

The Sheriff & His Hounds

Disclaimer! Read The Rat Man & The Camarilla Dog before this

He never lets her drive his car, his lovely little car with the ever polished red paintjob and the engine that sings when the gas pedal is pushed. She loves it, and on any other day, she would have put up a fight, trying to convince him to let her drive his baby, like she always do, but this wasn't a usual day. Not in the slightest. They had found the girl. Well, they had found her body. Nothing usual about that.

The ride was silent, the radio turned low as they cruised down the highway, taking the fastest route south. The fastest way to the crime scene. She bit her nails vigorously, another bad habit still clinging to her from her living days, and the perfect manicure she once had, which returned every night mind you, was slowly deteriorating into regular, bitten down nails. The polish hadn't been repainted on top of her nails for years, maybe not ever since her living state became dead. But the perfect shape reset every morning. She did not know for sure but she was quite sure she hated it, like most mementos of a past lifetime.

Her vigorous biting is slowed when he starts drumming his finger at the wheel, a rhythm only for him, made up by his wandering mind. She can see the wheels in his head turning in the way his brows furrow and how he works his jaw, doing that thing that she any other time would find incredibly sexy.

He looks like the typical bad boy in his simple white t-shirt and battered leather jacket. He is just her type, that pretty face with something dark, deeply hidden behind a smile and a raised eyebrow. They work together because in the deepest parts, they are the same. They are two sides to the same coin. Except his demons makes him want to be loved, and hers make her want to be hated.

For what she had understood, they had taken very different ways to become what they now where. He had lived both a life and an undead life of undermining and pain. He had told her about his life in bits and pieces. How he had been born and raised as a slave on some plantation from hell in the Caribbean's. How the owner apparently had been a vampire, one time going rampant and killing almost everyone. How one of this vampire's vampire guests had saved his life, turning him into her slave. He had never gone in-depth on their relationship though. Rose had always figured it was too painful for him to talk about, the open wounds his sire never had bothered to heal before turning him, a painful testament on his body every morning that she must have been a bitch. That his life had been hell. She hoped he still didn't feel that way, that he had been able to wash that feeling away every morning in the shower, down into the drain together with the blood. She was not so sure. The darkness seemed to consume him sometimes, rage a powerful weapon in his hands. Just like it was for her.

Monsters formed into human shapes he had called them both once. He had then asked her how she could have turned out this way, with this darkness when her backstory was not nearly as sad. Her answer had simply been an "I must've been dropped as a kid" spoken through the smoke from a cigarette. He had snorted at her with a fond smile and for once, she was sure it was genuine. It had filled her with pride, knowing she was able to put a smile like that on his lips. She had kissed it away, blowing the useless smoke between them.

She must have starred at him because suddenly he was smirking, throwing a side eye towards her.

"What's going on in that mind of yours?" he asked, amusement making his hushed tone somewhat warm. She could still see the tension between his shoulders, could still read it in his eyes, but at

least he had finished whatever troubling thoughts he must have had. She almost said those pesky three little words she would have regretted as soon as she had said them but refrained. She shrugged instead, showing him a tiny smile.

“What do you think we’ll find when we get there?” she asked him, her fingers locking together and her thumbs twirling around each other. An old habit someone back when she was a child had told her to do instead of making a fuss. To have something to do. It had stuck.

His eyes lingered on her thumbs for a short moment that felt like forever before he turned his head towards the road once more. Somehow it seemed as she had just missed an opportunity, but for what, she did not know.

“I honestly don’t know” he said, voice once more hushed, as if he was in deep thought. “But I’m sure we’ll find out in a moment” he said as they flew off the highway, turning towards the harbor.

They arrive to Chicago harbor about half an hour after Brody called. They should be first at the scene, but as in any other case in this godforsaken town, the rumors spreads like wildfire. Brody is standing at the shore together with a couple of human cops, all of them deep in the Camarilla pocket, apparently discussing something and sharing glances towards the night sky. It was those who stood in a tight ring past Brody that worried her. She knew who those people was, and it did not bode well. She shared a glance with Liam before getting out of the car.

As they exited the car, all eyes turned to them. Brody flashed a way to satisfied grin towards them as he said something to the officers before steering the conversation back to whatever it was they were talking about before. Liam must have heard what he had said because a minor smile played on his lips as he passed her, heading over to the group she would never joined. She headed towards Brody instead. Liam had always been the one better at pleasing the higher ups anyway.

“Did you do what I asked you to?” A chill ran down her spine as the words invaded her thoughts. She made a point not to look over to where she knew the originator of the voice were. She could hear the same voice, faint and in the real world, talking to Liam.

“Well?” The voice was impatient now, already frustrated by having to have two conversations at once. She wanted to tell her to fuck off but really, just wanting to do was like doing it to the intruder so really, why bother?

“Of course. You asked me to, didn’t you?” she thought and instantly, the feedback felt a lot more pleasant. She dared a glance towards the group of higher ups. There were four of them, including Liam, and they stood chatting, as if they had just happened upon each other on a regular stroll. Not a single one of them was looking her way. Snobs.

“Well, what did he say then?” The voice prompted. It sounded smug. Her shackles was rising quickly, that slow burn already back from the night before.

“He’d look into it” she said and if a thought could be bit back, that was it. Her irritation was only met with amusement.

“Good good. Come say hi later, will you?” was the last thought she got before the link was cut off. As almost by fate, that was when she reached Brody and the cops.

“Well, well well. Look wh...wh-o finally decided to show up” Brody grinned down at her, and she opted for punching him on the shoulder, hard, instead of going for his face. He grimaced, but remained fine.

“Whatever, Brody Boy” She tackled his shoulder for good measure. He didn’t seem to mind. He turned towards the cops once more, they had turned silent as soon as she had joined them.

