

Ella Roberts was born in South Africa, moving to England when she was nine. She started taking an interest in the supernatural, spirituality and self-development when aged fifteen. She read widely on the subject, and started to put what she learned into practice by working on herself, doing meditations, keeping journals and channeling information. She has always loved reading books, but only began to write when she was twenty. *The Run: London's Secret* is her first novel.

ELLA ROBERTS

THE RUN:
LONDON'S
SECRET



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CHAPTER ONE

‘Where is the damn place?’ muttered Kelly to herself.

She was walking along Oxford Street, looking for the building where she had an appointment to register at an employment agency, but for ten minutes, had been searching and hadn’t found it.

‘Excuse me? Do you know where this place is?’ she asked a stranger.

‘Yeah, it’s over there.’ He pointed at a discreet white door, with an intercom, and labels for the different businesses in the building.

‘Thank you,’ she said, feeling relieved.

Walking towards it, she pressed the buzzer, announced herself, and pushed open the door.

Ascending the stairs, Kelly tried to remember what floor the Agency was on, and failed, but continued regardless. Reaching the second floor, she noticed an old chipped sign indicating the ‘Benign Employment Agency’.

A flickering light bulb barely illuminated the dark corridor, and not another soul could be seen or heard anywhere in the building. Just a total, eerie silence, accompanied by shadows at the corner of her eye. When she looked properly, there was nothing there.

A slow shiver crept up her spine, and for a moment, she considered leaving, but stopped herself because finding a job was that important.

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She knocked on the door of 'Benign Employment Agency', but no one answered, paused, knocked again, and still no answer. Disappointed, and beginning to walk away, Kelly remembered that she actually had an appointment to attend, and decided to knock one more time in case nobody had heard her the first two times.

Still no answer.

She tried the door knob – and it opened. Casting a glance along the deserted corridor, Kelly then peered into the room; a spacious office suit, with windows that were painted black from the inside, allowing no natural light into the barely furnished space. It was illuminated only by candles at the far end.

Leaving the door ajar, Kelly took a cautious step into the room and slowly crept towards the light. As she got closer and noticed that in between each candle were wads of cash labelled £5,000, stacked neatly in piles of five, alarm bells went off in her head. But something kept urging her forward, like someone under a spell, she was transfixed.

Closer still, Kelly took notice of what was actually inside the circle, and gasped.

A dead body.

Naked, and in an awkward position on the floor. It's knees had been bent unnaturally away from each other, creating a 'W'. The bizarreness continued; a giant pin, engraved with a 'W' symbol, had been plunged deep into the corpse's chest, and underneath the pin, on the stomach, was another 'W', that had been etched with something sharp enough to draw blood.

A satanic ritual, thought Kelly, and the spell was broken, she had to get out!

Grabbing a few wads of cash and throwing them into her bag, she ran towards the door and checked that nobody had suddenly appeared, closed it behind her, and ran down the

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flight of stairs, careful not to trip and fall.

Pressing the exit button and letting herself out, Kelly stopped running, but kept walking briskly towards a bus with its doors open. Producing her ticket, she found a seat and tried to slow her breathing.

Because Kelly hadn't seen anyone, anywhere on the second floor, she had no reason to suspect that somebody was following her.

CHAPTER TWO

‘So you found a grand in cash on the bus?’ asked Mischia.

‘Yeah, in a brown envelope on the floor at the back,’ Kelly replied, tiredly rubbing her eyes.

‘So what are you going to do with it?’

‘I don’t know.’ She shook her head.

Mischia’s mind went into overdrive.

‘Let’s spend it. We could go shopping, to Romford...’

Kelly felt a headache developing, and Mischia was irritating her, she instantly regretted telling her about the money. Now there was no way back, she had to keep it, or at least the thousand pounds she’d already told Mischia about. What would she do about the dead body and the ritual? The rest of the money? Why hadn’t she told anybody straight away? The police? The authorities? Wouldn’t they ask her the same questions if she decided to tell them now? And what would she say? How would she explain herself? Should she even tell them? What was she going to do? Kelly shook her head and rubbed her face with both hands, she felt so miserable and confused, but Mischia didn’t notice, she was rabbiting on about how to spend the money.

‘We could buy shoes, clothes, accessories, some stuff for the flat, and then do lunch like in Sex and the City. Oh my God, I’ve always wanted to do that! Then we can get a cab home with all our bags...’

Kelly was a slightly heavy girl in size but quite small in

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height. With smooth brown skin and shoulder length hair (always tied back), she had the sort of ordinary face that people wouldn't remember.

She was the type of person who only did things when she had to, generally lazy, Kelly liked life to be easy, unchallenging and uncomplicated.

Mischia, on the other hand, liked to be active, and couldn't sit still for very long; she would work her way around the flat every Saturday and Sunday, looking for something to do. During the week, she would put much energy into her job as a trainee chef, to the pleasure of her employers.

Mischia had simple brown eyes and freckles around her nose, but didn't like either, so she covered them with glasses, her skin was prone to spots, but her complexion was lovely, and her hair was an unruly mass of curls. She was also slightly heavy in size, but that was made up for by her height.

The girls had an easy relationship developed at college, after an incident with a boy.

Kelly had been pursued by a boy she later found out was Mischia's boyfriend. Mischia had found out about this, and confronted Kelly, only to learn that it was her boyfriend doing the pursuing, and not Kelly. The girls had joined forces and plotted revenge against the offending boy, successfully managing to humiliate him in front of everyone that mattered.

They had become friends after that.

At twenty-two, Kelly and Mischia had decided to seek independence and move into their own place, where they split bills, rent, food, etc, and life was good as far as they were concerned, despite the ordinary ups and downs.

'...Remember that top you wanted but couldn't afford?'

'Mischia stop, plea-'

She was interrupted by the sound of a breaking flowerpot. Mrs Phillips from upstairs had an annoying cat that would 'meow' at the same time each night and knock

things over, inconsiderate of the people it was disturbing. They had complained to her, but all she would say was 'Cats are independent animals dear, you can't keep them locked up'. So, there was nothing anyone could do, save killing the cat, of course, but they grudgingly put up with it instead.

'It's back. You know, something needs to be done about that cat,' Kelly complained.

'I know, but you know what she says...' Mischia looked at the ceiling sarcastically.

Kelly sucked her teeth 'You know I was trying to sleep the other night-'

'-And it scratched at your window and meowed?'

'Yeah, how did you know?'

'It did that to me.'

'Stupid cat,' Kelly hissed at the window. 'Maybe, we should pour hot water on it?'

Mischia nodded, uninterested, then said 'Anyway, back to the money. Are you going to give some to your mum?'

Kelly could have slapped Mischia for reminding her of her dilemma, and shook her head, then went on to thinking about how she would actually explain such a lot of money to her mother, and also debated telling Mischia the truth, but decided against it.

Fatigue enveloped her, and she wanted to sleep forever, or at least until this whole situation had gone far away or didn't matter anymore. Since that was impossible, she decided, instead, to get some rest, and then maybe tomorrow, she would know what to do; people always thought better in the morning, feeling so tired, she was not thinking straight, and nothing good would come out of making decisions in her this state of mind.

'I'm off to sleep now,' she stood up, stumbling a bit 'Goodnight Mish.'

'Night girl.' Mischia waved her off.

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On the way to her bedroom, Kelly stopped her mind from drifting back to the dead body, and the paranoia about the owners of the money coming after her.

She changed into her night clothes, climbed into bed, and, after a long time, fell asleep from pure exhaustion.

Kelly was woken up by a scream.

A scream that was filled with fear.

At first she thought it was a dream, but the screaming persisted so, sleepily, she sat up and stumbled out of bed, sliding her feet into a pair of old slippers, wondering what the hell was going on and why it was disturbing the sleep she had waited so long to fall into.

She followed the noise slowly, at first, and faster as she approached the living room.

Mischia!

And what she was staring at stopped Kelly in her tracks.

Mrs Phillips' cat, dead, on the carpet, and inside a circle of candles and stacks of cash labelled £5,000.

It's spine had been broken, and the body was positioned to form a 'W', while a giant pin, also engraved with a 'W', had been dug into it's side, the cat's thigh had the same 'W' symbol engraved on the giant pin.

Kelly looked at Mischia.

And screamed.

CHAPTER THREE

They heard banging on the door, which brought their screaming to a halt, and looked at each other, but said nothing.

Another knock.

'Who is it?' asked Mischia, with a shaky voice, walking towards the door.

Silence.

'It's Mrs Phillips dear. Are you girls alright? I heard screaming.'

Relief.

But, they didn't know what to say, and couldn't let her in either, so they had to come up with something before she got suspicious.

'Sorry Mrs Phillips' said Kelly, 'we were just play...playing and being stupid.'

'But why won't you open the door?' she asked.

'Go away, stupid old bag,' muttered Mischia.

Kelly went to the door and opened it very slightly, blocking the view inside with her body. She smiled and said 'We're fine Mrs Phillips, really. Sorry for the noise, everything's ok now, thank you.'

She began to close the door, but Mrs Phillips would not be fobbed off that easily. The screaming had been real, and the girl looked distressed. The girls hadn't come up with a suitable explanation, so Mrs Phillips wasn't going anywhere until she knew what was going on.

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'Are you sure dear?' She asked, trying to get a peek inside.

'Yes!' Kelly sounded irritated, then collected herself. 'I mean, yes. We're fine now Mrs Phillips, I have to get back to sleep now, you know, work and all that?'

This time she managed to close the door, and lock it.

Mischia was no longer in the passage behind her, she was in the living room, taking the money out of the circle.

'She gone?' she asked, as Kelly walked in.

'What are you doing?' asked Kelly, looking scared. What if someone was watching them? What if they were waiting somewhere, and were going to come and get them?

She looked around, then froze.

Everything had happened in such a hurry, Kelly hadn't remembered that the scene was similar to the one in Oxford Street. But suddenly it dawned on her, and she gasped, her hand flew to her mouth.

Mischia stopped what she was doing and looked at Kelly, registering the look on her face.

'What's wrong?' she asked.

Kelly began to hyperventilate, then her legs gave way, and she landed on the carpet with a dull thud, disturbing a candle, which began dripping wax. Mischia picked it up and sat down next to her.

'Kelly what's wrong?' Mischia shook Kelly, but the hyperventilating only got faster and louder.

'Kelly breathe! What's wrong? For God's sake breathe!' shouted Mischia.

It had no affect. Kelly was still staring at the scene in shock, and Mischia began to panic too. Something freaky was going on and Kelly had zoned out on her. Mischia made a decision then, and slapped Kelly hard across the face. She immediately stopped hyperventilating and looked at Mischia, with fear in her eyes.

‘What’s wrong?’ Asked Mischia once more.

‘Um...um...I-I saw this yesterday. The money I had, I got it from this Mischia,’ she pointed at the scene, ‘I got it from this.’ She started crying.

‘This? What the hell does that mean? Kelly?’

Kelly was rocking and crying, and Mischia didn’t know what to do.

Something was delivered through the letterbox, and there was a light knock on the door. They looked at each other, but didn’t move. After a few moments, Kelly closed her eyes and started to think. What had she done? Why was this happening to her? Who was doing this? And why? Was it because she had stolen the money? Why had she done it? Why hadn’t they stopped her? Why did they wait, and then come to her home and involve Mischia?

Thoughts kept swimming around her head, and she was feeling weighed down by them. What would they do now? She wondered.

Maybe Mischia knew.

Kelly opened her eyes and looked at her friend, who was crying silently beside her, looking lost, like a vulnerable child. Kelly knew then that because all this was her fault, she had to take responsibility for the choices she had made, and protect Mischia too. Her flatmate had not asked to be involved in this, Kelly knew she had to do something – now.

At that moment, she put her fear to the back of her mind and took charge. Composing herself, she stood up, Mischia looked up at her.

‘Let’s clean this up-’

‘Kelly, what is all thi-’

‘And get rid of it-’

‘Kell-’

‘Then I’ll explain everything, ok?’

‘No, explain to-’

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'Later! Mischia, I'll explain it to you later.' she said, authoritatively.

Mischia was taken aback, but obeyed.

Kelly ran into the kitchen, fetched a roll of bin liners and came back to find Mischia extinguishing the candles and putting them together. She began packing the money into one bin liner, while Mischia packed the candles into another. When it came to the cat, they tried their best not to throw up, and when everything was in the bin liners, they stood, surveying the room.

'Everything's packed right?' Asked Kelly, looking around.

Mischia nodded. 'All that needs doing now is vacuuming.'

'Ok, let's go.' She began walking.

'Where are we going to get rid of these?' Asked Mischia.

'The bins in the alley behind Legends Nightclub,' Kelly said, picking up the envelope on her way out.

Neither of them noticed that it was odd to be receiving mail at two in the morning.

Kelly had the candles, while Mischia had the cat and money. Lost in their own thoughts, they walked silently along the high street, until they reached the alley behind the restaurants, where the bins were.

'Are we leaving the money?' Asked Mischia.

'Do you want it? Along with the cat?' Kelly's eyes were wide and mocking.

'Ok, no need to be like that.'

They dumped the bin liners next to a bin, not even bothering to conceal them, and left. Walking back up the high street, Kelly thought about why all this was happening. Why she'd stumbled upon the dead body? Why she'd been so stupid as to take the money? Was she seriously that desperate? Why hadn't she told the police yet, especially now

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there had been the cat? What if somebody had seen them? Why had she made these decisions? What would happen now?

She looked at Mischia and said 'Look normal, ok?' then remembered the envelope.

Opening it slowly, afraid of the contents, Kelly took out a card, as they rounded the corner to their house.

'What is it?' Asked Mischia, trying to get a look.

It was a plain, simple white card, with a symbol in the middle of it; a yellow square inside a white flower, with stems of little squares sprouting out of the petals.

Kelly's eyes moved to the one word beneath it

RUN!

Their flat blew up.

