

UNCORRECTED DRAFT COPY

# RAISED IN EVIL

Novel

by

Neil Davies

UNCORRECTED DRAFT COPY

Contents and layout subject to change in the final version

One sample chapter from the novel  
This file is for advance promo purposes only

Copyright © Neil Davies 2007

No part of this publication may be reproduced  
in any form without prior written permission  
from the publisher

Published by  
**Screaming Dreams**

[www.screamingdreams.com](http://www.screamingdreams.com)



## PROLOGUE

**W**here am I? I'm frightened. They hurt me. They really, really hurt me!

What's your name?

*My name? I... I can't remember. Yes. Fiona, I think. I think it's Fiona. Yes I'm sure. It's so hard to remember. It seems so long ago, and they hurt me so very bad.*

Who hurt you Fiona? Who was it?

*Men. Men, and ladies too. There were so many of them... so many. They hurt me. They did things... things they shouldn't, and they hurt me! Who are you? I don't know you. Are you one of them? Have they come for me again? Please... please, no more. I did everything you wanted me to. I didn't scream too much did I? After you hit me the first few times, I didn't scream much then did I? And when you told me to... you know... do things, I did them didn't I? Was it right, what I did? Was it what you wanted? You said you wouldn't hurt me any more if I did it. You said if I did it good, if I did just what you told me when you told me then you wouldn't hurt me any more, and I did, didn't I? But you still hurt me. You still hurt me so very bad! Please, please don't do it any more. It hurts. I feel sick. Oh please, please, no more!*

No! Don't go. Don't run away. I'm not going to do anything. Please believe me. I'm not one of them. My name is Raymond, Raymond Shaw, and I work in an office. I'm a computer programmer, that's all. I would never hurt you. I want to help you.

*Do... do you... promise you won't... you know... do things?*

I promise. I just want to help you.

*I... I want to... believe you. You seem nice. I'm so frightened. Where am I? Do you know? Please, tell me where I am. It's so*

*dark. I want to go home. My mother will be worried. I've been out so long. Please take me home.*

*How old are you Fiona? Can you remember?*

*I, I think I'm... yes... twelve... but I'll be thirteen in two weeks, on the 28th... I'll be thirteen on the 28th... I'm going to have a party and everything. Why am I so cold? Where am I? They've ruined my clothes.*

*Your clothes?*

*Yes, they ripped them, pulled them, when they tied me to that thing... you know... like in church on a Sunday...*

*An altar?*

*Yes, an altar, that's it. They tied something round my wrists, my ankles, even my neck. It hurt, it really hurt... so tight! And then they... my blouse, my new blouse! My mother will be furious! It's ripped. They've ruined it. It's my fault, it's all my fault. Daddy always says I shouldn't wear such short skirts. He says it's pro... provoc...*

*Provocative?*

*Yes... that's it! He says it's wrong, but mother always says I'm only twelve, just a child she says... she's always saying that... I hate it when she says that!*

*It wasn't your fault. What they did, it wasn't your fault!*

*But maybe I... you know... like they say in the papers... led them on? If only I'd worn longer skirts, or jeans like daddy always says I should. If only I'd got home early like my mother always tells me to. If only...*

*Don't blame yourself. What these people did was wrong. It's not your fault! Now, tell me where you live.*

*I... I can't remember. I'm so frightened. Please help me? I don't know where I live! Please... please help me get out of here... Is that you?*

*Is what me?*

*Over there, in the dark. Have you come to save me... to take me home? Is that you? I'm so glad to see you. I'm over here... yes, here... that's right... Quickly, please...*

Fiona... FIONA! It's not me, do you understand? I'm not there. I can't be there... IT'S NOT ME!

*But... I can see you... who else could it be? Who else knows I'm here? Please, don't mess around. I'm frightened. I'm so frightened... please come and get me...*

NO! Run Fiona! Run away, NOW! Get away from it... run away... I can't help you... I can't reach you... you're too far away, too far on the other side for me... Oh God, please Fiona, please run... I wish I could help but... Fiona?... Fiona?... FIONA!!!!!!!



# CHAPTER 1

A cold, wet October morning. It was not the time of day nor the time of year that Detective Inspector Frank Giles would have chosen to be driving at speed along the winding, unlit road known locally as The Heswall Stretch, running between Heswall and Thurstaston. He liked the North West of England, he liked the Wirral in particular, but the cold fog rolling across the open fields, reflecting the car headlights like an ever-moving solid wall ahead of him, did not improve his already morose personality.

The call had woken him from a less than restful sleep. His back had been paining him for some weeks now, a lingering complaint aggravated, he felt, by the damp weather. He had been half awake when the telephone rang, had fallen out of bed, stumbled down the stairs without bothering to grab the dressing gown off the back of the door, and answered wearily.

