

EXTRACT FROM BAD BLOOD RISING



Joe could see the fear on Paula’s face as she realised it was Karl approaching.

“Keep away from me, you bastard,” she screamed, as she turned and quickly began to run up the road.

“Get back here,” Karl bellowed. “We’ve got unfinished business.”

Karl reached out to grab her, but Paula was too quick. She ran down the far end of the road towards the canal, her stiletto heels echoing on the cobbles as she ran. As Karl got closer, Paula slipped and fell hard onto her knees. Grabbing her by the hair, Karl pulled her roughly to her feet.

“You little whore,” he screamed, punching her hard in the face. “Where is it? What have you done with it?”

“Piss off,” she spat, frantically searching in her bag. “Get your fucking hands off me or you’ll be sorry.”

Karl brought back his clenched fist and was about to hit her again when, grasping the Stanley knife in her bag, Paula lashed out at him. Blood poured from the gash on his cheek. He released his grip, yelling in pain. Paula got to her feet and staggered a further ten feet before Karl caught up with her again. Still holding the knife, she attempted to lash out, but this time Karl was ready for her.

Karl’s knife had a six-inch blade, a mother of pearl handle and a long history of violence...