

CONSCIOUS OF GUILT

by Roger Boutwell



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Strategic Book Publishing and Rights Co.

12620 FM 1960, Suite A4-507

Houston TX 77065

www.sbpra.com

ISBN: 978-1-62516-553-4

CHAPTER 1

Andrew and Tina Brand, along with Charlie Brown, had just locked up the Rainham Football clubrooms.

“Good night, Charlie”

“Nite, Andy, nite, Tina,” said Charlie Brown, and he got into his car and drove away. It was 11.35 on a cold, November, Saturday night. Charlie, the club bar manager, had had a very busy night. The place had been full with happy supporters celebrating a win that kept them in the top three of the league. He was now looking forward to getting home and putting his feet up.

Andrew and Tina shivered against the cold as they made their way across the flood-lit car park to their vehicle. Waiting in the shadows of the club rooms were seven hooded figures. Having cased the joint several times in the past few days, they were now about to break-in. It was a big time hit for them and they were hoping to cash in on a busy night at the bar.

Their leader, Walshy, a black, muscular youth, watched the well-dressed couple leave the clubrooms and head towards the solitary Ford saloon waiting in the car park. Deciding they would be easy pickings, he motioned to his fellow gang members to move closer.

“We gonna take this couple out. Paki, you come with me, we’ll knobble the guy. You others take the woman...OK, no stuff- ups. Let's move...now.”

Andrew whirled around on hearing a flurry of sound behind. Two figures were upon him instantly and he felt a

sharp blow to his head. Searing pain enveloped him and unconsciousness threatened to engulf him. Staggering forward on rubbery legs, he sank to his knees. He heard through the waves of dizziness and dulled senses, a piercing scream from Tina. As he swayed on his knees, fighting to stay conscious, a knuckle-dustered fist smashed into his face, shattering his nose and mashing lips and teeth. His head jerked violently back. Armed with an iron bar, Walshy took careful aim and smashed it into the back of Andrew's skull. Andrew fell into a void of blackness.

Several hands grabbed at Tina's body. She fought screaming and kicking as hands tore her jacket to shreds from her body.

"Hey man, I need some of this pussy," said a voice.

"Yeah, let's fuck the motherfucking bitch," said another.

Oh my God, she thought, I'm going to be raped. Hands groped her breast and between her legs. Oh, Andy where are you?

"Keep the fucking bitch quiet," a voice said.

She struggled with all her being against the attackers when a filthy smelling hand was clamped over her mouth, mashing her lips onto her teeth. A fury of rage swept over her and with all her might, she sank her teeth into the hand. A scream of pain told her she had hit the mark. The enraged owner of the hand yelled out. "The fucking cunt bit me." Filled with anger and rage, he aimed a fist at Tina's head and caught her a glancing blow to the forehead. Tina's shirt and brassier were torn from her body. As her breasts tumbled free a voice said, "Great tits, let's have some pussy, boys."

Screaming with all her might, she fought the many hands violating her body. In an instant, Walshy stepped up and smashed his fist into Tina's face; she drifted off into semi-consciousness. "I told you fuckers to keep this bitch quiet."

Tina, sagging at the knees, was being held by two of the

gang under the armpits. Her head sagging on her chest and her slacks around her ankles, only her knickers prevented her from being completely naked. Walshy stepped behind Tina's held body; he viewed the well- rounded buttocks and the brief knickers and he was immediately aroused. "You two come here," he said, pointing to two of the gang, "you, grab her by the knee there, and you do the same that side, now lift her. I want her face down." He stepped between Tina's thighs, anticipating what he was about to get. Ripping the dainty knickers off, he removed his erect penis from his trousers and guided it into her pussy. "Here, bitch, have some of this cock," he snarled. Tina let out a piercing scream. "For fuck's sake, keep her quiet," said Walshy, pumping his cock into her.

Ginger who was nursing Tina's teeth marks on his right hand stepped forward and brought an iron bar crashing down on Tina's head. "Take that you fucking cunt," he said, "and you can have some of this too." With that, he aimed a second blow and brought the bar down on Tina's head.

"Cool it, Ginger, you'll kill the fucking bitch," said a voice.

"What about my hand? Look what the fucking bitch did." Tina was spared the further violations of her body as she descended into a black hole.

Walshy stepped away from Tina's thighs, having satisfied himself. The others in their sexual frenzy to get into her dropped her body and fought each other to be the next in line. Adjusting his clothes, Walshy moved over to where Andrew lay. He checked his pockets and found a wallet. "Shit, man," he said, quickly counting the bills. "Four hundred and fifty fucking quid. Thank you, fuck face." He found three credit cards, but he pondered about taking them. No, I don't think so, could be trouble, he thought. Driver's license, no dat's no good, but he noted the address. He tossed the wallet aside. Checking the remaining pockets, he found a set of keys. "Got his address, ain't I sure there'll be something worth nicking."

He looked at Andrew and the pool of blood spreading beneath the battered head. Now he needed to dump the bodies and the car some place where they wouldn't be found for a while. The football clubrooms beckoned him. This could be a very profitable night. He was feeling quite proud of himself, and he'd got a fuck to boot.

A lanky youth sidled up to Walshy, tucking his shirt into his jeans. It was Paki, Walshy's second in command. "Wot we got ven, mate?"

"Four hundred and fifty nicker and the car keys," said Walshy, "we'll put the woman and the geezer in the car and dump them, then come back and crack this crap footb...."

A piercing alarm shattered the still night and cut Walshy off short. It was the car alarm.

"What the fuck?" screamed Walshy, "who the fuck set that off?"

He turned towards the car, angry and frustrated, and watched as two of the gang members were legging it off into the darkness. They had tripped the alarm.

