down upon the skeleton of Julius. She now lit the four ancient oil lamps, took hold of the man's hair and yanked the upper half of the man's body up with one hand, while picking up the sacrificial dagger with the other hand, then she made a series of deep non-killing cuts into the front of the body of the man. Blood began to drain from the man's body while Mystica called upon Lucifer to aid them, the only one powerful enough to do so.

"Lord Lucifer, mightiest of the beings of Hell, hear my plea, I, Mystica, your servant now and for all eternity calls to you; please take this soul as our tribute to you, in return we ask you to reanimate your faithful servant Julius."

All the while Mystica carried on cutting the man, his arms, legs and side so that the flow of blood would not stop or even slow. A smell of evil now pervaded the laboratory as a thick mist covered the skeleton and the body of the man. The arms of the skeleton twitched and then wrapped themselves around the man, hugging him closely. Through the mist Morticia saw the flesh and all that the body contained slowly dissolve, even the outer layer of the young man's bones was eaten away, and all the while she saw flesh form upon the skeleton of Julius, which itself was changing, Julius was being reborn in to a human.

When finally, Julius was reborn, he pushed the skeleton of their victim off his body and sprang from the table and cried out in joy, a dirty liquid running off his body and pooling around him on the floor, this, and his skeleton, was all that remained of the young man. The new body that Julius possessed was not even close to that of his original one. It was a human male, tall, well-muscled and

handsome. It had been the human DNA of their victim that had changed his appearance, now he would be able to mingle with the citizens, unlike his old self.

“Mystica, I am alive again! Well dead again, or whatever it is?” He exclaimed joyfully. “You must experience the joy of it, quickly lay upon your skeleton and I will find you a female human to bleed.”

“First, Julius, you must use the shower to rinse your body clean, come, I will show you.”

Mystica led the way to a small shower tray that Davis used to rinse of some of the dirtier artefact.

“Yes, Mystica, I know it for what it is, the knowledge that our victim had was magically transferred to my own mind.”

Mystica smiled, for it had been her skills as a mystic that had allowed the transference to happen. Then she said.

“Julius, I have much to tell you, for instance, I have learned from my host about electricity.” Mystica said walking over and switching the light off and then on.

“It is not magic Julius.” Mystica said on seeing the surprise appear on his face. “It is science, for much has changed during our long sleep. For we all slept for 1500 years, they now have horseless wagons that move at great speeds, they speak a different language, and there is so much more.”

“Yes, the knowledge possessed by the human is slowly forming within my brain, I now know what electricity is, how it is made, this new world is indeed wondrous. I believe that we will need a modern to assist us Mystica, we will have to turn one of them.” Julius decided.

“I know of one Julius, he is called a mechanic, he knows of all these things, and especially about the horseless wagons that they call automobiles. However, now I need to rest, I will take this human`s clothing off for you to use.”

Julius walked across to a washing area and hosed himself clean of all the fluids, all that remained of their victim, then he dried himself on a small hand towel. As he did this, Mystica quickly undressed, putting the clothing in a pile on one of the chairs in the laboratory, she relocated the four lamps so that they were around her own skeleton. Feeling a little better after her time within the body of Davis, she lay face down upon the bones that made up her skeleton and left the body of Davis, who now began to awaken from his trance, however, Julius struck him hard, knocking him out. The shrivelled soul of Mystica slipped inside of her skeleton while Julius attempted to dress in Davis`s clothing, this was difficult, for Julius`s body was larger, more muscular, in the end he discarded the upper clothing and shoes and after cutting off the legs of the trousers donned them. With his modesty taken care of, he moved over to where Davis lay on the floor, and tied him up, he would be the body that Adonis would use.

Julius now left the museum, and he soon found another victim, a young woman walking off the effects of a heavy bout of drinking, and so she offered no real resistance to the vampire. Julius brought her back to the laboratory where he stripped her of her garments and then bound and gagged her. He then lay the drunken woman upon the skeleton of Mystica. He then began to cut the body of the young drunken woman with the sacrificial dagger, and just as Mystica had done, he cut the body of the woman so many times that blood covered the prone body entirely, and while he did this Julius called to Lucifer.

“Lord Lucifer, mightiest of the beings of Hell, hear my plea, I, Julius, your servant now and for all eternity calls to you; please take this soul as our tribute to you, in return we ask you to reanimate your faithful servant Mystica.”

The smell of evil grew even stronger with the laboratory, and the thick mist appeared again and covered the skeleton and the body of the woman. The arms of the skeleton twitched and then wrapped themselves around the woman, hugging her closely. Through the mist, Julius watched as the flesh and all that the body of the woman contained, slowly dissolved, and all the while he saw flesh form upon the skeleton of Mystica, Mystica was being reborn. Finally, Mystica was complete and she pushed the skeleton of their victim off her body and slowly sat up. Her body was also of a human, a female, however, her body was smaller, her features softer, more refined. She looked across at Julius and smiled at him and said.

“Julius, never have I experienced such joy in my long existence, quickly we must find one more victim so that we can resurrect Morticia, then she too can experience the joy of being reborn.”

“I will go Mystica, you must rest, you can guard our compatriots.”

“Go, I will rinse my body and be ready when you return.” Mystica replied.

Julius now left the museum, and he soon found another victim, another young woman who was walking home after an argument with her boyfriend. She too offered no real resistance to the vampire and Julius brought her back to the laboratory where they stripped her of her garments and then bound and gagged her. He then lay the young woman upon the skeleton of his mate, Morticia, while Mystica used her powers to ensure that the dark soul of Morticia was there amongst her bones. With everything ready, Julius began the ritual of resurrection that he and Mystica had already gone through.

“Lord Lucifer, mightiest of the beings of Hell, hear my plea, I, Julius, your servant for now and for all eternity calls to you; please take this soul as our tribute to you, in return we ask you to reanimate your faithful servant Morticia.”

Even while the skeleton of Morticia was beginning to take on flesh, Mystica was preparing to resurrect Adonis. She lay the body of Davis upon the skeleton of her mate Adonis just as Julius had finished resurrecting Morticia. Julius then began the ritual for a fourth and last time, this time for Adonis.

“Lord Lucifer, mightiest of the beings of Hell, hear my plea, I, Julius, your servant for now and for all eternity calls to you; please take this soul as our tribute to you, in return we ask you to reanimate your faithful servant Adonis.”

When Adonis was finally resurrected, he pushed the skeleton of Davis from him and leapt to the ground and cried out.

“Yes, at last!” He exclaimed joyfully. “My god, you know I could really do a pair of twins right now, I am starving. First though, I will make use of the washing area, being reborn is sure one messy experience.”

The others looked across at him, and apart from Julius, who frowned in distaste on hearing the younger vampire’s words, they laughed, for they too felt the need to hunt, the hunger as their sort called it. Therefore, with all four vampires resurrected, and apart from Adonis, had enjoyed the time they had been given to recover from the ordeal, their need for blood drove them from the museum, however, first Julius gave them an order.

“Listen my friends, we will meet at the house of the mechanic, the one that Mystica found, but be sure to do so before sunrise.”

Mystica quickly told the others of the garage where, she assured them, the mechanic would be found. No one argued, for they all realised the need to add to their numbers, and the need to be mobile in this fast strange, almost alien, world. They found the bodies that they sought near the museum, four were in the Chapeltown Arms Hotel, one of their chosen hosts being asleep in her bed, the second was the husband of the first, he had left his room and walked to the fire escape, for he was in urgent need of a cigarette. Julius allowed Morticia to feed upon the man, and she silently moved towards him, and finally announced her presence only when she was only inches away from her chosen victim.

“Excuse me sir, but I need something from you.” She announced in perfect English, for having been resurrected by the blood and flesh of the drunken English woman, she now was able to speak the language fluently.

The man jumped when he saw the good-looking woman almost on top of him; however, he was happy to assist such a beauty. Therefore, he smiled and asked quizzically.

“Just what do you need miss, if I can help you, I will?”

“Your blood.” Morticia replied in a matter of fact way.

The man was slow to realise just what she had said, and what the woman was doing, but finally he realised and attempted to thrust the woman from him, however, Morticia was a vampire, and a hungry one at that, and she easily held him against her body. Grabbing a hold of his arms, she looked in to his eyes, it was then that he saw her face change, now he was looking in to the face of a dark green demon from hell, two long fangs protruded from her mouth. He opened his mouth to scream, but Morticia quickly covered it with her hand, which to the man felt like a rough piece of leather, and while he struggled to get loose, she bit into his neck and drunk deeply until she had drained his body of nearly all of its blood.

Julius was also on the hunt, he had walked through the open door of the hotel room and looked down upon the sleeping woman, just as she awoke, maybe it was the cold given off by the evil that now surrounded her. Initially, she thought that it was her husband staring down at her, but strangely, his eyes seemed so large to her, and she could not turn her own eyes away from them, and she could do nothing to prevent Julius from laying down next to her.

Firmly holding her shoulders down on the bed, he looked in to her eyes, it was then that she saw his face change, now she was looking in to the face of a dark green demon from hell, two long fangs protruded from his mouth, he growled at her, and she now knew what fear really was. She opened her mouth to scream, but Julius quickly covered it with his hand and while she struggled to get loose, he bit into her neck. She flinched as the sharp teeth dug into her neck and felt her blood flow out of her body as Julius drunk deeply of her life-force, draining her body, she was soon at the onset of death and she died as Morticia entered her room.

“Quick, Julius, their clothes should fit us better than these, blood stained garments.”

They quickly looked through the wardrobe and the suitcases and finally found what they needed. Then Julius took the money that he found on one of the

bedside tables, while Morticia found some more in the woman's handbag, for even vampires needed money, especially in the modern world, then they left the room looking like a regular couple.

