

CHAPTER ONE

Wednesday, 17 October 2012

The expression ‘drop-dead gorgeous’ was never more apt than in the case of Katrina Merton because some men would quite literally die for her.

She was a stunningly attractive twenty-nine-year-old blonde, with a dazzling smile, shapely legs, and fabulous figure – the nearest thing to a younger, taller version of Kylie Minogue.

Katrina was fully aware of the effect she had on the opposite sex, and couldn’t resist smiling when noticing a man watching her intently as she walked across the Westerfield College car park in Eastbourne on a dark October evening.

Katrina was heading for a light blue Rover 45 in the right-hand corner of the almost-empty parking area.

The overweight man strode over just before she got to the Rover. “Eh, excuse me,” he called. “My evening class has just finished and my car won’t start. I was wondering if you could give me a lift to the railway station.”

“Can’t you just phone a breakdown service?”

“No, I’ve got to catch a train to get to an appointment. You’re my last hope – by the time I realised my car had packed up on me, everyone else had gone.”

“Yes, I’m usually one of the last to leave. I’m an art teacher and have to clear up before I go. OK, jump in,” she invited, clicking a fob to open the car doors and flashing him a sympathetic smile.

As they both slid into the Rover, her knee-length skirt rode up quite high, revealing a glimpse of her stocking tops. She tugged on the hem but only succeeded in accentuating her full figure in a tight-fitting beige dress.

Suddenly his demeanour changed completely. “Are you a bloody tease?”

“What on earth are you talking about?” Katrina responded, alarmed.

“Forget about the lift, girlie. You and I are going to have sex.”

“Are you out of your mind?”

“No, but you must be, parking in the corner of a deserted car park with nobody in sight.” As he spoke, he pulled out a flick knife from his pocket and clicked the blade open. “Now, if you don’t want me to cut that lovely face of yours, I suggest you do as I tell you.”

His icy glare and the menace in his voice were compelling. “You’re not the first woman I’ve ‘had’ in a car park. And sooner or later, they do what I tell them. You can save yourself a lot of

pain by unbuttoning your dress and showing me your tits – do it NOW!”

She met his stare and then started to carry out his instruction. The top two buttons were already undone, and she slowly unfastened two more so that her dress fell open. Beneath was a low-cut white bra with blue trim, which did little to hide a cleavage that would make Dolly Parton proud.

“I’ve been waiting for you,” he said threateningly. “When you came out late last week, I was going to ‘have’ you then, but someone else was still in the car park. Now you’ve left yourself a sitting target – a bad mistake, girlie.”

He lowered the knife and started to fondle her by pushing one of his huge hands inside the bra and cupping her left breast. Her revulsion was heightened by his foul breath and a trickle of sweat dripping from his double chin.

“You shouldn’t have taken so long to put the paints and brushes away,” he mocked.

While the creep caressed her nipple, she moved her right hand into an open panel on the driver’s side and reached for an object inside it.

“Picture this,” he goaded. “You taking off your pretty panties and handing them to me. I love women’s panties.”

‘You’re out of luck,’ she thought. But Katrina certainly wasn’t going to tell this pervert she did not have any on and was wearing the smallest of G-strings! Instead, she replied, “No. You picture this – me shooting you dead.”

She was holding a Smith & Wesson snub-nosed revolver in her right hand. “Now get your filthy hands off me, you scumbag. And drop that knife.”

She noticed the look of shock on his face which slowly turned to one of defiance, but she held the gun firm, and he finally did as she told him. The knife clattered to the floor.

“You say you’ve been waiting for me. Well, I’ve been waiting for you too. One of those women you ‘had’ was my sister Suzie. It was in this car park three months ago, and it left her traumatised. She’s so terrified she still won’t go out. That’s because you not only sexually assaulted her, but afterwards, you said you’d keep an eye out for her so that you could do it again. You bastard!”

“Oh yeah,” he hissed through a puffy pout, which looked as if he’d placed his lips in a wasp’s nest. “I remember her. She was a pretty little thing.”

“You really are a nasty piece of work. The police haven’t been able to do anything, but I knew if I set a trap for you in the same car park, you’d probably try your luck again. Well, now your luck has run out.”

“There’s nothing you can do, girlie. There’s no physical evidence, and it will be just your word against mine. The police won’t have a case.”

“Who said anything about me involving the police? I’m not going to report you to the police. I’m going to shoot you.”

He sniggered. “Oh yeah, and leave blood all over your car?”

“It’s not my car. It belongs to one of the students.”

“Do you really expect me to believe such a load of nonsense?” he taunted, moving towards her menacingly. “Besides, you haven’t got the bottle, so don’t waste . . .”

He never finished the sentence. She pulled the trigger and a bullet to the heart killed him instantly.