That's fucking ruined every fucking fink, he thought.

"Stupid fucking cunts," screamed Paki. "What the fuck do we do now?" he said, turning to Walshy.

"We get the fuck out of here, that's what we do, before the filth arrives," he whirled around, half expecting to see the police.

"Get them fucking prats off that woman and let's get the fuck out of here." He realised he was still holding the car keys and he tossed them away in anger.

"Meet me in the usual place, Paki," and with that, Walshy disappeared into the night.

The car alarm woke Albert Scott from his sleep. He had dozed off watching a movie on the telly. Rubbing the sleep from his eyes, he studied the mantelpiece clock. It was five past midnight.

Lifting his old, weary body from his armchair, he shuffled into the kitchen. He would make a cup of tea before he went to bed. He put the kettle on and spooned tea into a teapot. That alarm was fucking persistent. Why didn't some bastard turn the fucker off, he thought, shuffling back down the hall Albert unlocked the front door and peered out into the cold night. A street lamp fifty yards away illuminated terraced houses. Parked cars lined both sides of the road. He took the five steps to reach his front gate. Listening intently, he peered right, then left. The street was silent. The alarm appeared to be coming from the back of his place. He shivered and hurried back inside, locked up and moved back into the kitchen.

The kettle had boiled and turned itself off so he filled the teapot, the incessant noise of the alarm really irritating him. Leaving the tea to brew, he unlocked the kitchen door and stepped outside. As his eyes adjusted to the darkness, he could see the glow of light to his left that would be the security lights of the Rainham football club. The sound of the alarm was getting louder and coming from that direction. Some stupid prat, probably pissed, has left his car at the ground and now it's being broken into. He hurried back inside.

"What's all that noise Albert?" It was Mabel, his wife, standing in the kitchen and clutching her dressing gown to her for warmth.

"Some fucking prat has set a car alarm off in the football club car park. Probably trying to break into it, stupid fuckers."

"Ooooooh, do you think we should call the police?" said Mabel

"Well, I'm not listening to that fucking shit noise all night. Pour me a cuppa. I'll ring the bill now."

Mabel busied herself with the tea as Albert moved off into the lounge; he found the police number and, grabbing the phone, slumped into his favourite armchair. His call was

answered promptly by a female voice.

“Police. Can I help you?”

“There’s a car alarm going off and it's keeping me and my missus awake. Can you get it turned off?” said Albert

“Your name, please, sir?”

“It's been blaring for about ten or fifteen minutes and it’s giving me the shits.”

“I need your name please, sir.”

“Fucking bollocks, what's that got to do wiv it?”

“I need your name and address, sir, so we can locate the problem.”

“Jesus Christ,” said Albert, frustrated and agitated.

Mabel had entered the room and was standing before him, with his cup of tea; she had a stern look about her and was pointing an accusing finger at him.

“My name's Albert Scott and I live at 77 The Crescent, Rainham, and I can tell you now it will be a car getting broken into at Rainham football club car..”

The female voice interrupted him before he could continue. “I’ll put someone on to it right away, sir. Can I have your phone number please?”

Albert relayed to her his phone number and quickly added, “You won’t catch the bastards now, they’ll be long gone.”

The female police operator thanked Albert for his call and hung up.

“Here is your tea,” said Mabel, “and you had better mind your language, specially talking to the police.”

Albert took a sip of the tea. “Be too bleedin' late, Mabel. Them fucking bastards are long gone - not going to hang around for the bill, are they?”

“Just you calm down, Albert Scott, and quit your swearing., You’ll be having another heart attack the way you’re going. Now, I’m taking my cuppa and I'm going back

to bed.” Mabel waddled out of the lounge and headed for the stairs.

“Waste of time going to bed with that shit noise going on,” said Albert to the receding figure of his wife. He took another swig at his tea, savouring the hot sweet liquid. Yes, definitely needs a shot of whisky, he thought, that will make me sleep.

Police Constable Sally Fuller logged in Albert’s call and immediately got on the radio.

“Base to all mobiles, probable car alarm in the Rainham football club area, please confirm, over.”

“Car 43 to base, mobile on Upminster road, a couple of minutes away, over.”

“Base to 43; Roger that; proceed, over.”

“43 to base, Roger ,over.”

Police constables David Drury and Chris Summers were patrolling in car 43 when they got the call. It had been an unusually quiet night for a Saturday; perhaps this call would rouse them from their boredom. Drury swung the patrol car through the entrance of the football club and they took in the darkened clubrooms. The car park was illuminated by two floodlights. They saw the Ford saloon and the two prostrate bodies, one obviously a naked woman. They hurriedly exited the car,

“Check the woman, Chris, I’ll take the male,” said Drury.

Chris Summers knelt down beside the woman; her face was covered in blood. He checked for a pulse, her skin was cold and clammy to his touch. A trail of blood from her facial injuries had formed a dark pool on the ground. He could find no signs of life. The car alarm was shattering the silence of the night. He looked across to his partner who was crouched over the other body.

“This woman's dead, Dave.”

Drury looked up at his partner. “Get on the radio now! I

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think this bloke's alive. We need back up and urgent ambulance, also CID; this is a crime scene." As Summers piled into the car to call the station, Drury assessed their situation. The male was lying face down in a pool of blood. The back of his head was a mess, he had obviously been hit by some heavy weapon. He moved across to study the woman's body. Her face was unrecognisable under a mask of blood. He bent down and picked up the woman's handbag. As he surveyed the area, he saw a wallet lying about 10 feet from the man's body. He retrieved the wallet and was checking its contents when Summers joined him.

"Look what I've found." He held up a bunch of car keys.

"Great. Kill that fucking alarm and be careful, the car will have to be dusted."

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