Julius and Morticia forced their way into two other rooms at the hotel, and fed upon two more humans, their bodies humming with energy as the blood flowed in to their bodies, their minds rejoiced at being 'alive' again. Taking the money that their latest victims had and feeling sated, for the moment, they went to look for the other two vampires, to see how they had fared.

3am had come and gone, the vampires had less than two hours before the sun rose, even less until the light slowly returned to Wales. This was barely sufficient time to hunt and to feed on those citizens who needed to be out at this time of the morning. One such person was Joe Sayers, he was returning from a night out with friends, strolling home across the park. The path that he chose took him past a large bush behind which Mystica was patiently waiting for her first meal.

On seeing Sayers, Mystica walked out onto the narrow path and blocking his way spoke to him, the light that shown down from a solitary lamp post illuminating her good looks.

"Excuse me Sir, but I do believe that you can be assistance to me."

On seeing an attractive blond woman, and one who said needed his help, Sayer stopped, smiled, and looked expectantly at Mystica, however, he was stunned when she closed the gap between them and put her arms around his neck. He was even more stunned when this stranger, one who was rather beautiful, began to kiss him, her lips finally moving down from his lips to kiss his neck. When she bit into his neck, he let out a cry of pain, he initially thought that she was being rather passionate, until he felt his blood being sucked from him, smelling the stench of hell that oozed off her now, however, by then it was too late; he struggled for just a moment before fainting from lack of blood. Ten seconds later and Mystica was holding a dead man, one whose body she dragged into the bushes and after emptying the man's wallet of the few pounds that it contained, she left. Wiping her mouth with a handkerchief, she walked out of the park and headed towards the garage, and the mechanic, who would soon be arriving there.

Adonis had hunted on the other side of the small park, and he soon found his first meal, a police officer was sitting in his patrol car while his colleague was in a 24-hour corner shop buying some cigarettes. Adonis strolled up to the car wearing the clothes that his blood donor and 'life' provider had worn. He looked a sight, for his trousers were too short and his shirt too tight, he had no jacket as it had torn when he had first attempted to put it on, and on seeing him, the officer laughed at him and opened the side window of his car. The officer was about to make a rude comment when Adonis reached down and pulled him bodily through the window and bit into the officer's neck making him cry out in pain. The officer began to reach for his Taser, his hand going around the handle, however, he fainted from loss of blood before he managed to pull his Taser free from its holster. His colleague, on hearing his partner cry out in pain, arrived at speed to find the body of his partner slumped across the bonnet of the police car. As he looked around for a sign of whoever had attacked his partner, Adonis dropped down from the tree into which he had climbed and attacked the second officer. Finally sated, Adonis left, having enjoyed a successful hunt, and he too headed for the garage, where

the vampires related their individual stories, they now saw this new world as a paradise, one that they could enjoy, as long as they were careful. Mystica now told them something that would have sent their pulses racing, if they had one.

“They do not even believe in vampires, I found this out while I was in the body of the human that I enslaved, the one who made it possible for Adonis to be reborn. I learned much in the short time that I controlled him, even the worship of God is on the wane.”

“Then my darling, we should be able to indulge ourselves.” Adonis said as he put his arms around Mystica and kissed her.

The sun was just minutes away from rising, Adonis, fearful of its power, scaled the wall of the single storey building and was delighted to see that it possessed a skylight. He called down to the other vampires who joined him. Moments later and they had broken the glass pane and dropped down to the floor of the garage. They were now safe from the effects of sunlight, the enemy that they feared the most. Three hours later, they heard the sound of feet walking towards them, it was Gareth Evans, the owner and sole worker of the small garage. He had purchased it from the previous owner just six months earlier and was still building up his customer base, which had declined to a low level under the previous owner. He opened the wooden door to his garage and walked inside, to see four people waiting in the shadows.

“What the hell are you doing in here?” Evans demanded to know and when he saw the broken glass on the floor he looked up and said. “You’ve broken my skylight; I’m phoning the police.”

Before he had so much as moved an inch, Julius had moved across the space between them and stood between Evans and the open door.

“What are you about mister.” Evans said while walking across to his telephone, but he stopped when he saw the clothes that Adonis was wearing. “Hey, looney, you do realise that your clothes have shrunk in the wash.”

This remark, directed at Adonis, enraged him; it was hardly his fault that his clothes were all the wrong size, were a little bloody and smelt of body odours. He decided that action was required to stop such remarks being spoken again and he cried out in anger. “Sod it.” As the mechanic walked towards Adonis, his intention being to eject him, forcibly, followed by the other male. The two women he decided, could stay, if they so wished.

Adonis launched himself at the mechanic and forced Evans to the floor. Evans had just enough time to cry out in pain as he landed heavily on the floor. Then he felt sharp teeth biting at his throat, he struggled in vain, however, Adonis was too strong for him, then Evans felt his strength slowly draining away, but on the point of death, Adonis stopped.

“Adonis, who told you to sire the human. That is my right as leader of the clan.” Julius raged.

“Sod off Julia.” Adonis said insulting the older vampire by using the feminine version of the older vampire’s name.

Adonis now looked deep into the eyes of the dying man and into his mind and said.

“Fear not my friend, immortality is coming your way.”

Adonis then cut his own wrist and forced it against Evans’s mouth.

“Drink human, and gain eternal life.” Adonis ordered.

The mechanic began to suck at the cut wrist, drinking the vampire’s blood, this he did until Adonis felt himself weakening. Adonis immediately pulled his wrist free and looked down at the mechanic, saw the burning desire for blood, a moment passed and then the mechanic pushed up from the ground and looking fearfully up at Adonis, cried out in terror.

“For god’s sake will somebody help me?” And then he collapsed to the ground and died.

As Adonis got to his feet Julius moved towards him threateningly, however, Mystica moved between the two male vampires.

“It is done Julius, leave it, Adonis has sired his first, and I am now a grand-sire, after such a long time, it feels good.”

Julius decided to leave it, for to push it would see his small clan lose half their number, however, he would remember the insult, and later, when the time was right, he was determined that he would punish Adonis.

Morticia had locked up the garage even as Adonis had fed upon the human, now they settled down to sleep away the daylight hours, when night fell, their newest clan member would need to feed, as too would they. They added up all the money that they had stolen to find that they had £300 pounds between them, this sum included what Evans had brought with him as a cash float, not a vast sum, but a start. They slept the remainder of the daylight hours away dreaming of past triumphs and past defeats, occasionally their nightmare existence within the cellar woke them and it took them time to realise that they were free of their private hell.

Chapter 2

The Call to Arms.

That night, Myrddin had another nightmare, in it he saw Davis acting strangely, as if he was under some sort of spell. He watched as Davis put the naked body of a young man on to one of the skeletons, around which were set four terracotta oil lamps. He saw Davis light the oil lamps and then pray to Lucifer, he saw the sickening transformation that reduced the young man to bones and fluid, he saw the original skeleton turn in to a flesh and blood creature. He watched this happen four times as another young man and two young women met a similar fate. His dream ended there and exhausted he sank in to a deep sleep.

Just as the sun had begun to rise over Chapeltown, Professor Myrddin finally woke from his terrible night feeling very afraid, he had sat bolt upright in his bed, terrified by his nightmare, his body covered in sweat. He remembered each of the faces of the four vampires, for he knew what they were from his first dream.

“My God, not again, not another one, not more monsters straight out of hell, please, God, not again, surely there are other people able to fight your cause.” He cried out in fear of what he might be called upon to do, meet the four monsters in combat in a fight to the death, his probably.

He sat there for five minutes as he went over what had happened in his nightmare, the four victims and their terrible deaths, the vampires, and what it meant to his now uncertain future, for he knew that he could not walk away from it. He could not even report what he knew to the authorities, for they would never believe him, they would just caution him and then tell him to leave and not bother them again. Finally, he went in to his bathroom and shaved and then showered, then he called his friend, Father Alun Mason. He asked him to call on him, for he needed some help that only a man of the cloth could give. Putting down the telephone, he felt a great sense of guilt run through his body, for he knew that he had probably condemned his friend to the same fate that awaited him, death.

One hour after the sun had risen, the first of the museum staff arrived to start a new day's work, however, Myrddin got there extra early, before even the cleaners had arrived. He wanted to be sure to be the first to enter the laboratory, to see if his dream had actually happened, or whether there was still time to save Davis's life. He had to force himself to open the doors to the laboratory, to enter the laboratory, to turn on the lights, just in case the worst had happened. The first thing that he saw were the four skeletons, they were laying on the floor, covered in blood and body juices. His eyes swivelled up to the mortuary tables and he saw that they too were covered in blood and gore. When he looked more closely at the skeletons, he was astonished to see that the bones of the skeletons had been polished by the intruders, using maybe an acid of some sort. Was this some sort of ceremony, one that necessitated polishing the bones of the skeletons, but what about the liberal use of blood and gore? His mind still clung to one thought, that the events that he had witnessed in his dream were not real, vampires were not walking the Earth. One last thing, Myrddin had to force himself to look at the jaws of the four skeletons, or to be exact, their canine teeth, but when he saw that they were now of normal size, he had to grab a hold of one of the mortuary tables, for his head was spinning. Fear within him rose as he exclaimed.

"My god! These are not our skeletons, my dream was real, there really are four vampires loose in Chapeltown.

He called the police, and while he waited for their arrival, he locked the laboratory doors and returned to his office, for the smell of death that pervaded the room, and the sight of the blood and body fluids, had begun to make him feel sick. He was thankful for one thing; his decision to hasten to the laboratory had prevented the cleaners or any of the students from walking into this terrible scene, they surely would have been distressed by the sight of the blood and gore upon the floor and the tables. He imagined that they would be angry, thinking that this was simply the defacing of a valuable find, one that would surely anger the entire archaeological world. His next act was to call the home of the missing paleoanthropologist, maybe the dream had been wrong in one part, maybe Davis was still alive. The phone call was answered almost immediately.