CHAPTER FOUR

They were thrown to the ground by the sheer force of the blast, and there was a moment of silence before the dogs began to bark and lights were turned on.

In that moment, one word echoed in Kelly's mind: RUN!
So she did, followed by Mischia.

And they ran.

'Where are we going?' Asked Mischia, breathlessly.

Kelly couldn't think of anything better than 'back to the alley...to get the money.'

It felt like they had been running for ages, when they finally arrived at the alley, where Kelly picked up the bin liner with the money in it, and sat on a crate, panting like a dog, and trying to get her breath back.

Mischia stood, feeling scared and distressed, she knew that something was very wrong, and Kelly knew what it was. Now wasn't the time to ask for explanations, but she needed to know.

'Are you going to explain to me now?' she asked, turning to her friend.

'DAMN!' shouted Kelly.

'Shhh!' whispered Mischia.

'Sorry.'

'Kelly, what's going on?'

'Not now Mischia, we have to get away from here.' She said, standing up and beginning to walk.

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Mischia followed grudgingly, she was scared, frustrated, didn't know what was going on, and was relying solely on Kelly, who was saying nothing.

Kelly stopped, and said 'Ok, this is what we're going to do. We'll go to one of those hotels and stay there till morning. But we can't go in there looking like this and with that,' she pointed at the bin liner.

'Tesco's open twenty-four hours,'

Kelly nodded 'Oh yeah...ok, I'll go in and buy some clothes and stuff, then we'll go to the hotel.'

They heard sirens in the distance, which seemed to speed them up.

While Kelly went shopping, Mischia waited outside Tesco's with the bin liner. Twenty minutes later, Kelly returned with some bags.

'Lets go over there,' she said.

They went to a dark corner of the car park and packed the money into the new rucksacks, hurriedly got changed into the new clothes, and shoved the old ones into a recycling bin. Then walked to the Ibis hotel, and checked into a twin room.

'Now you have no excuse Kelly,' said Mischia. 'tell me what's going on?'

Kelly explained everything, from the time she was looking for the agency, to the time she came home, describing in detail everything she saw.

'So what could it all mean?' Mischia asked, after a long time.

'I don't know Misch,' Kelly shook her head slowly, 'I don't know...I mean if it was because of the money, why did they come back, and bring more?'

That reminded them that they were in possession of a lot of money, so they began to count it.

'That's two hundred and fifty grand Kelly,' said Mischia, rubbing her face nervously, 'in twenties.'

'Fuck me! We're in trouble now Mischia. What the hell

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have I done? I'm so sorry.' Kelly started to cry.

The memory of the past few hours made Mischia cry as well, and the two friends sat hugging each other, tears streaming down their faces.

Mischia was beginning to doze off when she heard a light tap on the door, and something slip under it. She went to get the envelope and opened it. The card was similar to the one they'd received earlier, but the words were different: GET OUT NOW! It said.

She shook Kelly, who was immediately awake after reading the card. They moved quickly, putting on their shoes, collecting their belongings and running straight out of the room, then out of the hotel.

It was still dark outside.

Briskly walking away and just about to turn the corner, they saw a police car approach them and slow down.

'Don't look guilty' instructed Kelly.

As the car got closer, their hearts beat faster and they considered running, but wouldn't that cause suspicion?

'You alright?' asked the policewoman.

'Yeah.' said Kelly, nodding.

Mischia smiled.

It drove off, and when it had turned to enter the Ibis Hotel, they ran to the bus stop outside Tesco's where, after fifteen minutes, a bus turned up. They got on it, and there were a few people on the top deck on their way to work. Kelly sat down next to Mischia, but neither said a word, both lost in their own thoughts.

It was approaching 6am and there were more buses around, so they got off at East Ham and took a 238 to Stratford. Sleep was desperately needed, so they went to the Ibis Hotel in Stratford, and checked into a room on the third floor.

They were asleep within five minutes.

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Two hours later, Kelly was woken up by hunger pangs. She shook Mischia awake and told her that she was going to buy something to eat for them.

‘I’ll come with you,’ Mischia said.

‘You don’t have to, I’m only going to McDonalds.’

‘Are you crazy? You’re not leaving me here alone.’

So, together, they went to McDonalds.

‘You ok?’ Kelly asked, biting into a hash brown.

Mischia nodded, sipping hot chocolate.

Kelly stared off into space.

‘What’s wrong?’

‘What’s wrong?...Girl, we’re in trouble with somebody, and everything’s just so messed up.’ Kelly rubbed between her eyes.

‘I know.’

‘Our house blew up, we have a lot of money, that’s not ours, and somebody’s trying to kill us. What are we going to do Mish?’ A sob caught in Kelly’s throat.

Mischia took her hand. ‘Don’t cry, you’ll get me started next. Imagine trying to explain that?’ She looked around.

They both smiled tiredly.

‘Maybe we should go back and get some sleep eh?’ She said.

‘Yeah.’ Kelly nodded ‘Then we can leave around midday and figure out what the hell to do with ourselves. I’m so tired, I can’t think straight.’

‘Tell me about it.’

At the hotel, while walking to their room, they were alerted by voices coming from inside, and stopped to listen.

‘...were here...checked...morning...’ a man was saying.

Kelly and Mischia looked at each other and turned on their heels, briskly walking out of the hotel, trying not to attract attention to themselves by running.

‘Stratford station’s this way,’ said Mischia, steering Kelly.

At the station, they bought two travel cards and went onto the platform.

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'It's better if we keep moving, you know, stay with the crowds,' said Kelly, nervously looking around, as the train pulled in.

The carriage was full of people on their way to work, so they didn't get a seat, and stood by the doors.

When they'd pulled into Oxford Circus, Kelly whispered 'What if we went back to the place I first took the money?'

'What good will that do?' Frowned Mischia, noticing a newspaper being read by a man sitting down.

The headline shocked her: 'THREE DEAD IN BARKING EXPLOSION!'

She nudged Kelly with her elbow, nodded at the newspaper for her to read, and felt her stiffen.

When they pulled into Bond Street, Kelly said 'let's go.'

Mischia looked at the newspaper one more time before following. It was nearly 11am, and Oxford Street was steadily filling up with shoppers. They wandered aimlessly in the direction of Marble Arch, not knowing where they were going or what they were going to do. They didn't know who was after them or why, but they did know that whoever it was wanted them dead.

Kelly bumped into a man, interrupting her thoughts, Mischia did the same.

'Morning girls,' said the man Kelly had bumped into.

'You're coming with us today,' said the one Mischia had bumped into.

And they both had guns.

CHAPTER FIVE

Kelly and Mischia tried to go around them, but they stood firmly without moving and didn't allow the girls to move either.

'I don't think so,' said the first man.

All of a sudden, something very strange happened. A haze of violet fog slowly appeared and surrounded them. People had previously been bumping into them on the street, but now they were outside this haze, and completely unaware of it. Only Kelly, Mischia, and the two men were inside of it.

What's going on? Kelly wondered, looking around.

When they were completely surrounded, the scene changed, from Oxford Street to limbo; a white nothingness.

Seconds later, they were in the reception area of an open plan penthouse apartment. There were stairs to their left leading up to a bright landing at the top, two elegant silver doors to their right, which were a toilet and a utility room, the floor was wood panelled, but the stairs were carpeted. A seating area in front of them, overlooked the Excel Exhibition Centre, and a regal black woman in her fifties sat on a sofa, holding something in her arms.

'Great. You're here,' said a young woman in her early twenties, walking up to them.

She handed them each a ring with a blue stone, but Kelly and Mischia were too stunned to speak or move.

'Come *on* girls,' she clicked her fingers, 'put these on. *Now* please.'

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The men walked towards the sitting area while Kelly and Mischia put the rings on.

‘By the way, my name is Qurepti, but call me Carissa.’ she said, introducing herself.

Kelly felt brave enough to speak. ‘What’s going on please?’

She looked so desperate and so disturbed, thrown into something so big, and not knowing what to do, where to go or exactly how much trouble she was in, Carissa really felt for her.

‘It’ll be explained to you, if you follow me.’

She led them into the sitting area, where the regal woman stood up and smiled at them.

‘Please sit down,’ she said.

The regal woman had a presence that was so powerful, Kelly and Mischia didn’t know whether to fear or trust her.

After a moment of looking at them she said, ‘my name is Pdothrui, but call me Justine. This is Azcrpt, otherwise known as Colin,’ she indicated the first man, ‘and Mquish, but call him Trevor.’ She indicated to the second man.

Kelly turned to the men and gave an uncertain smile.

Mischia was battling with a rising panic. What was all this? Who were these people? What did they want with them?

Justine sensed her feelings, and smiled. ‘Mischia, try to calm down and take it in your stride. You girls have stumbled upon something very complicated, something that you are not supposed to know about, something that didn’t concern you. But, unfortunately, you are now very much involved, that is why you are here.’

It didn’t register with Mischia that Justine knew her name, when neither her or Kelly had said it.

‘What is happening?’ Kelly asked, worriedly.

Justine looked at them intensely for a few moments, then sighed and began to explain.

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‘We are from a place called Wymasiriah,’ she started, Kelly and Mischia looked blank, she continued, ‘we are on this planet because of Ywoth, a Being from our world, who is on a mission to overthrow the Wymasirian Council, and take over. He came to Planet Earth because of the easily available energy here,’ she paused. Mischia and Kelly blinked twice. ‘What you stumbled upon yesterday was a ritual, and you disturbed it,’ she said to Kelly.

‘W-what does that mean?’ asked Mischia.

‘It means that you’re now both involved, and we need to keep you protected, and therefore, alive.’ She shook her head ‘It won’t be easy because Ywoth is in pursuit of you.’

‘W-what does he want with us?’ Asked Kelly.

‘You disturbed his ritual, which means he cannot use that body. He needs another body – yours.’

The images of the cat and the dead man in the office were too much for Kelly, and she began to hyperventilate, Mischia put an arm around her. ‘Breathe Kelly, breathe,’ she said.

Justine stood up and walked over to Kelly, put gentle hands on her shoulders, looking deep into her eyes. Instantly, Kelly was filled with a sense of peace and calm. She stopped hyperventilating and looked at Justine.

‘What are we going to do now?’ She asked fearfully.

‘You’re going to stay alive.’

CHAPTER SIX

Kelly and Mischia were given fruits and vegetables to eat, then sent upstairs to sleep in the two bedrooms of the penthouse apartment.

The bedrooms were luxurious, furnished in white with *en suite* bathrooms and floor to ceiling windows that let in a tremendous amount of light. At night, the view over Excel and London was breathtaking, best enjoyed from the bed.

Mischia undressed, took off the ring and had a bath. She sat in the hot water, thinking about her life, and what Justine had said about it. They were dead to the world now, unless they decided not to be, but it was not safe because the Renegade was after them.

They had gone underground, and sort of on the run.

Two days ago she was a normal, broke twenty-two year old with bills to pay and a job she didn't like. Now she was a supposedly dead fugitive, being pursued by a power-obsessed alien.

How life could change in a minute.

She got out of the bath and put on the robe hanging on the back of the door, then went to sit on the edge of the bed, watching the incredible night-time view.

Mischia was trying very hard to come to terms with what she had been told about the Wymasirians. Like how they were from another planet and able to do extraordinary things such as disappear into thin air. She had thought things like

that only existed in movies, books and fantasies, not in real life, not so close to her.

There was a lot more to learn, Justine had said, and it would take so much time to digest and accept, but for now they should take it in their stride.

She started thinking about her family and how upset they probably were at her 'death'. Justine had said that she could call them, but if they were going to play dead, it wouldn't be such a good idea.

She was grateful to Justine, who had been patient and understanding. She had not patronised or made them feel inadequate, even if they were. She had given them choices and said that they were free to do anything they chose. She never pressed them in any way and Mischia was grateful for that.

She prayed that her family and friends would cope well with losing her. She prayed for herself and Kelly, that they would be able to get through all this, and come out at the other end unscathed and alive.

She fell asleep feeling heavy and confused.

In the midst of her unconsciousness, Mischia felt somebody putting a ring on her finger and picking her up as if she weighed nothing. Opening her eyes briefly, she saw that they were headed towards the big window.

In the next moment they were on the outside, gently floating down towards the ground.

Mischia went back to sleep.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Kelly woke up feeling rested and refreshed, because she was safe now, sleep had come easily. The morning view made her feel happy and relaxed, smiling to herself, she got up and put the robe on. She went into the bathroom and while washing her face and brushing her teeth, she heard her stomach grumble and laughed at herself.

Kelly felt as if the previous day's weight had been lifted off her shoulders, because the Wymasirians would take care of everything and she trusted them.

After what Justine had explained to them Kelly felt a mixture of apprehension and excitement. She had always been interested in the supernatural but had never really believed it existed. Now, she had not only found out that it was real, but she was also involved in it

Thinking about Mischia, she decided to go and get her for breakfast, and knocked on her door, but there was no answer, so she opened it, with the intention of waking her up if she was asleep. Mischia was not in the bed – which was rumpled – or in the bathroom, which was empty, so she must be downstairs.

Kelly went down, and found Carissa setting the table, Colin and Trevor preparing breakfast, and a new person she hadn't met the previous day, helping Carissa.

He was tall, and looked to be in his mid- to late twenties, with curly black hair and a cheeky, dimpled smile.

'Morning,' she said.

'Morning,' said Carissa. 'Oh, this is Cbrozch, but call him Warren.'

'I'm Kelly.'

He nodded and smiled.

'Is Mischia in the kitchen? I can't believe she woke up before m-'

'What did you say?' Asked Carissa, stopping what she was doing.

'Mischia,' she pointed at the kitchen, 'Isn't she in...'

Carissa and Warren were running up the stairs before she could finish, Colin and Trevor were just behind them. Confused, Kelly decided to follow, and found them congregating on the landing outside the two rooms.

'He took her,' said Warren.

'How, though?' Asked Carissa.

