



The Day Hell Broke Loose

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The Day Hell Broke Loose is a novel with a **'difference'**. It is the sequel to Jasmine's first two novels, *Mr Soon Come* and *The Devil I Know*, and although they are two different novels, Jasmine manages to pull off one sensational sequel.

After umpteen requests for the sequel to the first two, the idea to bring about one sequel as opposed to two, was too good for Jasmine to pass up: a most challenging task, but she did it and superbly too!

Imagine being left wanting more from two fantastic novels, only to be told that the final showdown is coming... in one novel! Wow!

When time failed to heal the wounds of betrayal, and obsession lingered on the edge of insanity...

When vengeance were claimed by all, and love and hate constantly straddled the thin line that lay between them...and when the only solution left for pain and resentment was *'Revenge'*,

It was inevitable that *hell would eventually break loose*.

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Every pot has the potential to douse the fire that causes it to bubble, and as *numerous* hurting women returned from a false sense of lull the main intention was to settle *one common score*. And as the city of Birmingham buzzed with a fierce, palpable tension, a chosen few wished they had never been born at all.

Question: *'When will the madness end?'*...

Excerpt from **The Day Hell Broke Loose...**

"Sorry, Lawrence," Morag apologised, "I thought..."

"It's ok, Morag," he emitted a cynical chuckle. "Perhaps it's not such a good thing that me and Clive look alike after all...So...what happened?" he asked, going back to the situation at hand, why did Lance *do* this to you?... Your face is a mess."

Morag hesitated. Dropped her voice. Averted her eyes. "It was my fault. I... I had someone there."

"What d'you mean, Morag?"

"I didn't expect Lance back. He said the flight was scheduled to be back tomorrow."

"You mean Lance caught you with another man in his house?"

"More than that, Lawrence. We were in bed."

"What?! You had another man in your husband's bed?!... No... no... I don' wanna hear that," he lay a bunch of car keys on the fireplace. "This can't be true." He looked at Simone who had just walked back in the room with a pair of jeans and a jumper for Morag. Simone shrugged her shoulders helplessly.

Morag kept her eyes on her feet.

Lawrence told himself that Lance's tales about Morag's suspected affairs were right.

"Lance hasn't touched me for months, Lawrence... what difference does it make? It's as if he went off me."

"Listen, Morag, I don't need to get into your business. Your personal life is your personal life - that is something you two need to sort out... and I'm not saying I condone affairs, but I suppose if you felt you needed to, you could go some place else... a hotel room... to the guy's place... whatever... but that's Lance's house... his bed... Jesus."

"I don't even know where he is," Morag said, crying.

"Is he not at home?"

"No. I don't mean *Lance*... Nico."

"Nico?" Simone piped up. "Yes, you know Nico?" Morag assured her. "Not... *the* Nico." Morag said nothing.

Lawrence looked shocked. "You don't mean that *Nico* guy who's got..." Simone stopped him with a look. "Darling, I think I heard Amari calling, could you just..." Lawrence took the hint and left the room. "Jesus," he said under his breath.

"Here," Simone said, handing Morag the change of clothes. "Put these on. They'll fit. I'll go get you another cup of tea."

The tea-making and the clothes-changing didn't take long, and soon the ladies were sat together like a counsellor and her client.

"Morag," Simone was sat on the settee opposite. "Have you been sleeping with *Nico*?... Conteh's friend, *Nico*?"

"Like I said, what difference does it make? I don't seem to interest Lance anymore. If it wasn't Nico, it would have been someone else."

"Yeah... but that's just it. It would have been better if it *was* someone else..." Simone got up, walked over and sat close to Morag. "Morag... have you been using protection?" She felt a slight touch of *dejavu*. It didn't seem so long ago that she had a similar conversation with her late friend Pam, for whom she had cried endlessly since AIDS claimed her life.

"Why?" "*Why*?... you're having an affair, and is asking *why* you should use protection?... Don't the possible effects of unprotected sex worry you?... what if you... pick something up?"

Morag looked at Simone as if she could detect something more than a mere little lecture in her voice. Her eyes asked, "*What is it?*" "Morag... you can remember Pam, right?"

"Course I can. How could anyone forget Pam? She died of AIDS." "And you can remember the jewellery party at my house."

"Yeah... That's where I first met Nico." "Well, you can't have forgotten that Nico left with Pam." "I know. But he just gave her a lift. He said nothing happened. He didn't sleep with her." "Oh..." Simone rolled her eyes in disbelief. "And you believed him right?" "Morag said nothing. Supposedly she had come to *realise*. "Morag, if there was one thing Pam didn't make any bones about, it was telling me *when* she slept with someone, *how*, and most certainly *who*. And believe me, Nico was definitely one of them."

Morag's face was a shadow of death and fear walked through the valley of her eyes. "Please tell me you're joking, Simone."

"I wish it was a joke, Morag, but Pam wouldn't tell a lie. With Pam, what you saw was what you got." "But, that was a long time ago..."

"Look, Morag, we're all educated enough now about HIV and AIDS. An HIV carrier could look more healthy than you and I. That's what makes it so dangerous."

"Oh my God," Morag whispered in total despair. "How long have Lance stopped showing interest in you? Have you slept with him since you started sleeping with Nico?"

"No... I haven't... I haven't been sleeping with Lance for ages. And I haven't been sleeping with Nico all that long either... about six months. In fact he hadn't called for a long while after the jewellery party. I didn't think he would. When he called, he had to remind me who he was. As I said, Lance wasn't showing much interest in me, so I decided to meet up with Nico for a coffee... the rest is history."

"So Lance isn't in danger then?" Lawrence asked. He stood now at the door of the living-room. He wasn't eavesdropping, but he couldn't help hearing it all. "No... Lance isn't in danger. I definitely haven't slept with him after Nico." "Jesus," Lawrence said, both in relief and disbelief. Morag felt *judged*. She rose quickly from her seat and the urgency to leave took precedence over everything else. "I have to go. Thank you for listening."

"Why don't you let Lawrence drive you home, Morag? Or stay until the morning. You are totally stressed." "No... no... I need to go." "Are you going home? Are you sure Lance has calmed down?"

"I'm going home... yes... I don't know if he's calmed down... She turned and looked at the couple she had envied ever since they got together. And although she had spent more sociable hours with Sheree, Morag knew that Simone had a heart of gold. She knew this couple were meant to be. "It's my birthday tomorrow," she said almost out of context. "What a shitty fucking birthday present." Simone hugged her. What else could she do? "See you guys," Morag said, fighting back another fits of tears.

Simone and Lawrence held each other as they both listened to the disappearing sound of Morag's engine. "What a mess," Simone said. "Mess isn't the word." Lawrence looked deep into his wife's eyes. "*What?*" Simone asked, seeing the depth of his stare. "Nothing. Just appreciating my blessing." He smiled. "Why can't people be straight with each other?" he asked hypothetically. "D'know... I guess that's human beings for you." "Poor Lance. That must have been pretty shitty. Walking in to find another man in your bed with your wife... *Jesus*."