

## Westcrest

### Episode #28: The Massacre at Club Mojo, Part III

Colourful lights arc across DuPont's skin. His eyes seem infused with the brightness of the neon. The crowd is in a frenzy and Conor watches as a number of them begin clambering up onto the stage where DuPont is standing.

The dancers begin to move their bodies in time with the music, making exaggerated lurching motions that coincide with every flick of DuPont's wrists. One woman is tearing at her top in an attempt to expose herself to the crowd.

Aghast, Conor watches on as the dancers begin lashing out at one another. One girl forces the head of another to the ground, striking it against the stage in time with the music and a skinny, shirtless man begins to gouge at his own eyes.

The Haitian is laughing now, a deep, booming sound that seems to have become one with the music. There is blood on the floor beneath his feet. Conor knows that Marcus would have taken DuPont out by now if he had a clear shot.

The crowd looks on as one of the unconscious figures at DuPont's feet begins to twitch in time with the music. The eyeless man sits suddenly upright, grasping one of DuPont's legs and staring sightlessly out at the crowd.

Elsewhere: Sarra has been crying. Her hands have been smeared with that same gel DuPont used the first time that he kidnapped her and have been bound in thick bandages. They are twisted above her head at an uncomfortable angle and fixed to the wall with thick iron chains.

This is how Helena finds her.

"I'm sorry," Sarra stammers, through a fresh flood of tears.

Helena kneels down and wipes away Sarra's tears with her fingers. "Don't," she says. "Not now."

"Is Jeremy okay?"

"Chatravati is with him," Helena says and they both know that this isn't any sort of proper answer.

"I'm so *dumb*," says Sarra. "How could I have believed him?"

Helena inspects the locks around Sarra's wrists. The chains are heavy, they are the same ones DuPont uses to restrain his zombies.

“Unwrap my hands,” Sarra says and Helena reaches for the blade that she always keeps strapped to her thigh. She makes short work of the bandages, but Sarra’s hands are still covered in the gel that prevents her from using her powers.

“It’s some sort of coolant,” says Helena, inspecting a globule of the stuff at the end of one long finger. Quickly she sets about wiping it off. It comes away from Sarra’s skin easily, several large sections having solidified after being bound for so long.

“That’s enough,” says Sarra and Helena steps back. Light blooms on Sarra’s palms, brighter than normal, and the metal crackles as Sarra sends energy coursing into it. The chains fall away, smouldering, and Helena helps Sarra to her feet.

“You should take it easy,” Helena tells her.

“Not a chance,” says Sarra. Her hands are still radiant with energy. “What about the guards?”

“Let’s just say they recognise me as a... superior power,” says Helena.

“Is... *she* here?” Asks Sarra. She can’t hide the fear in her voice.

“She’s *always* here,” says Helena resignedly. Together they step into the corridor.

And that’s when they hear the screams.