"Thomas, did you fall asleep again last night, you will make yourself ill if you are not careful? Surely your work is not that urgent, your subjects have all been dead thousands of years at the very least?" A young woman asked in a voice showing that she was both anxious and mildly annoyed.

“Mrs Davis, this is Professor Myrddin, I take it that Thomas is not home, I came in to find the laboratory a mess. Look, I think that you had better phone his friends and relatives to see if anyone knows where he is.” Myrddin said anxiously.

It was quiet for a second and then Sheila Davis’s voice asked fearfully.

“My god Professor, do you think that the monsters who killed so many people last night also killed my Thomas?”

What killings, Myrddin wondered, but pushing this to one side he only said.

“I will come around Mrs Davis, I feel that it is wrong to speak about such possibilities over the phone.”

Myrddin immediately put the phone down and turned on the radio to listen to the local station. He soon learned of the many murders that happened during the night in Chapeltown, in the short time that he had listened to this terrible news he looked to have aged ten years, the monsters that they had unearthed had killed seven more human beings, a terrible guilt overcame him. He left the museum, ten minutes later he pulled up in front of the Davis’s home. A frightened Mrs Davis opened the door and looked out in hope, however, when she saw that it was only Myrddin, her face fell and she said.

“I thought that it might have been Thomas, please come in Professor.” She said miserably. “No one has seen him, not his few friends or his family, no one, He is dead isn’t he Professor, the monsters who entered our town last night took him as well, didn’t they?”

Myrddin looked very awkward, he had not been trained for such an event, and he was always ill at ease around his colleagues’ wives. However, he knew that he had to say something.

“What with the terrible mess in the museum laboratory Mrs Davis, I fear that it may well be possible, I am so sorry, he was a good man, both as a scientist and as a friend and a husband to you.”

“Professor, I was just about to have a cup of tea, will you have one?”

They sat in silence while they drunk their tea and after he had finished his cup of tea, he accepted another, for he had felt that he should not rush off, and anyway it gave Mrs Davis something to occupy herself with, to maybe take her mind off the thought that her husband was possibly dead. Finishing the second cup he sat there restlessly. Seeing this, Mrs Davis said.

“Thank you, Professor, look you must have much to do back at the museum, do not worry about me, my sister is coming by, she should be here in a minute.”

With this excuse provided for him, he got up to leave, promising to call her if any information came his way, leaving his friend’s house he felt guilty as he got in to his car, even so, he drove quickly back to the museum.

The students arrived at the museum, of course they too had heard on the local radio of the seven bodies found in and around the local park and in the hotel, at the moment they did not associate the deaths with their skeletons, for as yet the police had kept the marks on the victims’ necks a secret, and also their loss of blood.

It was late morning when the police finally arrived at the laboratory of the town’s small archaeological museum, they were led by Inspector Evans of the Newport CID, the forensics would follow on, when they could be spared. They were

currently working at the Chapeltown Arms Hotel where four bodies had been found murdered by the chambermaids. Other teams were at the site where a jogger found the body of a man in the local park, and at the edge of the park where a taxi driver found the bodies of the two police officers. The chambermaids at the hotel were in shock and had been sedated after witnessing the terrible scenes, the jogger had been sick, luckily not upon the crime scene, and the taxi driver was also in a state of shock. Unfortunately, the inspector did not immediately realise that he had four more murders to investigate, the owners of the skeletons. He had decided to call in as he was nearby, but he did not expect to have the time to investigate the break-in.

“Are these skeletons real Professor, they are not shop bought skeletons for medical students to use, or for a Halloween party?”

“Unfortunately, Inspector, these are the real deal, where they came from, I do not know, I cannot even tell you how long the individuals have been dead, maybe your own forensic department can do so.”

It was just then the forensic team arrived, looking exhausted and shocked by what they had seen. They had called in for a break from the sight of death, unfortunately, here, they were met with more blood and gore, which Myrddin had ensured had been left untouched, as he had assumed the police would want to investigate the crime. It proved too much for one young scientist who used one of the laboratory’s sinks to bring up what little was left in his stomach. They worked hard and were able to find many fingerprints in and around the blood and gore, on the four stainless steel mortuary tables and of course many more which had been left there by the people with a non-murderous reason for being there.

The students had followed the forensic team and were looking through the door to the laboratory at the gruesome scene. They immediately paled, it seemed obvious to them that the different crime scenes had much in common, however, they sensibly stayed quiet about their long-toothed find. Ten minutes later and the reason behind the murders seemed a little less likely. They decided that they would await further news on the murders.

“Are there any CCTV cameras in the museum Professor?” Evans asked, hoping to find a quick way to solve this minor case of theft and damage within the museum laboratory.

“No, Inspector, up until now it was not thought necessary, we are a small museum and it was thought that the two guards on duty during the day was enough to ensure that nothing was taken.” Myrddin replied.

Satisfied that he had done all that was possible, and dismissing the case, Evans returned to the local police station to meet up with Superintendent Chambers who had been put in charge of the case. Chambers had arrived with some of the police officers who had been drafted in from both Newport and Cardiff to assist the local force, their task, to go from house to house asking questions, unfortunately, they did not get any answers, no one had witnessed anything, for they had mostly been asleep.

Earlier that morning, one of the local notables, Sir Rupert Elbridge, was having his breakfast while he listened to the local news on the radio. Elbridge lived in a large manor house on the outskirts of Chapeltown. Last night, he had heard

about the finding of the ancient cellar, and it had brought back a memory buried deep within his mind. However, 1500 years had passed since he had cheered as the four vampires had been cast inside of the special room, and he had forgotten about it. However, when he heard about the gruesome deaths, his memories of that day returned in a rush and he felt a cold fear grip him as he realised how close he had been to death. Having seen much during his long life, he soon got his fear under control and contacted the senior members of the UK Brotherhood. He told them that the tomb of the four vampires of Chapeltown had been uncovered and then he told them of the many gruesome murders that had been committed during the night and early morning. The chances of the vampires still being sane were negligible, he thought, even so, there was a slight chance that they may have retained their memories, if so, they might be looking for payback.

Lord Ashen was the first person that he called, Ashen was nominally in charge of the UK branch of the Brotherhood. "Keep calm Elbridge, spread the word amongst the Brotherhood to be on the lookout for them, they should not be too difficult to trace, they leave a pungent odour wherever they go. In fact, we all have a bottle of the vampire's scent, one that we kept for just this sort of emergency, although we thought that it would be used to trace a migrant vampire, rather than a home grown one. Have the local members of our club take their bloodhounds for extensive walks, they will soon run the vermin to ground. In the meantime, I will have Hardwick keep us informed about the human's investigation, although the humans will soon be looking for wannabee vampires, they may be of use in tracking the vermin down and so finally rid us of them." Sir James Hardwick was the Metropolitan Commissioner of police.

A little later in the morning, Joan Travers, another of the students of English birth, entered the office of Myrddin in the museum where he was sitting behind his desk, she had some interesting news.

"Professor, the wood from the room in the cellar has been identified as coming from the Hawthorn tree."

"It was not a room Joan; it was both a prison and a torture chamber." Professor Myrddin announced. "You noted the remains of the two bolts on the exterior of the door?" He stated angrily.

He too had been unnerved by all that had happened in Chapeltown, of the likelihood that it was their vampires that had caused a crime wave of horrific proportions.

Joan nodded and said "Yes Professor, I remember seeing their remains after you had pointed them out, I am sorry for my error."

Having heard some of the stories currently circulating amongst the students regarding the Chapeltown murders, Joan was not only unnerved she was visibly upset.

"Well, coupled with the large rock that had been set against the door, and the tons of earth covering the room, it was of course an escape proof prison." Myrddin added.

Myrddin, finally realised that he was being unfair to Joan, stopped for a moment before continuing.

"I am sorry Joan; the world seems to have changed overnight. Now you tell me that the wood came from the hawthorn tree, and we know that it lined every surface of the interior of the room. Well, the wood being from the hawthorn tree is proof that they wanted to stop something very evil from getting out of the room, or the prison as I termed it." Myrddin broke in to a smile here in an attempt to show Joan that he was sorry, and then he said.

"Our distant ancestors must have actually believed in vampires Joan, to go to such lengths, to imprison four people in that prison cell, in fact their fear must have known great heights. I believe that they must have been behind a crime wave back then, one similar to what we are experiencing today, right here in Chapeltown. The locals caught those responsible, as our police force must do, and unfortunately for us, they decided to torture them throughout eternity. Think just what the locals must have endured, to go to such lengths." Professor Myrddin said incredulously and realising his slip. "So much anger, so much fear and probably so many terrible deeds to have brought about such a terrible punishment."

"Unfortunately for us Professor?" Joan began, shivering from just the thought of what she was about to say. "Professor, if this was a Hollywood film, then those skeletons would almost certainly have come back to life to terrorise mankind." Joan whispered fearfully, and then. "They couldn't have been behind the terrible murders, could they?" Adding. "The others, John, Neil and Bridgett, when we first heard about the murders, it was the first thing that occurred to them, that we had released the vampires to once again feed upon us. Now you say, unfortunately for us, tell me Professor, do you believe that our vampires came back to life to feed us humans?"

She stopped for a moment before adding quizzically.

"But if that were so, where did the other skeletons come from?"

Myrddin wondered if he should lie, tell Joan that they were being foolish, but he knew that this could just put their lives in danger, if they thought that mere mortals had been behind the deaths, in any case, she had recognised his slip for what it was, so.

"Yes, Joan, I too am beginning to think that it might be so, you see Joan, vampires really do exist, and not just in Hollywood, I believe that the murders were indeed carried out by the four vampires." Myrddin replied sorrowfully. "However, I think that we should keep that fact between ourselves, otherwise we will be ridiculed."

