

Dominion by Wayne Sharrocks

Synopsis:

Indelibly scarred by childhood trauma and neglect, Karl Connor attempted to flee the dark shadows of his young life, the horrors that he had experienced, and the inner demons that continued to haunt him. As the past and present collide the brutal reality is that the long slide into violence has already begun, but who could have imagined that his desire for perceived vengeance would have such terrifying results.

Young women are being murdered in London suburbs and there is seemingly nothing to connect them to one another, let alone the killer whose charming manner hides a warped and sick mind.

Detective Inspector Ross is determined to hunt the killer down, jeopardizing his career in the process, as he becomes increasingly alienated and obsessed with finding the murderer.

It is a difficult time for him and his depleted team as they find themselves caught up in Karls deadly game of ruthless vendetta and vengeful murders. Soon their lives begin to run on a parallel, which leaves one of his team in mortal danger.

Extract from Chapter 2

Due to the gridlocked traffic Detective Inspector Ross had arrived late at the crime scene. As he pulled up to the kerbside of the tree lined avenue he looked up through the windscreen and watched as a cadaver, on a wheeled stretcher covered in a thin white body bag with black straps, was loaded unceremoniously into the back of the coroner's black van.

The whizzing sound of a police helicopter intensified in the distance, rapidly growing louder, shaking him from his stupor.

Previously deep in thought, he now caught sight of his reflection in the rear view mirror and could see that his face had turned as white as the swollen moon above. He took a moment to compose himself before he swung the driver's door open. He raised his hand in a vague wave to acknowledge the two body movers from the coroner's office as they turned with a darting urgency from the rear of the van. Still encased in their white coveralls, they mirrored his gesture before walking quickly towards the front of their vehicle.

Detective Inspector Ross remained watching as they pulled away from the kerb and set off into traffic. He then glanced over at the house, which was cordoned off by fluorescent crime scene tape that fluttered in the breeze like ribbons from a maypole. An assorted throng of media types and rubbernecks, some of whom were now attempting to take photographs on their mobile phones, had already assembled at the scene and looked on like a pack of baying jackals only just being kept at bay by the increasingly thin blue line.

He blew out a noisy sigh as he continued to look out of the car window at the unfurling scene.

He was less than thrilled to get a call like this on what so far had been his first day off in little over a month, especially as he sensed that his days at the helm of the investigation were numbered and such a public fall from grace would all but finish his previously fast-track

career. At that thought his jaw tightened and he felt a slight tickle of electric current go down the back of his neck, bringing the hairs there to attention. A knot of anxious tension gripped his stomach, a subconscious fear of failure.

He willed himself to relax but as his body was stiff and his muscles ached from lack of sleep his mind had no intention of obeying him. He took a deep breath and swept his hand through his steel grey hair so that most of it fell back into place, whilst the wind took the other rogue strands so that they resembled dancing marionettes.

Ross removed his black wool sport coat and threw it onto the passenger seat before undoing his cuffs and rolling up his sleeves, a display that was intended to state to onlookers that he was getting ready for business.

After fighting his way through the escalating crowd, which combined the concerned, the curious and the downright ghoulish, he flashed his warrant card before ducking under the police tape to enter the crime scene.

As he reluctantly breathed in the chill of the evening, he stared over at the house. It looked unkempt, the garden untended, neglected even. As he walked towards it, the press continued to bombard him with queries, some pleadingly, others rudely, but he ignored them all. He had already braced himself for the media storm, which now invariably followed every new victim. As he stepped inside the house he could still hear the voices being carried away by the wind, muttering and complaining...