Trevor came out of Mischia's room holding the ring she'd been given.

'Oh no,' Carissa covered her face.

'She's been kidnapped?' Asked Kelly.

Mischia woke up in a different room to the one she had gone to sleep in. This one was decorated in dark, masculine colours, but was still comfortable and nicely presented.

She sat up and looked around her. How did she get here?

The bedroom door opened, and in walked a tall well-built man with long hair, tied back into a ponytail. He looked at her and went over to the chair, where a black robe was draped on the back of it. He picked it up and threw it in Mischia's direction, 'put this on,' he said.

'Where am I?' She asked, getting out of bed and putting on the robe.

He didn't answer, and his attitude invited no questions or pleasantries.

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Mischia realised that he was not of the same group she had met the previous day, and fear gripped her. She felt like running away, but where to? Reluctantly, she swallowed her fear and kept up with the man.

They were in a house, she noticed, and he led her to the kitchen, where another man was sitting at the table sipping orange juice. He was in his early thirties and had a dignified air of power about him.

He looked up and saw her. 'Ah, morning,' he indicated for her to join him at the table. 'Sit, have some juice.'

Mischia looked at the juice then at the man.

'Sit down! Have some juice,' he repeated.

Mischia sat, but didn't touch the juice.

'Suit yourself,' he shrugged and bit into an apple, loudly.

Mischia was losing a battle with her rising panic, but sat perfectly still.

'I am Ywoth,' he said, giving her a smile 'I'm sure you already know about me?'

Mischia found the strength to nod nervously. Is it scarier if an evil person is nice to you? She wondered, they build your trust and then kill you, with a smile on their face.

She shuddered.

'Are you listening to me?' He asked a little annoyed.

She looked at him, and he dropped a bombshell.

'You do know that you will assist me with my mission?' he asked.

And Mischia's heart stopped beating, just for a second.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Kelly was in the penthouse sitting area with the Wymasirians, discussing Mischia's kidnap.

'But how did they just take her?' Kelly asked worriedly.

'She took her ring off and didn't put it back on,' Carissa answered.

'Why are these rings so important?'

Carissa lifted the sleeve of her top and looked at the others, who did the same. They all had a symbol tattooed just above their wrists, of a cross inside a circle. Kelly looked at them as if that didn't answer her question, so Warren did.

'The symbol is also engraved on the ring, if you look closely.'

Kelly looked at the ring and, sure enough, there was the cross inside the circle, discreetly engraved on the stone.

'So what does this all mean?' She asked.

'Protection,' said Carissa 'Ywoth is power-hungry and will stop at nothing, and since we can't stop him, we hav-'

'Wait-wait-wait,' Kelly interrupted, putting up her hand 'You can't stop him?'

'No.'

'Why?'

'Well, we can, but he has free will,' said Carissa, sighing.

'What's free will got to do with it?'

'It's the law of the Universe,' said Warren.

Kelly's fear for Mischia got the better of her, and she

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started pacing 'Oh my God. He's going to kill Mischia. He's gonna kill Mischia, he's gonna kill her!' She shouted, hysterically.

'Kelly, please calm down, sit. You need to help us here, you know Mischia the best,' said Carissa.

Kelly started to cry and Warren held her.

The Wymasirians began to communicate telepathically.

'She's struggling to cope with this,' said Warren.

'We can't leave her to be by herself, she wouldn't survive,' said Carissa.

'We won't. We need to enhance her abilities so that she can work with us,' said Justine.

'Will she want to though?' Asked Warren, looking down at Kelly's head.

'We'll have to do something. It's too dangerous to have a liability. She has to be able to distinguish when Ywoth is around, or she's as good as dead,' added Trevor.

'But what if she doesn't want to?' asked Warren.

'Yeah, look at her,' Trevor nodded at Kelly.

Justine sighed and said 'Kelly?'

Kelly lifted her head off Warren's shoulder and looked at Justine, but Carissa spoke.

'He won't kill her.'

'H-how do you know?' She asked, through tears.

'Because that would be violating *her* will,' said Carissa gently.

'You've lost me,' Kelly shook her head. 'What does that mean?'

Justine spoke 'We don't kill people – none of us – including Ywoth. We only take over a body when the soul leaves it. That's how we got these bodies. And the corpse that you found was already dead, the ritual being performed was to bring through a being from Wymasiriah.'

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Kelly was silent for a long time. 'But you said Ywoth wanted our bodies?'

'I didn't say he would kill you for them.'

'So what does he want them for? And what will he do to Mischia?' Kelly was getting hysterical.

'Kelly calm down,' said Carissa. 'He won't kill her.'

'How-'

'Just trust us on that.'

CHAPTER NINE

Colin's forehead began to glow, and the area around his head turned violet.

'We have to get back to work,' he said.

Instantly, all the Wymasirians' foreheads began to glow and the spaces around their heads also turned violet.

They all stood up and suddenly looked very powerful – superhuman, radiant and beautiful from beyond the body.

Kelly was mesmerised.

Justine spoke, authoritatively 'Kelly. You have a number of choices at this point; you can either join us, begin a new life, or go back to your old one. We have work to do, and unfortunately, we cannot spend too much time trying to protect you. It's impractical, and we're not in the position to do so, what do you wish to do?' She asked, gently.

Kelly sensed this was a big decision, that she didn't have the time to think about, and felt overwhelmed.

'What will happen if I choose to go back to a normal life?'

'We can give you currency and you'll be able to start anew,' said Carissa.

'Will I remember any of this?'

They all nodded.

'Can't you erase my memory?'

Trevor stepped forward and looked at her 'erasing your memory will create gaps in your life, and this will tamper with your evolution, its not our place to do that.'

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Kelly didn't understand what he meant, but this wasn't the time for questions, except the most important one: 'What if I decide to join you, what will happen to me? I don't have your abilities, won't I be a liability?'

Warren took her hand and led her to the circle they had begun forming, and a haze of violet fog appeared around them, the scene began to change from the penthouse sitting area, to limbo; a white nothingness.

Seconds later, they were in a very large room, a mansion, actually, but with no walls to separate the rooms, and no furniture – just a vast, open, empty space.

'Where are we?' Asked Kelly.

The Wymasirians began rushing around, doing things she couldn't understand.

'We need to get you out of the danger,' said Warren, taking her hand and following Colin and Trevor.

Kelly caught a glimpse out of a window and stared in amazement.

It occurred to her that she was seeing the true potential of these aliens for the mansion was situated where nobody could see it; at the end of Bethnal Green Road, where the East London Line's planned extension was, for Bishopsgate Station.

Warren spoke, interrupting her thoughts.

'Carissa will perform the healing, so she'll stay with you...Kelly, are you sure you want to do this?' He asked.

'What healing? Do what?' She frowned.

This attracted all the Wymasirians to her.

'You need to be able to move around with us, do what we do, and you can't do that whilst you're limited like you are,' said Colin.

Kelly nodded, but then registered what he had just said.

'You mean I can be like you?' she asked, interested.

'Yes... in a way. It's called DNA Activation.'

CHAPTER TEN

Mischia was scared.

Ywoth had told her that she would be helping him achieve his mission, and if she remembered correctly, Justine had told them that this man was here to collect everyone's energy, so he could go back and overthrow the council of Wymasiriah.

He was also responsible for the satanic sacrifice of a cat and a Human Being.

She felt terrified, though they hadn't harmed her – yet.

It was best if Mischia didn't say anything, because if she did, nothing good would come out, and silence was the best way for her to suppress her feelings.

Ywoth had told her to get dressed and they had driven to Camberwell, to a dirty house with boarded up windows, where squatters lived.

A dirty mattress in the middle of the floor, with equally dirty blankets scattered around it – disgusting. Four men and women were asleep at various points around the room, the smell made Mischia retch.

A man lying by the door with long hair and a long beard opened his eyes and looked at the three, but his expression didn't change, and he went back to sleep.

The well-built man with the ponytail, whose name was Tgthiem, walked over to one of the women lying on the mattress with her head hanging over, put two fingers on her neck and looked at Ywoth.

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‘She’s cold. Been dead a day or so.’

‘Ok, lets go,’ said Ywoth, taking Mischia’s hand and walking towards Tgthiem and the dead body he’d just picked up. They drove back to the house Mischia had woken up in.

The renegade Head Quarters in Kensington.

Tgthiem began to wash the body, it was covered with needle marks from the syringes she had used to inject herself, she was thin and very pale, with pasty skin and greasy hair; it was a sorry sight.

When the corpse was as clean as it could be, Ywoth put a sheet of white paper on the floor and Tgthiem laid the corpse on it.

Mischia watched speechlessly as he began positioning her legs into a position that created a ‘W’.

Tgthiem went to fetch a box of candles and began to unwrap them, putting them in a circle around the body. Ywoth joined him and looked up at Mischia, who was horrified by the scene.

‘Go get that box over there,’ he instructed.

Mischia was finding it hard to move, but somehow found the strength when she saw the rising anger on his face.

Spaces in between the candles were large enough to fit something into them. When Ywoth opened the box that Mischia had brought, her jaw dropped. Inside were £5,000 wads of cash, which the men began to unpack and put in between the candles, in neat stacks of five.

Before putting the last stack down, Tgthiem took a candle and put it aside, creating an opening large enough for him to step into.

Ywoth handed him a giant pin, with the symbol ‘W’ engraved on it, and plunged it into the corpse’s chest. Ywoth stepped in afterwards, holding something sharp in his hand,

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which he crouched down and began engraving a 'W' symbol onto the corpse's stomach with.

When the men were satisfied that everything was as it should be, they stood on opposite sides of the circle with their eyes closed and their arms outstretched.

And began to chant.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Colours appeared at different points, vertically, along Ywoth and Tgthiem's bodies: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet and indigo. Energy built up around them, individually, then expanded to meet the others' energy field. It was a brilliant vibration of colour, surrounding the men and the ritual.

They started muttering in a strange tongue Mischia had never heard before, and she was transfixed, fascinated by what she was seeing. Never before had she seen anything like it, even on television; it was totally extraordinary.

And getting to her.

Mischia was hypnotised. And her perception of the situation changed then.

She began to accept it.

After what seemed like half an hour of muttering in a very foreign tongue, Ywoth and Tgthiem stopped and left the room, followed by a very different Mischia, the majority of whose fear had been transmuted into a acceptance.

When she woke up, she felt the same. Where was her fear? She wondered. The panic? What had happened to her? Why was she feeling so calm?

The part of her which was asking these questions was stuck at the back somewhere, because in the foreground, was a new Mischia, who had accepted all that was happening, and

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was experiencing her emotions through a peaceful sense of calm and acceptance.

She went to the kitchen and found Tgthiem and Ywoth deep in conversation, she stood watching them for a few moments, taking them in, and looking at them through the eyes of someone who no longer feared them.

‘What was that?’ She asked.

Ywoth looked up first, but Tgthiem answered.

‘Someone from Wymasiriah will be joining us very soon.’ he said, straight to the point.

‘You mean, someone from your Planet is on their way here and into that body, right now?’ Asked Mischia, taking a seat.

‘Yes.’

‘Wow,’ she nodded ‘So all the stuff about space ships and aliens isn’t true then?’

‘Oh, it is true. Other beings chose to come to Earth in their own bodies, using contraptions from their own worlds, but it takes ‘time’ to travel through the Universe with dense objects, for us, it’s just not worth it.’

‘What do you mean ‘time’?’

‘Simply that, it’s quicker this way.’

Why was she so calm all of a sudden? Where was the urge to run? To scream?

‘So the bodies you’re using were once dead?’ She asked, after a while.

‘Yes.’ Said Tgthiem.

‘Oh. So how long will it take to arrive?’

‘Depends, can be a little like a normal birth, it takes a while for the soul to get used to a body again, and it will need time before it can begin to use it properly.’

‘So that person – I mean, Being, is going to be like a baby for a while?’

‘In a way, but not for too long. She’ll adapt very quickly. That’s why we choose to use adult bodies as opposed to

children or babies.’ said Tgthiem.

‘How come you have supernatural powers then?’ She asked, curiously.

‘The body is basically a tool, and follows what the mind tells it to do. So if the mind thinks a certain way, the body will react that way. And we have what you call ‘supernatural powers’ because of the way we think, *knowing* what we’re capable of results in our bodies following that,’ explained Ywoth.

‘Oh but that’s easy for you to say, you’re an alien.’ Mischia shrugged.

‘Please, don’t say that word,’ he shuddered.

‘Well, from another Planet then. You’re already capable of doing these things. So when you come to Earth, to a body, you can perform superhuman things because you *are* superhuman,’ she argued.

‘Mind you, a *lot* of what we knew is forgotten. But we remember enough, I suppose,’ added Tgthiem.

‘What do you mean?’

‘I mean, that before we came to Earth, we knew things.’

‘What things?’

‘More things, like Universal knowledge, what you call wisdom.’

‘Ok, and what happened?’

‘We forgot it.’

‘How did you forget it?’

‘By coming to the body.’

‘I see,’ she didn’t.

They were silent.

‘Planet Earth is perfect to get the energy I need because of how easily available it is. How readily you human beings give it away,’ said Ywoth, after a while.

‘How do we give it away? And why?’

‘By putting another above yourself or giving into fear.’

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Ywoth paused, and indicated her 'you, were very, very scared, earlier, and were giving away a lot of your energy to me, but now you're not. Having accepted the situation, you've managed to reclaim your power, and retain your energy.'

'What does that mean?'

'It means, by accepting a situation, you are no longer at it's mercy, and can move forth to change it, and become the master of it.'

She nodded, but this was too much information for her, which she just wasn't understanding very well, so she stopped talking.

Then something hit her.

'Back up a little bit. You said the mind controls the body, and if you think a certain way, your body acts that way?'

Ywoth and Tgthiem both nodded.

'And you came to the body already aware of what you were capable of, so naturally, you'd be able to do supernatural things?'

They nodded again.

'So if you actually think about it, I can do what you can do...right?'

