

## Leila Chapter 30

She stopped running as she reached the fence and the path which led back to the garden gate.

She knew that she'd done the right thing. Run away. She could not believe what he had just suggested. Her heart was racing, her breath came in gulps, her thoughts were all over the place. She put both hands on to a fence post and leaned against it, her hair drooping either side and obscuring her face.

He'd crossed a line. He wasn't as cool as she had judged him to be. He was desperate.

'Are you OK, love?'

She jumped back to see two people getting out of a nondescript car, and opening the gate through the fence a few metres away from her. One was a uniformed police officer. The other was Kevin Walker, bold now with a new clipboard and a large brown envelope. Leila dropped her head, gulping in air.

'I'm fine. Just out of breath.'

The policewoman came a little closer.

'Please, leave me alone!'

The constable stopped and straightened her belt and stab vest before speaking.

'It's OK. What's happened here? Can we help?'

Leila calmed a little.

'It's OK. I'm fine. My house is just over there.'

'May I ask where you've been, love?' Her Lancastrian accent came out strong on the word *love*.

'Not really. I've been down the shack, haven't I? But I ran away.'

The WPC looked at Walker. 'I don't like the sound of this. Let's go.' Turning to Leila, she said, 'Don't worry, you're safe now, we're on the case. Please go home now, miss.'

Leila didn't move. She watched through her hair as they set off into the forest, the policewoman half-jogging despite all the kit clipped on to her, and Walker in pursuit.

She knew who they were.

She hoped they would kick him out for good this time.

*Him and his stupid plans.*