There were other detectives based at the Heswall police station, but he was on call that night. Under staffing made it impossible to always have a senior detective at the station. It was at times like this that he thought 52 was old enough for early retirement.

He glanced at his watch, barely visible by the lights from the dashboard. 5.25am. It was too early and too cold to be dealing with the brutality he had heard about in that early morning telephone call.

The flashing lights of police cars blinked eerily through the trees as he drove through Thurstaston crossroads, lighting the sky and sparking reflections in the windows of the Cottage Loaf pub on the corner. Beams of

flashlights flickered in the woods and further up on the hill. The search for evidence was well under way.

He slowed the car, forcing himself to concentrate through the muggy mist of weariness, switched off the full beam, indicated and pulled into the Thurstaston Hill car park.

“Hell of a way to spend a morning!”

Sergeant Watson, almost slipping on wet leaves, pushed his way through the whip-like branches that latticed the pathways between the trees and hurried to meet Frank as he pulled himself from the car.

Watson had only moved into the area from London six months ago, but already the young man had proved his worth with a quick analytical mind that detectives twice his age, with twice as many years on the force, would, and did, envy. Frank had no delusions about his own abilities, and Watson’s fast, often inspirational thinking had complimented his own plodding, methodical methods many times since his arrival.

“Sorry about the call Frank, but I feel better with you here to take control of this. It’s nasty.”

“Scene of Crimes...”

“Already here.”

Frank nodded as he shrugged into his heavy overcoat. If the Scene of Crimes officer had not already attended he would have preferred to stay clear, especially in a location like this where evidence could be easily stepped upon, hidden beneath leaves and rotting humus. He shivered, already feeling the damp soaking into his bones.

“Show me what you’ve got then.”

He followed Watson along a narrow path into the trees. The beam from Watson’s flashlight stroked back and forth across the ground in front of them but still failed to prevent Frank from stumbling over a raised tree root. Watson caught him without comment, and they continued

as if nothing had happened. Frank tried to ignore the stabbing pain every time he put weight on his ankle.

The tent was already up under the glare of spotlights run from the portable generator. Uniformed police officers were on their hands and knees, prodding at the ground, searching for anything out of the ordinary. One uniformed officer stood solemnly outside the flap of the tent, barring entry, even though it was too early for anyone but the police to be there. Flashlights twinkled through the trees and the damp clinging mist as the search spread outward from the scene

Frank glanced at a nearby picnic table, with a collection of evidence bags, sealed and tagged, lined up on the cracked top.

“What have we found so far?”

Watson played his light over the items.

“A few empty cans, sweet wrappers, two used condoms, some women’s underwear, too big to belong to the victim, and a syringe.”

“Used?”

“Used. We’ll get it checked to see what was in it. I don’t think any of this is relevant though. I don’t believe this murder was drug related.”

“You’re so certain even before the forensic report?”  
Frank took a deep breath and let it out slowly, watching it steam from his mouth and dissipate in the watery pre-dawn light. “Show me.”

Watson led the way into the tent, holding the flap back for Frank, who covered his eyes for a moment against the harsh light of the lamps that illuminated the interior.

The smell hit him immediately. The sickly, cloying smell of violent death. Even before he looked he knew this was going to be no clean strangulation or single knife wound through the heart. This was messy. The *smell* was messy.

The girl lay on her back, half covered by wet fallen leaves. She couldn't have been more than 12 or 13 years old. She was naked, her left arm twisted behind her, her right leg folded underneath. Her face, what could be seen of it through the tangle of long black hair, was bruised and cut. It might have been pretty when she was alive, now it was frozen in the ugly violence of her death.

Frank fought down the bile that rose in this throat.

The girl had been split up the middle like a piece of meat on a butcher's hook. A gaping wound ran from her vagina, up through her belly, separated her slight breasts and stopped in the soft flesh under her chin. Animals had torn at her insides, dragging her intestines, stomach, lungs and other unrecognisable organs out so that they lay, half eaten, around and over her body. Ants and spiders crawled through the bloody mess. A cobweb was strung across the wound in her throat, moisture glinting almost prettily in the artificial light.

Frank glanced towards Watson, noticing that the sergeant was looking everywhere but straight at the body.

"I still don't see what makes you so sure this isn't some drug-induced frenzied attack? It looks pretty frenzied to me."

"The wrists, ankles and neck. What do you see?"

Frank looked back to the body, suppressing the wave of sickness that threatened. He peered closer at the wrist and ankle that showed, and at the neck either side of the bloody wound.