'Precisely. We're all the same initially – souls, we just decided to incarnate on different Planets for different reasons. We incarnated where the beings are more evolved, while you incarnated where people limit their bodies by limiting the way they think,' said Tgthiem.

'So you're saying, I'm not actually incapable of doing what you can do, I just think I am, and my body's following what my mind is telling it?'

'Yes,' said Ywoth, looking at her, amused.

'You said you wanted me to help you with your mission right?'

Ywoth nodded.

'How?'

CHAPTER TWELVE

‘Are you familiar with the DNA? Your genetic make up?’ asked Warren.

Kelly thought about being sarcastic but decided against it and nodded instead.

They were sitting alone in the mansion.

‘You know that it’s a Double Helix structure, kind of like a ladder...?’

‘Yeah.’

‘Ok, well, that’s how it is right now, just two active strands. However, you have an additional ten strands that were deactivated a long time ago.’

‘Wha-’ Kelly started.

He put up his hand to silence her ‘Another time. So anyway, the ten strands are not active at the moment, but if they were to be activated, they would fuse together with the two already active strands and enhance your abilities by imprinting an operational coding, and you, in turn, would become a multi-dimensional Being.

‘You would go from using only a mere ten percent of your brain’s capability, to using one hundred percent of its total power, able to tap into the subconscious mind at will, and manifest anything that you desired, quickly, like we do. Your creative potential, Kelly, would be expanded beyond your wildest dreams, and you’d be able to do things you could have never thought possible before.’

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Kelly nodded, overwhelmed, then after a pause, said 'Warren do I still have a choice in any of this? Can I still turn back now?'

'You can, yes.'

'Can I think about it for a moment?'

He nodded, stood up, and left her to her thoughts.

Everything was happening so fast, it was overwhelming her, she had the choice to go back to a normal life, but should she go? Being dead to the world and all.

Kelly trusted the Wymasirians, they had been very good to her, but joining them, and doing what they could do, did she really want that? Thinking of Mischia, who was missing and in danger, if for nothing else, then maybe she should do it for her. But what about when they found her and got her out of danger, would there be a way back?

Oh! What should she do?

At this point, not even Mischia was enough to tip her confusion, Warren would be back for her soon, and she didn't even know what her answer would be. It wasn't fair of her to keep the Wymasirians from their work, but she was unsure about the activation either.

Her decision was made then; she would not go ahead with the activation, instead, she'd go back to normal life with the memory of the experience.

Hold up – the experience! DNA Activation meant nothing to her because she was only talking and thinking about it, not experiencing it! Whoever said experience was the best form of understanding, was right on the mark.

Kelly changed her mind and decided to join the Wymasirians. For some reason she felt right about this decision, as a bubble of excitement boiled in her chest, she went in search of Warren, who was meditating at the other

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end of the mansion.

He had a large field of colours swirling around his body,
and individual balls of colour running along his spine.

He opened his eyes and looked at her.

'I'm ready,' she said.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

'Carissa, she's ready.'

A wave of blue energy from Warren's throat shot out into space.

Kelly was about to ask what that was, but Warren closed his eyes, and the balls of colour along his spine closed up and became less vibrant. Then he opened his eyes and stood up.

Carissa appeared, right on queue 'Warren said you're ready?'

'Gosh, do you guys speak in your minds or something?' She joked.

They both nodded and Kelly's jaw dropped.

'I'm going now,' said Warren. 'Good luck.'

'Thanks,' she waved as he disappeared.

Carissa approached with a chair 'Ok, Kelly...sit down with your back straight... relax yourself...and breathe deeply.'

Kelly did as she was told.

'I'm going to scan your chakras for blocks.'

'What's that?'

'Your energy centres.'

'Um, ok...' still unsure.

'You have seven energy centres that run along your spine. There's not the time to explain right now. But to create balance, your chakras have to have energy free flow. If they're blocked, problems will occur because of the energy not getting through.'

‘Is that bad?’

‘It causes imbalance and hinders progress.’

‘Oh.’

Carissa moved to the side of Kelly’s chair and put her hands to the back and front of her, slowly moving them up and down her length. She began to see colours, which were dull, resembling a cheap painting pallet. What stood out to Carissa the most were Kelly’s heart and solar plexus chakras, which were completely blocked, with no signs of the colours they were supposed to be.

She frowned and sighed ‘Kelly, this is going to be a lot more work than I thought.’

‘What do you mean? Why?’

‘Because of the blocks, the energy is not moving through your body at all, it’s getting stuck...’

‘I need your help with Kelly. Could you come back please?’

A wave of blue shot out of her throat into space, a minute later, Colin appeared.

‘They’re coming. What’s wrong?’ He asked.

Carissa walked back to Kelly and began scanning her chakras again, almost immediately, the same mixed pallet of dull colours appeared.

Colin whistled, lifting his eyebrows ‘That’s going to need a lot of work...’

One by one, the Wymasirians returned, and Kelly was nervous, they had all taken one look at her blocked chakras and said variations of ‘That’s going to need work’.

She was also very embarrassed.

Seven chakra-coloured candles were placed in a circle around Kelly, while the Wymasirians formed a circle around the candles and her, and began to send energy.

Each Being projected energy from their chakras to Kelly’s; red from base, orange from sacral, yellow from solar plexus, green from heart, blue from throat, violet from brow,

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and indigo from crown, which were hungrily absorbing this energy, and slowly beginning to radiate their respective colours.

A shift was taking place in Kelly's body, and she was feeling out of control.

A mass of powerful, multicoloured energy was flowing into her, moving in every direction: UP, DOWN, LEFT, RIGHT, SWIRL, TWIST, SPIRAL, ZIGZAG...

She felt stuck in a current that was stronger than her, and it was taking her where *it* wanted her to go. Kelly's first impulse was to fight, but she heard Justine's mental communication.

'Kelly, surrender to it. Don't fight or try to control the energy, just let it be.'

She relented.

By the time they had finished, all the candles had burned out and Kelly was fast asleep.

Colin picked her up, and they all disappeared, appearing back at the penthouse, where he put Kelly to bed.

In the morning she woke up feeling rested, and very different; lighter, alert, full of energy and more in tune with her emotions.

The view was beautiful, as usual, the sun was shining and the sky was blue, it was the best she'd ever felt in the morning.

Getting out of bed, Kelly washed her face, brushed her teeth, and put on the robe. Running downstairs, she found the Wymasirians eating breakfast and beamed at each of them.

'Morning,' said Carissa.

'Hi,' Kelly giggled, she felt amazing, DNA Activation was definitely worth it.

'It's not over yet.' said Warren, sensing her thoughts.

'How do you feel?' asked Justine.

'Absolutely Brilliant!'

'Good, that's step one down.' said Carissa *'For step two, you're going away for a while...'*

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

'We're going to use your body to conserve the energy that we collect from your fellow human beings,' said Tgthiem.

'Huh? W-what do you mean?' Asked Mischia, confused.

'Your body, being originally yours, is capable of holding the energy which you all transfer to each other,' said Ywoth.

'I still don't understand,' said Mischia.

'Then we'll just have to show you...'

'I'm here,' communicated Esjekshb.

Both men stood abruptly and ran to the room where they had left the dead body. Mischia followed, and when she arrived, Ywoth was cradling the head of a previously dead corpse in his arms, the eyes were open and staring at her, the body was breathing effortlessly, and it was alive.

Mischia screamed.

Tgthiem took her arm and led her back to the kitchen, since she hadn't stopped screaming, he slapped her, and left without a word.

She fell silent.

Mischia's previous fear returned, with a vengeance, quickly replacing the feeling of calm and acceptance. Panic rose up inside of her once again, and she felt like screaming and running away. When Ywoth walked into the room, she froze.

'She has arrived,' He said, excitedly.

'W-who?' She asked cautiously, a sob catching in her throat.

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'Esjekshb. She will need to rest and heal first, then you can meet her.'

Mischia didn't want to meet the occupant of a dead body, resurrected.

'Meanwhile, we must prepare *you*, come with me,' he said, waving her to follow him.

Slowly, she followed, wondering if her sanity could actually take any of this: dead cats, disappearing acts, resurrections. Mischia started to miss her father, who had always been there to fight away bad things when she was a little girl, where was he now?

They went back into the ritual room, where the candles had burned out and the money had been removed. Tgthiem was busily tidying it all up, and Mischia instinctively began to help, only because doing something helped her take her mind off the panic threatening to consume her.

When the room was tidy, Tgthiem and Ywoth started preparing for another ritual. Mischia wondered what it would be this time, but decided not to ask, surely she would find out soon anyway.

A salt circle was sprinkled on the floor, and multi-coloured candles placed just inside of it, leaving a gap to enter and exit from.

'Take off your clothes,' instructed Ywoth.

'E-excuse me?' She asked, confused.

'Take off your clothes, become naked.'

'Why?' Mischia could sense his impatience.

She didn't want to experience his wrath, but didn't want to lose what little dignity she had, by stripping, either. Ywoth took the decision out of her hands by forcing her clothes off. Mischia tried to fight, but he was stronger than her, plus, he seemed to be somehow restricting her movements.

All she could do was watch him strip her naked.

'Go into the circle,' he mentally communicated.

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When she didn't move, he grabbed her arm and pushed her into the circle.

Tgthiem closed the gap, and began to light the candles.

Mischia felt humiliated, and conscious of every move she made.

When all the candles had been lit, an overpowering bubble of energy surrounded her and took control. Tgthiem and Ywoth started chanting in their foreign tongue, while she prayed.

It was the only thing she could do.

'We are preparing your body for the conservation of our energy,' said Ywoth.

His arms were out stretched as energy left him and made its way to the circle around Mischia.

As she continued to pray.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

The Wymsirians had put Kelly into a very deep sleep.

'It would be best if you just went to sleep, whilst your energies rearranged themselves. That way we can keep an eye on you, and you won't have to experience the short-term discomforts of change.' Carissa had said.

Kelly had closed her eyes and begun to drift off...so far away, that she separated from her body, and floated above it.

'Go explore Kelly, come back when your body's ready for you.' Justine had communicated.

She had drifted off, first, to see her family and friends, who were at a memorial service for Mischia and her. The sight of them evoked strong emotions of love, and she stayed with them for the whole service.

'I feel her mummy, she's here,' said Kelly's five year old niece, Angela.

'I know baby, I know,' said Kelly's older sister, Kyla, taking Angela's hand.

After a while, Kelly left, and went back to the house in Barking that she used to live at with Mischia, it had been completely destroyed, there was nothing left but debris.

However, the houses either side were untouched.

Memories of her life with Mischia came back to her, and she wondered where her friend was, and what she was doing.

Almost immediately, she was in a dark room with two men standing either side of a circle of candles, with Mischia,

naked in the middle. A thick mist of swirling multi-coloured energy surrounded her, and she could feel her friend's inability to control herself.

The energy was keeping her rooted.

What were they doing to her? She wondered. Kelly tried to go to Mischia, but even in spirit form the energy repelled her and threw her across the room.

She picked herself up, and went as close to Mischia as the energy would allow, and her friend's emotions became apparent. She could sense that Mischia was scared and overwhelmed, and her mind was beginning to shut itself off from the reality of what was happening to her.

Kelly knew then that she had lost her best friend.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

A thin man in his mid-thirties was working in a dark bedroom, illuminated only by candles, concocting potions using herbs, botanicals, and oils.

‘Anise, for psychic abilities. Juniper berry, for power...’ he said, gently grinding and mixing, using a mortar and pestle.

Picking up a sharp knife and beginning to chop a clove of garlic, the man cut himself on hearing a violent knock at the door, as he was concentrating so hard.

Several drops of blood found their way into the mortar when he put the garlic in, but he didn’t notice, just wiped his hands, and went to open the door.

A tall, skinny black girl stood twitching and scratching on his doorstep.

‘Why did you have to knock like the police for?’ he asked, annoyed ‘And what’s wrong with you?’ he looked at her disgustedly.

‘I need a fix Darryl.’ she said, scratching herself her arm.

‘Come in then,’ he said, stepping aside and letting her in.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Mischia had shut down.

Ever since the ritual, she had been operating like a robot on auto pilot – emotionless, and with thoughts limited only to the task at hand.

She also spoke less and asked virtually no questions, at first, this had surprised Tgthiem and Ywoth, but then they had realised her lack of emotions made her an invaluable tool. It meant that almost all the energy she received would be conserved for the mission, and not wasted on her petty emotions and meaningless thoughts.

Ywoth prided himself on making good of any situation, and when he finally returned to Wymasiriah with the energy, he would be the most powerful Being, there. He would make them all pay for his misery, and savour every moment of their anguish.

He was stuck on a Planet he could never call home, with a body that was limited and dense. Every moment on Earth was hell for him and Ywoth didn't like it, but knew it was only a matter of 'time', before it changed.

Mischia had proved very suitable in conserving the energy.

With Esjekshb having woken up, and healed perfectly, skin radiant, and having got used to the body, she was ready to join them in collecting energy.

It was a shame that Mischia was limited to holding only the energies of up to five other people before she needed to rest.

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All-in-all, things were working out, and with 'time', he would be returning to Wymasiriah, ready to take over.

'Are you ready?' asked Tgthiem.

Mischia nodded.

They drove off, across London.

Canary Wharf's fourth floor Plateau restaurant was full of diners when the Renegades entered. They went to sit at a table, next to an angry man, looking through a pile of papers, who was sitting with a smug-looking woman, drinking a large glass of white wine and eating a salad.

'Where did you get these?' He asked, trying hard to control his temper.

'That's not your problem Mr Shoeman.' She said smugly.

'Brenda, where the *hell* did you get these?'

'I said, you don't need to know that – Jeffery.'

He controlled his rising temper and took a deep breath, then opened his eyes.

'What do you want?'

'Fifty thousand by the week end, then five million by month's end,' she said without hesitation.

His face turned red and he started to sweat.