"But surely Professor..." Joan began before stopping as she thought that Myrddin could well be right, they would be ridiculed.

"The four skeletons that they left behind Joan," Myrddin said. "They belonged to the four victims that gave up their lives so that the vampires could be reborn, and I very much fear that our Thomas Davis was one of them."

The enormity of what Myrddin had just said caused Joan to almost faint, but she was made of sterner stuff, grabbing hold of Myrddin's desk she steadied herself and then managed to say.

"But that is terrible Professor, that means that the vampires killed eleven people, and Thomas was so very nice."

Joan's stiff upper chin finally gave way and she burst in to tears, making Myrddin jump up to comfort her just as the other three students came in to the

room, seeing Joan sobbing made them insist on knowing the reason why. After Myrddin had explained in full, more than one of them had wished that they had not demanded to know the reason as to why their friend was so visibly upset.

By mid-day, news of how the murders had been carried out had reached the students, for either one of the chamber maids, the jogger or the taxi driver had felt it their duty to warn the locals. Led by Joan, who had changed her mind and was willing to take the chance on the police ridiculing them, the students gathered around Myrddin, in his study, and they demanded to know.

“Professor, are you going to inform the police that there are four real life vampires feeding in the town?” Joan asked with the others right behind her. “You really should make them understand, tell them everything that you know about the monsters. Otherwise, Professor, how on earth are they to stand a chance of stopping them.”

She sounded very angry and then she exclaimed. “If you are not going to do so, then I will!”

“Joan, if you wish, then I will tell them of our find, of the teeth, and of the wood from the Hawthorn tree; however, I will leave it up to them to decide whether, as you say, we have four vampires loose amongst the population, that or just one or more wannabee vampires. To say anything more would see us all ridiculed in the press and on the television, for someone would surely snitch on us.” Myrddin replied. “As it is, I shall probably be shown the door, after having been cautioned for wasting valuable police time whilst they are in the middle of a multiple murder enquiry.”

“But we have the photographs of the extra-long canine teeth, surely they will at least look in to the possibility that these four vampires are behind the gruesome murders?” Joan complained and the others joined in her protest.

He waved down their mass protest and when they were quiet, he offered an alternative, for he knew that the authorities would never believe their tale.

“However, if you all believe as I do, that there are real life, or is that real dead vampires, amongst us,” This hint at humour did raise a smile amongst the four students, “then instead of bothering the police, I invite you to join me in my quest, that of hunting them down. This is a call to arms my friends, join my personal hunt or, hold your tongues from this point on. For if we go to the police, they will not believe you until it is too late, and then they will attempt to lay all the killings at our door.”

“If you are saying that you are going on a vampire hunt Professor, then I am with you.” John Mitcham declared loudly and then added.

“But we will have to be suitably protected with holy water and the such like, and armed, with stakes I suppose. We had better look it up on the internet.”

“Not so loud John.” Myrddin advised. “This must be a covert affair, or the police will come to hear of it and they will be sure to interfere and that will mean more innocent victims.” Myrddin said.

“Surely, Professor, before we start out, we will need to find out just what protections and weapons we will need.” Neil Williams said cautiously and then went on to say.

“You will also have to outline some sort of plan Professor, before I will agree to join your quest.” He said then added. “Look everyone, if vampires are real, they are

ultra-dangerous during the hours of darkness and even during the day, in their nest, they will be able to kill us, maybe even turn us, unless we plan well.”

Myrddin raised his hands for quiet. He had only invited them to join in the quest because he had believed that they would decline the offer, but they had called his bluff, now he would have to accept that they would be part of it. Hopefully, he thought, they would soon think better of their decision and run for home. The students had quietened down and were waiting patiently for him to speak, forcing him to proceed.

“You can google vampires if you wish, but I know exactly what we need and how we should proceed, so listen.”

He had never managed to get so much of his students’ attention as was given him at that moment.

“We will of course each need a large amount of holy water, a bottle of blessed salt, a wooden cross that has been blessed by a priest, crucifixes, or silver rosaries with crucifixes attached, to hang around our necks, similarly blessed. We can also put a string of garlic around our neck, this will prevent the vampires from biting us at their preferred place of feeding, it can even keep them at bay. Small bottles of mercury can also be useful as a weapon by splashing them with it, for it burns them. Of the first four items, you may leave them to me. You can purchase the strings of garlic, I suggest you use various shops or you will attract attention, as for the mercury, I will leave that for you to procure. I do have two bottles but more would be handy although not essential. We will also need some wood, to make our stakes with, and we will each require a good number of them. Any of the following types of wood will kill the vampire; yew, apple, cherry, hawthorn of course, cedar or holly. We will also need six wooden mallets to bang the stakes home, oh and purchase six spray guns, we can use them to spray the holy water at the vampires. If used at the correct moment, when they are near, it will stop them in their tracks and may give us the opportunity to attack them with our stakes. If there are no more questions, then off you go about your errands, we will meet back here at one this afternoon.”

“Six mallets and spray guns Professor?” John asked quizzically.

“Yes, John, six, I will introduce you to Father Alun Mason when you get back here with your shopping.”

As they made to leave, he called them back and then said.

“One last warning, I have never gone up against a vampire before and I am certainly no Van Helsing, not even a Peter Cushing.”

This got a small smile from the students, who did feel a cold fear clawing at their spines, but he had not finished with them, not yet.

“However, I have gone up against evil before, as has Father Mason, so I am confident in my ability to rid Wales of these Hell creatures, but it will be a dangerous few days and you must always follow my orders, always, otherwise you could well end up a vampire yourself. Then I would have to slay you and that would take some explaining to your families.”

The four students tried to smile again, but found that they could not, so they left to go about their shopping, discussing as they walked out of the museum who was to purchase what and where from. As they dispersed to go about their errands, they used the time to re-think their immediate future, home was

beginning to look very attractive, but when finally they had purchased everything, their resolve hardened. For who else could take on this task, no one but the Professor, his friend and the four of them, even if the others three students did not show up at the museum, they would, for they all liked Thomas Davis.

With the students gone about their business, Myrddin sighed, he hoped that he had done the right thing in allowing the students to join him in his quest, for their lives were now his responsibility. Sighing again, he went to meet his friend at the bus stop, the bus was scheduled to arrive at noon, which it did. After the usual greetings, Myrddin got down to business, he told his friend all about their archaeological find, his two nightmares and of the eleven deaths, for Myrddin could add seven to four. Finally, he told him about their helpers, the students.

“You have learned something today Myrddin, many of today’s students are not so different from when you were their age. They will not be content to sit at home while you risk your life saving them, some of them fight, whatever the danger.” Alun said.

“As I have found out, and seriously Alun, I am grateful for their help because this time I feared that I would not come through it alive, now, with their lives to think about, I must survive to ensure that they also survive.” Myrddin then added. “Alun, you too never fail me, even when I tell you that we must fight a Hollywood villain, thank you my friend.”

“If this was anyone but you Myrddin, I would laugh at them, but you seem to be a magnet for such events, and your nightmares, I can only speculate as to who or what sends them to you.” Alun said anxiously.

The thought of getting involved in such a quest did scare him, but he would never allow his friend to battle the creatures of Hell alone, and he too was thankful that the four students had joined the hunt.

Myrddin saw the fear appear momentarily in his friend’s eyes, a fear that he too felt, only the students seemed unaffected, but then they were not only young, they had never been caught up in any of his paranormal activities.

“Alun, you can sit this one out if you like, simply be our quartermaster sergeant for the afternoon and then return to Canterbury.”

“Myrddin, I might be fearful of taking on a bunch of vampires, any sane person would be, but if this is not done right, and immediately, then these monsters could spread across Wales and who knows, they could even end up in Canterbury. Therefore, I am in this until the end my friend, I am not leaving until every last one of them has been turned to dust.”

“Thank you, my friend, for in the dark days ahead, and even blacker nights, we will need your strength and knowledge. I believe that we are facing our greatest test yet, we must be careful or we could lose our lives, and even worse, the lives of one or more of my four students.”

After introducing Father Mason to the students, he handed them a description of the four vampires based on his dream, descriptions that were burnt in to his brain. In fact, he had drawn up four quick sketches of them, for he had always possessed some skills as an artist.

Joan looked from the drawings of the vampires to Myrddin and asked quizzically.

“Professor, how on earth do you know what they look like?”

“Because, Joan, I am cursed, this morning, while asleep I had a nightmare, in it I saw everything that occurred within our laboratory, and it was violent and horrendous, a sight that I have no wish to witness every again.” Myrddin said and after no one else had any questions, he continued with the briefing for the coming night.

“Vampire hunting 101; first up we need to find their current whereabouts, so that we can take them out, and although I do not like the idea of our splitting in to two groups, we simply do not have the time to search as a single group, for they multiply like rabbits. In any case, we would be noticed both by the vampires and the authorities, and the former would attempt to feed off us and the latter would attempt to stop us. Therefore, we will split up in to two teams of three tonight, but please remember, as soon as they are sighted, phone me, or I will phone you if I sight them, because these monsters from Hell will not be cretins. Bear this thought in mind please, they managed to live in their own private hell and they survived. If we get down-wind of them they will soon smell us, so do not get too near to them, mix your smell with the others of Chapeltown.” Myrddin ordered.

Brenda now surprised Myrddin by handing him a jar of garlic paste.

“I thought that we could spread it on to our wrists to stop the vampires from biting us there, as they cannot get at our necks.” Brenda said.

Myrddin smiled, and said.

“You are right of course Brenda, we will all rub some on our wrists and top it up just like suntan lotion, to ensure that it works when we need it.”

