

## EXTRACT FROM MORE BAD BLOOD



He smiled. “You must be Jacqui,” he said, not attempting to move from his position on the bed. “You’re very beautiful.”

She lowered her head coyly. “Thank you,” she said, blushing in her much-rehearsed manner. “You’re very kind, Mr Finch.”

“That’s very formal. You must call me Stefan.”

“You’re very kind, Stefan,” she said, bending over and kissing him lightly on the cheek.

“First things first,” he said. “Your fee is over there, on the dresser.”

She smiled as she reached over and placed the brown envelope in her bag.

“Would you like something from the mini bar, Jacqui?”

“Mm, that’s a good idea,” she purred.

“You’ll find a couple of glasses and a bottle of champagne in the fridge.”

She poured two glasses of champagne and handed one to Stefan.

“Cheers,” he said, holding the glass to his lips and sipping its contents.

“Bottoms up,” she whispered seductively and took a drink of the liquid.