'Go to the gents...now.' Tgthiem instructed the man, telepathically.

Mischia and Tgthiem stood up and went to the gents and hung around, waiting for him to turn up, but after five minutes, wondered why he was taking so long.

'Just wait. I'm working on him.' Esjekshb replied.

Five minutes later, the man went to the gents and stood at the mirror, crying. He quickly washed his face when Tgthiem walked in, and did a double take when Mischia followed.

She planted herself firmly where she was standing and rubbed her necklace gently.

A bubble-like space appeared around her body, and her seven chakras began to glow.

Tgthiem went to the man and, catching him unawares, turned him around and grabbed his neck with his left hand, while his right hand faced Mischia.

The man was rooted to the spot, unable to move. His energy was fast flying out of him, into Tgthiem's left hand, where it left him through his right hand, straight into Mischia's outstretched left hand, and rapidly filled up the bubble around her body.

A few minutes later when the bubble was full, Tgthiem let go of the man, who slumped to the ground like a heavy sack, looking up at the pair with wide, frightened eyes, and struggling to breathe.

'All done.' Tgthiem communicated to Esjekshb and Ywoth.

Leaving the restaurant and finding a secluded spot by a window, they held on to Mischia, and in the next moment were through the glass, on the outside, gently floating down towards the ground.

And went to their car.

'That was relatively painless. Where next?' asked Tgthiem.

'Soho.' said Esjekshb 'It's my turn.'

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

With Tgthiem in the driving seat, they sped through London and went to Soho Square, where there was an argument in progress, between a tall skinny black girl and a white woman in her thirties.

The woman was drunk, and the girl was high on something.

‘You little whore, get out of my way,’ said the woman.

‘No bitch, you ain’t going anywhere,’ said the girl.

Grabbing at each other’s hair, they began pulling.

It was a pathetic sight; they were bent over, exposing their assets to the world, all the while screaming blue murder at each other.

Two men, one with flaming red hair and another, well muscled, ran up to the pair, and began trying to pull them apart, but the women were holding on tightly to the other’s hair.

Tgthiem went up behind the well-built man and touched his lower back, applying a moment of pressure, he screamed in pain, then let go of the woman.

Ywoth went up behind the redheaded man and did the same, but this man didn’t let go immediately, he looked at Ywoth, who then punched him.

In the next instant, the group disappeared into thin air, and the two men were left on their own, looking at one another confused, and not knowing what to do.

The women were glad their fight was no longer being interrupted, but as the girl felt a hand wrap around her neck and begin to squeeze, she momentarily let go of the other woman's hair.

That was enough for the woman to pull away and stand up straight, only to be confronted by Esjekshb's left hand on the girl's neck, while her right hand faced another girl, who was in a bubble that was rapidly filling up.

It only took a second for the woman to register the situation, her beef with the girl was forgotten and she grabbed Esjekshb's jacket, pulling her away from the girl, who fell heavily to the floor and fought for breath.

The woman and Esjekshb both fell backwards, disturbing the flow of energy towards Mischia, who tried to control it, to no avail.

Esjekshb went down with the woman and the energy went haywire, it was too much for Mischia to control alone, so she became unstable.

Both her arms lifted, and a burst of energy exploded outwards, sending Tgthiem, Ywoth, the girl and herself flying in different directions, bursting their invisibility bubble.

The two men, who had previously been wondering what had happened to the group, were also affected by the energy, and thrown back to the ground.

Tgthiem and Ywoth didn't hesitate in picking themselves up and fleeing the scene, dragging a disorientated Mischia and Esjekshb behind them.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

They sped away without looking back.

Esjekshb and Mischia were feeling dizzy and disorientated, there were flashes of coloured light appearing from all directions and heavy vibrations of energy flowing through they're bodies. Ywoth was worriedly trying to transfer the energy from Esjekshb to Mischia, but was unsuccessful, as the energy scattered all over the place, causing havoc.

Arriving at the house in Kensington, Ywoth and Tgthiem picked up each of the women and carried them inside to the ritual room. Laying them side by side on the floor, as they sprinkled a circle of salt around them to contain the energy, then began to chant in their foreign tongue.

Almost immediately, the bubble around Mischia began to absorb the stray energy within the circle, and Esjekshb began to gain control of herself, but Mischia was still weighed down.

Esjekshb touched Mischia's necklace and pressed her to the ground, the energy stayed contained within the bubble, and when it had all been absorbed, Mischia gained control of herself again.

She stood up and gave them all a very long look, opened up the salt circle and went to her room, to sleep.

'That was raw,' communicated Esjekshb, she was too tired to speak.

'How is she?' asked Justine.

'Still unconscious, she must have knocked the tree really hard,' said Kelly.

Ella Roberts

'Well, stay with her for another hour or so, and then Warren will come and get you.'

'Ok, then, bye.' Kelly hung up and went back to the girl, who was coming to.

She had been knocked unconscious when the burst of energy from Mischia had thrown her against a tree.

'Hi. How are you feeling?' asked Kelly.

The girl looked around her, then at Kelly.

'W-where am I?' she asked, sleepily.

'You're in the hospital'

'What happened?'

'You fell unconscious when you hit your head against a tree.'

'Did I?'

'You don't remember?'

She shook her head.

'Do you remember who you are?' Kelly asked worriedly.

'Keneisha. Who are you?'

Kelly smiled with relief, and left the cubicle to phone Warren.

But when she returned, the girl was gone.

Keneisha was feeling weird, she'd taken a concoction that her dealer, Darryl, had given her. It was like something in her body had started to rearranging itself. But, strangely enough, she didn't feel as heavy as when she had woken up, just different – more alert.

She walked past a room where a patient was being resuscitated by a team of doctors and nurses, and there was blood everywhere.

Usually, Keneisha felt faint at the sight of blood, but this time she felt drawn

To taste it.

'There you are,' said Kelly 'How are you feeling now?'

Keneisha turned to her.

And bit.

CHAPTER TWENTY

The next morning, Tgthiem, Ywoth, Esjekshb and Mischia were in Aldgate East, when they heard a police siren, seconds later, a blue BMW came speeding down Commercial Road, hotly pursued by a police car.

Tgthiem waited at the traffic lights for the cars to turn into Whitechapel High Street, then followed.

They turned onto Braham Street, where all three cars took advantage of the long stretch.

‘Ywoth, where do you want them?’ asked Esjekshb.

‘Off the main road, but make sure he stays where we can move. I don’t want traffic slowing us down,’ he answered.

‘Ok, I’ll take the BMW and you clear the way.’

Esjekshb closed her eyes and focused on the BMW, a blue wave of energy flew out of her throat, and into space.

‘Go to Tower Bridge and keep at speed,’ she communicated.

They were still behind the police car and approaching the traffic lights, but the BMW showed no signs of slowing, or stopping.

It sped right through the lights, and nearly collided with a number 100 bus, which stopped for all three cars to pass, and then continued.

As they were about to turn into Aldgate High Street, Esjekshb and Ywoth remembered that traffic was likely to slow them down, so they held hands and frantically sent instructions to drivers.

'Get out of the way! Get out of the way! Get out of the way' they communicated.

Sure enough, when they rounded the corner there was traffic, but the warning had been effective for there was manoeuvring space for the BMW, the police and their car.

Following a bus number 115, the BMW turned into the Minories and sped down the stretch of road, which was surprisingly clear.

Tgthiem floored the accelerator and caught up with the police car, then overtook it.

'Go to America Square, NOW!' instructed Esjekshb, as the BMW approached Crosswall, where it seemed to slow down, but was still at sufficient speed.

A pedestrian was crossing the road, concentrating on her chocolate bar, and the horn was sounded to alert her, but only disorientated her.

She stood frozen to the spot.

The BMW tried to break but was going too fast: the woman was scooped up onto the bonnet, smashed into the windscreen. It finally came to a violent stop, and the woman was thrown off the bonnet, landing on the ground with a heavy, dull thud and the sound of cracking bone.

Shortly before the woman was hit, Tgthiem, Ywoth and Esjekshb put an invisibility bubble around the two cars in pursuit, giving themselves and the police car enough time and space to hit the breaks, without crashing into anything.

Their surroundings were white and hazy, but the scene could still be seen, and people were beginning to gather around to witness the accident.

Even before the police car had stopped, Ywoth, Mischia and Esjekshb had got out and ran up to it.

The cars had come to a halt in the middle of both lanes, but were unseen by the other drivers, who drove straight through them.

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Esjekshb headed to the driver's side of the police car, while Ywoth went to the passenger's side, Mischia planted herself firmly on the road, a few feet from Esjekshb, touched her necklace, and outstretched her left hand, ready to receive the energy.

The police officers were so angry, they wanted to arrest somebody. Calling for backup, they got out of the car, ready to exercise their power, when their necks were grabbed and they were thrown against the sides of the car.

PC Lions, who had been driving, noticed the strangest thing about the situation, there was a hazy mist around them, and cars were going right through them.

Esjeksh grabbed his neck, and began squeezing the life out of him; PC Lions could not breath or move, he tried to fight her off, but she had total control over him, he was paralysed.

PC Marabecks couldn't move or speak either, he was rooted to the spot, and was feeling weaker by the second.

Mischia stood looking at the energy coming her way – there was a *lot* of it, and she was finding it hard to keep her balance, but was determined to hold it up and conserve it.

Soon it would be over anyway.

She couldn't have a repeat of the previous day, which had been too awful, she had felt totally out of control and weighed down, it had been hard to breathe and she had felt so dizzy.

Mischia felt the bubble quickly fill up but, there was plenty more energy still coming her way, it showed no signs of stopping. With the greatest effort, she fought against it, and touched the necklace again, opened up another bubble, that instantly began to fill up.

Finally, it was over, and when the energy stopped coming at her, it started to weigh her down, and she felt dizzy again, swaying on her feet.

Ella Roberts

PC Marabecks went down like a sack when Esjekshb let go of him, and she ran to the car without looking back at Mischia, who was finding it hard to move.

Ywoth noticed her as he was about to open the car door, just as Tgthiem started the engine. He ran up to Mischia, picked her up and waited for the car to turn around, put her in the back and jumped into the front.

The haze disappeared, and they were exposed, but the driver behind them was too mesmerised by the accident to notice.

They sped away.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Justine and Warren were the first to arrive on the scene.

‘My word!’ she exclaimed in shock.

Warren sighed, then walked to the driver’s side of the BMW, and noticed PC Lions sitting on the floor, propped up against the car.

‘*Guys, hurry up,*’ he communicated, and went to PC Lions.

A second later, Colin, Trevor, Kelly and Carissa appeared as a group, and got to work.

Justine went to the pedestrian who had been hit and felt for a pulse. ‘She’s dead.’

Carissa shook her head with disgust ‘Can they even do this?’

‘They have,’ said Trevor, indicating the scene.

‘We *have* to stop this Justine, we just *have* to,’ said Carissa, desperately.

Colin went to the police car, knelt in front of PC Marabecks, and began sending him energy and instructions to ‘think positively’, while Warren attended to PC Lions.

Kelly went to the passenger side of the BMW, where there was a young Asian woman talking non-stop to the driver, and tapped her on the shoulder, she turned to start yapping at Kelly.

‘I kept telling him to stop when the police were chasing us. I mean, I didn’t mind the joy ride and all, maybe even the chase, but then *she* got hit. She smashed into the windscreen then flew off, I can’t believe I saw that, why did I-’

Ella Roberts

'Stop!' Kelly shook her shoulders, while looking into her fearful and shocked eyes 'Just breathe...breath.' she visualised energy flowing from her body, to the other woman, who began to relax, then started to cry.

Trevor was dealing with the driver, who was silent and shocked, he didn't seem to be seeing or hearing anything, just watching the dead body. He grabbed the driver's shoulders and shook him 'come back to me now, come back' he said, to no avail.

Police and ambulance sirens could be heard approaching in the distance.

'Lets go!' shouted Justine.

They regrouped, and huddled discreetly on the pavement, where they stood for a few moments, sending combined energy to the scene, then disappeared, but a spectator saw them.

Her name was Keneisha.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Back at the penthouse, they all sat in the living area.

‘This can’t go on,’ said Trevor, ‘we’ve got to stop him.’

Justine was about to speak, but Carissa interrupted her ‘Don’t mention free will Justine, because its clear he’s not taking it into account.’

‘Alright!’ said Colin ‘You don’t need to take it out on her. We just need to figure this out, work on how to prevent Ywoth from wreaking more havoc.’

‘But how?’ asked Warren

‘Yeah, it’s not what we’re here for,’ said Trevor.

‘Can’t you tap into this thoughts or something?’ asked Kelly, innocently.

‘No.’ Warren shook his head.

‘Why not? You guys have amazing abilities, why can’t you tap into one of your own? You can communicate with each other, why not him?’

‘The same reason he cannot tap into what we do and think.’ Warren lifted his sleeve and pointed at the tattoo ‘This. He’s got his own protective symbol that blocks out our interference.’

‘Oh, ok. So, the key would be to know where he’s going to go before he goes there?’ she asked.

‘Not really, because we don’t know where he’s going to go, until he decides to go there,’ answered Carissa.

‘What?’

‘Let me explain,’ said Colin, ‘the key is to actually tap into his thoughts, not the place he’s going to go-.’

‘But why? Surely if we can meet him there...?’

‘Because there is not just one place for him to go.’

Kelly’s shoulders dropped. ‘Please explain’ she said, looking confused.

Colin looked at Trevor, who began to explain.

‘At any given time in London, there is always some sort of conflict going on, and that’s what Ywoth targets to get the energy he needs – conflict.

‘When two or more people are in conflict, they generate a lot of energy and its there for the taking, so Ywoth plays on that. He also targets people who attract negativity to themselves.

‘And since we are in a city where the majority of people are negative about everything, from their finances to their relationships, Ywoth has an abundance of people to choose from.’

