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Opening extract from

Operation Golden Bum

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Tuesday 1522 hours: **River Bosphorus, Istanbul, Turkey**

Special Agent Fangs Enigma – the world's greatest vampire spy – adjusted his sunglasses and calmly spun the wheel of the jet-black speedboat, sending plumes of spray over the children playing on the riverbank. They watched in awe as the boat roared off in pursuit of a larger, green-coloured vessel.

Fangs flicked his tongue against one of the two pointed teeth jutting from his upper jaw. It began to glow a bright, shimmering blue. "This is Enigma," he barked, turning the wheel sharply to avoid capsizing a local fisherman. "Target is in sight."

A tinny voice sounded from his other fang.

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“Good of you to check in at last. I was beginning to think you’d forgotten all about us.” It was Phlem, Fangs’s boss and the head of Monster Protection, 1st Unit, aka MP1.

Enigma snarled.

“Can you confirm the identity of the prey?” Phlem continued.

“Puppy…?” Fangs said, without so much as a backwards glance. “Can you assist?”

Puppy Brown, a werewolf and fellow MP1 agent, typed a few commands into her laptop computer, and an image, projected directly from Fangs’s sunglasses, appeared on the screen. After zooming in on the sole occupant of the speedboat they were chasing, she ran his scarred features through the facial-recognition software. The result was displayed almost immediately.

“It’s Zed,” she announced.

Fangs tongued his blue tooth to switch the line of communication back to MP1 Headquarters.

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“Target confirmed as the zombie Zed,” he said. “Permission to apprehend?”

“Permission granted,” came the reply from Phlem, “but try to keep the destruction down to a minimum this time, please!”

With a wry smile, Fangs pressed down on the accelerator. The boat picked up speed, and his long, black cape whipped out behind him in the breeze.

A look of panic flashed in the zombie’s eyes as the MP1 speedboat pulled up alongside his vessel. After grabbing his shoe, he ripped his entire foot off at the ankle and hurled it at Fangs. The appendage bounced off the vampire’s head with a sickening thump.

Puppy leapt to her feet. “Are you OK, boss?” she asked.

The vampire cricked his neck from side to side. “Just *toe*-rrific,” he quipped. “But *heel* pay for that! Take the reins…”

Still rolling her eyes at her boss’s bad joke,

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Puppy grabbed the steering-wheel as Fangs stepped up to the edge of the boat, gripping his cloak tightly with his long, sharp fingernails. “Are you sure about this, boss?” Puppy asked.

“He hasn’t got a *leg to stand on*,” Fangs growled before leaping off the boat. His cape stiffened and he sailed across the churning water to land with ease beside the startled zombie.

Fangs’s fist made contact with Zed’s nose, splitting it open and sending plumes of black snot flying everywhere. The vampire ducked to avoid being covered by gunk, and Zed took the opportunity to wrap his green, decaying hands around his opponent’s throat.

Fangs Enigma’s usually white face paled even more as the zombie bared his few remaining teeth and hungrily eyed a pulsing vein. “Let’s see ’ow you like bein’ bitten, vampire!” Zed snarled.

Fangs jumped to one side, accidentally pressing against the accelerator. The boat lurched forward and clipped a buoy. The zombie staggered and let

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go of Fangs's throat. "Puppy! Now!" Fangs yelled.

The werewolf grabbed a length of rope from the deck of her boat, tied a quick loop and then spun it around her head. She howled with delight when the rope caught first time, landing over Zed's head and shoulders. "Get ready, boss!" she shouted, pulling the rope as hard as she could—

And the zombie's head came off.

Fangs was still staring in horror at the stump of spine protruding from Zed's neck when the boat careered into the riverbank and shot out of the water like a rocket.

Puppy's lasso had slipped off the headless corpse and caught round the boat's gearstick. She pulled it taut with a deafening *TWANG*! The boat was too heavy, though, and Puppy was dragged off her feet and sent flying through the air behind the still-fighting vampire and zombie.

Meanwhile, in the water below, the sleek, black MP1 speedboat smashed into a bridge and exploded in a searing hot ball of flame…

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