There were marks, lines, chafing. Evidence of bindings, rope or wire, that had cut, on her right wrist, almost through to the bone.

"She was tied up." Frank's voice was flat, emotionless, but his mind had returned home briefly, to his 13-year-old daughter safely asleep in her bed. Somewhere there was a father and mother about to wake up to their worst

nightmare.

“Clear evidence, I would suggest, that the murder was premeditated, even ritualistic.”

“Sexual motive?”

Watson shrugged. “Can’t tell at this moment, but I’d be surprised if there wasn’t some sexual assault associated with this.”

“Ritualistic.” Frank rolled the word around his mouth as if tasting a particularly bitter pill. A memory pushed into his mind, a frightening nightmare of a memory. He forced it back into his subconscious. He didn’t want to think of it now, not here.

“I want to know about any missing persons report on a girl in her late pre or early teens. And make sure the forensic report comes through to me as soon as possible. I want to know the detail about this. Is she local? Do you recognise her at all?”

Watson shook his head. “Difficult to tell, but she doesn’t seem familiar.”

“Nor to me. Make sure you look at missing persons countrywide.”

Frank rubbed a hand over his tired eyes and yawned.

“I think I’ll stay around here for a while before heading in to the Station.”

Stepping out of the tent, he stopped and spoke to the uniformed officer standing outside.

“Do me a favour Constable? Pop along to the Cottage Loaf and see if you can get some tea or coffee will you? I doubt they’ll be asleep with all this going on next door. I’ll be in my car.”

He turned back to Watson.

“Go back to the Station and get on the phone to the lab. Push them for an early preliminary on this. I want something we can work on as soon as possible.”

Watson hurried off while Frank followed at a more

leisurely pace, wincing as his ankle jolted on the uneven ground. He should have taken Watson's flashlight. All he needed to make it a perfect morning was to trip and break something.

He thought of his wife and daughter back home and hoped no one saw him wipe away the tears from his eyes.

Margaret Giles squinted at the kitchen wall clock, wishing she hadn't left her glasses on the bedside cabinet. Around 6am, she couldn't be sure whether the digital display was showing two zeros or 20 or some other such number, but she was sure the hour was 6. It was still dark outside. Dark and damp and cold. She thought of her husband, out there somewhere, shivering at another murder scene, and she pressed her hands over her face and struggled to hold back the tears.

Frank had already been in the force when they met. She had been told until she was sick of it about the dangers, about the uncertainty of 'stepping out', as they used to call it, with a policeman. She had been a policeman's wife now for over twenty years and she had seen the dangers and experienced the uncertainty, and she had coped with it without the breakdown, without the alcohol or drugs that so many of Frank's colleagues' wives had resorted to. She was a strong woman. She had learnt to be. Still, she never quite got used to it.

The telephone had woken her as it had Frank. She had watched through half closed eyes as he shuffled out of the room, and she had listened as he spoke to the caller. There was nothing she could say as he came back up, dressed, kissed her goodbye and left the house. There was never anything she could think to say that would not either make it worse or sound so banal as to be better not said.

She looked in the small mirror standing by the microwave. The hair was turning grey and untidy from

sleep, the eyes heavy with weariness and sadness, the lines deeply gouged into her face. The years had left their mark on her 48-year-old body, and at moments like this she felt every second of them.

Her husband was out there, facing another dead body, another murder, perhaps even another murderer. A person who could kill another human being would not hesitate at killing an investigating policeman, and the thought terrified her. She was sorry that someone had lost their life. She was sorry that her husband would once again come home weighed down with fatigue and that strange controlled grief that had never quite left him with all his years on the force. But, even more, it frightened her that he might not come home at all.

She heard the creaking of the stairs and turned to see her daughter standing half way down, her Mickey Mouse night-dress, bought as a present by some well-meaning aunt, crumpled from her bed, pink socks rolled down around her ankles, long brown hair tied back in a pony tail, one strand hanging free over her right eye and cheek.

"It's very early Sally. Go back to bed. You have to go to school later."

Sally ignored her mother and descended the last few stairs to the hall and into the kitchen.

"I heard a noise, saw the light. Why are you up? Where's Dad?"

"Your father's gone out on business and I couldn't sleep."

Margaret watched her 13-year-old daughter slump into the chair across the kitchen table and wondered whether Frank's job ever affected Sally the way it did her. Did the thought that her father might not come home one day ever enter a teenage mind so full of pop music, video games, fashions and boys?

"Do you want some tea? I could make a pot."

Sally shook her head slowly and looked at her mother. Margaret thought she could see the reflection of a tear in her daughter's eye.

"Mum?"

"Yes dear?"

"Will Dad be OK?"

Margaret fought to hold back the tears that welled in her own eyes.