“It is lucky that none of us have a date tonight, because the smell of all the garlic would surely put them off as well.” Joan said smiling.

While Myrddin and his team were preparing for the coming night and the dangers that it held for them, Detective Inspector Evans was sitting in a makeshift incident room where he was reporting to Superintendent Chambers, who was in charge of the case, the situation so far reached in their investigations.

“We have no leads at all Sir, nobody saw anything or heard anything. And, as yet, we can find nothing to link the various victims together” He began. “Therefore, I believe that a group of psychotic vampire wannabees are behind the vicious murders.”

“No leads Inspector, that is bad, but you must have some thoughts on the matter, please share them with the rest of us?” Chambers asked.

“Initially, Sir, I believed that they had left Chapeltown and returned to their homes elsewhere in England or Wales. I therefore looked at all the film recorded by the CCTV cameras sited within Chapeltown itself and on all of the roads out of town. We were able to trace all the vehicles that were about just before sunrise, the time of the last two murders, the victims being two police officers, unfortunately we got nowhere. This being so Sir, I now believe that the murders are still in Chapeltown, they could be locals or maybe they are staying somewhere temporarily, in a hotel or a guest house. I have therefore set up road blocks so that anyone leaving the town is checked, their details taken and then allowed to

leave Chapeltown, so far without any success. If they are still with us, they may attempt to kill even more of our citizens during the coming hours of darkness. To ensure that this does not happen, we will be out in force tonight, operating stop and search on anyone around after sunset, which is 9.30 tonight.”

Chambers nodded and said.

“With the extra officers drafted in to Chapeltown, we can begin to make a check on the hotels, guesthouses and Airbnb’s to see if they have any guests left, I assume, Inspector, that most of the guests left as soon as the news broke earlier this morning?”

“It looks like it Sir, any remaining guests are either reporters or weirdoes, or the murders of course. We are about halfway through the list of such places; with the extra officers we should finish before sunset tonight. Along with these checks, we are also carrying out our door to door search.”

The time was thirty minutes before sunset, thirty minutes prior to the commencement of the stop and searches, which finally had the full agreement of the Home Office, for the police investigation was getting nowhere. The next street was the one that held the garage belonging to Gareth Evans. In it, the hours during which the vampires had rested during the hours of daylight had passed quickly, and the sun had just passed behind a large cloud mass. Behind a similar cloud to the East, the moon began to rise, as too did the mechanic, he opened his eyes and saw the four other vampires and said to Adonis. “Daddy.” He then laughed and stood up and asked.

“When do we feed?”

“Patience, we must wait until the sun has sunk a little further, then we can hunt at our leisure.” Julius replied.

The police had just arrived at the top of their street, when they left through the rear of the warehouse and walked towards the centre of town. As before, they split up and hunted in pairs, although Evans hunted alone, for Buffy was strictly a television person and he had nothing to fear from any human, or so he and the others thought.

One minute after sunset, the local members of the Brotherhood, ones who were based in or within a one hour driving distance of Chapeltown, were all out on the streets, armed and protected against the vampires, thanks to Hardwick. Each small group took along a hunting dog of some sort, of which the bloodhound was the favourite breed, trained to get on the trail of a vampire and follow him for long distances. They were hoping that they would find the vampires and wipe them out before they could create more of their kind, and this would make their mission to slay them all, take far longer than they had allocated, for they had other things that needed their attention.

Chapter 3

Fight to the Death.

Myrddin, Father Mason and the four students were also walking the dark empty streets, a warm soft breeze blew, warming them, making the task a little more pleasant. Keeping to the shadows where possible and keeping a sharp lookout for both the police and the vampires. With Myrddin, were Joan and Neil, and so far, they had only seen the police patrol cars that they had evaded by ducking in to a garden, only emerging after the vehicle had driven around the next corner.

Adonis and Mystica were walking the dark streets together, keeping an eye out for a human to feast upon, however, the streets were strangely deserted, although they reasoned that this was because they were not yet in the city centre. The actual reason for this was that the social media had been full of stories all day regarding the vampires, and now even the television and radio had got in on the act. Scotland Yard was said to be actively hunting them with the assistance of the SAS, with arrests expected that night. Even so, the homeless had nowhere else to go and it was Mystica who saw a young woman sleeping in a shop doorway.

Myrddin, Joan and Neil had just stopped at the local CCTV control centre, because he knew Sergeant Miles, who was a friend, was working there that night, having spoken to him earlier. He had first met him during a search for Miles's daughter, she had been kidnapped by a local Satanist and Miles was now a believer in his abilities, for it had been Myrddin who had tracked the Satanist down.

There were three other officers within the control centre, and they all thought it strange that Miles tolerated Myrddin, Joan and Neil being there while the current emergency was in operation. Just as they were about to leave, Myrddin saw two of the vampires on the CCTV monitor in front of him, it was Adonis and Mystica. Unfortunately for Adonis and Mystica, neither of them had seen the CCTV camera following them from across the street, but then, they might not have known what it was in any case.

"Sergeant, those are two of the vampires, have you anyone nearby?" He whispered.

Sergeant Miles took a second to register the word vampires, but then he called the nearest police vehicle in the vicinity of the vampires. "Alpha One, two targets sighted in Larson Street, they are heading for a homeless woman sleeping in the Age UK charity shop. Take care, remember they may be the people who killed two of our officers this morning."

"Alpha One here, we are responding. Out."

Myrddin was three minutes' walk away from Larson Street, Alpha One was only two minutes away. Adonis and Mystica were twenty seconds away from Margaret Steyning, she had been sleeping rough for just a week when suddenly she was lifted to her feet by Adonis, she woke from a bad dream to find that she was now starring in one. She was about to scream in terror when she saw Adonis's eyes, her scream died on her lips as she looked deeply in to his, she was lost. She watched, momentarily hypnotised, it was then that she saw his face change, now she was looking in to the face of a dark green demon from hell, two long fangs protruded from his mouth. She opened his mouth to scream, but Adonis quickly covered it with his hand and bit into her neck and drunk deeply.

Sergeant Miles and his team watched as Adonis bit in to the young woman's neck, seeing only a white male, the police vehicle was now only one minute away. They watched as Mystica joined her mate and before the remaining minute was out the young woman slumped lifeless to the ground, she was not dead, but not far off. Adonis heard the police vehicle as it turned the corner, realising it for what it was, their enemy, he pushed open the door of the shop, the lock breaking as if it was made of matchwood. An alarm screamed out as the two vampires rushed inside the shop, through to the back and as Adonis prepared to wreak havoc on their pursuers, Mystica urged him to run.

"I can feel a magician approaching Adonis, plus I can see their new weapons, they will capture us if we stay to fight."

"Run, Mystica, when do two vampires run from a handful of humans?" He asked belligerently.

"This is a new world Adonis, one where the wizard's warriors are armed with terrible weapons, we must learn more about them before we can stand and fight." Then she added another problem. "Adonis, the Brotherhood are also nearby, they too are in on the hunt, we must go now, more of their kind cannot be far off, they have always hunted in packs."

Mystica ran out of the back door and in to a small yard and Adonis, knowing that his mate had the power to see in to the future, followed her.

The police moved cautiously towards the shop entrance, Sergeant Robson detailing half of his team to go around to the rear of the premises, they did so, hoping to be able to apprehend the two suspects, for they believed that they had been responsible for the seven murders. Robson checked on the condition of the young woman, she was barely alive. He called for an ambulance, telling control that the victim was alive.

"Clive, stay with the victim until the ambulance arrives," Robson ordered one of his team who had some medical training. "the rest of you, follow me."

He felt extremely nervous as he put his radio away and pulled out his Taser, Robson entered the shop followed by his team, the outer part was empty, he saw a light switch and flicked it on, the light momentarily blinding everyone. Then he moved through to the rear of the shop and finally to the area behind the shop, it was empty apart from the police officers that he has sent around to the rear of the shop, whoever had attacked the woman had got away.

Myrddin stopped outside of the front of the shop and checked the young woman, it was just as the paramedics arrived, who pushed him and the others out of the way so that they could get to work saving the young woman's life. As Myrddin had moved clear, he saw the punctures in the neck of the woman, blood trickling down her pale throat.

It was now that the Brotherhood arrived with their two bloodhounds and protected by four armed men, all ex SAS and with an inspector from the local police force to provide legalization. The Brotherhood's contacts within Westminster, Sir James Hardwick and Miles Caustin, had provided the humans and their weapons. The inspector flashed his warrant card and was immediately told that the suspects had escaped through the back of the shop.

The older of the Brotherhood led the way around to the rear of the shop and their bloodhound soon picked up the scent of the two vampires. Myrddin looked

on quizzically, who was this new group and from where, or whom, did they get their authority? Were the newcomers a paramilitary group or had the SAS arrived, although the two men who led them were hardly SAS, they were not fit enough to belong to such an elite force.

As for Adonis and Mystica, they were clear of their victim and her saviours, returning to their base for the night through the back streets of Chapeltown and well away from any CCTV cameras. Their luck was in, they came across a drunk heading for home, and they fed upon him until he fell dead at their feet. Laughing, they ran the remaining distance and entered the garage to find Gareth inside. He too had fed, his victim a drug addict, whose befuddled mind meant that he did not even realise that he was a victim of a vampire, he never even noticed the moment when his heart stopped and he died.

Elsewhere, Julius and Morticia found themselves the hunted rather than the hunters, just as they were about to pounce on their intended victim, a young woman. Two large bloodhounds suddenly appeared, they were on long leads held by two members of the Brotherhood, the eyes of the two men glowing brightly as they realised that the hunt was on. Following closely behind were four more ex SAS men, all armed, and another police inspector, this time from the Cardiff police force.