“Thank you for your h-help but we’ll take it from here” They looked skeptical but when he did a small, shooing motion, they started stalking back towards their cop car, defeated. AS if they had hoped they would get their break tonight.

“Won’t we have to erase their memories or somewhat?” she asked him turning to look out over the docks. He followed her line of sight. They could still hear the others talking further away and the cop car as it drove off.

“Nah, they never saw the important stuff” He shrugged. “Besides, they work for us either way. You sh...sh-ould get that stick up your ass out and get to know them” she snorted. An inhale that could be read as a laugh but really wasn’t.

“It does not sound like our dear Rosamund to gain friends that easily” someone said behind them. The chill up her spine was back. Both she and Brody spun around, neither had heard the group of people approach. In front of them stood two women, followed by a man and Liam. Liam looked even tenser than before, he had just managed to hide it behind an easy smile. Both Brody and Rose picked up on it. The others either didn’t notice or cared.

The one who had spoken was a younger woman, in her twenties, in typical 50’s attire. She was from another era altogether but it was as if that fashion had suited her the best. Her skirt was poofy with a petticoat under her closed coat and the hat sat highly preached atop her head. Her hair was pale in the night and formed into perfect, short curls, her eyes adorned a perfect eyeliner and her lips wore the color of blood. She looked like Marilyn Monroe. Even though Rose never had worn that look back in the fifties, always opting for pants instead, it left a sour taste in the back of her mouth. That clothes had always looked so damn uncomfortable.

“Now now, you’re giving her too little credit. You can be nice if you want to, can’t you Rosamund?” The other woman spoke. She wore more up-to-date clothes. Her heels were high, her dress short and shiny. Her hair was black and wavy, the wind catching it slightly and making it flow into the wind. The 50’s hair remained perfectly still. The modern one wore some thin bomber jacket and no human could have stood where they were standing in that outfit without getting frostbite. She looked like she was perfect for a club, not for a harbor.

Rose made her best fake smile at the two. They stood arm-in-arm, like two best friends from different eras, an obvious close companionship that shouldn’t be between two politicians with different agendas. The man behind them, probably some kind of guard, furrowed his eyebrows at her. He looked like he couldn’t understand why these two high-ups would accept her and her fake smile. Like he could not for the life of him get why they called her by her first name. Her full first name. She wondered what they would do if she called them out on their manipulative shit. She would probably be dead before sunrise.

“Well of course” her tone rang false and shrill in her head. “I just don’t want to” she continued with that fake tone. She could feel Brody jerk by her side, as if he wanted to laugh but couldn’t, but Liam’s face burst into a big smile. He stood further behind the two ladies, even behind the guard, so Brody and Rose were the only ones seeing it. The women in front of her tutted and feigned being upset at her.

“That’s not how a lady should behave” they said in union, like the two gossipers they were. Soon everyone that was anything would hear about the latest rudeness Rosamund Harrington was bringing upon the world. She could already feel her sire’s stern look from afar.

“Ladies, ladies. I apologize but you should really get going” Liam spoke up, finally, and they both turned towards him with, like two cats turning towards a prey.

“Oh but sheriff, we heard this place were the place to be tonight” The modern one purred. They at least did not seem to know exactly what was going on. Maybe they were just her to see the sheriff. Liam at least managed to not look as uncomfortable as Rose felt. Neither of the women knew she was wearing one of his sweaters, or why they had come in the same car. He flashed them an easygoing smile.

“Oh, Primogen Solomon, I really think your nightclub needs to be attended by you tonight” He turned towards the other lady. “And I’m sure Primogen Liberatore would love to go along with you” He took Liberatore’s hand, the 50’s one, and planted a light kiss atop of her glove. She seemed utterly pleased with that. He then kissed Solomon on the cheek. Liam sure knew how to kiss the prettiest asses in town.

“Good night then Sheriff” they both said in union, before turning towards Rose and Brody again. Brody, who had just started to relax, tensed up once more.

“Good night Rosamund” Solomon said and Rose might want to bite her head off. She stayed silent instead, only going for a curt nod. Liberatore just smiled a predatory smile towards her. As they both strode off, guard following them like an obedient dog, Liam came up to them. All three seemed a lot more at ease now when the primogens had moved on.

“I’m pretty sure Clarissa Liberatore and Bianca Solomon are out to get me” Rose murmured as a start of conversation. Liam snorted and Brody turned to her with feigned seriousness.

“You might want to not sleep at h...h-ome the next couple of days. You never know if you’ll end up dead otherwise” he grinned and sent both Liam and her a very pointed look.

“Dick” they both said at the same time. He eased back his shoulders, like he had done a good job somehow. They stood in silent for what must have been milliseconds before all three seemed to realize they were here to do a job. All three of them straitened up, shoulders locking into a stiff position and eyes that darted round the docks.

“Where is the body?” Liam asked at the same time as Brody pointed towards the water. They headed towards the edge of the dock. It wasn’t any wood, just a concrete block, suddenly ending. Some tractor tires had been secured along the side to stop ships from getting scratched at the hard surface. When they looked over the edge, fastened in the tires, hanged the girl. Whoever put her there had secured her by binding her arms with rope, securing the ropes to tires so that she was splayed like a T. Like Jesus on the cross if you will. She dangled over the black waters, her head lulled forward so they couldn’t see her face from their position above her. Unless they looked into the water. No winds were blowing so the dark water remained crystal clear, like a mirror. The reflection was perfect. Above her head, on the concrete between the tiers, someone had drawn a halo. Below her dangling feet, was a message written. The words had been written as if they were to be read from above, through the mirror sea. They stood out perfect from the grey concrete.

I’m coming for you next