Kelly frowned ‘Ok...’ then she scratched her head, slowly ‘You said about people that attract negativity to themselves, what do you mean...?’

‘By thinking negatively. When you have consistently negative thoughts, you attract negative situations. In a negative situation you tend to dwell on negative thoughts, creating even more negativity around yourself – it’s an ongoing cycle.’

‘And Ywoth feeds on that?’

He nodded again. ‘That’s why one of our priorities when we get to a victim is to project positivity, we tell them to think positively, because if they don’t, they’ll dwell on the negativity of their situation and therefore, attract even more of it.’

‘This seems like a dead-end if you ask me,’ Kelly sighed.

‘It’s not a dead-end,’ said Colin defensively.

‘Well, we’ve got to put our heads together and come up

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with something. Because until they intentionally kill, we've got some hope,' said Trevor.

'Intentionally kill? Trevor there's a dead woman,' said Kelly, vehemently.

'He didn't kill her, she was killed as a result, but not directly by him.'

'Whatever the hell that means. Your rules are really complicated, you know that?' She paused. 'Ok, how about if we trap him?' She looked around.

'Trap him how?' Asked Carissa.

'Maybe we could create a conflict and then wait for him to turn up...'

'But there's no real way of knowing if he'll even turn up.' said Colin

She turned to him. 'But is there no way of guaranteeing he turns up?'

'Where free will is involved, there are no guarantees.' Warren shook his head.

'And why is that?'

'Because when a person changes their mind, it's no longer like it would have been if they hadn't,' Colin said.

'Huh?'

'For example, if someone promises you something, in another way, they're saying 'I guarantee you'll get that something', but then they change their mind. You won't get your promise, simply because that person has changed their mind. Meaning, it wasn't guaranteed in the first place because the person had the freedom to change their mind...' explained Trevor patiently.

'Oh,' Kelly didn't understand, and decided not to pursue it. 'But how come there's a guarantee that Ywoth gets his energy then?' She asked.

'Because there's always someone willing to give it away, so he's only working with what's already there.'

'What the hell does that *mean*?' Kelly slammed her palm

on the table in frustration and stood up, 'you can't give up! This man is wreaking havoc in this city, and you people, who can do something about it, aren't! You're here to stop him, so stop him!' she shouted, looking like a mad woman.

Justine, whose thoughts had been disturbed by the outburst, took charge.

'Sit down! It's clear you don't understand what is really going on here, so let me explain it to you. We are not here to stop him; we are here to create a balance.

'He promotes negativity, we balance it by encouraging positivity. There's nothing new here and we're working with what *we've got*. Now, you throwing tantrums is not help—'

'Well do something then!' Kelly screamed.

Justine was seething, and her energy field became visible, it was a violent mass of swirling reds. A vase took off the table and flew at Kelly, but Warren, Carissa, Trevor and Colin saw it before it hit her head, and diverted it.

'What the...' Kelly started.

'Kelly, go to your room,' said Carissa quietly.

'Don't speak—'

Warren grabbed her arm and dragged her upstairs.

'Hey!' she said.

'Quiet!' he said.

In the bedroom, he threw her onto the bed and sat down next to her.

'Calm down and think positively Kelly.'

'Don't patronise me Warren!'

'Will you calm down and think positive thoughts?'

They stared at each other, while Warren sent positive energy towards Kelly, who, after a while, began to relax.

'I'm sorry,' she said, regretting her behaviour.

'We work together, as a team Kelly. We don't need to—'

He stopped abruptly and stared into space, an idea had just hit him.

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'What? Need what? Warren?' said Kelly, trying to get his attention.

He took her hand and pulled her down the stairs, behind him.

'Stop pulling me up and down the stairs.' she complained.

Carissa stood, beaming at the bottom.

'I've had an idea.' said Warren.

'So have I,' said Carissa.

They froze.

There was a knock at the door.

They all looked around at each other, and said nothing.

Another knock.

Carissa put a blue energy sphere of protection around herself and went to open it.

She frowned.

It was Keneisha.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

'So you bit me because you craved blood?' asked Kelly.

Keneisha nodded.

'Have you always craved blood?' asked Justine, concerned.

'No. Only when I woke up at the hospital.' Keneisha shook her head, nervously.

'Did you get bitten by any vampires...?' asked Colin.

'Are they even real?' frowned Kelly.

'No, nothing like that. Like I told you, I-I just woke up at the hospital and started craving blood,' said Keneisha, distressed.

'Oh,' said Carissa.

They were baffled.

This ordinary girl, who hadn't been bitten any 'vampires', had suddenly developed a tendency associated with them.

'Have you actually had any blood?' asked Kelly.

'Yes, I had a taste of yours, that's how I found you,' she nodded.

'But that was only a drop, how...'

'I don't know, I just kept seeing your face in my mind, and followed the urge to come to Excel. Then when I got there I looked up and saw this building, I knew to come here,' she pointed, nodding.

An idea hit Kelly.

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'Oh my God!' she shouted.

'You really should stop doing that,' said Warren.

'What?' asked Carissa.

'If she found me from just a drop of my blood, maybe she could find Ywoth.'

'How?' asked Colin, trying to see the logic, and failing.

'Using the idea that you and Warren had, we could lure them, then trap them, and then get Keneisha to bite one of them, preferably Mischia because she's human.' Kelly turned to Warren. 'What was your idea by the way?'

'To recreate the earlier conflict between you and Justine.' he nodded at her and Justine.

'I don't get it,' Kelly shook her head.

'You're activated now, so your energies are slightly more enhanced than they were before, add that to Justine's energy, and we've got a seventy-five percent chance of attracting Ywoth because of just how much energy will be available.'

'That's true, there'll be a *lot* energy around,' said Carissa.

'And we could use that opportunity to get a trace on Mischia,' said Colin.

Carissa nodded.

'Lets get to work then,' Kelly rubbed her hands enthusiastically.

While Justine observed with amusement.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

The Renegades went into the department store, and Mischia led the way to the men's floor. They were going to a Yacht party that evening and needed appropriate eveningwear. Having planned for the night, things had to be as close to perfect as possible, as not much energy had been collected lately, and they were disappointed with themselves, so tonight had to make up for it in a big way.

Martin, the salesman in the Armani Department looked first at Mischia, then at the Wymasirians and grimaced. What the hell could they want in here? Why hadn't someone asked them to leave?

'Can I help you?' he asked distastefully.

'Yes.' said Mischia, as he looked her up and down 'Have some manners,' she added.

His eyes snapped back to her face.

She turned to Ywoth and Tgthiem, who looked very out of place, and waved them over; they stepped up cautiously, and the salesman looked them both up and down distastefully, and Mischia noticed.

'Will you stop?' she said. 'We're here to shop just like everyone else, and if you're not gonna help us, then maybe should find someone else, who will?'

Martin felt like shooving them away, instead he smiled and gave a nod. 'Certainly'.

After an hour of fitting and refitting, Tgthiem and Ywoth

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had jackets, trousers, shirts, ties, clips, cufflinks, shoes, socks and underwear. The bill was just over £2,000, and Martin's jaw dropped when more than enough money was produced to foot it. He had been prepared to gloat, and would have enjoyed calling security to escort them off the premises; instead, it was Mischia who was gloating.

They made their way to the women's department.

Tgthiem and Ywoth trailed behind, mesmerised with the swarm of people and clothing.

Mischia stopped at an array of evening dresses and picked one up to hold against Esjekshb, who looked just as lost as the men did.

A saleswoman, whose name tag said she was Lisa, zoned in on the pair, and walked up to them, ready to be obnoxious. The dress being held up cost £500 and the pair didn't look like they could afford a comb on a market stall. She plastered a smile on her face and took a breath to speak, but Mischia had seen her and was ready.

'Before you patronise us, no, we don't need any help, just a dressing room.'

Lisa was shocked and Mischia felt good. All those times she'd been looked down on by sales assistants who knew she couldn't afford the clothes she was looking at. Today was different, it was her day.

Tgtheim and Ywoth approached the women and stood by them, looking nervous, wondering where they fit in. The saleswoman saw the bags they were holding, and looked at the women again. She had been quick to assume they had no money – oh well, easy mistake, she thought to herself, I mean, look at them.

When Esjekshb and Mischia had shopped for gowns, purses, shoes and underwear. The Renegades browsed the department store, shopping for extra pieces; accessories, jewellery, cosmetics, fragrances and other items of personal

preference. Finally, leaving with shopping worth over £5,000. Mischia was in her element, but it was a shame about her company, the Renegades stuck out like sore thumbs.

They drove back to Kensington and set about getting ready for the ball.

At 7pm sharp, congregating in the kitchen, and ready to leave, the Renegades sized each other up, and were very impressed.

Esjekshb and Mischia wore blue ball gowns with diamond and sapphire jewellery, while Tgthiem wore a wine-coloured shirt and Ywoth wore a silk black shirt with no tie.

‘We look good,’ said Ywoth.

‘Yeah, we should go out more often,’ joked Tgthiem.

‘Is everyone ready?’

They all nodded.

And off to the ball they went.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

They arrived on the yacht only seconds before it set off.

The party was a dazzling affair of glitz and glamour, assets and money. Expensive perfume filled the air and wealth was on display. Champagne flowed, and the guests danced to the live band playing a collection of classical and jazz music.

Ywoth was in his element, having immensely enjoyed the shopping trip earlier, and the way the sales assistants had reacted when they saw the money, he made a mental note to go shopping more often, and attend similar affairs. Now, he understood why human beings loved money so much, and to think he'd only been using the cash for rituals.

'How did we miss this?' He whispered to Tgthiem before they split up.

An hour later, after Esjekshb's unsuccessful attempt at absorbing the energy of a waitress, Justine and the Balancers appeared on the yacht.

Keneisha was instructed to stay out of sight, but her blood thirst was killing her, an incredible ache within her Being, that was tearing her apart, and getting her down. She had never felt this way before, and didn't even know what to do about it. None of the Wymasirians were ever around to talk to at the Mansion, they would appear and disappear at irregular intervals, and most of the time she was left to wallow in her own misery.

She also hadn't been able to get any more blood because they all kept away from her, especially Kelly. She couldn't get out of the Mansion, and God knew she'd tried, Keneisha felt like a dog watching meat at a window, unable to reach it. All those people walking around outside, but she could only watch them, and cry.

She was so absorbed in her blood thirst, it didn't occur to her that what the Wymasirians did, like appear and disappear into thin air, was strange. Anything that existed outside of her self-absorption was of no interest to her.

For the first time in a while, she was in the presence of normal people and decided that her blood thirst would be satisfied with this opportunity, even if it were just a tiny drop, just the taste of it would help her.

She was holding out in the ladies toilets, and had decided to pounce on the first lady that came in alone. She didn't have to wait long, because a delicate doll-like blonde walked in; she was beautiful, and had an attractive air of radiance about her. Keneisha watched her from inside the cubicle to make sure nobody else came in after her.

And pounced.

She ran out of the cubicle, and up behind the woman, waving a razor blade at her neck, but the woman had seen her in the mirror and was too fast for her. She turned around and grabbed Keneisha's wrist, blocking it from slashing her, spun Keneisha around and pinned her to the wall, with her arm behind her.

'Why did you do that?' asked Esjekshb.

'I wanted some blood!' muffled Keneisha, trying to break away.

Esjekshb confiscated the razor and let her go, Keneisha slumped to the floor and began to cry.

'What's the matter with you?' asked Esjekshb, unsympathetically.

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Neither woman recognised the other from Soho.

'I can't take this anymore. I need it, I want it so much.'

Keneisha sobbed.

'Want what?'

'Blood! I want to drink your blood!'

Esjekshb paused 'Are you a vampire...?'

Three women walked into the ladies toilets, then, while Keneisha was shaking her head. They looked at the dirty, drugged up girl sitting on the floor and tutted, wondering how she could have got on board, and why she hadn't been reported to security yet. One didn't know what that sort was capable of.

Two of the women went into the cubicles, whilst one stayed at the mirrors to touch up her make up. Keneisha stood up and grabbed the razor from Esjekshb, pushed her aside and slashed the woman's neck, licking the instant trickle of blood that seeped out.

The woman screamed.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

Colin and Trevor were busily making their way around the boat, discreetly looking out for Ywoth. Kelly and Warren were also searching for Ywoth, together.

‘You look nice,’ said Warren.

‘Thank you,’ she said, but didn’t know what he was talking about.

‘If only the-’ he stopped.

‘What?’

‘I just spotted Ywoth, I think he’s with Mischia.’

Kelly turned to the direction he was looking in and saw the receding figure of a well-built man, following a woman, but couldn’t tell if it was Mischia or someone else.

Warren set off in pursuit, and Kelly headed to where Justine and Carissa had said they’d be, and found them sitting on the floor, meditating, by the ladies toilets.

‘Warren found Ywoth,’ she announced.

‘Really?’ Carissa stood up. ‘Where?’

‘Going towards the bar.’

Carissa left without another word, and Kelly looked at Justine.

‘Alright, well, sit down.’ Justine started ‘I’m putting a restrictive bubble of energy around the-’

Two terrified women ran screaming from the ladies toilets, and Kelly went to meet them, Justine stood up, and followed.

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'What's wrong?' she asked, holding the terrified blue-eyed woman in a red dress, by the shoulders.

Mischia planted herself firmly where she was standing and touched her necklace; a bubble of energy appeared around her body, while Ywoth grabbed the terrified waiter's neck, and was about to absorb his energy, when Warren walked in, and sent a bubble of reflective energy to the space between Mischia and Ywoth, so that the energy would be reflected back to the waiter.

Ywoth saw Warren and was instantly angry, his energy field became a violent swirling mass of reds.

Warren put a blue protection bubble around himself and sent bubbles of energy around Mischia and the waiter, then began to walk towards Ywoth, who was trying to make himself invisible.

At that point, Mischia picked up the waiter and threw him across the room at Warren.

