

THE NO.1 *SUNDAY TIMES* BESTSELLER

Kimberley CHAMBERS

The
Queen of
Gangland
Crime

Backstabber

Blood is thicker than water. Or is it...

Kimberley Chambers
Backstabber: The No. 1
bestseller at her shocking,
gripping best – this book has
a twist and a sting in its tail!

Аннотация

The No.1 Sunday Times bestseller If you don't face your enemies – they'll stab you in the back. One of them has a gun to his head. Who will pull the trigger? When king of the underworld Vinny Butler goes into business with respected villain Eddie Mitchell, it's a match made in East End legend. Friends and family are treated like gold, enemies like rats – it's the life. Then mysterious packages arrive, dead creatures and threats. Someone is out for revenge. Who the enemy is, nobody knows, anyone could be taking a pop. The gypsies who cursed Eddie, ghosts from Vinny's past, enemies needing revenge. Even their own flesh and blood? There are some people you should never cross, some who can't forgive or forget. Who is the backstabber?

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Published by HarperCollins*Publishers* Ltd 1 London Bridge Street London SE1 9GF

www.harpercollins.co.uk

First published in Great Britain by HarperCollins*Publishers* 2017

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Cover design © HarperCollins*Publishers* Ltd 2017 Cover photograph © Glenn Ferguson/Arcangel Images

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A catalogue copy of this book is available from the British Library.

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Source ISBN: 9780007521807

Ebook Edition © October 2017 ISBN: 9780007521821

Version: 2017-10-12

Dedication

In memory of Bradley Arthur

Taken far too soon

1990–2015

A loving son, brother, father, grandson,
friend and fellow Spurs fan

RIP Brad

Epigraph

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PROLOGUE

It was a cold February evening. So bloody cold, the car windscreens had started to freeze.

Beads of sweat forming on his forehead, the man wanted to take off his crash helmet, but daren't. How had it come to this? he mused, even though he already knew the answer. His brother had a screw loose, wasn't right in the head. He'd never been sane, truth be known. That was obvious, and it should have been dealt with.

There had been some good times, brilliant in fact, but the bad outweighed those massively now. His brother was a ticking time bomb that exploded every now and then, leaving a trail of carnage and sadness. Well, this time he had gone a step too far. Which was why a decision had been made to stop him in his tracks, for ever. There was no other option.

The man's heart rate went into overdrive as he heard the distinctive sound of an approaching vehicle. He knew without a doubt it was him, could hear the sleek diesel engine, and the song 'Jealous Guy' blaring out the speakers. His brother had always been a big fan of Roxy Music, reckoned Bryan Ferry's voice was second to none.

Sporting the number plate VB1, the black Range Rover screeched to a halt and a tall suited man leapt out. He looked the part, as always. Thick black hair greased back, expensive watch

and shiny shoes.

‘Bruv! You shit the life outta me then. Where’s your motor? I’m pleased you called.’

Hands trembling, Michael Butler lifted the gun. ‘I’m sorry, Vinny, I really am. But ...’

PART ONE

'I'm not upset that you lied to me,
I'm upset that from now on I can't believe you'
Friedrich Nietzsche

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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