

Westcrest

Episode #30: The Massacre at Club Mojo, Part V

"You can't stop me!" Screams DuPont. He has risen to his feet. The club is mostly empty now, except for the members of Westcrest standing around the stage. Marcus stands to the west, Conor at the north and Sarra to the east.

Club Mojo's bar is on fire, light and heat sweeping out across the room. Many of the bodies on the floor are beginning to twitch. Dead fingers scratch at the floor.

"Kalfou's Gift fills me with power," says DuPont, finally letting the maracas fall to the floor. He stands up and brandishes a little straw doll before them. In his left hand he twirls a narrow blade and Conor realises at once that he intends to sever the head from the doll's tiny body. "Do you know what *this* is?"

"Put Jeremy down," comes a voice from the far end of the stage.

Helena is standing there, and yet, it is not exactly Helena. Her skin seems a little lighter, her eyes a little darker and her hair—normally icy blonde—has turned the darkest shade of black.

DuPont turns to face the newcomer. Helena approaches slowly, her heels striking the stage loudly with each, deliberate step she takes.

"I am not afraid," says DuPont defiantly. "I have an entire army at my bidding,"

And sure enough, rising up from the floor are the bodies of the deceased. They are moaning and crying out and there is no life in their eyes, but only the desolate stare of death.

"Fool!" Says Helena so loudly that the very floor beneath them seems to vibrate. Even DuPont is shocked by the power that emanates from her.

"You hope to turn the dead against *me*?" Says Helena. Then she begins to laugh. It is a horrible sound. "You hope to turn the dead against the Goddess Hel herself?"

DuPont has stopped talking. He is still holding the Jeremy doll at his side. He opens his mouth a few times, but no words come out. Then, he says weakly: "Goddess..."

Helena stops walking. The zombies around the stage have closed in around DuPont and are staring up at him eagerly. Conor can hear sirens in the distance.

"Bow," says Helena, sneering at DuPont. At once he drops to his knees and plants his face between her feet.

"Oh... Goddess," he says, his voice muffled by the floor. "Join me! Together we can rule this pitiful world."

He glances up at her, but remains on his knees. The voodoo doll has dropped from his hand and lies forgotten on the stage.

“Let me advise you!” Says DuPont. “I know of this world and the people in it. I have power and influence here. Together we would be unstoppable! The world would be steeped in death! All of the living would be turned into dead, subservient flesh!”

Helena is silent and the three other members of Westcrest standing around the stage hold their breaths. Chatravati has worked with Helena, enabling her to limit the influence that the Goddess inside of her is able to exert... but Helena does not appear to be here now.

“Oh Goddess, what say you?!” Wails Dupont.

“Go to Hel,” she says.