



Excerpt: Chap 3 Crossfire

The glint of steel defined the blade held in the man's right hand. The shank was at least eight inches long. Its owner, in his twenties, over six feet tall, in tight blue jeans, with muscles bursting from his shabby white T- shirt, frowned like one intent on a task in hand. His three colleagues, of similar height and build, seemed equally absorbed. They were fanned out across the pavement like a herd of approaching buffalo, in the otherwise deserted street, on what was a cold grey October afternoon.

The object of their attention was the two men approaching them. The older of the two, in his early forties, bull-necked, shaven headed, around five feet eight, his companion, in his late teens, lean built and slightly taller.

The younger man spoke first, his voice tremulous, "Christ dad. I said we shouldn't have come down this street. It's asking for trouble." "It's a free country son. We don't need permission to walk any street we want."

"But what're we gonna do? There's four of 'em."

"Stand still son. Now! Let them come to us. We start nothing. Maybe they'll walk on. If they start getting clever[...]"

Excerpt From: Andrew Segal. "I'm a Contract Killer: Murderous, Explosive, Deviant."

"otherwise deserted street, on what was a cold grey October afternoon.

The object of their attention was the two men approaching them. The older of the two, in his early forties, bull-necked, shaven headed, around five feet eight, his companion, in his late teens, lean built and slightly taller.

The younger man spoke first, his voice tremulous, "Christ dad. I said we shouldn't have come down this street. It's asking for trouble."

"It's a free country son. We don't need permission to walk any street we want."

"But what're we gonna do? There's four of 'em."

"Stand still son. Now! Let them come to us. We start nothing. Maybe they'll walk on. If they start getting clever, well, just remember what I've taught you."

The four were closer now. "Dad?" The boy sounded frightened, felt frightened, his heart hammering painfully in his chest.

ISBN

978-1-912951-15-4
HARDBACK

978-1-912951-16-1
EBOOK

All Copyrights reserved by the author Andrew Segal 2022

happylondonpress.com

