

Extract from Let There Be Blood



“I’m getting out,” he said. “I’ve had enough of all the shit going on in my life. Someone is trying to kill me, and then there’s this Lawrence bloke poking his nose into the past. I’ve had enough.”

“You can run, Karl, but you can’t hide.”

“Yes, you can, if you know where to go.”

“What about Lisa and the kids?”

“What about them?”

“You can’t just up and leave them.”

“Watch me,” Karl said. “The only problem left is you, Joe. You’re always going to be a loose end. The only witness who knows I did for that slag.”

“And you’re afraid I’ll blab to Lawrence or the police? Is that it?”

“Well, won’t you? You’ve always been too soft for your own good.”

“Don’t talk bollocks,” Joe said. His breathing was erratic as sweat ran down the back of his neck. “I wouldn’t...”

Karl half turned towards Joe, a steely look in his dark eyes. “I’m sorry mate,” he said, plunging the knife deep into Joe’s chest, “but I can’t take that chance.”

Polly Reaves steered her Ford Fiesta into the car park and, after checking her appearance in the car's mirror, took off her sandals and slipped into her stiletto heels. She climbed out of the car and hurried towards the pub. Walking along the rough ground, she caught her heel and lunged sideways, banging into the side of a blue Range Rover. Glancing inside, Polly could see a man's blood-stained body slumped across the front seat.

Screaming, she ran into The Four Feathers for help.