They both fell to the floor, and Ywoth momentarily looked at her in surprise, then took her hand and ran out of the room, sending a blue wave of blue energy from his throat, into space.

'Party's over guys, lets go,' he communicated.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

The two hysterical women had been successfully calmed by Kelly and Justine, then had explained what they had been running from.

Kelly had been the first to go into the toilets, and found the woman lying on the floor, bleeding from the neck – but she was alone.

The women had said they'd left two other women in there with their friend; a black girl and a blonde woman, dressed for the party. But Kelly had seen no one leave the toilets, and there was no other way out.

This was odd.

An ambulance was called and the captain headed to the nearest pier at Tower Hill, where the woman was rushed to Hospital.

When everyone had left the toilets, Esjekshb and Keneisha became visible, and hurried off the boat amongst the confusion.

They hailed a black cab and asked to go to the Kingsmead Estate in Hackney.

Keneisha had explained what had happened to her, preceding the blood thirst.

Her dealer, Darryl, had given her free drugs, on the condition that she be his guinea pig for a concoction he'd made. She had readily agreed, and injected herself with the potion, but nothing had happened, until she had woken up in

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hospital after the incident in Soho.

With a craving for blood.

'Take me to him, ' Esjekshb had said.

And they had gone to Hackney.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

‘What happened to you?’ asked Tgthiem, holding the door, and eyeing Keneisha suspiciously.

Esjekshb made a move to go into the house, but he blocked her way.

‘Who is this?’ he asked.

‘She’s with me.’ Esjekshb pushed past him and beckoned for Keneisha to follow.

Tgthiem stepped aside, then closed the door, and followed to the kitchen.

‘What is this?’ asked Ywoth. ‘Where have you been?’

Esjekshb ignored him, and sat down, then said ‘Questions, questions. How about...’ indicating Keneisha ‘...an answer.’

They all looked at the girl with recognition, and Mischia was about to mention the fact, but Esjekshb’s hand gesture silenced her.

‘She can help us collect energy.’

‘How?’ asked Ywoth, uninterested.

‘She’s a vampire.’

‘What?’ asked Tgthiem.

‘Are they even real?’ asked Mischia

They both turned to look at Keneisha, who then shrank into herself.

‘We haven’t had the best of luck collecting energy, lately. We’ve been disturbed in one way or another, and we’re

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running behind. Mischia's only capable of holding the energies of five others before she has to rest, so if there's two of them...'

'I still don't understand how *she* could collect energy?' said Tgthiem.

Esjekshb tutted, irritably.

'Blood is a source of life...'

'Ah, I see now,' nodded Ywoth.

'But, we'll have to come up with a plan, otherwise it still won't work,' said Mischia.

'Why so cynical?' said Esjekshb.

'I'm not be-'

She stopped, because Ywoth was giving her a funny look, she turned to him, and frowned.

'What?'

His face was amused. 'Back at the boat, you picked up that waiter.'

Mischia remembered it, and nodded.

'You did what?' asked Esjekshb.

'She picked up a fully grown man, and threw him across the room.'

'How did you do that?' asked Tgthiem, interested.

'I don't know...I just did,' she said.

'Can you do it again?'

'Yeah, I think so...'

Ywoth could be heard chuckling.

'What?' asked Esjekshb.

'I think I have a plan,' he said.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

‘Your friend Mischia picked up a grown man and threw him across the room at me,’ said Warren, still surprised.

‘And you saw this?’ asked Kelly, cynically.

‘She threw him at me Kelly, and we both fell to the floor. I’m sure.’

The Balancers were back at the penthouse, going over the events on the Yacht.

‘They must have activated her DNA too,’ said Justine.

‘How come I can’t do that?’ wined Kelly.

‘DNA Activation works differently for everyone. Besides, you have to believe you can do it before you can,’ said Trevor.

‘And how do I believe it then? I believe its possible, but not that I can do it,’ she said.

‘Well, there you have it then, its an inner knowing you’ll get,’ said Carissa.

‘Is that all you can tell me?’

‘Its your own personal journey Kelly, nobody can tell you how to walk it. If we *could* tell you, it wouldn’t be your journey now, would it?’ said Colin, logically.

‘I suppose.’

A short silence.

‘What could they be using Mischia for, do you think?’ Trevor asked, changing the subject.

Warren shook his head ‘I wonder,’ he said.

Justine went to look at the view over Excel, and

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remembered Keneisha.

'Where is Keneisha?' she asked.

They all looked around.

'Oh no,' said Carissa, hand flying to her mouth. 'We must have lost her in all the excitement.'

'Wasn't she supposed to be staying out of the way?' said Colin, 'like in the ladies toilets?'

'The slashed woman,' Trevor, stood up.

'But where could she have gone to?'

'That was also funny, because nobody was in the toilets when I went in there,' said Kelly, shaking her head. 'Especially, as the women who ran out said there were still two women in there'.

'Where did she get to?'

'That's enough of that, I think we need to get some sleep now,' said Justine, walking away.

'It's not enough, Justine, we-'

'-I said, that's enough!'

Kelly went up to her room and took a long, hot shower.

Having lost count of how long she'd been 'dead', Kelly wondered how her family were coping without her. And, looking back on her time with the Wymasirians, she smiled to herself for it had been a most wonderful adventure that she wouldn't swap for anything, and was glad she had decided to activate her DNA and join them.

But what Trevor had said, about things not being right since her arrival, what could that meant? She couldn't put it down to paranoia because Carissa, Warren and Colin had all expressed the same concern.

Her thoughts drifted to Mischia, and how she was, what had the Renegades done to her? And why had she decided to help Ywoth, when Warren had been trying to protect *her*. They would rescue her in time, and hopefully the Renegades

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wouldn't have corrupted her too much.

Kelly put on her robe, walked into the bedroom, and found Warren sitting at the edge of the bed, and halted.

'You alright?' he asked gently.

She nodded. 'Yes, just thinking about Mischia,' then she tightened her robe belt.

He nodded slowly and looked at her – her heart began to beat faster, and her cheeks went hot.

'Well, I'm going to sleep now,' she hinted, so he would leave.

When he made no move to go, she became nervous, not because she was afraid of him, but because she was afraid of the feelings he evoked in her, then scolded herself, knowing he would pick up on her thoughts, and not go.

Surely enough, he did, and smiled cheekily.

Then went to switch off the lights.

CHAPTER THIRTY

The Renegades had come up with a plan to use Mischia's new abilities and Keneisha's blood thirst to collect energy.

And headed into London, the next day.

Mischia had been thinking about Kelly and her family. For the first time in a long time she let the feelings come through, and realised how much she missed them.

All of a sudden, she wasn't up for collecting energy, she wanted some time to herself, to reminisce about her lost past.

'I want the afternoon to myself today,' she announced.

'What? Why?' asked Ywoth.

'Now?' asked Tgthiem.

Keneisha looked at her.

'Questions, questions,' she said. 'I just want some time to myself.'

'What are you going to do?' asked Esjekshb.

'Where are you going to go?' asked Ywoth.

'Do you want me to drop you off anywhere?' asked Tgthiem.

Mischia smiled as she looked out of the window at the passing scenery of Blackfriars.

'I think I'll go to the Tate Museum, across the river,' she pointed in the direction of the river.

'Do you want us to wait for you?' asked Tgthiem.

'Or come with you?' asked Esjekshb.

'You're questioning her again,' said Keneisha.

'I don't really care,' Mischia shrugged.

'How will you get back?' asked Ywoth, worriedly.

'I'll get a train or something,' she answered.

Tgthiem stopped the car and she stepped out. Shoving her hands deep into her pockets and keeping her head down, Mischia walked towards the Millennium Bridge.

'Esjekshb, tail her, and keep invisible,' ordered Ywoth.

Esjekshb stepped out of the car, but had no intention of tailing Mischia; she had her own agenda to attend to.

Esjekshb, like Carissa, Warren, Colin and Trevor had also sensed something was not right about the situation, but didn't know what it was.

Keneisha had taken her to her dealer, Darryl's house, the previous evening, but he had not been home. She decided to try again, because maybe he could give her a potion to help her open up to the abilities she had on Wymasiriah.

Something had happened on her on coming to Earth; she had forgotten a lot of what she'd known. It was as if her memories had been wiped clean, with the exception of knowing who she was and where she'd come from. A few stray abilities, such as the invisibility bubble could be remembered, but that was only because Ywoth remembered, and had trained her.

There was a lot more to know, but she had forgotten it, and there was nothing more frustrating than knowing you knew something, but not knowing what it was. She had to somehow open up and tap into the Universal knowledge again, and that's why she had felt her meeting with Keneisha was significant.

When Keneisha had mentioned how she had found Kelly, just by tasting her blood, Esjekshb knew that this dealer could make something for her to open up to the Universal knowledge.

So she was going to see him.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

Warren and Colin were meditating at the mansion, while Justine, Kelly and Carissa worked on clearing their chakras.

It was quiet since Ywoth wasn't taking anyone's energy at that point.

Trevor was aimlessly wandering along Bishopsgate, outside Liverpool Street Station, observing the thousands of people going about their business that afternoon.

He started thinking about Kelly and Mischia, how they'd stumbled upon all this. How helpful Kelly had become, and what a shame it was about Mischia, how she had been kidnapped and corrupted.

Or had she?

Maybe she wasn't functioning of her own will, and Ywoth was using her as a tool, or something.

His thoughts of Mischia brought visions of the Millennium Bridge. He sent a blue wave of energy out of his throat and into space.

'I know where Mischia is, and she's alone,' he communicated.

When he arrived back at the mansion, Colin was the first to question him.

'Where is she?'

'Around the Tate Modern.'

'All right then. You and Kelly go and tail her, Kelly, suss her out and see if you can talk some sense into her, then bring her back here,' said Justine.

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'Why didn't we think of this before?' asked Kelly, excitedly.

'We did, but couldn't do anything about it, as long as she was with Ywoth, we couldn't sense her,' said Colin.

'So she's alone now?'

'Yes.'

Kelly was excited at the prospect of seeing her friend again; she hadn't seen her in such a long time and had been missing her, a lot. Maybe when they saw each other again, Mischia would be woken from her brainwashing and come back to the good side.

Esjekshb had got on the Central Line at St Paul's and was heading towards Liverpool Street.

But a vision of Mischia popped into her head, and she got off the train at Bank, and ran towards the westbound platform, pushing people out of the way.

'Hey, stop running,' said a tourist.

She didn't look back.

The train's doors had just closed, and it was about to pull away when Esjekshb arrived on the platform, but that didn't stop her.

A line of energy escaped her fingertips and slid between the doors, she parted her hands and opened it, running alongside the train.

Passengers inside the carriage watched, fascinated, as the doors opened, and she stepped in, seconds before they slammed shut, and the train entered the tunnel.

Esjekshb sat on the floor; oblivious to the odd looks she was getting, and sent a wave of blue energy into space.

'Ywoth, Tgthiem, go back to the Tate. Mischia's in trouble!'

And within minutes she was back in St Paul's.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

Mischia was sitting in the seventh floor restaurant, looking out at the River, and thinking about Kelly.

‘Mischia!’ said Kelly, excitedly.

Stunned, she turned and saw her friend.

‘Kelly?’ she was baffled. ‘What are you doing here?’

Am I really that powerful, to just conjure her in the flesh like that? She thought to herself, then her eyes shifted to Trevor, who was standing behind her, and knew instantly, that not only was she not, but that her and Kelly were now on different sides.

‘Stay away from me,’ she said, getting off the stool, and inching backwards.

‘Come on Mischia, he’s brainwashed you,’ said Kelly.

Mischia started looking around for an exit. Why had she decided to venture out alone? How useful telepathy would have been right now.

‘Get away from her,’ said Ywoth, appearing just in time.

Mischia walked towards him, and Kelly tried to grab her arm.

‘Don’t touch me Kelly.’

Suddenly, all their movements became slow and restricted.

Trevor, Justine, Carissa and Warren all appeared and formed a circle around the group, restricting their movements, and were about to disappear, when a burst of energy, from nowhere, unbalanced them.

It was Esjekshb.

In the moments of disorientation, Ywoth took Mischia's hand and followed Tgthiem and Esjekshb towards the lifts.

'No, don't take the lifts, they can control them,' communicated Ywoth.

'Not if we're invisible,' communicated Esjekshb.

Right on queue, a lift door opened and four people filed out, six people had already been waiting, but Esjekshb stopped them from getting in, as the Renegades rushed in and waited for the doors to close.

'Hey, we were here first!' sulked a man with a pregnant wife.

Warren had been the first to pursue them; he was rejected by the energy around the doors, that Esjekshb was projecting, and when the doors closed, they immediately huddled together and put an invisibility bubble around themselves.

'They can't restrict us if we're invisible, but we can't get out of the building if it's in their hands,' said Tgthiem.

'Where's Keneisha?' asked Esjekshb.

'I don't know,' he said.

'Seal the building,' said Warren to Justine and Carissa.

'It's too big for just the two of us to do effectively,' said Justine.

'We *can* control the lifts thought,' Carissa said, walking towards them.

'Which one did they get into?'

'That one,' Warren pointed to the second lift.

'I'll restrict this line. Spread out to each floor and keep an eye out for them, call when you see them.' she ordered.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

'They're on the second floor,' communicated Trevor.

Within seconds, the area outside the bank of lifts on the second floor accommodated the two teams.

Renegades verses Balanacers.

Esjekshb, Tgthiem, Ywoth and Mischia had just stepped out of the lift and were standing in a line, facing Colin, Trevor, Warren and Carissa, Justine and Kelly arrived shortly after.

Keneisha rounded the corner just as Kelly and Justine arrived, unseen. Her first instinct was to stay out of sight, so she scuttled back around the corner and hid.

Ywoth stepped up to Justine.

'Pdothrui, we meet again,' he said.

Justine shook her head slowly in disgust.

'It hasn't been long enough.'

Ywoth took a breath to speak.

But, the fire alarm went off.