The young woman had cried out in fear as the bloodhound suddenly appeared, but she sighed with relief when their handlers, accompanied by five other men rushed past her and disappeared around the corner. The two vampires were fast, but so were the bloodhounds and their handlers, however, the latter had to breathe while the vampires were never short of breath. When the two vampires returned to the garage hungry to tell of their escape, and Gareth heard about the bloodhounds, he became afraid.

“Their bloodhounds will lead them directly here, they can follow a scent for days, we have to get away from here now.” He cried out fearfully.

“Gareth is correct, the men could well be from the Brotherhood, if so, we need to leave in a hurry. Mystica said fearfully.

“Collect your things, we are leaving now, while we can.” Julius said and he began to pick up his few possessions that he had obtained in the few short hours following his rebirth. He immediately climbed in to the passenger seat of Gareth’s van with the others piling in to the back.

The Brotherhood arrived at the garage to find that the birds had flown, and not even Bloodhounds could be expected to follow the new trail, for the soft breeze that had picked up had turned in to a gale that blew for the remainder of the night.

After hastily leaving the garage, with Julius and Morticia still hungry, they were heading for a detached house set on the edge of Chapeltown, Gareth knew the owner, a young woman. He was sure that she would invite him in, having been good school friends. It was almost ten o’clock when they pulled up in front of his friend’s house, a detached house with a small garden, the moon was still low in the sky but the street lights lit up the front of the house. Gareth knew that she started work very late, but should still be in. He knocked at the door, June Malvern had washed and dressed, now she was having a quick breakfast

before she headed off to work in Chapeltown. Wondering who was calling at that time of the night, she went to the door and peered through the door viewer, for she was nervous after all the recent deaths. On seeing her friend and another, a rather handsome man, she opened the door with a smile on her face.

“Gareth, what are you doing here so late, come in, and your friend too, it is good to see you. Tell me, how are you getting on with your garage, are you attracting lot of new customers?” June said opening the door wide and stepping forward. “Do come in.” She said to Julius who suddenly appeared beside Adonis.

Gareth smiled at the young woman as he stepped past her, with Adonis just behind him. Gareth stopped just inside the small hallway and said.

“With all the murders in Chapeltown, I just wanted to ensure that you and your friends were safe? Gareth replied and then walked further in to the house.

Julius pushed his way between Adonis and June, who looked up at him quizzically, he took her in her arms and June began to protest, she began to feel real fear, but he put one hand over her mouth and bit deep into her neck. However, he did not kill her, or offer her to Gareth, instead he intended to sire her, which is to say he turned her into a vampire, as a mate to Gareth, who was too young to sire his own, for he would have to wait at least a year before being able to do such a thing.

With the way clear, Morticia and Mystica rushed towards the open doorway, only to stop for Gareth to invite them in, for otherwise, as everyone knows, a vampire cannot cross the threshold of a house. Safely inside, Julius finished what he had started, he cut his wrist and made June drink his blood.

That same evening, John Summers and his fiancé Pat Masters had both enjoyed the party thrown by their friends, the Parkinsons, about to leave for home, their host came to the door to see them off and he said to them.

“This will be the last time that you two will be invited over as single people.” John Parkinson said. “I will see you both on Saturday, at your wedding; you will be a beautiful bride Pat.”

“Why thank you John, we will see you on Saturday, do not be late, bye.” Pat Masters replied.

They walked home, which was only two streets away and were just opening the front door when Julius and Morticia rushed at them, pushing them both down the side of the house. Summers had attempted to use his mobile phone, but Morticia pounced upon him and drove her fangs deep in to his neck. Pat had attempted to fight back, but Julius was far too strong and she never had a chance. However, as before they did not kill them, they turned them both in to vampires and when they woke up the next evening, within their garden shed where they had been carried, they added to the growing number of vampires. Elsewhere in Chapeltown, the other vampires fed that night at their leisure before returning to the house which was their new lair. There were eight vampires now, with only two of them taking their lead from Adonis and this made Julius feel a lot better about his future, for he realised that Adonis would soon challenge him.

It was written by a new-age scientist that when the universe was created, both matter and anti-matter were created. When God first came in to being, so evil

was created alongside him. The next evening, within Chapeltown, it was all around them, the police were getting nowhere and Myrddin was seriously concerned that the vampires could be increasing their numbers. That evening he was again out and about with Joan and Neil and their luck changed, for one of the new vampires, one that was once John Summers, suddenly appeared on the pavement before them.

“Well what do we have here, three tasty takeaways, who wants to be first, the old man or one of his two tasty looking children?”

Myrddin had been surprised by the vampire’s sudden appearance, for at least two seconds, then he smiled at the vampire, for it appeared that junior was all alone and that was risky for a newly sired vampire, as Myrddin knew him to be. While Joan and Neil took a backward step and even contemplated running, even while the vampire talked big, Myrddin whipped his cape aside and fired, for he held a compact crossbow in his hand and the newly blessed bolt shot across the short distance and imbedded itself in the vampire’s heart. The vampire was stunned when he felt it push in to his body, and without even the time to look down at the crossbow bolt he disappeared in a puff of what looked to be black smoke, while something resembling dust floated down to the ground.

“One gone Joan, Neil, let us see if we can find another one to add to our total.” Myrddin said as he played down their understandable reaction to coming face to face with a creature from Hell. This was their first encounter with a creature from Hell, the next time they would react differently, they would take the attack to the vampire.

“Professor, you were marvellous.” Neil cried out in admiration. “But how did you know that he was a vampire and not a wannabee?”

“The stench of hell that accompanied him,” Myrddin replied. “didn’t you smell it?”

“Oh, that is what it was Professor,” Joan said. “I just thought that it was a bad case of body odour.”

In another part of the town, Father Alun Mason had also run in to one of the vampires, and with Alun were John Mitcham and Bridget Donaldson, and all three of them were feeling scared. Alun, however, did not intend for any of them to be hurt, only the vampire facing them. He pulled out his large silver cross and thrust it in to the face of the vampire while firing his water pistol, it was full of holy water. The erstwhile confident vampire, Gareth Evans was already backing up at the sight of the large silver cross, when the contents of the water pistol hit him, he screamed in pain, turned, and ran off in confusion, he had not expected his dinner to turn on him. John was also a computer buff, and he had purchased two small micro tracking chips. As the vampire had turned, John pulled out a large wooden catapult and fired one of the chips which was attached to a dart, it hit the back of the vampire who yelled in pain, but the vampire did not stop running. John smiled and turned to see Alun and Brenda looked at him quizzically.

“There is a GPS tracker on the dart, if it stays attached to our sharp toothed friend, we should be able to safely track him back to his lair during the hours of daylight without the risk of another of them finding us and then killing us.” John announced triumphantly and then added. “Also, the police will not stop us and ask us some searching questions.”

“In that case John, let us return to Myrddin’s house where we can spend the remainder of the night in safety. I will call Myrddin to tell him of our success.”

Five minutes prior to their run in with the vampire, Myrddin had become separated from Joan and Neil, after evading a police van followed by a police patrol car. He had gone one way and the two students had unfortunately gone another way. Two minutes ago, having seen Adonis duck in to a shop, and not wanting the vampire to escape, or attack someone, he chased after the vampire. Then he saw a tall elderly man who Myrddin knew to be the local MP, follow Adonis inside, what he did not know was that this man, Ian Jacobson, was a member of the Brotherhood, not that he had ever heard of them. When he arrived at the shop, he found its door hanging off its hinges, following Adonis breaking the lock. He knew that he should have called the others first, but the thrill of the chase, and his concern for the MP stopped him. Myrddin quietly entered the shop and saw the vampire on one side of the shop eyeing Jacobson, but not attacking him as Myrddin had expected him to do. The vampire was opening a bar of chocolate, for Adonis possessed a sweet tooth, his human host had passed on his liking for chocolate to Adonis. It was obvious that neither Jacobson or the vampire had noticed his arrival. About to order Jacobson out, Myrddin stopped on hearing the vampire remark.

“My how you stink hound of Hell, your sort never could hide your odour from us, and here you are, all alone.” Adonis smiled as Jacobson swore under his breathe, Jacobson knew that he should have left it to the others, he thought of himself as too important a member of this human nation to risk his current host’s life. Even so, he would not shirk the coming battle.

“A vampire, the scum of Hell, the lowest of all creatures.” Jacobson said scornfully.

“You, one of the Brotherhood are surely on a par with us, we both need the humans to exist, the only difference is that while we drink their blood, you take everything from them and leave them to exist as mere shades of their former selves.” Adonis retorted and then he turned to Myrddin, whose scent he had finally noticed, it was just as Myrddin’s phone had vibrated in his pocket, both he and Adonis ignored it.

“The Brotherhood are as much an enemy to you humans as us vampires, even more so as they have existed unnoticed over the many thousands of years since they arrived to live off you.” Adonis declared. “They have started plagues to keep your numbers down, even wars, they think of you only as serfs to do their bidding, while they are the elite. Why do you think that many of your ideas are poo-hoed, rubbished and finally shelved?” Then Adonis revealed his bombshell. “If either of us killed him, his spirit would head for the nearest human body to bind its own spirit and then use the body as its own. You would be a fine catch, for even I can see the aura surrounding you, and I know what it proclaims, that you are a warrior of the one god.” Adonis then added a most important remark.

“They cannot leave their chosen host until it is dead, human, and pay attention, the only way to kill the spirit of one of their kind is with fire. They must be consumed in fire, dying from the flames not the smoke, only then will you see their spirit, as it burns, just like a witch.”

Jacobson turned to see Myrddin standing in the open doorway, fear that had briefly entered his eyes was quickly extinguished.

“We must kill the vampire before it spawns more of its kind. Quickly, both of us must move in on him to ensure that he does not escape.”

