

From Quid Pro Quo – Chapter 23

~ The Burglar ~

About a thousand words.

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It always happened when he'd brought home a Thai food takeaway and there was something he wanted to watch on TV. Not something on demand, but a documentary that if he wasn't sat in his lounge at nine that night, he'd miss it. There was a record function on the DVD machine attached to the TV, but it had all been so much easier with VHS. His one night alone that week had been diverted into something not at all relaxing, by a call from Patsy.

"Hi Simon, are you busy?"

"I've a takeaway on the coffee table and something about penguins to watch at nine. If that counts as busy, I'm busy. Do you want to come over? There's enough food."

"I was hoping you'd come over here. Remember what you thought might happen with Zeus? Well.....It happened, sort of."

Simon enjoyed a forkful of the wonderful food that he knew was going to be his first and last. His mind was filled with an image of Zeus sat on the chest of a dead burglar, while Evie sat in a corner.....Screaming.

"How bad is it Patsy? Is Evie really upset?"

"Best if you come over and see for yourself."

His wonderful meal went into a bin bag, though he did try to set the almost incomprehensible DVD machine to record his documentary on penguins. The bin bag went into the wheelie bin, on his way to his elderly van. Simon deliberately stopped worrying, a neat trick of the vampire mind. Turn off all anxiety, stress and worries about what he might find. It was only a short drive away and after nearly eight hundred years of dealing with some truly catastrophic messes; he was sure he could sort out this one.

"Dump the body, kill the cat and calm down Evie.....Easy." He muttered.

Of course it wouldn't be that easy, it never was. There had been that time when he'd briefly lived in Berlin though. Getting rid of six bodies, while keeping a Baron's niece clear of any suspicion. All to be done while trying to convince two servants that nothing was wrong. Now that had seemed impossible, yet he'd done it.

"It'll be fine."

There were no gaps outside the house, so he parked a few houses down. Patsy must have been watching for him, she had the door opened before he could ring the bell. She looked worried, but not in a panic.

"Sorry to call you.....He's in the kitchen." Said Patsy.

A greeting that gave rise to so many questions, though it was easier to simply follow her into the kitchen than ask them. Simon found the man on the floor, leaning against Evie's washing machine. Simon had seen that look before, the man was terrified to the point of being afraid to move, or even blink or breathe deeply.

"Please tell me he's a burglar and not a meter reader for the electric company." He said.

"A burglar.....He had the nerve to shout Boo at mum when she found him rummaging upstairs. Bastard, he had it coming.....Zeus got between him and the back door."

Evie left the back door ajar all the time, claimed it helped her breathe better. As for Zeus, he was there, a low growl still coming out of his tiny throat. Actually he was no longer tiny, but he was still a long way from being fully grown. Zeus had positioned himself between the burglar and the open back door.

“How is Evie taking all this ?” He asked.

“Oh, mum’s fine. No rationalising it, no worries at all. Her pet cat suddenly grew to the size of a lion and scared a burglar shitless. Mum thinks that is brilliant. She actually told me she always thought Zeus was a bit special.”

“Better than her screaming for a week.”

“I suppose, but that would have been more natural. She’s in the lounge, looking forward to a TV programme about penguins.”

“I wanted to see that.”

Simon stroked Zeus and very carefully picked him up. The half-grown cat began to purr and snuggle up against him.

“Come on Zeus, you’ve done your job very well.” Said Simon. “Time to go into the lounge with Evie.”

No need to tell the burglar to stay put, he was still well and truly catatonic. Not that Simon was worried about the welfare of a burglar who was definitely not going to survive the night. With Zeus curled up in his arms, Simon walked into the lounge and deposited the bundle of fur on Evie’s lap.

“I hear he did well tonight Evie ?”

“He did, wonderful little chap. I always knew he was a bit special.”

“I hear you like penguins ?”

“I do, there’s a programme about them tonight.”

“How about I order us all some food and we watch it together ?” He asked.

“That would be brilliant.”

Simon went back into the kitchen and handed a credit card to Patsy, one that seemed only to be used for takeaways.

“I’m starving Patsy, order enough of whatever Evie and you like to feed an army, I’ll eat anything.”

“How about Thai ? Mum has sort of discovered Thai food quite recently.”

“Thai is fine, it was almost my dinner earlier tonight. Order it from the lounge and stay in there for a while....Alright ?”

“Yes, I understand.”

He was glad one of them understood, personally he was still finding the evening to be quite confusing. He sat on the floor next to the burglar, his back up against Evie’s washing machine.

“Sorry buddy, but you really do deserve this.”

It would have been nice to satisfy his need for blood, it had been a while. There was the risk of spots of blood in Evie’s kitchen though and the burglar’s DNA. He might well have told someone his intended route that night and the houses he intended to visit. Simon was sure Evie would happily lie to the police, but blood stains were too much of a risk. Simon leant over the man, before snapping his neck. It actually felt like a mercy killing, considering the man’s mental state.

“Into the garden shed for now and I’ll come back for you later.”

Said Simon, as he easily carried the dead burglar over his shoulder.

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