'We should take this somewhere less public,' said Carissa.

Tgthiem, Esjekshb and Mischia all looked at Ywoth, who nodded.

People were running towards the exits, oblivious to what was happening outside of their need to get out of the building, Keneisha ran up to the group, just as they were disappearing, and hung on to Carissa.

A hazy mist surrounded them, then white was everywhere, as the scene began to change; a far-reaching view,

high above London could be seen.

From The London Eye.

Tgthiem began to laugh 'Now none of us can leave,' he said.

'Oh, but *we* can,' said Carissa, smugly.

'I don't think so,' said Ywoth, bitterly.

Suddenly, there was a lot of anger in the carriage, and the two groups split, facing each other.

Mischia and Kelly were staring at each other, and there was anger on Mischia's face. She had had a taste of normalcy for the first time in a long time, and had come to the conclusion that it was all Kelly's fault she was in this mess – for being too curious.

'What are you looking at?' she spat.

'God Mischia, what's the matter with you? What have I done?' Kelly asked, surprised.

'You've done this.' she indicated everyone. 'You and your curiosity, don't you know that curiously killed the cat?'

Kelly looked ashamed.

'Mischia, that's enough,' said Justine, authoritatively.

'Why is it enough Justine? Don't I have free will anymore...?'

'What's wrong with you?' asked Ywoth.

'Don't ask me that. It's not like you're innocent in this, you're a murderer!'

Everyone gasped.

'What?' Trevor said.

Carissa stepped forward and took Mischia's arm but she pulled it away, violently hitting herself.

'Don't touch me!' she hissed.

'She's losing it,' whispered Trevor to Colin.

'What did you do to her?' asked Warren, looking at Ywoth.

He shrugged and shook his head 'She was fine earlier.'

'Who did Ywoth murder?' asked Carissa.

They all turned to Mischia, awaiting an answer.

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'The cat and the man,' she looked at him, full of disgust.

A flashback of the day they'd been taken to the penthouse, and what Justine had told them about Ywoth being after their bodies, flashed into Kelly's mind.

'Oh my God Mischia, he's going to kill you too,' she said, pulling her away from Ywoth.

'What the hell are you doing? Stop touching me!' Mischia pulled away.

'Wait, wait, wait,' said Warren, putting his hand up 'What man? What cat?

Everyone spoke at the same time and Esjekshb took charge.

'Enough! We need to hear this. Obviously there's some sort of misunderstanding here, and we need to know what it is. Kelly, Mischia, one of you, I don't care which, tell us what's going on?'

'They don't know-' said Justine.

'Silence!' ordered Ywoth, and nodded at the girls.

'Ok, well, I came across a dead body in some sort of satanic ritual one afternoon,' began Kelly.

'Like the one you did for Esjekshb,' said Mischia.

'I stole some of the money from it, and went back home, then that evening we found our neighbour's cat in the same kind of way, on our living room floor. Then our house blew up and we got this card, telling us to run.

'We went to a hotel and got the same card, telling us to get out, this time, and when we did, the police came. When we went to another hotel, someone was there looking for us too. Colin and Trevor found us in Oxford Street and took us to the penthouse, and that was the night you kidnapped Mischia.'

There was silence.

'So, when did I murder anyone?' asked Ywoth, shaking his head.

'You murdered the dead man I found, and the cat at our

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house before it blew up, then you wanted to murder us for our bodies,' said Kelly.

All the anger bubbling inside of Ywoth, evaporated, and he started to laugh.

Kelly and Mischia looked at each other.

'Oh, is something funny Ywoth?' asked Mischia, sarcastically.

'What does any of that have to do with me?' he asked.

'You were after us,' Kelly said, uncertainly. 'Before you kidnapped Mischia.'

Another laugh.

'No, I wasn't. I didn't know you even existed.'

'But you kidnapped her...'

'No, I didn't. I fetched her.'

Confusion.

'Fetched?' chorused Kelly, Mischia, Carissa, Trevor, Colin and Warren.

'Yes, fetched her,' he pointed at Mischia.

'We didn't kidnap you,' said Tgthiem 'We found out that Pdothrui had two Human Beings, and that one could be fetched to assist us with the mission.'

'How did you find out?' asked Colin.

'We got a card with a flower symbol on it too, it stated the time and place to pick her up.'

There was a pause whilst everyone tried to figure out what was going on.

'Hold up – I'm confused.' said Trevor.

'So am I.' said Carissa, frowning.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

Keneisha had zoned out of the conversation, instead, she was mesmerised by Justine's neck, with its bulging veins, she could almost hear the blood streaming through. The craving overcame her.

And she lunged.

It tasted horrible, as usual, but the feeling was so good.

Inconsiderate hands tried to pull her away, but she held on tightly, not wanting it to stop. But an excruciating pain hit her lower back, and she flew backwards, letting go of Justine.

Not moving, Keneisha felt the foreign blood flow through her body and caress her Being. A sense of heightened awareness enveloped her, and she felt connected to the Universe.

And knew things.

Keneisha closed her eyes and let it all come to her, then after a while, spoke.

'It's for the greater good,' she said.

'What is?' asked Esjekshb, turning to look at her.

'I did it for the good of all, you see, not just me. I needed someone from this planet to actually get anywhere.'

Everyone stopped what they were doing and listened.

'What...?' asked Trevor, walking up to her.

'I did it for us, so that we'd have an insight into this world, because it takes one to know one,' continued Keneisha.

'What is she talking about?' asked Kelly.

'I think she's tapped into Pdothrui's thoughts.' said Esjekshb.

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'You mean...?' said Carissa.

'This was her doing?' Esjekshb indicated Justine.

'But how?' asked Colin.

'And why?' asked Trevor.

They turned to Justine and watched her in silence for a long time, waiting for her explanation. Finally, she regained her composure and sat up.

'Well?' asked Esjekshb, 'Aren't you going to explain yourself?'

She said nothing; instead, summoning enough energy, directing it to her hands, and sending a ball at Mischia, who flew backwards, through the glass and down towards the river, screaming.

'I need explain myself to no one,' she said.

To a stunned audience.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

Without thinking, both Tgthiem and Warren jumped out after Mischia, while Colin, Trevor and Ywoth restrained Justine.

‘We must not stay here,’ said Esjekshb.

‘Lets take her to the house,’ said Ywoth.

‘No, the mansion,’ said Carissa.

‘I am *not* going to that place!’ he said.

Justine was putting up a fight, and they had trouble restraining her, so Carissa and Kelly helped.

Esjekshb was watching Keneisha, who had a glazed look in her eyes, and when the group were about to disappear, she held onto her, and sent a blue wave of energy from her throat, into space.

‘We’re gong back to the house, so go there,’ she communicated to Tgthiem.

A violent haze appeared around the group, and the scene changed from The London Eye, to limbo; a white nothingness.

Seconds later, they were in a dark room at the Renegade HQ in Kensington.

Mischia was fast approaching the water, screaming for dear life, and feeling terrified, which then turned to relief when she saw Tgthiem and Warren.

‘Mischia, take my hand,’ said Tgthiem.

She began to slow down, and seemed to be floating on a

white cloud; Tgthiem had put an invisibility bubble around them.

‘We’re going back to our house,’ Tgthiem instructed Warren.

Before they disappeared.

Justine had been put inside a salt circle, and the Wymasirians were standing around it, sending energy to her. Every time she went near the edge of the circle, the energy repelled her.

And the more she did it, the angrier she became.

‘She’s out of control.’ said Esjekshb.

‘She’ll tire herself out,’ said Warren, appearing and joining the circle.

‘What’s going to happen to her?’ asked Keneisha, feeling a little scared.

No one answered, but Colin turned to her, ‘you can tap into her feelings?’

Shrinking into herself, she nodded. ‘Only because I still have her blood in my system.’

‘Then explain why she did it,’ he instructed.

Keneisha closed her eyes, for a long time, taking deep breaths. She opened them, finally, but wasn’t herself, and began speaking in a clear, authoritative voice.

‘When the Council banished Ywoth from Wymasiriah, I was sent after him to keep track of his movements around the Universe. While hanging around the fringes of Planet Earth, Ywoth found himself with a Human body, after a drug dealer had overdosed around the same time a group of teenagers were experimenting with magic, creating an opening for him.

‘A few days later, the Council created an opening for me to occupy *this* body. My mission was to observe Ywoth and make sure that he did not cause trouble for Planet Earth.

‘The Council briefed me of my mission and gave me tools and advice on how to survive. They told me that their

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assistance was available whenever I needed it, and that all I had to do was ask.

'Then they left me to my own devices, but many of the tools I had been given, I could not use for I had forgotten how,' she shrugged, paused, then continued, 'life on Planet Earth for the first few months was a learning process; learning how to use the body, learning how to cope in the new environment.

'As, Ywoth was having the same challenges as I, by not observing him, I was missing nothing. The seasons changed, and we grew, and gradually became stronger, and more knowing. That was when Ywoth came to me with his plan to collect enough energy from Human Beings so he could go back to Wymasiriah and overthrow the Council.

'He wanted my help, as a fellow Wymasirian, said that we could rule together, should I wish it, provided I helped him collect enough energy. But I refused. I had realised at this time that I did not wish to return to Wymasiriah, Planet Earth was where I wanted to be, where I wished to remain.

'Although the Council had control of me as I was, I had to portray a fulfilment of my mission, whilst trying to get out from under their control. And for that, I needed a body of my own.

'I spent months trying to find a way to create an opening for me to exit this body and occupy another, but the only way for me to leave this body was by the death of it. I would only end up stranded back in the Universe, and would need the Council's help in order to get into another one, and return to Earth. And as long as I asked for their help, I would be under their control. I needed to do it on my own.

'That was when the idea came to me that I needed to be born of this world.'

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

‘From the moment I thought of it, everything seemed to flow, ideas, and ways to put the plan into action – it all came to me within days.

‘First, I needed to find a woman to bear my child; she had to be open to my native origins, able to accept my truth, and willing to prepare her body for the special baby. It dawned on me that it would take almost eternity to find such a woman by randomly seeking her out.

‘So I came up with a plan to capture her.

‘I set up a ritual in the old office of ‘Benign Employment Agency’ as I had noticed that many women still came there looking for it, even though it had moved floors, but they only got as far as the corridor, before giving up, so all I had to do was wait for the right one.

‘A stream of women came looking for it, but not many noticed the old chipped sign, or even found the room itself. That was my first test, you see – their skills of observation. My second test was that of curiosity: If she saw the chipped sign and found the room, would she go inside, after receiving no answer when she knocked? The last stage was for her to touch a part of the ritual, therefore, pledging herself to me.

‘Twenty-one days after I set up, I found the mother of my child.’

Keneisha stopped speaking and looked at her captivated audience, especially Kelly.

The Run: London's Secret

'What happened next?' Kelly asked.

'I followed you home and saw where you lived. I'd planned to go back the next day and tell you of the pledge, but before that could happen, I saw on the news that your house had been blown up, and that you had died. However, something wasn't right, because I could still sense you, it got stronger when you went back to Oxford Street, nearer to the ritual.'

Trevor interrupted, 'but you told us they were in danger because of Ywoth, why?' He asked.

'Because otherwise you wouldn't have helped me protect her! And put my plan into action.'

'What plan?' asked Mischia

'My plan to become born of this world.'

'So, all that's happened to me and Kelly was your doing?'

'Yes! And I am not ashamed of it. I did it for the greater good.'

'How is it for the greater good though, Justine? How?'

'Because if a child is born of this world, with all the knowledge of the Universe, it can bring a lot of wisdom to these troubled times.'

'And you want to be that child?'

'I would not have done all this, had I wished not to be.'

'So how are you going to become this child?'

'When the body is ready for me, I will move into it.'

'What body? And when is it going to be ready?'

'In nine month's time.'

'What?'

Keneisha looked at Kelly.

'She's pregnant.'

Gasps.

'What?' asked Kelly, shocked.

'All that I have put you through was worth it, for you are carrying my child.'

Ella Roberts

‘What the hell are you talking about?’

‘Who’s the father?’ asked Mischia.

Keneisha looked at Warren.

The penny dropped.

‘The night after the yacht party,’ said Kelly and Warren together.

‘So, it’s true?’ asked Carissa, ‘you’re pregnant.’

‘It was just one night, nothing could have happened.’

‘But something did, you are the perfect parents to guide my soul from childhood.’

Everyone was silent, trying to make sense of the revelations.

After a while, Kelly spoke, half-heartedly trying to make conversation.

‘So...Ywoth is not evil then?’ she asked.

‘No, the only thing that Ywoth is guilty of, is taking the energy that is freely available to him.’

‘Oh.’ Kelly gave an apologetic smile.

‘This is such big news,’ said Carissa.

‘But hold up’ said Colin, ‘something here, still doesn’t make sense. If all you did was set up the ritual at the agency, and haul them in after the explosion-’

‘Yeah, who set up the cat in our living room, and the explosion, and the warnings...?’ interrupted Mischia.

Keneisha shook her head and shrugged.

‘You still haven’t told us-,’ said Mischia

‘Something’s going on here-’ said Carissa.

They spoke at the same time and stopped.

‘You first,’ said Mischia.

‘No, you go,’ said Carissa.

‘So, if Ywoth’s not responsible for the explosion, who is?’ she asked.

They looked around at each other and shrugged, but nobody said anything.

The Run: London's Secret

'This is one of those creepy mysteries isn't it?' asked Mischia, feeling drained.

'I am,' said a foreign voice, after a while.

They turned to look in the direction of the voice, and were stunned by the sight.

It was *beautiful*.

But nobody knew what it was.

It had a yellow-orange light aura around it's body, a flame-like radiation of pure love. The body within could not be made out, no one could tell whether it was human or something else...

'My name is Dspamugtern, and I am responsible for bringing you together in this way.'

'But why?' asked Carissa, voicing everyone's thoughts.

'Because it is part of a bigger plan that you are all involved in...' it said.