Adonis laughed and deftly ducked beneath Jacobson’s oncoming arms and between their bodies while driving a sharp knife in to Jacobson’s exposed back. Myrddin, meanwhile, had pulled out his large silver-plated cross that hung around his neck with one hand and his sprayer of holy water with the other. As Adonis turned on him, he visibly stopped and stepped back as a jet of holy water hit him full in the face.

Given time to recover, even though the pain of the deep cut and the ensuing blood loss had weakened him, Jacobson pulled out an automatic pistol and fired. Unfortunately, his eyesight was also affected and, the silver bullet only just missed Myrddin.

While Adonis attempted to overcome the pain of the holy water, Jacobson attempted to apologise, but Adonis cut it short when he said.

“He wants you dead human, you know about them, he cannot allow you to report back to your leaders.”

Myrddin looked at his two enemies and then, letting go of the cross, grabbed a hold of his crossbow that hung from a hook on his belt. He fired it and the bolt thudded in to the chest of Adonis. Adonis said one word, “Shit.” And then exploded in to a cloud of dust that floated down to the floor leaving a dark puff of smoke that was suddenly gone.

Elsewhere, Mystica immediately felt his second death and felt very human for just a second. Adonis had thought that he would do great things for their master, Lord Lucifer, now he would be punished by their master for allowing himself to be vanquished. Mystica pushed these thoughts aside and resumed the hunt, life went on, even the strange half-life of the vampire.

Jacobson was slow in reacting to the vampire’s sudden execution even as he turned his pistol towards Myrddin, Myrddin struck the MP hard upon his chin, landing a very satisfactory punch. Jacobson sank to the floor unconscious leaving Myrddin with a quandary, too leave him could see him arrested for the knife attack on the MP as the Brotherhood sought to neutralise him. If the MP died from his wound, a local hidden behind their curtains could see him arrested for murder. His mobile phone interrupted his thought for it was once more demanding his attention and so he answered it, Alun was on the other end of it.

“Alun, I am in trouble, but I cannot speak of it over the phone, I will be staying here while I go over my alternatives, then I will contact you.”

With that he rang off. He knew that his problems had been multiplied by at least one thousand per cent. This new and previously unknown enemy, how could he tell one from a normal human, and the only way to deal with them was to burn them alive! He now called Joan and on learning that she and Neil were actually walking past the shop, he asked them to come in, he needed both their advice and their help.

When Joan and Neil came through to the rear of the shop, they saw Myrddin putting a wad of material over Jacobson’s knife wound, it was a tea towel that he had found in the room, by the small kitchen sink.

“My God, Professor, have you killed him?” Joan wailed.

“Not me Joan, it was one of the four original vampires, one who I was able to slay.” Myrddin replied with a grim smile upon his worn face.

“Have you called for an ambulance, Professor?” Neil asked.

“It is not that easy Neil, I overheard him and the vampire talking, he is part of something called the Brotherhood, they are similar creatures to the vampires but infinitely worse, they inhabit their host bodies by entering their bodies and taking over their brains. The only way to kill their black soul is by fire, otherwise they leave their dead host and move to the nearest human and take his body.” Myrddin explained. “Which at the moment would be one of us.”

“What are you planning to do Professor?” Joan asked anxiously.

“I do not know Joan, to leave him knowing that his secret is out could see me murdered by the Brotherhood, and you four and Father Mason could also be at risk. If they did not want to resort to murder, they could blame me, say that I was the one who attacked him. With all the downsides, I am still undecided, any ideas?” Myrddin replied.

“If he is worse than a vampire, Professor,” Neil said in a shaky voice. “were you thinking of setting fire to him, to kill his evil soul?”

“It did occur to me Neil, but even that has its downsides, what if we were seen leaving the building, we could be charged with his murder, which is why I am still here.” Myrddin explained.

“Yes, Professor, and then there are all of the CCTV cameras and police patrols, it would be risky, but what choice do we have,” Bridget began. “it is either the life of one hell-hound or ours. We should leave it until just after sunrise, the police will have returned to their police station or whatever and we can leave the shop by the back alley that runs along all of the shops and houses in this street.”

“You are sure that he is a hell creature Professor, you couldn’t have misheard their conversation?” Neil asked anxiously.

“No, Neil, he is one, a bullet in the wall behind you is a result of his first attempt on my life, and I was only in time to stop a second attempt, which is why I laid him out.” Myrddin replied, putting Neil’s worries at rest.

Unseen by them, Jacobson had woken up, and something about his evil being had begun to heal his wound, he leapt up and ran out through the front door of the shop, the two students made to follow him but Myrddin called them back.

“Leave him you two, there are probably more of his kind around, we need to be gone from here, and before they come looking for us, and we need to think our plan out again. First off Neil, polish wherever either of you touched, we must not leave a trace of our being here, including outside of the front door.”

Neil did as he was told and returned having accomplished his task and so Myrddin led the way out to the back door, as he did so, Joan knelt down and picked up the crossbow bolt that had slain the vampire and she said.

“Best take this away with us Professor, they may be able to track you if they found it here.”

Myrddin stopped at the doorway and turning said.

“Thank you, Joan, I am obviously not at my best, what with the two attempts on my life. But we should go now, we need to be back at my house so that we can alibi each other, I believe that you came to see if I was okay, what with us

believing that the deaths had something to do with our archaeological find at the building site.”

“Quite correct Professor, and how are things with you?” Neil asked.

“Terrible.” Myrddin said as he entered the back alleyway and led them quickly along it after Neil had polished the doorknob of the back door and all around it, for he had seen Joan touch the wood.

They arrived back at Myrddin’s house to be met by three anxious friends. Myrddin quickly updated them and Bridget made them all a cup of tea and then filled the sink bowl with soapy water and put clean plates and cutlery in to it. Turning, she said.

“We have all drunk countless cups of tea and eaten an assortment of biscuits, and Professor, where are the biscuits?”

“In the blue tin box on the shelf behind you.” Myrddin replied.

Bridget pulled down the box and on opening found just six left, she handed one to each of them and then emptied the crumbs in to the sink bowl.

“There, proof that we ate plenty of biscuits.” Bridget said with a contented smile on her face and a mouth full of digestive biscuit.

Myrddin now turned serious.

“I am really sorry for involving you all in my troubles, I should have sent you home immediately after my second dream, maybe you should all return to your homes now, you know that you would all be much safer away from me.”

“No, Professor, we signed up to slay the vampires and I for one am not leaving until we do just that.” Bridget said. “So far you have scored twice, I am anxious to get on the scoreboard.”

A chorus of me too followed her declaration and a grateful but worried Myrddin smiled and then said.

“Thank you, I had hoped that you would stay to fight on the side of good against a terrible evil, but I had to give you a chance to leave.” Myrddin said.

“We have something to tell you Myrddin, John managed to put a tracer on our vampire, if it did not fall off, then we should be able to track him back to his lair.” Alun said.

“That is fantastic John, well done.” Myrddin said to an embarrassed but very pleased John Mitcham. “But now, we should all try and get some sleep. Father Mason can join me in my bed, Bridget and Joan can have his bed and John and Neil, I am afraid that you two will have to bunk down here. Tomorrow, we will use John’s tracer to lead us to the vampires’ lair, hopefully we can slay the remaining vampires tomorrow.

They woke early the next morning, thanks to Myrddin’s alarm clock, to a new situation where defeating the vampires left a new, more powerful opponent who probably had tentacles spread across the whole of Britain and again probably, the whole world. This new enemy Myrddin thought, did not hide away in the dark, because until now, no one knew of their existence. They were amongst the elite, the powerful, they could, and probably would, kill without compunction knowing that the chances of their dying were even slimming than paying for their crime. If they had to die, they would be publicly killed to be reborn within another member of the governing classes, probably a politician.

Myrddin took a moment more to dwell on it, he and Alun were two men who could lead the fight against them, the only two men for no one else knew of the existence of the Brotherhood. Unfortunately, they would have to do it unseen and alone, the students would have to return to their other lives, for the risks were just too great to involve them again. In any case, first, a way had to be found to detect the Brotherhood, to prove to the world the truth behind their quest. Only then could their numbers grow and battle finally commence. And when it did, the battle would be unlike any other, for they could only kill their enemy in the flames of a hot fire, much as the witches of the middle ages had perished.

But it was not the time to worry about the Brotherhood, for the time had come to join battle with the vampires, if the tracer had not been lost by the vampire during its return to its lair.

“John, Brenda, you will be Father Mason’s wingmen, forgive me, wingman and wing woman.” Myrddin said which brought smiles to the students’ faces. “Father Mason will attack them while you two will defend his flanks and yours too. Alun may not be young enough for a prolonged physical attack, but he is more than able to handle a few vampires. Neil, Joan, you will be my wing-persons. Have no fear, any of you, Alun and me have faced evil before in all its forms and guises and have always been victorious. This morning will be no exception.”

Myrddin’s words did their job, the four students, and Father Mason, felt that they could not lose, as long as they followed instructions and kept their nerve.

They left the house, with John leading them with his tracer in his hand and they climbed in to Myrddin’s car, it was a little cramped but they would all be needed in the coming battle. Myrddin, following John’s instructions, took them to a detached house, it was here that the vampires had made their new lair, Myrddin parked just around the corner from it. He did not see the watcher parked across the street; he was one of the Brotherhood who was even then calling his leader.

In the private hospital room where Jacobson had been treated for his knife wound, which had been a lot better even before the nurse attended to him, Elbridge was berating the patient.

“You first go after a vampire without asking for assistance and then you allowed Professor Myrddin to live after hearing about us, are you mad Jacobson. I have just learned that he and his friend are two very dangerous men who have come to our people’s notice before, although we were never involved in their battles against what they term as evil.” Hardwick said angrily.

