



PRIYA KHAJURIA

BOOK  
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# Bollywood P.I.

CALIFORNIA  
DREAMING

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*California Dreaming*

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# *Unreleased Bonus Intro*

Rain drummed onto the farmhouse roof with a steady but peaceful drone. It was a night to sit in front of the fireplace or enjoy a cozy pint with friends. Chilly and wet evenings in Santa Barbara were extremely rare, the steamy summer having blended almost seamlessly into the cool, Pacific fall.

Padmini Ralston hummed to herself as she slid the packed curries into the huge deep-freeze unit. There. That would last at least a few weeks during the end of the harvest. Now...maybe put on a cup of tea, then snuggle up in the living room and enjoy a new book she'd been itching to read.

Walking over to the cupboard in her designer kitchen, she removed a slim package of chocolate cookies. She placed a few on a plate and licked her fingers. Sometimes there was nothing as enjoyable as an evening to oneself.

The doorbell rang. Padmini glanced at her watch. It was past 9 pm and Linda, the lady who helped her around the house, had left for the day. Idly wondering who was calling this late, she made her way to the front door.

“Yes? Who is it?”

“It's just me,” replied a familiar voice.

With mixed feelings of relief and trepidation, Padmini opened the door.

The figure outside looked down at the sweetly smiling young woman and felt something akin to regret.

“Come on in, I was just about to have some tea. Would you like some?”

“Yeah, sure.”

Padmini put the kettle on and turned towards her guest, who remained standing in the middle of the kitchen.

“So, did you find out anything? Was I right?” she asked.

In one swift movement, the figure took something out of a pocket, strode over to Padmini and held it tightly against her mouth and nose, his other arm holding her close.

She struggled against the sickly-sweet odor and the guest watched clinically as Padmini’s expression turned from shock to terror. Then it turned blank and he maneuvered her limp body into the living room. Reaching into his jacket, the figure pulled out a thin, opaque rain tarp and busied himself for a while.

Later, walking into the kitchen, he threw some of the cookies into his mouth, munching appreciatively as he moved over to the stove and turned off the kettle. Mmm, those cookies were good. No grocery store specials for the Ralstons. He ate a few more while dialing out on his cell phone.

“Yes.” The voice was cultured and smooth.

“The package is wrapped and ready for delivery. The container’s clean. What next?”

The chilling reply was delivered pleasantly.

“Bury the package.”



I hope you enjoyed this unreleased Bonus Introduction!

Although it's written in the 3<sup>rd</sup> person, the rest of *Bollywood P.I.* is written in first person from Jita's point of view.

*Bollywood P.I. California Dreaming* is out now for Kindle, Kindle Unlimited and in paperback.

You can grab *Bollywood P.I.* today at your local Amazon

→ [click here](#)

(If the link doesn't work, try this one <https://bit.ly/3dvl26v>)

Have fun!

Xoxo

Priya