“I handled the vampire, even with Myrddin butting in, and as for him, no one will listen to him. If he did dare to speak of the Brotherhood; they would simply laugh at him and then retire him. “Jacobson argued. “And should it become necessary, I will simply transfer to another host, after being slain by a terrorist on my way to the House. That will end any controversy regarding my true self, for the humans would never want to believe that they are not in control of their existence, that another being is, one who is infinitely more powerful than they are.”

Just then another member of the Brotherhood burst in to the room with news.

“Elbridge, Myrddin and his merry band of followers have found the vampires, they are about to join battle with them.”

Elbridge smiled and said.

“Is that so, Jenkins, in that case I think that we will leave the humans and the vampires to battle it out, and we can mop up the survivors after. However, six humans against six vampires, the outcome should be simple to predict, an easy victory for the vampires.” Elbridge then added. “Strange, is it not, a Myrddin was responsible for the capture and entombing of the four vampires, and one may now be responsible for the slaying of them, if the underdogs can triumph.”

Myrddin and his followers looked at the house, all of its curtains were closed, thick winter curtains to keep out the light, so at least they would be able to approach without the fear of being spotted. However, Myrddin and Alun knew that when they entered the house, the older vampires would instantly awaken and be ready for action, with the younger ones following close behind them.

As Myrddin reached the front door, he suddenly felt very queer, almost as if he was no longer in control of his body, no longer about to face the vampires in a most important battle for the people of Wales and England. For a moment he feared that he had been taken by the Brotherhood, he prayed to God for help and someone answered his cry.

“Fear not Myrddin, your body will be returned to you after the battle, I am not with the Brotherhood.”

Myrddin was not comforted by the voice, for the creatures of hell were known to lie, but he found himself unable to voice his fears, he had become a watcher who would be unable to take a part in the coming events, whatever they happened to be. Of course, the others knew nothing of what had happened to their leader as they watched Myrddin open the front door with a mere wave of his hand.

This action made Alun stop for an instant, but he was then forced to enter behind the others or weaken their planned offensive. For a moment he did wonder if his friend had taken up magic, but then pushed the idiotic thought away, for he did not believe in such rubbish, even so, he would ask him about their entrance in to the house, if they both survived the coming battle.

The house was a normal three-bedroom house with a front room and kitchen downstairs and a staircase leading up from the front room to the bedrooms and a bathroom upstairs. Myrddin took a moment to look around the front room and then said in hushed tones.

“There are three of them upstairs. Neil, Joan follow me, be ready for battle, they are awake and are even now about to engage us. Alun, Brenda, John stay in this room, three vampires are about to enter through the patio doors, for the patio is shaded now, allowing them to move even though it is daylight.”

The four students did not wonder how Myrddin knew all of this, they merely thought that he possessed certain powers that made him able to know these things. Alun, on the other hand, did wonder, but when he saw the curtains move and then three vampires enter the room, his time to wonder had come to an end.

Myrddin and his two warriors reached the landing just as Julius rushed at Myrddin, only to be flung back in to the vampire that was once Pat Masters, tangling both of their bodies together. Mystica, did wonder just what had happened but she flung herself forward, her body stretched out, the talons on her outstretched fingers reaching for Myrddin. Even as Mystica reached Myrddin, she saw her hands bound together with a silver cord that caused her to cry out in

pain, then her feet were bound and she crashed in to the wall that had been behind Myrddin, for he had moved quickly to one side even as the vampire's talons were about to reach his face. Mystica looked at Myrddin and finally knew him for who he was.

"It's Myrddin the magician, he has come across Time to finish what he started, Julius, he is sending us back to Hell." Mystica cried in alarm as the mystical ropes that tied her arms and bound her feet tightened, the pain turning her warning cry in to a scream.

All Mystica could feel was the terrible all-consuming pain, this time she found that not even her powers were enough to combat it.

Julius looked up from the mass of tangled limbs and cried out in fear, how could the magician still be alive this far in to the future.

The noise of the battle down below now reached Myrddin's ears, and it did not seem to be going well for his side. He called back to his two warriors, Neil and Joan.

"Neil, Joan, return downstairs and aid the others, they are about to be overcome."

The two students did not wait to argue that he too needed help, they turned about and dashed downstairs. The three vampires were circling around their three friends, kept at bay for the moment by the smell of garlic and the three holy crosses held before the three friends. The vampire Gareth feinted left but moved right, he held a knife in his hand and he used it to cut the string of garlic around Alun's neck. Crying out in triumph he gripped Alun and was a second away from sinking his teeth in to Alun's neck. From above them, Neil launched himself from the lower landing and crashed in to the struggling pair. The sudden weight of Neil caused Alun and the vampire to topple over just as Joan reached them, and she plunged her stake in to the back of Gareth who turned to her and snarled.

"You missed my heart little one."

It was then that Brenda drove her stake in to Gareth's heart and she cried out in triumph.

"Surprise, surprise, vampire." As the vampire that had been Gareth Evans turned in to dust with just a small plume of black smoke to mark his passing, one that quickly disappeared back to Hell.

With the odds changed, John and Neil attacked the vampire that had been June Malvern, spraying her with holy water. The vampire screamed in pain and backed up, but not quickly enough for Joan took the opportunity to vanquish the vampire by driving her second stake in to the vampire's heart. This just left Morticia to face Alun, who was suddenly flanked by the four students. Morticia smiled, should she attempt to escape, leaving Julius to fight on alone, or should she attempt to break through the five mortals and flee up the staircase to her mate. Her thoughts were instantly snuffed out when Alun emptied the contents of his spray gun in to her face, the holy water making her scream in pain as she staggered backwards leaving her exposed to the attack made upon her by the four students. Seconds later another puff of smoke made its way back to Hell.

Up on the first-floor, the landing was filled with light, the vampire that was Pat Masters saw a silver spear in a halo of even brighter light, and it was coming straight for her. She was too stunned by what she had seen to attempt to evade it,

the spear entered her heart and that left just Julius to continue the battle between good and evil.

Julius looked around him, their time in this bright new world was supposed to be their version of the Elysium fields, where food was to be found at every corner and danger did not exist. Instead his vampires had all been vanquished, even Adonis who had thought himself the best of the best. He turned to Myrddin and rushed forward to finish the wizard, but to his amazement he found a long silver sword pushing in to his heart. He gasped, it was Excalibur, so this was how he was to be sent back to his master, Lucifer.

Myrddin now recovered his senses, at his feet was Mystica, just lying there with her hands clasped together, why? In his hand he found that he was holding a glowing silver sword, he did not waste time thinking, he just pushed the sword straight in to the heart of Mystica. Further along the landing he saw Julius, he was sitting on the landing, his back slumped up against the wall, making no attempt to fight, why? Once again, Myrddin used the silver sword, this time to vanquish Julius. Finally, Myrddin saw the third vampire, a glowing silver lance was standing next to her, she made no attempt to fight when he approached her. He pushed the sword in to his belt and took up the lance, he then pushed it deep in to the vampire's heart. Myrddin looked around him, not one of them had even uttered a moan, it was as if they had thought that they had already been vanquished, that they were already on their way back to Hell. Three puffs of black smoke drifted up in to the air to mark their passing, their bodies had turned to dust and lay on the floor by his feet.

The six warriors looked at one another, somehow, they had won through, but then their eyes went to Myrddin, a question clearly visible in all of their eyes, and he told them a tale.

"Something strange happened this morning, I witnessed the battle, but I was not in control of my body, it seemed to be in the power of another."

Myrddin then told them about how he found the three vampires on the first-floor landing, how they had not resisted him when he used the sword and the lance to vanquish them.

"But where did you find these weapons Myrddin? They are both of exquisite workmanship, see how they glow in the light." Alun said.

"What light?" Brenda asked.

They all looked up at the ceiling light, but found that it was not turned on, the weapons glowed without any light being shone upon them.

"They are gifts given to us when we needed them most, but who by, that I cannot answer." Myrddin said and then changed the subject.

"We have beaten the vampires, now we have the Brotherhood to contend with. A powerful organisation who could be business tycoons, senators, MP's, even prime ministers or presidents. Alun and I could not have beaten the vampires without the four of you, but the fight against the Brotherhood cannot begin until we find some of their followers. We know one, the local MP, Ian Jacobson, I will spend time researching him and even staking out his house."

"Be careful Myrddin, the Brotherhood will all be powerful men and women, if they notice you watching Jacobson, they may kill you or have you imprisoned on a trumped-up charge." Alun warned.

“I will be careful Alun.” Myrddin replied solemnly.

“Look, Professor, on the blade of the sword, there is something written upon it.” Joan said.

Myrddin drew the sword from out of his belt and looked at the writing, it was in the Celtic language, the language of the Welsh people who lived in the cellar where they had found the four skeletons, “You are right Joan,” Myrddin said. “it says I am the Slayer of all Hell creatures.”

“Could we use these weapons against the Brotherhood, does it mean that we would not need to burn their bodies to kill their dark life-force?” Brenda asked.

“It might be so Brenda.” Alun replied. “It seems as if we have a powerful but unknown ally on our side, one who may or may not be counted on in the coming war” Alun said and then added. “However, you four students have your own lives ahead of you, leave the search for the Brotherhood to Myrddin and myself.”

“You could not have vanquished the vampires without us Father Mason.” John protested.

“The fight against the Brotherhood is a long way off.” Myrddin argued. “When we are ready, and if you are once again willing to risk your lives, we will call you, until then, forget about them, they are powerful enemies with unknown powers.”

And so it was agreed, the four students would await the next call to arms. But what of the Brotherhood, would they wait to see what danger Myrddin and his small group were to them, or would they attempt to rid the world of them before they became a danger? That is a story as yet unwritten, but one thing is certain, Myrddin would not allow the Brotherhood to continue to use Mankind as their unwilling hosts, he and Father Mason would soon be making plans to take the battle to them.

